



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

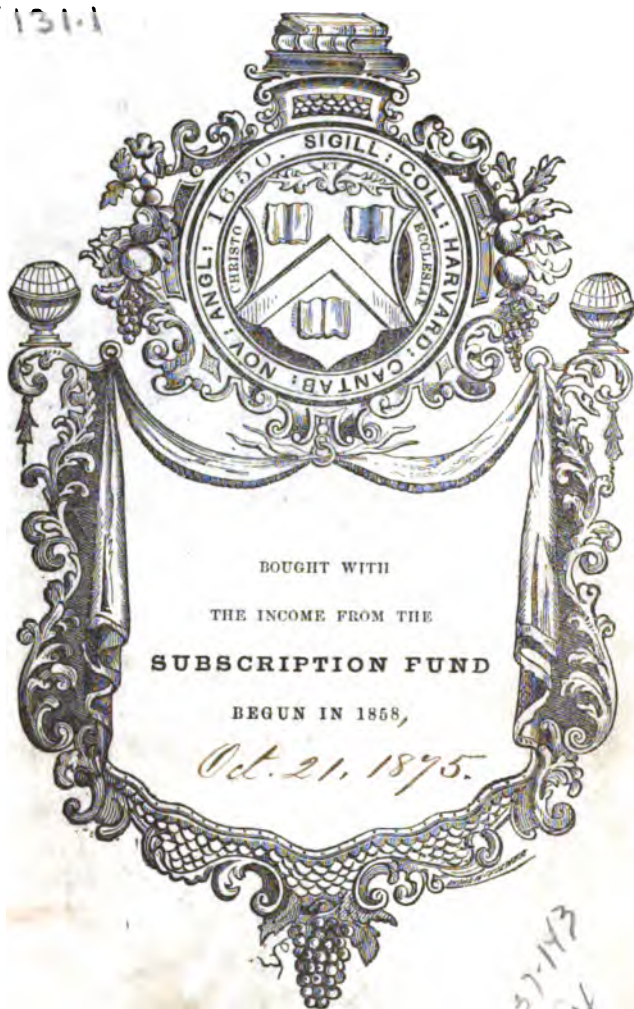
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B. C. June 1876.

131-1







BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CIII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1868.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1868.

P. 131.1

1875, May 24.
 to John C. Ford.

103
JANUARY MDCCCLXVIII.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

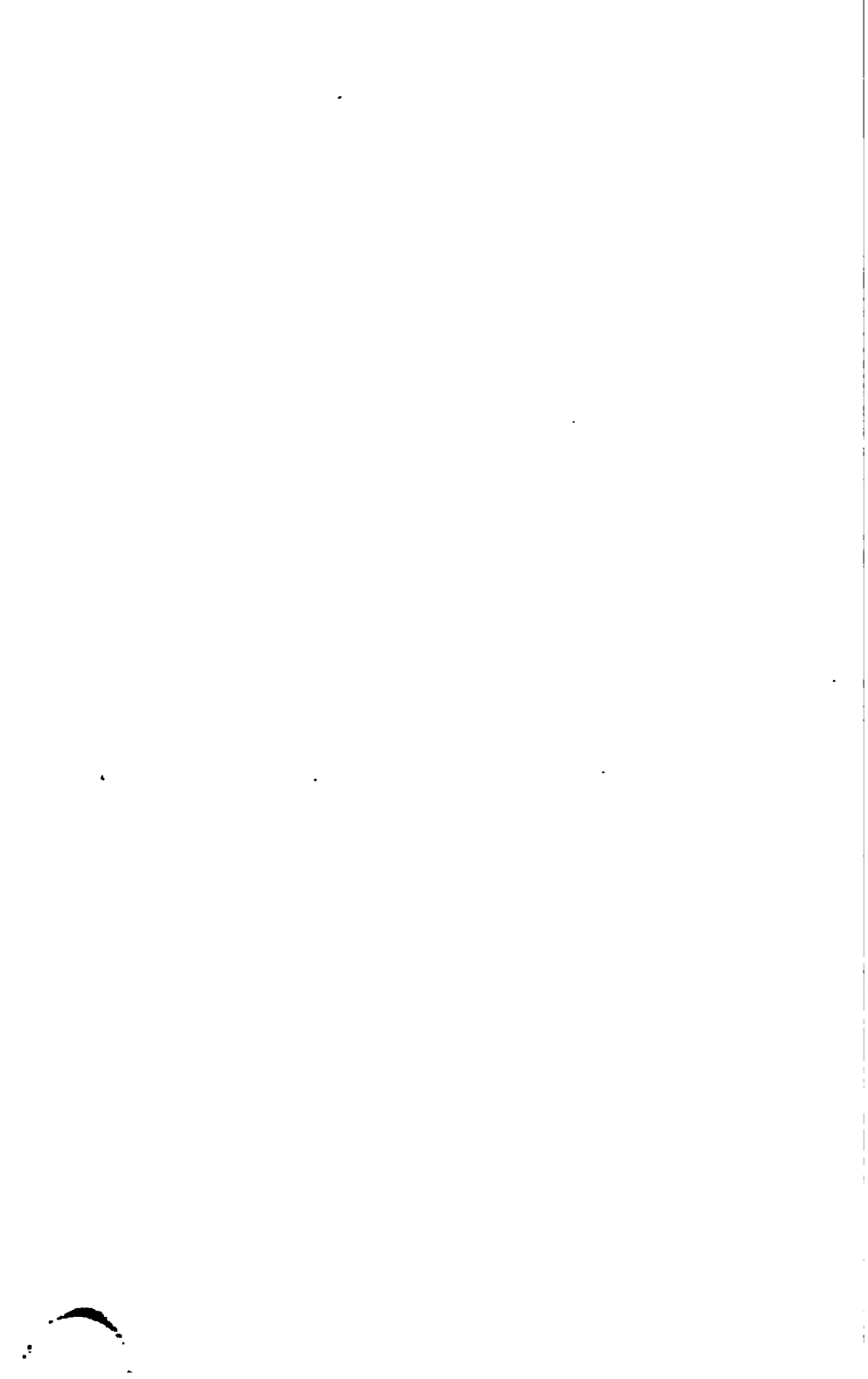
N^o. DCXXVII.



TREACHERS' LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM
HALF-A-GUINEA PER ANNUM.

1, NORTH STREET, 44, & 45, EAST STREET,
BRIGHTON.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXVII.

JANUARY 1868.

VOL. CIII.

CONTENTS.

ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, BY FELIX HOLT,	1
LINDA TRESSSEL—PART IV.,	12
SKETCHES IN POLYNESIA,	26
BROWNLOWS—PART XIII.,	42
MODERN CYNICISM,	62
WHAT I DID AT BELGRADE. BY BOB CONSIDINE,	71
THE NIGHT-WANDERER OF AN AFGHAUN FORT,	91
THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA,	111

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET.

AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

- *To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.*

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

37-142
4

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXVII.

JANUARY 1868.

VOL. CIII.

ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN, BY FELIX HOLT.

FELLOW-WORKMEN, — I am not going to take up your time by complimenting you. It has been the fashion to compliment kings and other authorities when they have come into power, and to tell them that, under their wise and beneficent rule, happiness would certainly overflow the land. But the end has not always corresponded to that beginning. If it were true that we who work for wages had more of the wisdom and virtue necessary to the right use of power than has been shown by the aristocratic and mercantile classes, we should not glory much in that fact, or consider that it carried with it any near approach to infallibility.

In my opinion, there has been too much complimenting of that sort; and whenever a speaker, whether he is one of ourselves or not, wastes our time in boasting or flattery, I say, let us hiss him. If we have the beginning of wisdom, which is, to know a little truth about ourselves, we know

that as a body we are neither very wise nor very virtuous. And to prove this, I will not point specially to our own habits and doings, but to the general state of the country. Any nation that had within it a majority of men—and we are the majority—possessed of much wisdom and virtue, would not tolerate the bad practices, the commercial lying and swindling, the poisonous adulteration of goods, the retail cheating, and the political bribery which are carried on boldly in the midst of us. A majority has the power of creating a public opinion. We could groan and hiss before we had the franchise: if we had groaned and hissed in the right place, if we had discerned better between good and evil, if the multitude of us artisans, and factory hands, and miners, and labourers of all sorts, had been skilful, faithful, well-judging, industrious, sober—and I don't see how there can be wisdom and virtue anywhere without those qualities—we should have made an audience that would

have shamed the other classes out of their share in the national vices. We should have had better members of Parliament, better religious teachers, honest tradesmen, fewer foolish demagogues, less impudence in infamous and brutal men; and we should not have had among us the abomination of men calling themselves religious while living in splendour on ill-gotten gains. I say, it is not possible for any society in which there is a very large body of wise and virtuous men to be as vicious as our society is—to have as low a standard of right and wrong, to have so much belief in falsehood, or to have so degrading, barbarous a notion of what pleasure is, or of what justly raises a man above his fellows. Therefore, let us have done with this nonsense about our being much better than the rest of our countrymen, or the pretence that that was a reason why we ought to have such an extension of the franchise as has been given to us. The reason for our having the franchise, as I want presently to show, lies somewhere else than in our personal good qualities, and does not in the least lie in any high betting chance that a delegate is a better man than a duke, or that a Sheffield grinder is a better man than any one of the firm he works for.

However, we have got our franchise now. We have been sarcastically called in the House of Commons the future masters of the country; and if that sarcasm contains any truth, it seems to me that the first thing we had better think of is, our heavy responsibility; that is to say, the terrible risk we run of working mischief and missing good, as others have done before us. Suppose certain men, discontented with the irrigation of a country which depended for all its prosperity on the right direction being given to the waters of a great river, had got the management

of the irrigation before they were quite sure how exactly it could be altered for the better, or whether they could command the necessary agency for such an alteration. Those men would have a difficult and dangerous business on their hands; and the more sense, feeling, and knowledge they had, the more they would be likely to tremble rather than to triumph. Our situation is not altogether unlike theirs. For general prosperity and well-being is a vast crop, that like the corn in Egypt can be come at, not at all by hurried snatching, but only by a well-judged patient process; and whether our political power will be any good to us now we have got it, must depend entirely on the means and materials—the knowledge, ability, and honesty, we have at command. These three things are the only conditions on which we can get any lasting benefit, as every clever workman among us knows: he knows that for an article to be worth much there must be a good invention or plan to go upon, there must be well-prepared material, and there must be skilful and honest work in carrying out the plan. And by this test we may try those who want to be our leaders. Have they anything to offer us besides indignant talk? When they tell us we ought to have this, that, or the other thing, can they explain to us any reasonable, fair, safe way of getting it? Can they argue in favour of a particular change by showing us pretty closely how the change is likely to work? I don't want to decry a just indignation; on the contrary, I should like it to be more thorough and general. A wise man, more than two thousand years ago, when he was asked what would most tend to lessen injustice in the world, said, "If every bystander felt as indignant at a wrong as if he himself were the sufferer." Let us cherish such indignation. But the long-growing evils of a

great nation are a tangled business, asking for a good deal more than indignation in order to be got rid of. Indignation is a fine war-horse, but the war-horse must be ridden by a man: it must be ridden by rationality, skill, courage, armed with the right weapons, and taking definite aim.

We have reason to be discontented with many things, and, looking back either through the history of England to much earlier generations or to the legislation and administration of later times, we are justified in saying that many of the evils under which our country now suffers are the consequences of folly, ignorance, neglect, or self-seeking in those who, at different times, have wielded the powers of rank, office, and money. But the more bitterly we feel this, the more loudly we utter it, the stronger is the obligation we lay on ourselves to beware lest we also, by a too hasty wresting of measures which seem to promise an immediate partial relief, make a worse time of it for our own generation, and leave a bad inheritance to our children. The deepest curse of wrong-doing, whether of the foolish or wicked sort, is that its effects are difficult to be undone. I suppose there is hardly anything more to be shuddered at than that part of the history of disease which shows how, when a man injures his constitution by a life of vicious excess, his children and grandchildren inherit diseased bodies and minds, and how the effects of that unhappy inheritance continue to spread beyond our calculation. This is only one example of the law by which human lives are linked together; another example of what we complain of when we point to our pauperism, to the brutal ignorance of multitudes among our fellow-countrymen, to the weight of taxation laid on us by blamable wars, to the wasteful channels made for the public

money, to the expense and trouble of getting justice, and call these the effects of bad rule. This is the law that we all bear the yoke of, the law of no man's making, and which no man can undo. Everybody now sees an example of it in the case of Ireland. We who are living now are sufferers by the wrong-doing of those who lived before us; we are sufferers by each other's wrong-doing; and the children who come after us are and will be sufferers from the same causes. Will any man say he doesn't care for that law—it is nothing to him—what he wants is to better himself? With what face then will he complain of any injury? If he says that in politics or in any sort of social action he will not care to know what are likely to be the consequences to others besides himself, he is defending the very worst doings that have brought about his discontent. He might as well say that there is no better rule needful for men than that each should tug and rive for what will please him, without caring how that tugging will act on the fine widespread network of society in which he is fast meshed. If any man taught that as a doctrine, we should know him for a fool. But there are men who act upon it: every scoundrel, for example, whether he is a rich religious scoundrel who lies and cheats on a large scale, and will perhaps come and ask you to send him to Parliament, or a poor pocket-picking scoundrel, who will steal your loose pence while you are listening round the platform. None of us are so ignorant as not to know that a society, a nation, is held together by just the opposite doctrine and action—by the dependence of men on each other and the sense they have of a common interest in preventing injury. And we working men are, I think, of all classes the last that can afford to forget this; for if we did we should be much like sailors

cutting away the timbers of our own ship to warm our grog with. For what else is the meaning of our Trades-unions? What else is the meaning of every flag we carry, every procession we make, every crowd we collect for the sake of making some protest on behalf of our body as receivers of wages, if not this: that it is our interest to stand by each other, and that this being the common interest, no one of us will try to make a good bargain for himself without considering what will be good for his fellows? And every member of a union believes that the wider he can spread his union, the stronger and surer will be the effect of it. So I think I shall be borne out in saying that a working man who can put two and two together, or take three from four and see what will be the remainder, can understand that a society, to be well off, must be made up chiefly of men who consider the general good as well as their own.

Well, but taking the world as it is—and this is one way we must take it when we want to find out how it can be improved—no society is made up of a single class: society stands before us like that wonderful piece of life, the human body, with all its various parts depending on one another, and with a terrible liability to get wrong because of that delicate dependence. We all know how many diseases the human body is apt to suffer from, and how difficult it is even for the doctors to find out exactly where the seat or beginning of the disorder is. That is because the body is made up of so many various parts, all related to each other, or likely all to feel the effect if any one of them goes wrong. It is somewhat the same with our old nations or societies. No society ever stood long in the world without getting to be composed of different classes. Now, it is all pretence to say that there is no such

thing as Class Interest. It is clear that if any particular number of men get a particular benefit from any existing institution, they are likely to band together, in order to keep up that benefit and increase it, until it is perceived to be unfair and injurious to another large number, who get knowledge and strength enough to set up a resistance. And this, again, has been part of the history of every great society since history began. But the simple reason for this being, that any large body of men is likely to have more of stupidity, narrowness, and greed than of farsightedness and generosity, it is plain that the number who resist unfairness and injury are in danger of becoming injurious in their turn. And in this way a justifiable resistance has become a damaging convulsion, making everything worse instead of better. This has been seen so often that we ought to profit a little by the experience. So long as there is selfishness in men; so long as they have not found out for themselves institutions which express and carry into practice the truth, that the highest interest of mankind must at last be a common and not a divided interest; so long as the gradual operation of steady causes has not made that truth a part of every man's knowledge and feeling, just as we now not only know that it is good for our health to be cleanly, but feel that cleanliness is only another word for comfort, which is the under-side or lining of all pleasure; so long, I say, as men wink at their own knowingness, or hold their heads high, because they have got an advantage over their fellows; so long Class Interest will be in danger of making itself felt injuriously. No set of men will get any sort of power without being in danger of wanting more than their right share. But, on the other hand, it is just as certain that no set of men will get angry at having

less than their right share, and set up a claim on that ground, without falling into just the same danger of exacting too much, and exacting it in wrong ways. It's human nature we have got to work with all round, and nothing else. That seems like saying something very commonplace—nay, obvious; as if one should say that where there are hands there are mouths. Yet, to hear a good deal of the speechifying and to see a good deal of the action that go forward, one might suppose it was forgotten.

But I come back to this: that, in our old society, there are old institutions, and among them the various distinctions and inherited advantages of classes, which have shaped themselves along with all the wonderful slow-growing system of things made up of our laws, our commerce, and our stores of all sorts, whether in material objects, such as buildings and machinery, or in knowledge, such as scientific thought and professional skill. Just as in that case I spoke of before, the irrigation of a country, which must absolutely have its water distributed or it will bear no crop; there are the old channels, the old banks, and the old pumps, which must be used as they are until new and better have been prepared, or the structure of the old has been gradually altered. But it would be fool's work to batter down a pump only because a better might be made, when you had no machinery ready for a new one: it would be wicked work, if villages lost their crops by it. Now the only safe way by which society can be steadily improved and our worst evils reduced, is not by any attempt to do away directly with the actually existing class distinctions and advantages, as if everybody could have the same sort of work, or lead the same sort of life (which none of my hearers are stupid enough to suppose), but by the turning of Class Interests into Class Functions or duties. What I mean

is, that each class should be urged by the surrounding conditions to perform its particular work under the strong pressure of responsibility to the nation at large; that our public affairs should be got into a state in which there should be no impunity for foolish or faithless conduct. In this way, the public judgment would sift out incapability and dishonesty from posts of high charge, and even personal ambition would necessarily become of a worthier sort, since the desires of the most selfish men must be a good deal shaped by the opinions of those around them; and for one person to put on a cap and bells, or to go about dishonest or paltry ways of getting rich that he may spend a vast sum of money in having more finery than his neighbours, he must be pretty sure of a crowd who will applaud him. Now changes can only be good in proportion as they help to bring about this sort of result: in proportion as they put knowledge in the place of ignorance, and fellow-feeling in the place of selfishness. In the course of that substitution class distinctions must inevitably change their character; and represent the varying Duties of men, not their varying Interests. But this end will not come by impatience. "Day will not break the sooner because we get up before the twilight." Still less will it come by mere undoing, or change merely as change. And moreover, if we believed that it would be unconditionally hastened by our getting the franchise, we should be what I call superstitious men, believing in magic, or the production of a result by *hocus-pocus*. Our getting the franchise will greatly hasten that good end in proportion only as every one of us has the knowledge, the foresight, the conscience, that will make him well-judging and scrupulous in the use of it. The nature of things in this world has been determined for us beforehand, and in such a way

that no ship can be expected to sail well on a difficult voyage, and reach the right port, unless it is well manned : the nature of the winds and the waves, of the timbers, the sails and the cordage, will not accommodate itself to drunken, mutinous sailors.

You will not suspect me of wanting to preach any cant to you, or of joining in the pretence that everything is in a fine way, and need not be made better. What I am striving to keep in our minds is the care, the precaution, with which we should go about making things better, so that the public order may not be destroyed, so that no fatal shock may be given to this society of ours, this living body in which our lives are bound up. After the Reform Bill of 1832 I was in an election riot, which showed me clearly, on a small scale, what public disorder must always be ; and I have never forgotten that the riot was brought about chiefly by the agency of dishonest men who professed to be on the people's side. Now, the danger hanging over change is great, just in proportion as it tends to produce such disorder by giving any large number of ignorant men, whose notions of what is good are of a low and brutal sort, the belief that they have got power into their hands, and may do pretty much as they like. If any one can look round us and say that he sees no signs of any such danger now, and that our national condition is running along like a clear broadening stream, safe not to get choked with mud, I call him a cheerful man : perhaps he does his own gardening, and seldom takes exercise far away from home. To us who have no gardens, and often walk abroad, it is plain that we can never get into a bit of a crowd but we must rub clothes with a set of Roughts, who have the worst vices of the worst rich—who are gamblers, sots, libertines, knaves, or else mere sensual simpletons and victims:

They are the ugly crop that has sprung up while the stewards have been sleeping ; they are the multiplying brood begotten by parents who have been left without all teaching save that of a too craving body, without all wellbeing save the fading delusions of drugged beer and gin. They are the hideous margin of society, at one edge drawing towards it the undesigning ignorant poor, at the other darkening imperceptibly into the lowest criminal class. Here is one of the evils which cannot be got rid of quickly, and against which any of us who have got sense, decency, and instruction have need to watch. That these degraded fellow-men could really get the mastery in a persistent disobedience to the laws and in a struggle to subvert order, I do not believe ; but wretched calamities would come from the very beginning of such a struggle, and the continuance of it would be a civil war, in which the inspiration on both sides might soon cease to be even a false notion of good, and might become the direct savage impulse of ferocity. We have all to see to it that we do not help to rouse what I may call the savage beast in the breasts of our generation — that we do not help to poison the nation's blood, and make richer provision for bestiality to come. We know well enough that oppressors have sinned in this way — that oppression has notoriously made men mad ; and we are determined to resist oppression. But let us, if possible, show that we can keep sane in our resistance, and shape our means more and more reasonably towards the least harmful, and therefore the speediest, attainment of our end. Let us, I say, show that our spirits are too strong to be driven mad, but can keep that sober determination which alone gives mastery over the adaptation of means. And a first guarantee of this sanity will be to act as if we understood that the fundamental

duty of a government is to preserve order, to enforce obedience of the laws. It has been held hitherto that a man can be depended on as a guardian of order only when he has much money and comfort to lose. But a better state of things would be, that men who had little money and not much comfort should still be guardians of order, because they had sense to see that disorder would do no good, and had a heart of justice, pity, and fortitude, to keep them from making more misery only because they felt some misery themselves. There are thousands of artisans who have already shown this fine spirit, and have endured much with patient heroism. If such a spirit spread, and penetrated us all, we should soon become the masters of the country in the best sense and to the best ends. For, the public order being preserved, there can be no government in future that will not be determined by our insistence on our fair and practicable demands. It is only by disorder that our demands will be choked, that we shall find ourselves lost amongst a brutal rabble, with all the intelligence of the country opposed to us, and see government in the shape of guns that will sweep us down in the ignoble martyrdom of fools.

It has been a too common notion that to insist much on the preservation of order is the part of a selfish aristocracy and a selfish commercial class, because among these, in the nature of things, have been found the opponents of change. I am a Radical; and, what is more, I am not a Radical with a title, or a French cook, or even an entrance into fine society. I expect great changes, and I desire them. But I don't expect them to come in a hurry, by mere inconsiderate sweeping. A Hercules with a big besom is a fine thing for a filthy stable, but not for weeding a seed-bed,

where his besom would soon make a barren floor.

That is old-fashioned talk, some one may say. We know all that.

Yes, when things are put in an extreme way, most people think they know them; but, after all, they are comparatively few who see the small degrees by which those extremes are arrived at, or have the resolution and self-control to resist the little impulses by which they creep on surely towards a fatal end. Does anybody set out meaning to ruin himself, or to drink himself to death, or to waste his life so that he becomes a despicable old man, a superannuated nuisance, like a fly in winter? Yet there are plenty, of whose lot this is the pitiable story. Well now, supposing us all to have the best intentions, we working men, as a body, run some risk of bringing evil on the nation in that unconscious manner—half-hurrying, half-pushed in a jostling march towards an end we are not thinking of. For just as there are many things which we know better and feel much more strongly than the richer, softer-handed classes can know or feel them; so there are many things—many precious benefits—which we, by the very fact of our privations, our lack of leisure and instruction, are not so likely to be aware of and take into our account. Those precious benefits form a chief part of what I may call the common estate of society: a wealth over and above buildings, machinery, produce, shipping, and so on, though closely connected with these; a wealth of a more delicate kind, that we may more unconsciously bring into danger, doing harm and not knowing that we do it. I mean that treasure of knowledge, science, poetry, refinement of thought, feeling, and manners, great memories, and the interpretation of great records, which is carried on from the minds of one generation to the minds of another. This is something distinct from the

indulgences of luxury and the pursuit of vain finery; and one of the hardships in the lot of working men is that they have been for the most part shut out from sharing in this treasure. It can make a man's life very great, very full of delight, though he has no smart furniture and no horses: it also yields a great deal of discovery that corrects error, and of invention that lessens bodily pain, and must at least make life easier for all.

Now the security of this treasure demands, not only the preservation of order, but a certain patience on our part with many institutions and facts of various kinds, especially touching the accumulation of wealth, which, from the light we stand in, we are more likely to discern the evil than the good of. It is constantly the task of practical wisdom not to say, "This is good, and I will have it," but to say, "This is the less of two unavoidable evils, and I will bear it." And this treasure of knowledge, which consists in the fine activity, the exalted vision of many minds, is bound up at present with conditions which have much evil in them. Just as in the case of material wealth and its distribution we are obliged to take the selfishness and weaknesses of human nature into account, and, however we insist that men might act better, are forced, unless we are fanatical simpletons, to consider how they are likely to act; so in this matter of the wealth that is carried in men's minds, we have to reflect that the too absolute predominance of a class whose wants have been of a common sort, who are chiefly struggling to get better and more food, clothing, shelter, and bodily recreation, may lead to hasty measures for the sake of having things more fairly shared, which, even if they did not fail of their object, would at last debase the life of the nation. Do anything which will throw the classes who hold the

treasures of knowledge—nay, I may say, the treasure of refined needs—into the background, cause them to withdraw from public affairs, stop too suddenly any of the sources by which their leisure and ease are furnished, rob them of the chances by which they may be influential and pre-eminent, and you do something as shortsighted as the acts of France and Spain when in jealousy and wrath, not altogether unprovoked, they drove from among them races and classes that held the traditions of handicraft and agriculture. You injure your own inheritance and the inheritance of your children. You may truly say that this which I call the common estate of society has been anything but common to you; but the same may be said, by many of us, of the sunlight and the air, of the sky and the fields, of parks and holiday games. Nevertheless, that these blessings exist makes life worthier to us, and urges us the more to energetic, likely means of getting our share in them; and I say, let us watch carefully, lest we do anything to lessen this treasure which is held in the minds of men, while we exert ourselves first of all, and to the very utmost, that we and our children may share in all its benefits. Yes; exert ourselves to the utmost, to break the yoke of ignorance. If we demand more leisure, more ease in our lives, let us show that we don't deserve the reproach of wanting to shirk that industry which, in some form or other, every man, whether rich or poor, should feel himself as much bound to as he is bound to decency. Let us show that we want to have some time and strength left to us, that we may use it, not for brutal indulgence, but for the rational exercise of the faculties which make us men. Without this no political measures can benefit us. No political institution will alter the nature of Ignorance, or hinder it from producing vice and misery. Let Ignorance start how it will, it must

run the same round of low appetites, poverty, slavery, and superstition. Some of us know this well—nay, I will say, feel it; for knowledge of this kind cuts deep; and to us it is one of the most painful facts belonging to our condition that there are numbers of our fellow-workmen who are so far from feeling in the same way, that they never use the imperfect opportunities already offered them for giving their children some schooling, but turn their little ones of tender age into bread-winners, often at cruel tasks, exposed to the horrible infection of childish vice. Of course, the causes of these hideous things go a long way back. Parents' misery has made parents' wickedness. But we, who are still blessed with the hearts of fathers and the consciences of men—we who have some knowledge of the curse entailed on broods of creatures in human shape, whose enfeebled bodies and dull perverted minds are mere centres of uneasiness, in whom even appetite is feeble and joy impossible—I say we are bound to use all the means at our command to help in putting a stop to this horror. Here, it seems to me, is a way in which we may use extended co-operation among us to the most momentous of all purposes, and make conditions of enrolment that would strengthen all educational measures. It is true enough that there is a low sense of parental duties in the nation at large, and that numbers who have no excuse in bodily hardship seem to think it a light thing to beget children, to bring human beings with all their tremendous possibilities into this difficult world, and then take little heed how they are disciplined and furnished for the perilous journey they are sent on without any asking of their own. This is a sin shared in more or less by all classes; but there are sins which, like taxation, fall the heaviest on the poorest, and none have such galling reasons as

we working-men to try and rouse to the utmost the feeling of responsibility in fathers and mothers. We have been urged into co-operation by the pressure of common demands. In war men need each other more; and where a given point has to be defended, fighters inevitably find themselves shoulder to shoulder. So fellowship grows; so grow the rules of fellowship, which gradually shape themselves to thoroughness as the idea of a common good becomes more complete. We feel a right to say, If you will be one of us, you must make such and such a contribution—you must renounce such and such a separate advantage—you must set your face against such and such an infringement. If we have any false ideas about our common good, our rules will be wrong, and we shall be co-operating to damage each other. But now, here is a part of our good, without which everything else we strive for will be worthless—I mean, the rescue of our children. Let us demand from the members of our Unions that they fulfil their duty as parents in this definite matter, which rules can reach. Let us demand that they send their children to school, so as not to go on recklessly breeding a moral pestilence among us, just as strictly as we demand that they pay their contributions to a common fund, understood to be for a common benefit. While we watch our public men, let us watch one another as to this duty, which is also public, and more momentous even than obedience to sanitary regulations. While we resolutely declare against the wickedness in high places, let us set ourselves also against the wickedness in low places, not quarrelling which came first, or which is the worse of the two—not trying to settle the miserable precedence of plague or famine, but insisting unflinchingly on remedies once ascertained, and summoning those who hold the treas-

ure of knowledge to remember that they hold it in trust, and that with them lies the task of searching for new remedies, and finding the right methods of applying them.

To find right remedies and right methods! Here is the great function of knowledge: here the life of one man may make a fresh era straight away, in which a sort of suffering that has existed shall exist no more. For the thousands of years down to the middle of the sixteenth century that human limbs had been hacked and amputated, nobody knew how to stop the bleeding except by searing the ends of the vessels with red-hot iron. But then came a man named Ambrose Paré, and said, "Tie up the arteries!" That was a fine word to utter. It contained the statement of a method—a plan by which a particular evil was for ever assuaged. Let us try to discern the men whose words carry that sort of kernel, and choose such men to be our guides and representatives—not choose platform swaggerers, who bring us nothing but the ocean to make our broth with.

To get the chief power into the hands of the wisest, which means to get our life regulated according to the truest principles mankind is in possession of, is a problem as old as the very notion of wisdom. The solution comes slowly, because men collectively can only be made to embrace principles, and to act on them, by the slow stupendous teaching of the world's events. Men will go on planting potatoes, and nothing else but potatoes, till a potato-disease comes and forces them to find out the advantage of a varied crop. Selfishness, stupidity, sloth, persist in trying to adapt the world to their desires, till a time comes when the world manifests itself as too decidedly inconvenient to them. Wisdom stands outside of man and urges itself upon him, like the marks

of the changing seasons, before it finds a home within him, directs his actions, and from the precious effects of obedience begets a corresponding love.

But while still outside of us, wisdom often looks terrible, and wears strange forms, wrapped in the changing conditions of a struggling world. It wears now the form of wants and just demands in a great multitude of British men: wants and demands urged into existence by the forces of a maturing world. And it is in virtue of this—in virtue of this presence of wisdom on our side as a mighty fact, physical and moral, which must enter into and shape the thoughts and actions of mankind—that we working men have obtained the suffrage. Not because we are an excellent multitude, but because we are a needy multitude.

But now, for our own part, we have seriously to consider this outside wisdom which lies in the supreme unalterable nature of things, and watch to give it a home within us and obey it. If the claims of the unendowed multitude of working men hold within them principles which must shape the future, it is not less true that the endowed classes, in their inheritance from the past, hold the precious material without which no worthy, noble future can be moulded. Many of the highest uses of life are in their keeping; and if privilege has often been abused, it has also been the nurse of excellence. Here again we have to submit ourselves to the great law of inheritance. If we quarrel with the way in which the labours and earnings of the past have been preserved and handed down, we are just as bigoted, just as narrow, just as wanting in that religion which keeps an open ear and an obedient mind to the teachings of fact, as we accuse those of being, who quarrel with the new truths and new needs which are disclosed

in the present. The deeper insight we get into the causes of human trouble, and the ways by which men are made better and happier, the less we shall be inclined to the unprofitable spirit and practice of reproaching classes as such in a wholesale fashion. Not all the evils of our condition are such as we can justly blame others for ; and, I repeat, many of them are such as no change of institutions can quickly remedy. To discern between the evils that energy can remove and the evils that patience must bear, makes the difference between manliness and childishness, between good sense and folly. And more than that, without such discernment, seeing that we have

grave duties towards our own body and the country at large, we can hardly escape acts of fatal rashness and injustice.

I am addressing a mixed assembly of workmen, and some of you may be as well or better fitted than I am to take up this office. But they will not think it amiss in me that I have tried to bring together the considerations most likely to be of service to us in preparing ourselves for the use of our new opportunities. I have avoided touching on special questions. The best help towards judging well on these is to approach them in the right temper, without vain expectation, and with a resolution which is mixed with temperance.

LINDA TRESSEL.—PART IV.

CHAPTER VI.

ALL September went by, and all October, and life in the red house in the island in Nuremberg was a very sad life indeed. During this time Linda Tressel never spoke to Ludovic Valcarm, nor of him; but she saw him once, standing among the beer-casks opposite to the warehouse. Had she not so seen him, she would have thought that he had vanished altogether out of the city, and that he was to be no more heard of or seen among them. He was such a man, and belonged to such a set, that his vanishing in this fashion would have been a thing to create no surprise. He might have joined his father, and they two might be together in any quarter of the globe,—on any spot,—the more distant, the more probable. It was one of Linda's troubles that she knew really nothing of the life of the man she loved. She had always heard things evil spoken of him, but such evil-speaking had come from those who were his enemies,—from his cousin, who had been angry because Ludovic had not remained with him on the stool in the town-hall; and from Madame Staubach, who thought ill of almost all young men, and who had been specially prejudiced against this young man by Peter Steinmarc. Linda did not know what she should believe. She had heard that the Brothers Sach were respectable tradesmen, and it was in Valcarm's favour that he was employed by them. She had thought that he had left them; but now, seeing him again among the barrels, she had reason to presume that his life could not be altogether unworthy of him. He was working for his bread, and what more could be required from a young man than that? Nevertheless,

when she saw him, she sedulously kept herself from his sight, and went, almost at once, back to the kitchen, from whence there was no view on to the Ruden Platz.

During these weeks life was very sad in this house. Madame Staubach said but little to her niece of her past iniquity in the matter of Ludovic's visit, and not much of Peter's suit; but she so bore herself that every glance of her eye, every tone of her voice, every nod of her head, was a separate rebuke. She hardly ever left Linda alone, requiring her company when she went out to make her little purchases in the market, and always on those more momentous and prolonged occasions when she attended some public prayer-meeting. Linda resolved to obey in such matters, and she did obey. She went hither and thither by her aunt's side, and at home sat with her aunt, always with a needle in her hand,—never leaving the room, except when Peter Steinmarc entered it. This he did, perhaps, on every other evening; and when he did so, Linda always arose and went up to her own chamber, speaking no word to the man as she passed him. When her aunt had rebuked her for this, laying upon her a command that she should remain when Steinmarc appeared, she protested that in that matter obedience was impossible to her. In all other things she would do as she was bidden; nothing, she said, but force, should induce her to stay for five minutes in the same room with Peter Steinmarc. Peter, who was of course aware of all this, would look at her when he passed her, or met her on the stairs, or in the passages, as though she were something too vile for him to touch. Madame Stau-

back, as she saw this, would groan aloud, and then Peter would groan. Latterly, too, Tetchen had taken to groaning; so that life in that house had become very sad. But Linda paid back Peter's scorn with interest. Her lips would curl, and her nostrils would be dilated, and her eyes would flash fire on him as she passed him. He also prayed a little in these days that Linda might be given into his hands. If ever she should be so given, he should teach her what it was to scorn the offer of an honest man.

For a month or six weeks Linda Tressel bore all this with patience; but when October was half gone, her patience was almost at an end. Such a life, if prolonged much further, would make her mad. The absence of all smiles from the faces of those with whom she lived, was terrible to her. She was surrounded by a solemnity as of the grave, and came to doubt almost whether she were a living creature. If she were to be scorned always, to be treated ever as one unfit for the pleasant intercourse of life, it might be as well that she should deserve such treatment. It was possible that by deserving it she might avoid it! At first, during these solemn wearisome weeks, she would tell herself that because her aunt had condemned her, not therefore need she feel assured that she was condemned of her heavenly Father. She was not a castaway because her aunt had so called her. But gradually there came upon her a feeling, springing from her imagination rather than from her judgment, that she was a thing set apart as vile and bad. There grew upon her a conviction that she was one of the non-elect, or rather, one of those who are elected to an eternity of misery. Her religious observances, as they came to her now, were odious to her; and that she supposed to be a certain sign that the devil had fought for her soul and had conquered. It could

not be that she should be so terribly wretched if she were not also very wicked. She would tremble now at every sound; and though she still curled her lips, and poured scorn upon Peter from her eyes, as she moved away at his approach, she was almost so far beaten as to be desirous to succumb. She must either succumb to her aunt and to him, or else she must fly. How was she to live without a word of sympathy from any human being?

She had been careful to say little or nothing to Tetchen, having some indistinct idea that Tetchen was a double traitor. That Tetchen had on one occasion been in league with Ludovic, she was sure; but she thought that since that the woman had been in league with Peter also. The league with Ludovic had been very wicked, but that might be forgiven. A league with Peter was a sin to be forgiven never; and therefore Linda had resolutely declined of late to hold any converse with Tetchen other than that which the affairs of the house demanded. When Tetchen, who in this matter was most unjustly treated, would make little attempts to regain the confidence of her young mistress, her efforts were met with a repellant silence. And thus there was no one in the house to whom Linda could speak. This at last became so dreadful to her, the desolation of her position was, so complete, that she had learned to regret her sternness to Tetchen. As far as she could now see, there was no alliance between Tetchen and Peter; and it might be the case, she thought, that her suspicions had been unjust to the old woman.

One evening, about the beginning of November, when it had already become dark at that hour in which Peter would present himself in Madame Staunbach's parlour, he had entered the room, as was usual with him; and, as usual, Linda had at once left it. Peter,

as he passed her, had looked at her with more than his usual anger, with an aggravated bitterness of condemnation in his eyes. She had been weeping in silence before he had appeared, and she had no power left to throw back her scorn at him. Still weeping, she went up into her room, and throwing herself on her bed, began, in her misery, to cry aloud for mercy. Some end must be brought to this, or the burden on her shoulders would be heavier than she could bear. She had gone to the window for a moment as she entered the chamber, and had thrown one glance in despair over towards the Ruden Platz. But the night was dark, and full of rain, and had he been there she could not have seen him. There was no one to befriend her. Then she threw herself on the bed and wept aloud.

She was still lying there when there came a very low tap at the door. She started up and listened. She had heard no footfall on the stairs, and it was, she thought, impossible that any one should have come up without her hearing the steps. Peter Steinmarc creaked whenever he went along the passages, and neither did her aunt or Tetchen tread with feet as light as that. She sat up, and then the knock was repeated,—very low and very clear. She still paused a moment, resolving that nothing should frighten her,—nothing should startle her. No change that could come to her would, she thought, be a change for the worse. She hastened up from off the bed, and stood upon the floor. Then she gave the answer that is usual to such a summons. "Come in," she said. She spoke low, but with clear voice, so that her word might certainly be heard, but not be heard afar. She stood about ten feet from the door, and when she heard the lock turned, her heart was beating violently.

The lock was turned, and the door was ajar, but it was not opened.

"Linda," said a soft voice—"Linda, will you speak to me?" Heavens and earth! It was Ludovic,—Ludovic in her aunt's house,—Ludovic at her chamber door,—Ludovic there, within the very penetralia of their abode, while her aunt and Peter Steinmarc were sitting in the chamber below! But she had resolved that in no event would she be startled. In making that resolve, had she not almost hoped that this would be the voice that should greet her?

She could not now again say, "Come in," and the man who had had the audacity to advance so far, was not bold enough to advance farther, though invited. She stepped quickly to the door, and, placing her hand upon the lock, knew not whether to close it against the intruder or to confront the man. "There can be but a moment, Linda; will you not speak to me?" said her lover.

What could her aunt do to her?—what Peter Steinmarc?—what could the world do, worse than had been done already? They had told her that she was a castaway, and she had half believed it. In the moments of her deepest misery she had believed it. If that were so, how could she fall lower? Would it not be sweet to her to hear one word of kindness in her troubles, to catch one note that should not be laden with rebuke? She opened the door, and stood before him in the gloom of the passage.

"Linda,—dear, dearest Linda;"—and before she knew that he was so near her, he had caught her hand.

"Hush! they are below;—they will hear you."

"No; I could be up among the rafters before any one could be on the first landing; and no one should hear a motion." Linda, in her surprise, looked up through the darkness, as though she could see the passage of which he spoke in the narrowing stair amidst the roof. What a terrible man was this, who

had come to her bedroom door, and could thus talk of escaping amidst the rafters !

"Why are you here ?" she whispered.

"Because I love you better than the light of heaven. Because I would go through fire and water to be near you. Linda,—dearest Linda, is it not true that you are in sorrow !"

"Indeed yes," she said, shaking her head, while she still left her hand in his.

"And shall I not find an escape for you ?"

"No, no ; that is impossible."

"I will try at least," said he.

"You can do nothing for me,—nothing."

"You love me, Linda ? Say that you love me." She remained silent, but her hand was still within his grasp. She could not lie to him, and say that she loved him not. "Linda, you are all the world to me. The sweetest music that I could hear would be one word to say that I am dear to you." She said not a word, but he knew now that she loved him. He knew it well. It is the instinct of the lover to know that his mistress has given him her heart heartily, when she does not deny the gift with more than sternness,—with cold cruelty. Yes ; he knew her secret now ; and pulling her close to him by her hand, by her arm, he wound his own arm round her waist tightly, and pressed his face close to hers. "Linda, Linda,—my own, my own !—O God ! how happy I am !" She suffered it all, but spoke not a word. His hot kisses were rained upon her lips, but she gave him never a kiss in return. He pressed her with all the muscles of his body, and she simply bore the pressure, uncomplaining, uncomplaining, hardly thinking, half conscious, almost swooning, hysterical, with blood rushing wildly to her heart, lost in an agony of mingled fear and love. "Oh, Linda !—oh, my own one !"

But the kisses were still raining on her lips, and cheek, and brow. Had she heard her aunt's footsteps on the stairs, had she heard the creaking shoes of Peter Steinmarc himself, she could hardly have moved to save herself from their wrath. The pressure of her lover's arms was very sweet to her, but still, through it all, there was a consciousness that, in her very knowledge of that sweetness, the devil was claiming his own. Now, in very truth, was she a castaway. "My love, my life !" said Ludovic, "there are but a few moments for us. What can I do to comfort you ?" She was still in his arms, pressed closely to his bosom, not trusting at all to the support of her own legs. She made one little struggle to free herself, but it was in vain. She opened her lips to speak, but there came no sound from them. Then there came again upon her that storm of kisses, and she was bound round by his arm, as though she were never again to be loosened. The waters that fell upon her were sweeter than the rains of heaven ; but she knew,—there was still enough of life in her to enable her to remember,—that they were foul with the sulphur and the brimstone of the pit of hell.

"Linda," he said, "I am leaving Nuremberg ; will you go with me ?" Go with him ! whither was she to go ? How was she to go ? And this going that he spoke of ? Was it not thus usually with castaways ? If it were true that she was in very fact already a castaway, why should she not go with him ? And yet she was half sure that any such going on her part was a thing quite out of the question. As an actor will say of himself when he declines some proffered character, she could not see herself in that part. Though she could tell herself that she was a castaway, a very child of the devil, because she could thus stand and listen to her lover at her chamber door, yet could she not

think of the sin that would really make her so without an abhorrence which made that sin frightful to her. She was not allured, hardly tempted, by the young man's offer as he made it. And yet, what else was there for her to do? And if it were true that she was a castaway, why should she struggle to be better than others who were of the same colour with herself? "Linda, say, will you be my wife?"

His wife! Oh, yes, she would be his wife,—if it were possible. Even now, in the moment of her agony, there came to her a vague idea that she might do him some service if she were his wife, because she had property of her own. She was ready to acknowledge to herself that her duty to him was stronger than her duty to that woman below who had been so cruel to her. She would be his wife, if it were possible, even though he should drag her through the mud of poverty and through the gutters of tribulation. Could she walk down to her aunt's presence this moment his real wife, she would do so, and bear all that could be said to her. Could this be so, that storm which had been bitter with brimstone from the lowest pit, would at once become sweet with the air of heaven. But how could this be? She knew that it could not be. Marriage was a thing difficult to be done, hedged in with all manner of impediments, hardly to be reached at all by such a one as her, unless it might be such a marriage as that proposed to her with Peter Steinmarc. For girls with sweet, loving parents, for the Fanny Heisses of the world, marriage might be made easy. It was all very well for Ludovic Valcarm to ask her to be his wife; but in asking her he must have known that she could not if she would; and yet the sound of the word was sweet to her. If it might be so, even yet she would not be a cast-away.

But she did not answer his question. Struggling hard to speak, she muttered some prayer to him that he would leave her. "Say that you love me," demanded Ludovic. The demand was only whispered, but the words came hot into her ears.

"I do love you," she replied.

"Then you will go with me."

"No, no! It is impossible."

"They will make you take that man for your husband."

"They shall never do that;—never,—never." In making this assertion, Linda found strength to extricate herself from her lover's arms and to stand alone.

"And how shall I come to you again?" said Ludovic.

"You must not come again. You should not have come now. I would not have been here had I thought it possible you would have come."

"But, Linda——" and then he went on to show to her how very unsatisfactory a courtship theirs would be, if, now that they were together, nothing could be arranged as to their future meeting. It soon became clear to Linda that Ludovic knew everything that was going on in the house, and had learned it all from Tetchen. Tetchen at this moment was quite aware of his presence up-stairs, and was prepared to cough aloud, standing at the kitchen door, if any sign were made that either Steinmarc or Madame Staubach were about to leave the parlour. Though it had seemed to Linda that her lover had come to her through the darkness, aided by the powers thereof, the assistance which had really brought him there was simply that of the old cook down-stairs. It certainly was on the cards that Tetchen might help him again after the same fashion, but Ludovic felt that such help would be but of little avail unless Linda, now that she had acknowledged her love, would do something to help also. With

Ludovic Valcarm it was quite a proper course of things that he should jump out of a boat, or disappear into the roof among the rafters, or escape across the tiles and down the spouts in the darkness, as preliminary steps in a love affair. But in this special love affair such movements could only be preliminary; and therefore, as he was now standing face to face with Linda, and as there certainly had been difficulties in achieving this position, he was anxious to make some positive use of it. And then, as he explained to Linda in very few words, he was about to leave Nuremberg, and go to Munich. She did not quite understand whether he was always to remain in Munich; nor did she think of inquiring how he was to earn his bread there. But it was his scheme, that she should go with him and that there they should be married. If she would meet him at the railway station in time for the early train, they certainly could reach Munich without impediment. Linda would find no difficulty in leaving the house. Tetchen would take care that even the door should be open for her.

Linda listened to it all, and by degrees the impossibility of her assenting to such iniquity became less palpable. And though the wickedness of the scheme was still manifest to her, though she felt that, were she to assent to it, she would, in doing so, give herself up finally, body and soul, to the Evil One, yet was she not angry with Ludovic for proposing it. Nay, loving him well enough before, she loved him the better as he pressed her to go with him. But she would not go. She had nothing to say but, No, no, no. It was impossible. She was conscious after a certain fashion that her legs would refuse to carry her to the railway station on such an errand, that her physical strength would have failed her, and that were she to

make ever so binding a promise, when the morning came she would not be there. He had again taken her hand, and was using all his eloquence, still speaking in low whispers, when there was heard a cough,—not loud, but very distinct,—Tetchen's cough as she stood at the kitchen door. Ludovic Valcarm, though the necessity for movement was so close upon him, would not leave Linda's hand till he had again pressed a kiss upon her mouth. Now, at last, in this perilous moment, there was some slightest movement on Linda's lips, which he flattered himself he might take as a response. Then, in a moment, he was gone and her door was shut, and he was escaping, after his own fashion, into the darkness,—she knew not whither and she knew not how, except that there was a bitter flavour of brimstone about it all.

She seated herself at the foot of the bed lost in amazement. She must first think,—she was bound first to think, of his safety; and yet what in the way of punishment could they do to him comparable to the torments which they could inflict upon her? She listened, and she soon heard Peter Steinmarc creaking in the room below. Tetchen had coughed because Peter was as usual going to his room, but had Ludovic remained at her door no one would have been a bit the wiser. No doubt Ludovic, up among the rafters, was thinking the same thing; but there must be no renewal of their intercourse that night, and therefore Linda bolted her door. As she did so, she swore to herself that she would not unbolt it again that evening at Ludovic's request. No such encroaching request was made to her. She sat for nearly an hour at the foot of her bed, waiting, listening, fearing, thinking, hoping,—hardly hoping, when another step was heard on the stair and in the pas-

sage,—a step which she well knew to be that of her aunt Charlotte. Then she arose, and as her aunt drew near she pulled back the bolt and opened the door. The little oil lamp which she held threw a timid fitful light into the gloom, and Linda looked up unconsciously into the darkness of the roof over her head.

It had been her custom to return to her aunt's parlour as soon as she heard Peter creaking in the room below, and she had still meant to do so on this evening; but hitherto she had been unable to move, or at any rate so to compose herself as to have made it possible for her to go into her aunt's presence. Had she not had the whole world of her own love story to fill her mind and her heart?

"Linda, I have been expecting you to come down to me," said her aunt, gravely.

"Yes, aunt Charlotte, and I was coming."

"It is late now, Linda."

"Then, if you please, I will go to bed," said Linda, who was by no means sorry to escape the necessity of returning to the parlour.

"I could not go to my rest," said Madame Staubach, "without doing my duty by seeing you and telling you again, that it is very wicked of

you to leave the room whenever our friend enters it. Linda, do you ever think of the punishment which pride will bring down upon you?"

"It is not pride."

"Yes, Linda. It is the worst pride in the world."

"I will sit with him all the evening if he will promise me never again to ask me to be his wife."

"The time will perhaps come, Linda, when you will be only too glad to take him, and he will tell you that you are not fit to be the wife of an honest man." Then, having uttered this bitter curse,—for such it was,—Madame Staubach went across to her own room.

Linda, as she knelt at her bedside, tried to pray that she might be delivered from temptation, but she felt that her prayers were not prayers indeed. Even when she was on her knees, with her hands clasped together as though towards her God, her very soul was full of the presence of that arm which had been so fast wound round her waist. And when she was in bed she gave herself up to the sweetness of her love. With what delicious violence had that storm of kisses fallen on her! Then she prayed for him, and strove very hard that her prayer might be sincere.

CHAPTER VII.

Another month had passed by, and it was now nearly mid-winter. Another month had passed by, and neither had Madame Staubach nor Peter Steinmarc heard ought of Ludovic's presence among the rafters; but things were much altered in the red house, and Linda's life was hot, fevered, suspicious, and full of a dangerous excitement. Twice again she had seen Ludovic, once meeting him in the kitchen, and once she had met him at a certain dark gate in the Nonnen

Garten, to which she had contrived to make her escape for half an hour on a false plea. Things were much changed with Linda Tressel when she could condescend to do this. And she had received from her lover a dozen notes, always by the hand of Tetchen, and had written to him more than once a few short, incoherent, startled words, in which she would protest that she loved him, and protest also at the same time that her love must be all in vain. "It is of no

use. Do not write, and pray do not come. If this goes on it will kill me. You know that I shall never give myself to anybody else." This was in answer to a proposition made through Tetchen that he should come again to her,—should come, and take her away with him. He had come, and there had been that interview in the kitchen, but he had not succeeded in inducing her to leave her home.

There had been many projects discussed between them, as to which Tetchen had given much advice. It was Tetchen's opinion, that if Linda would declare to her aunt that she meant at once to marry Ludovic Valcarm, and make him master of the house in which they lived, Madame Staubach would have no alternative but to submit quietly; that she would herself go forth and instruct the clergyman to publish the banns, and that Linda might thus become Valcarm's acknowledged wife before the snow was off the ground. Ludovic seemed to have his doubts about this, still signifying his preference for a marriage at Munich. When Tetchen explained to him that Linda would lose her character by travelling with him to Munich before she was his wife, he merely laughed at such an old wife's tale. Had not he himself seen Fanny Heisse and Max Bogen in the train together between Augsburg and Nuremberg long before they were married, and who had thought of saying a word against Fanny's character? "But everybody knew about that," said Linda. "Let everybody know about this," said Ludovic.

But Linda would not go. She would not go, even though Ludovic told her that it was imperative that he himself should quit Nuremberg. Such matters were in training,—he did not tell her what matters,—as would make his going quite imperative. Still she would take no step towards going with

him. That advice of Tetchen's was much more in accordance with her desires. If she could act upon that, then she might have some happiness before her. She thought that she could make up her mind, and bring herself to declare her purpose to her aunt, if Ludovic would allow her to do so. But Ludovic declared that this could not be done, as preparatory to their being married at Nuremberg; and at last he was almost angry with her. Did she not trust him? Oh, yes, she would trust him with everything; with her happiness, her heart, her house,—with all that the world had left for her. But there was still that feeling left within her bosom, that if she did this thing which he proposed, she would be trusting him with her very soul.

Ludovic said a word to her about the house, and Tetchen said many words. When Linda expressed an opinion, that though the house might not belong to her aunt legally, it was or ought to be her aunt's property in point of honour, Tetchen only laughed at her. "Don't let her bother you about Peter then, if she chooses to live here on favour," said Tetchen. As Linda came to think of it, it did appear hard to her that she should be tormented about Peter Steinmarc in her own house. She was not Madame Staubach's child, nor her slave; nor, indeed, was she of childish age. Gradually the idea grew upon her that she might assert her right to free herself from the tyranny to which she was made subject. But there was always joined to this a consciousness, that though, according to the laws of the world, she might assert her right, and claim her property, and acknowledge to everybody her love to Ludovic Valcarm, she could do none of these things in accordance with the laws of God. She had become subject to her aunt by the circumstances of her life, as though her aunt were in fact her

parent, and the fifth commandment was as binding on her as though she were in truth the daughter of the guardian who had had her in charge since her infancy. Once she said a word to her aunt about the house, and was struck with horror by the manner in which Madame Staubach had answered her. She had simply said that, as the house was partly hers, she had thought that she might suggest the expediency of getting another lodger in place of Peter Steinmarc. But Madame Staubach had arisen from her chair and had threatened to go at once out into the street,—“bare, naked, and destitute,” as she expressed herself. “If you ever tell me again,” said Madame Staubach, “that the house is yours, I will never eat another meal beneath your father’s roof.” Linda, shocked at her own wickedness, had fallen at her aunt’s knees, and promised that she would never again be guilty of such wickedness. And as she reflected on what she had done, she did believe herself to have been very mean and very wicked. She had known all her life that, though the house was hers to live in, it was subject to the guidance of her aunt; and so had she been subject till she had grown to be a woman. She could not quite understand that such subjection for the whole term of her life need be a duty to her; but when was the term of duty to be completed?

Between her own feelings on one side, and Tetchen’s continued instigation on the other, she became aware that that which she truly needed was advice. These secret interviews and this clandestine correspondence were terrible to her very soul. She would not even yet be a castaway if it might be possible to save herself! There were two things fixed for her,—fixed, even though by their certainty she must become a castaway. She would never marry Peter Steinmarc, and she would never cease to love Lu-

dovic Valcarm. But might it be possible that these assured facts should be reconciled to duty? If only there were somebody whom she might trust to tell her that!

Linda’s father had had many friends in Nuremberg, and she could still remember those whom, as a child, she had seen from time to time in her father’s house. The names of some were still familiar to her, and the memories of the faces even of one or two who had suffered her to play at their knees when she was little more than a baby, were present to her. Manners had so changed at the red house since those days, that few, if any, of these alliances had been preserved. The peculiar creed of Madame Staubach was not popular with the burghers of Nuremberg, and we all know how family friendships will die out when they are not kept alive by the warmth of familiar intercourse. There were still a few, and they among those most respected in the city, who would bow to Madame Staubach when they met her in the streets, and would smile and nod at Linda as they remembered the old days when they would be merry with a decorous mirth in the presence of her father. But there were none in the town,—no, not one,—who could interfere as a friend in the affairs of the widow Staubach’s household, or who ever thought of asking Linda to sit at a friendly hearth. Close neighbourhood and school acquaintance had made Fanny Heisse her friend, but it was very rarely indeed that she had set her foot over the threshold of Jacob’s door. Peter Steinmarc was their only friend, and his friendship had arisen from the mere fact of his residence beneath the same roof. It was necessary that their house should be divided with another, and in this way Peter had become their lodger. Linda certainly could not go to Peter for advice. She would have gone to Jacob Heisse, but that Jacob was a man slow of

speech, somewhat timid in all matters beyond the making of furniture, and but little inclined to meddle with things out of his own reach. She fancied that the counsel which she required should be sought for from some one wiser and more learned than Jacob Heisse.

Among the names of those who had loved her father, which still rested in her memory, was that of Herr Molk, a man much spoken of in Nuremberg, one rich and of great repute, who was or had been burgomaster, and who occupied a house on the Egidien Platz, known to Linda well, because of its picturesque beauty. Even Peter Steinmarc, who would often speak of the town magistrates as though they were greatly inferior to himself in municipal lore and general wisdom, would mention the name of Herr Molk with almost involuntary respect. Linda had seen him from time to time either in the Platz or on the market-place, and her father's old friend had always smiled on her and expressed some hope that she was well and happy. Ah, how vain had been that hope! What if she should now go to Herr Molk and ask him for advice? She would not speak to Tetchen, because Tetchen would at once tell it all to Ludovic; and in this matter, as Linda felt, she must not act as Ludovic would bid her. Yes; she would go to this noted pundit of the city, and, if he would allow her so to do, would tell to him all her story.

And then she made another resolve. She would not do this without informing her aunt that it was about to be done. On this occasion, even though her aunt should tell her to remain in the house, she would go forth. But her aunt should not throw it in her teeth that she had acted on the sly. One day, one cold November morning, when the hour of their early dinner was approaching, she went up-stairs from the kitchen

for her hat and cloak, and then, equipped for her walk, presented herself before her aunt.

"Linda, where are you going?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"I am going, aunt Charlotte, to Herr Molk, in the Egidien Platz."

"To Herr Molk? And why? Has he bidden you come to him?" Then Linda told her story, with much difficulty. She was unhappy, she said, and wanted advice. She remembered this man,—that he was the friend of her father. "I am sorry, Linda, that you should want other advice than that which I can give you."

"Dear aunt, it is just that. You want me to marry this man here, and I cannot do it. This has made you miserable, and me miserable. Is it not true that we are not happy as we used to be?"

"I certainly am not happy. How can I be happy when I see you wandering astray? How can I be happy when you tell me that you love the man in Nuremberg whom I believe of all to be most wicked and ungodly? How can I be happy when you threaten to expel from the house, because it is your own, the only man whom I love, honour, and respect?"

"I never said so, aunt Charlotte;—I never thought of saying such a thing."

"And what will you ask of this stranger should you find yourself in his presence?"

"I will tell him everything, and ask him what I should do."

"And will you tell him truly?"

"Certainly, aunt Charlotte; I will tell him the truth in everything."

"And if he bids you marry the man whom I have chosen as your husband?" Linda, when this suggestion was made to her, became silent. Truly it was impossible that any wise man in Nuremberg could tell her that such a sacrifice as that was necessary! Then Madame Staubach repeated the

question. "If he bids you marry Peter Steinmarc, will you do as he bids you?"

Surely she would not be so bidden by her father's friend! "I will endeavour to do as he bids me," said Linda.

"Then go to him, my child, and may God so give him grace that he may soften the hardness of your heart, and prevail with you to put down beneath your feet the tempta-

tions of Satan; and that he may quell the spirit of evil within you. God forbid that I should think that there is no wisdom in Nuremberg fitter than mine to guide you. If the man be a man of God, he will give you good counsel."

Then Linda, wondering much at her aunt's ready acquiescence, went forth, and walked straightway to the house of Herr Molk in the Egidien Platz.

CHAPTER VIII.

A walk of ten minutes took Linda from the Schütt island to the Egidien Platz, and placed her before the door of Herr Molk's house. The Egidien Platz is perhaps the most fashionable quarter of Nuremberg, if Nuremberg may be said to have a fashion in such matters. It is near to the Rathhaus, and to St Sebald's Church, and is not far distant from the old Burg or Castle in which the Emperors used to dwell when they visited the imperial city of Nuremberg. This large open Place has a church in its centre, and around it are houses almost all large, built with gables turned towards the street, quaint, picturesque, and eloquent of much burghers' wealth. There could be no such square in a city which was not or had not been very rich. And among all the houses in the Egidien Platz, there was no house to exceed in beauty of ornament, in quaintness of architecture, or in general wealth and comfort, that which was inhabited by Herr Molk.

Linda stood for a moment at the door, and then putting up her hand, pulled down the heavy iron bell-handle, which itself was a gem of art, representing some ancient and discreet burgher of the town, wrapped in his cloak, and almost hidden by his broad-brimmed hat. She heard the bell clank close inside the door, and then the portal was open, as though the very

pulling of the bell had opened it. The lock at least was open, so that Linda could push the door with her hand and enter over the threshold. This she did, and she found herself within a long narrow court or yard, round which, one above another, there ran galleries, open to the court, and guarded with heavy balustrades of carved wood. From the narrowness of the enclosure, the house on each side seemed to be very high, and Linda, looking round with astonished eyes, could see that at every point the wood was carved. And the waterspouts were ornamented with grotesque figures, and the huge broad stairs which led to the open galleries on the left hand were of polished oak, made so slippery with the polishers' daily care that it was difficult to tread upon them without falling. All around the bottom of the court there were open granaries or warehouses; for there seemed to be nothing that could be called a room on the ground floor, beyond the porter's lodge; and these open warehouses seemed to be filled full with masses of stacked firewood. Linda knew well the value of such stores in Nuremberg, and lost none of her veneration for Herr Molk because of such nature were the signs of his domestic wealth.

As she timidly looked around her she saw an old woman within the gate of the porter's lodge, and

inquired whether Herr Molk was at home and disengaged. The woman simply motioned her to the wicket gate by which the broad polished stairs were guarded. Linda, hesitating to advance into so grand a mansion alone, and yet knowing that she should do as she was bidden, entered the wicket and ascended carefully to the first gallery. Here was another bell ready to her hand, the handle of which consisted of a little child in iron-work. This also she pulled, and waited till some one should come. Presently there was a scuffling heard of quick feet in the gallery, and three children ran up to her. In the middle was the elder, a girl dressed in dark silk, and at her sides were two boys habited in black velvet. They all had long fair hair, and large blue eyes, and soft peach-like cheeks,—such as those who love children always long to kiss. Linda thought that she had never seen children so gracious and so fair. She asked again whether Herr Molk was at home, and at liberty to see a stranger. "Quite a stranger," said poor Linda, with what emphasis she could put upon her words. The little girl said that her grandfather was at home, and would see any visitor,—as a matter of course. Would Linda follow her? Then the child, still leading her little brothers, tripped up the stairs to the second gallery, and opening a door which led into one of the large front rooms, communicated to an old gentleman who seemed to be taking exercise in the apartment with his hands behind his back, that he was wanted by a lady.

"Wanted, am I, my pretty one? Well, and here I am." Then the little girl, giving a long look up into Linda's face, retreated, taking her brothers with her, and closing the door. Thus Linda found herself in the room along with the old gentleman, who still kept his hands behind his back. It was a singular

apartment, nearly square, but very large, panelled with carved wood, not only throughout the walls, but up to the ceiling also. And the floor was polished even brighter than were the stairs. Herr Molk must have been well accustomed to take his exercise there, or he would surely have alipped and fallen in his course. There was but one small table in the room, which stood unused near a wall, and there were perhaps not more than half-a-dozen chairs,—all high-backed, covered with old tapestry, and looking as though they could hardly have been placed there for ordinary use. On one of these Linda sat at the old man's bidding; and he placed himself on another, with his hands still behind him, just seating himself on the edge of the chair.

"I am Linda Tressel," said poor Linda. She saw at a glance that she herself would not have known Herr Molk, whom she had never before met without his hat, and she perceived also that he had not recognised her.

"Linda Tressel! So you are. Dear, dear! I knew your father well,—very well. But, lord, how long that is ago! He is dead ever so many years; how many years?"

"Sixteen years," said Linda.

"Sixteen years dead! And he was a younger man than I,—much younger. Let me see,—not so much younger, but younger. Linda Tressel, your father's daughter is welcome to my house. A glass of wine will not hurt you this cold weather." She declined the wine, but the old man would have his way. He went out, and was absent perhaps five minutes. Then he returned bearing a small tray in his own hands, with a long-necked bottle and glasses curiously engraved, and he insisted that Linda should clink her glass with his. "And now, my dear, what is it that I can do for you?"

So far Linda's mission had prospered well; but now that the story was to be told, she found very much difficulty in telling it. She had to begin with the whole history of the red house, and of the terms upon which her aunt had come to reside in it. She had one point at least in her favour. Herr Molk was an excellent listener. He would nod his head, and pat one hand upon the other, and say, "Yes, yes," without the slightest sign of impatience. It seemed as though he had no other care before him than that of listening to Linda's story. When she experienced the encouragement which came from the nodding of his head and the patting of his hand, she went on boldly. She told how Peter Steinmarc had come to the house, and how her aunt was a woman peculiar from the strength of her religious convictions. "Yes, my dear, yes; we know that,—we know that," said Herr Molk. Linda did her best to say nothing evil of her aunt. Then she came to the story of Peter's courtship. "He is quite an old man, you know," said poor Linda, thoughtfully. Then she was interrupted by Herr Molk. "A worthy man; I know him well,—well,—well. Peter Steinmarc is our clerk at the Rathhaus. A very worthy man is Peter Steinmarc. Your father, my dear, was clerk at the Rathhaus, and Peter followed him. He is not young,—not just young; but a very worthy man. Go on, my dear." Linda had resolved to tell it all, and she did tell it all. It was difficult to tell, but it all came out. Perhaps there could be no listener more encouraging to such a girl as Linda than the patient, gentlemanly old man with whom she was closeted. "She had a lover whom she loved dearly," she said,—"a young man."

"Oh, a lover," said Herr Molk. But there seemed to be no anger in his voice. He received the infor-

mation as though it were important, but not astonishing. Then Linda even told him how the lover had come across the river on the Sunday morning, and how it had happened that she had not told her aunt, and how angry her aunt had been. "Yes, yes," said Herr Molk; "it is better that your elders should know such things,—always better. But go on, my dear." Then she told also how the lover had come down, or had gone up, through the rafters, and the old man smiled. Perhaps he had hidden himself among rafters fifty years ago, and had some sweet remembrance of the feat. And now Linda wanted to know what was she to do, and how she ought to act. The house was her own, but she would not for worlds drive her aunt out of it. She loved her lover very dearly, and she could not love Peter Steinmarc at all,—not in that way.

"Has the young man means to support a wife?" asked Herr Molk. Linda hesitated, knowing that there was still a thing to be told, which she had not as yet dared to mention. She knew too that it must be told. Herr Molk, as she hesitated, asked a second question on this very point. "And what is the young man's name, my dear? It all depends on his name and character, and whether he has means to support a wife."

"His name—is—Ludovic Valcarm," said Linda, whispering the words very low.

The old man jumped from his seat with an alacrity that Linda had certainly not expected. "Ludovic—Valcarm!" he said; "why, my dear, the man is in prison this moment. I signed the committal yesterday myself."

"In prison!" said Linda, rising also from her chair.

"He is a terrible young man," said Herr Molk—"a very terrible young man. He does all manner of things;—I can't explain what. My dear young woman, you must

not think of taking Ludovic Valcarm for your husband ; you must not, indeed. You had better make up your mind to take Peter Steinmarc. Peter Steinmarc can support a wife, and is very respectable. I have known Peter all my life. Ludovic Valcarm ! Oh dear ! That would be very bad,—very bad indeed !”

Linda's distress was excessive. It was not only that the tidings which she heard of Ludovic were hard to bear, but it seemed that Herr Molk was intent on ranging himself altogether with her enemies respecting Peter Steinmarc. In fact, the old man's advice to her respecting Peter was more important in her mind than his denunciation of Ludovic. She did not quite credit what he said of Ludovic. It was doubtless true that Ludovic was in prison ; probably for some political offence. But such men, she thought, were not kept in prison long. It was bad, this fact of her lover's imprisonment ; but not so bad as the advice which her counsellor gave her, and which she knew she would be bound to repeat to her aunt.

“ But, Herr Molk, sir, if I do not love Peter Steinmarc—if I hate him——?”

“ Oh, my dear, my dear ! This

is a terrible thing. There is not such another ne'er-do-well in all Nuremberg as Ludovic Valcarm. Support a wife ! He cannot support himself. And it will be well if he does not die in a jail. Oh dear ! oh dear ! For your father's sake, fraulein—for your father's sake, I would go any distance to save you from this. Your father was a good man, and a credit to the city. And Peter Steinmarc is a good man.”

“ But I need not marry Peter Steinmarc, Herr Molk.”

“ You cannot do better, my dear,—indeed you cannot. See what your aunt says. And remember, my dear, that you should submit yourself to your elders and your betters. Peter is not so old. He is not old at all. I was one of the city magistrates when Peter was a little boy. I remember him well. And he began life in your father's office. Nothing can be more respectable than he has been. And then Ludovic Valcarm ! oh dear ! If you ask my advice, I should counsel you to accept Peter Steinmarc.”

There was nothing more to be got from Herr Molk. And with this terrible recommendation still sounding in her ears, Linda sadly made her way back from the Egidien Platz to the Schütt island.

SKETCHES IN POLYNESIA.

THE many groups of lovely islands which lie scattered over the bosom of the broad Pacific Ocean abound in interest to the naturalist, the merchant, and the politician; but although the spirit of enterprise has led our countrymen far and wide, till we are now familiar with the habits and customs of every nation or tribe on the great continents, and ambitious young travellers vainly search the map to find some yet untrodden ground where they may win renown, few have lounged beneath the shady cocoa-nut groves of the Polynesian isles, or gazed in admiration at the endless variety of strange animal forms with which their encircling reefs abound. No doubt the difficulty of access to these islands has been the cause of their having been so little visited; but this difficulty now no longer exists, as vessels are constantly sailing from the Australian colonies, bound for one or another group, and generally making a round of several.

On examining the map, it will be seen that the central position in the island system of the South Pacific is occupied by three groups—the Fiji, the Tonga or Friendly, and the Samoa or Navigators Islands. These three groups are far the most important in a commercial point of view, as well as being the most interesting from their rapid advance in civilisation and Christianity.

To the east of these central islands lie the Hervey group, in which is Rarotonga, a very flourishing mission-field; the Society Islands, with poor Queen Pomare's fair isle of Tahiti; the Marquesas, celebrated for the beauty of their inhabitants; and the Paumotu, or Low Archipelago, a maze of small coral-islands chiefly of the atoll character. Northwards,

stretching away across the Line, lie several groups of, and many detached, small islands; to the west are situated the large volcanic chain of the New Hebrides, the Loyalty Islands, and the French colony of New Caledonia; while the Solomon Islands, to the north-west, form the connecting-links between the Pacific islands and the great Malayan Archipelago.

Two distinct races inhabit Polynesia. The eastern islands, including the Samoan and Tongan groups, are peopled by a light copper-coloured race of fine physical and mental development; but further west a different type is met with—the colour darker, often quite black, with much of the negro characteristic, and of inferior stature and development. In Fiji the natives are, however, tall and muscular, though they belong to the black race. The difference between the two is strongly marked in their languages; the brown-skinned islanders—among whom must be classed the Maoris of New Zealand—all speaking varieties of the same dialect, a soft liquid tongue, every syllable ending in a vowel; while the blacks have an infinity of dialects, most of which are harsh, discordant, and abounding in consonants.

It appears to be established beyond doubt that this brown race—the Polynesians proper—are of Malayan descent. The close similarity of their dialects points to a common origin not very remote; and from the circumstance of certain Jewish customs prevailing, without any trace of Mohammedanism, the period of the migration from the Malayan Archipelago has been estimated at about a thousand years ago. It also seems more than probable that the Samoan group was the first occupied by the emigrants; for the traditions of the Maoris,

as well as of the natives of Rarotonga and other islands, agree in stating the island of Savaii in Samoa to be the place from whence they sailed in canoes for the localities which they now inhabit. The black race would seem to have no such common origin, since the utmost diversity of language prevails among them. In some islands several different dialects are spoken, and in one small group some dozen different languages bewilder the ear.

Of the three central groups mentioned above, the Samoa Islands, though not the largest, are perhaps the most important, and are certainly the most attractive. Possessing a healthy climate, a fertile soil, good harbours, and fine scenery, and peopled by as fine a race of men as is to be seen in the world—manly, intelligent, and well disposed—Samoa may be considered as the gem of the Pacific, and the traveller cannot fail to leave its shores with regret. The group consists of two principal islands—Upolu and Savaii—Tutuila considerably less in size, and some smaller islands. Savaii is about 120 miles in circumference, Upolu 90, and Tutuila 40. The population at the last census was 35,000, being an increase of 1000 in seven years. The natives are Christians without exception; the greater part are Protestants under the pastoral care of the London Missionary Society, but there is a small proportion of Roman Catholics.

The system of government in Samoa is tribal. The islands are divided into districts, each presided over by a principal chief, and entirely independent of the others. The districts are subdivided into "houses" or tribes, and these again into villages, each having its own head.

There are six principal chiefs, two only being hereditary titles, the others elective; certain villages having the traditional right to nominate a successor when the

chieftainship becomes vacant by the death of the occupant.

These minor chiefs are nominally under the government of the head chief of the district; but they do not always yield implicit obedience, often taking their own view of matters, and following their own inclinations.

This mode of government is very objectionable, as may be supposed. The different districts, "houses," and villages are very jealous of one another, and petty quarrels frequently occur, leading sometimes to serious consequences. A civil war raged in Upolu for ten years from 1847, during which time trade was paralysed and a complete stop was put to any advance in civilisation, with a marked tendency towards a relapse to heathen practices, which the influence of the missionaries had abolished.

Every endeavour has been made to introduce a better system of government, but hitherto without success. The naval commanders on the stations on their visits to the island have, in conjunction with the British Consul, vainly striven to induce the chiefs to adopt a more central and controlling authority, with a uniform system of laws to which the whole group should be subject. The principal chiefs are so jealous of each other's power and of their own independence, that no one is disposed to give up one jot of his sovereign rights, each considering himself as the person most entitled to the supreme authority. Nor has the suggestion of a sort of federal rule of the principal chiefs been as yet more palatable to them. The only chance of a better system without foreign interference lies in some one of the principal chiefs, of superior energy and force of character, seizing the supreme authority and maintaining it by revolutionary means; but this course would in all probability involve much bloodshed, and though it would most likely be productive of very beneficial results in the end,

it would certainly entail much present evil, and is therefore not to be desired. A much better means of attaining the wished-for improvement would be to establish for a limited time a foreign protectorate. When a more enlightened system of government could be organised without difficulty, and when it had got into good working order, and all jealousies and heart-burnings cooled down, the islands could be left to themselves again. Of the three great maritime powers who, from their interests in the Pacific, are the only nations who have any right to deal with this question, America is too much occupied at home, and, moreover, it is not her policy to interfere in such matters. As to France, the very name is hated by the natives throughout the South Seas on account of their proceedings at Tahiti; and in Samoa this hatred is excited by a dread of French interference, in consequence of the Romish priests constantly threatening them with the occupation of their islands by that nation. To such an extent is this feeling experienced that the Samoans have more than once requested that England should take possession of the group in order that it should not fall into other hands; and nothing would be more pleasing to them than to see the British flag flying on their islands. This request of the Samoans has always been declined, and the idea discouraged. England has possessions enough and to spare, and has no wish to increase her cares and responsibilities. But a protectorate of the islands for a limited period, and for a specific purpose, such as that indicated, could give umbrage to no other nation, and would be the means of bestowing upon this interesting and intelligent people all that they require to complete their prosperity—a more enlightened form of government, and a good system of laws. Little expense would need to be incurred. A Commissioner in Upolu, with a

deputy in the other islands, and regular visits from the vessels of war on the station, is all that would be required, and a very moderate customs duty would cover this small expense. Everything is favourable at the present time in Samoa for such an undertaking; and as there is but little chance of these beautiful islands making much further progress in civilisation without some such aid from without, it will be a pity if the necessary steps be not taken.

It may be asked what England is to gain by such an interference with the domestic concerns of these islanders. The answer is, That apart from the general interest which our country, from her extensive commerce, feels more or less in the material prosperity of all parts of the globe, she has a more direct concern in the wellbeing of the Samoan Islands than would appear at first sight. This group lies exactly in the track between the Australian colonies and Western North America, and it therefore occupies a most convenient position as a port of call for vessels traversing the Pacific. The navigation of the group is perfectly safe and clear of dangers. There are several ports affording good anchorages for the greater part of the year, and one excellent harbour—that of Pango-Pango in the island of Tutuila—which gives complete security from the hurricanes that the Polynesian islands are subject to during the first four months of the year, and which is admirably adapted for a coaling-depot. Moreover, the salubrity of the climate and the abundance of supplies of all sorts are further recommendations. The Fiji and Tonga groups have the disadvantage of a dangerous navigation, owing to the numberless detached shoals and coral-reefs with which they abound. Looking, then, to the probable great increase in the trade of the Pacific, the Samoan Islands cannot fail to become some day of considerable importance.

And if the request of this people to become annexed to Great Britain had been complied with, Samoa would have been far from being the least valuable of her dependencies, while Queen Victoria would have numbered among her subjects one of the finest races of men on the globe.

The Samoans are of average height, or perhaps rather over, but with splendid figures, active and muscular. There is considerable diversity of features, some having the coarse mouth of the negro, while others have well-chiselled features, and all have fine eyes. Some of the young men are perfect specimens of manly beauty, and the sculptor would here be at no loss for models, either for the youthful grace of an Antinous, or the more matured strength of an Achilles. The women are somewhat inferior to the men both in figure and features, and this is observable in most parts of Polynesia. Some handsome individuals of the gentler sex are, however, not unfrequently met with.

The natives of Samoa live always in villages, which are generally on the sea-coast, and are rarely two miles inland. Neatness and scrupulous cleanliness characterise their dwellings as well as their persons; and this, with the politeness of their manners and their frank hospitality, renders them peculiarly attractive to the stranger. The construction of their houses is very elaborate, and is a work of some little time. The ground is first levelled and a broad surface laid with stones, over which is strewed a layer of small pebbles or broken coral, which serves as the floor of the house, and extends a little distance outside, so as to form a sort of terrace. The houses are oval-shaped and of considerable size; fifty feet by thirty being not uncommon; walls, either external or partition, there are none; the whole of the interior is one large apartment, screens being hung up at night for

sleeping purposes. A row of short posts, about six feet apart and from four to five feet high, supports the lower edge of the roof; the intervals between these, which can be closed at will by mats, are generally open during the day, leaving the interior of the dwelling completely exposed. In the centre of the floor three high stout posts are fixed to support the ridge-pole, across which are laid other poles for securing the roof, which is high and sloping, constructed of a very neat kind of lattice-work, thatched with palm-leaves, and presenting quite an ornamental appearance. The roof is made in three parts, which are fastened together, the two ends being in shape like the hood of a gigantic porter's chair. Not a nail or iron-work of any description is used in the construction of the house, every fastening being formed by lashings of cocoa-nut fibre. The floor is covered with coarse mats, and on the entry of a visitor clean mats of a finer material are spread for him to sit upon. Two small fires are kept burning on the ground near the centre posts, to serve for lighting pipes by day and for illuminating purposes at night, all cooking being performed in an outhouse in the rear of the dwelling. There is no furniture—at least as we understand the term. Mats serve as chairs, tables, and beds; and the various articles of clothing are either made up in bundles or deposited in chests, which latter are a recent fashion, but now in general use.

Hospitality is universal and genuine in Samoa. Each village has its *fala-tele*, or "great house," intended for the accommodation of travellers, and the different families take it in turn to provide food for them. On the arrival of a party of visitors they repair at once to the *fala-tele*, where preparations are at once actively commenced for their entertainment. The chief makes known what families are to supply food, and cooking is begun without

delay; meanwhile the chief and leading men visit the strangers, the *ava*-bowl is produced, and pipes and conversation pass the time till the repast is prepared. When the food is ready it is brought in by the young men and women in a sort of procession, and laid before the guests, who are waited upon during their meal by their entertainers. Apologies are made for there being so little provided in consequence of want of time, but that there is a trifle of a pig or two, some poultry, fish, and a few yams, taro, and such-like; making up a repast sufficient probably for three or four times the number. This profusion is characteristic of all the South Sea Islands, including New Zealand, the natives of which have a close similarity to those of Samoa in language and customs, modified by difference of climate and other causes. If, in passing through a village, one stops to exchange a few words with any of the inhabitants, they are sure to ask if you will not wait until some food is prepared, and express their regret that none is ready.

One mode of cooking prevails throughout Polynesia—that of the native oven. A hollow is made in the earthen floor of the cooking-house, in which a fire is lighted and a number of stones made hot. The food is meanwhile being prepared in various ways, and wrapped up in green banana or bread-fruit leaves; when the oven is ready the fire is cleared out, a layer of hot stones laid in the hollow, the food wrapped in the leaves laid upon them, another layer of hot stones placed over it, the whole being covered up with a pile of dried leaves and earth to keep in every particle of steam. When the food is sufficiently cooked the oven is uncovered, and the various *plats*, served up in the leaves in which they were cooked, are carried in in baskets. This style of cooking is

admirably adapted to tropical climates, where meat must be cooked very shortly after being killed, and especially so on such an occasion as the above, when the pigs and poultry are not slaughtered till the arrival of the guests. Fresh green banana-leaves are spread out to serve as dishes and plates, and the fingers of the company do the work of knives and forks—one knife only being used to cut up the pig, which is always the *pièce de résistance*. All animals are cooked whole; it would be considered ill-breeding not to serve up the pig entire, and a particular part of the back—the chief's portion—is always presented to the principal guest.

The food of the natives consists chiefly of yams, taro, and bread-fruit, with fish of all sorts, especially shellfish, of which the coral-reefs afford a never-failing supply. Pigs and poultry are plentiful, but are reserved for guests and for festive occasions, when an enormous quantity of food is prepared—pigs being slaughtered by hundreds on any very great event. Taro is an esculent plant in season all the year, and is their most valuable article of food; the root, which is exceedingly nutritious, is like a small yam, but better flavoured; the young leaves are also eaten, cooked with the pulp of cocoa-nuts, and make an excellent vegetable, not unlike spinach. The bread-fruit is also very useful for food; it grows wild as a forest tree, requiring no cultivation, but is not so nutritious as the taro, and is only in season for half the year.

The Samoans are a very sober people. Drunkenness is scarcely known amongst them, though they can easily procure the means. Their usual drink, besides water, is cocoa-nut milk; but they have a sort of beverage called *ava*, which is common throughout Polynesia, and merits description on account of the peculiarity of its preparation.*

* It is called *angona* in Fiji, and *kava* in Tonga and the eastern islands.

This is always in Samoa a matter of some ceremony, as it is not used here as an ordinary drink, but is partaken of at particular times and on special occasions. Let us suppose that a party of visitors of distinction have arrived at the *fale-tete*. After the first salutations a piece of *ava-root* is presented to the principal guest and accepted by him; and when a convenient time has arrived, and the guests are chatting with their entertainers, the *ava-bowl* is produced. Two or three lads or young girls then make their appearance and sit down beside the bowl, each being supplied with some of the root cut in pieces. After having carefully rinsed out their mouths with clean water they proceed to chew the root, depositing each mouthful in the bowl when properly masticated. When a sufficient quantity has been prepared, one of the party, after washing her hands, mixes up the pulp with water, and then carefully strains it in order to get rid of all the fibrous parts of the root, leaving a liquid which bears a very striking resemblance to dirty water. In the mean time one of the leading men among the hosts has taken his seat near the bowl, and in a loud measured sort of chant has informed the company that the *ava* is in course of preparation and will soon be ready; though the information is somewhat superfluous, seeing that the whole process of manufacture always takes place within full view of all the assemblage. As soon as the mixer of the *ava* has given the final squeeze to the strainer, and flung away the last particles of the root, she claps her hands as the announcement that the *ava* is ready, and this is repeated by every one present; the master of the ceremonies again proclaiming the fact in the same formal tone. Then a young man—generally a chief's son—advances with a *cocoa-nut* cup in his hand, and presents it to be filled by the mixer, upon which the master of the ceremonies, in his peculiar

chanting tones, calls out the person to whom the first cup is to be given, who is generally the visitor of highest rank, and who replies by clapping his hands. The cupbearer then advances gracefully, holding the cup as high as his head, and deposits it on the mat before the person to be served, who, after drinking off the contents at a draught, tosses the empty vessel on the ground with a twirl. The cupbearer then returns for another supply, the second cup being given to the person of highest rank among the entertainers, and so on by turns to visitors and hosts, the master of the ceremonies always proclaiming the individual to be served. It is not, however, the name of the person who is thus chanted forth, but some high-sounding designation applicable to him. Modesty, however, does not permit this in his own case, and when it comes to his turn towards the end, he probably announces that a pig is now to be served! The preparation of the *ava* is not so disagreeable to witness as might be supposed, from the extreme cleanliness of the Samoans in all their habits; nor is the taste—for we must confess to have tasted it—unpleasant. It is pungent, astringent, and slightly aromatic. It has narcotic properties, but is not intoxicating in the exciting sense of the term. In the New Hebrides, where the natives are dirty and repulsive in their appearance and habits, the preparation is simply disgusting in the extreme.

The original native costume of both sexes in Samoa consisted of the *titi* for working dress, and the *lavavara* for ceremonial occasions. The former is a short petticoat or kilt of the long green leaves of the *dracæna terminalis*, reaching from the waist to about the knee, that for the women being somewhat longer and fuller than for the men, both sexes being naked to the waist. To this day the *titi* is the usual garment of the men when fishing or working

in their plantations, and in the more remote districts it is still worn occasionally by the females. The *lava-lava* is made of *siapo*, or native cloth manufactured from the bark of the paper mulberry, which is the same sort of material as the *tapu* of the Society Islands. This garment, likewise common to both sexes, is merely a couple of yards of cloth wrapped round the waist and reaching nearly to the ankles. On festive occasions a fine mat is frequently worn as a *lava-lava*; these mats are very highly prized, and are bestowed upon young women as their marriage dowry. English calico is, however, fast superseding both *siapo* and fine mats as a material for the *lava-lava*, a "fathom of cloth" being the standard for barter throughout Polynesia; though in Samoa the value and convenience of money is now well known and recognised. The women also generally wear an additional garment called the *tiputa*—a loose covering for the bosom, being a piece of calico, with a hole in the middle for the head, hanging down before and behind like a poncho. But this is an innovation dating only from the introduction of civilised ideas, and is due to missionary influence; in out-of-the-way localities it is far from being in general use even now, except on Sundays, as it would be held highly indecorous for a female to appear in chapel with uncovered bosom, although she might, with no impropriety to native ideas, be seen so during the remainder of the week. European fashions are, however, now being gradually introduced; and at Apia, the principal town in Upolu, where the consuls and merchants reside, we have seen a Samoan lady walking to church attired in most correct style, with muslin dress, shawl, hat, parasol, gloves, and—crinoline! for this fashionable institution has extended even to the Maori and Polynesian dames.

This reminds us of an adventure which befell us when a "griffin" in

New Zealand. Walking one day along the streets of Auckland, we observed before us a tall graceful-looking female figure, the folds of whose black silk dress were duly distended; a crape shawl and stylish hat making up a perfectly unexceptionable toilette. Involuntarily our pace quickened, and we began to speculate upon the beauty of the countenance which another step or two would doubtless disclose to our glance. Suddenly a shop-window attracted the fair one's attention; she stopped and turned—oh, horror upon horrors! what a sight met our gaze! A dusky face, very masculine features, tattooed lips, with a short black pipe in the mouth—in short, a Maori belle! Years have elapsed since then, but the shock our feelings then experienced has not yet been forgotten.

Returning, however, to the Samoans. We had occasion one day to witness a review of some native troops, consisting of the contingents of three villages, and numbering about 150 in all. The men were in native fighting costume, clad in *lava-lava* of gay-coloured *siapo*, with here and there a fine mat—English cloth not being *en règle* on this occasion. Their bodies were well oiled and shining, they wore a peculiar white head-dress, something resembling that of the Parsees, and they were armed with muskets of every age and pattern. A variety of manœuvres was gone through, which they executed with admirable precision, being excellent timists, but the purpose of which was quite unintelligible, and an Aldershot drill-sergeant's hair would have stood on end with astonishment at the display. But the most ludicrous part of the affair was the attire of the officers. Despising the grace and freedom of their native costume—which affords full play to the limbs, and sets off their fine proportions to the greatest advantage—they were all buttoned up in coats and trousers, several sizes

too tight for them, of every conceivable pattern and description. Some had red coats, some blue, others a gay fancy uniform made specially for trading in the islands; one wore the old discarded regimentals of a sergeant of marines, another seemed to personate the Rev. S. Stiggins, being clad from head to foot in a suit of rusty black; another bore a close resemblance to the British flunkey; and one individual appeared in the stern attire of Policeman Z 99. Similar freedom of taste was observable in their head-dress. Z 99 strutted about under the shadow of a huge cocked hat; Mr Stiggins for the nonce donned a military shako; the sergeant of marines sported a billycock; and "Jeames" was crowned with an enormous pasteboard caricature of a hat, about two feet high, with brim in proportion, painted all the colours of the rainbow. To make their attire quite correct all wore boots, to which they are of course entirely unaccustomed, and in consequence went limping about in the most ludicrous manner. In short, the most grotesque band of "nigger" minstrels ever seen in the streets would be a fair representation of the officers of the Samoan army. On complimenting the chief—who had ordered this review for our edification—upon the performances of his soldiery, we could not refrain from hinting that we should have preferred seeing his officers in native costume. Being, however, himself clad for the occasion in European dress—though not in uniform—he did not seem to approve exactly of this suggestion; and, though too polite to express his dissent, he probably entertained but a poor opinion of our taste in such matters.

The Samoans have a peculiar mode of dressing their hair, which is black and curly, but not woolly like the negroes. The children's heads are frequently shaved to make the hair stiff, and as they grow up it is thickly plastered with

lime, which has the effect of turning it gradually to a reddish-brown colour, and afterwards to a light golden or flaxen hue. It is combed out straight from the head, standing up all round like a mop, presenting a singular appearance. This was the fashion for the men in former days, and is still to be seen; but short hair is now generally worn, tinged a reddish brown by the process just described. Young men, and women too, are often met walking along with their heads white as snow from the coral lime with which they are plastered. They are fond of decorating their heads with flowers or green leaves, the scarlet hibiscus especially being a favourite for that purpose. The men tattoo their bodies from the waist to the knee, the lines being so close that at a little distance it has the appearance of a pair of blue silk tights. They consider that this serves the purpose of clothing as regards decency, and it has certainly that effect. But this, with all other customs of an objectionable nature, is discountenanced by the missionaries, and is growing into gradual disuse. The objection to the tattooing is the great licence and immorality which always prevailed on the occasion of the operation being performed.

We have said that the soil of the Samoan Islands is very fertile. Covered with dense vegetation to the summits of the mountains—some of which are between two and three thousand feet high—large tracts of most excellent land lie wholly uncultivated, awaiting European enterprise. The staple commodity of Samoa, as of all the South Sea Islands, is cocoa-nut oil, of which a considerable quantity is exported. The cocoa-nut palm—the leading feature of all tropical vegetation, but especially so in Samoa—requires no cultivation, and the preparation of the oil is attended with little labour; it is therefore the first article of trade in all the islands. It is im-

possible to over-estimate the importance of this tree to the natives of these seas. It constitutes their sole wealth in many islands; and when, as frequently happens, the trees are damaged by a severe hurricane, great privation and want are the result. In some islands water is scarce and indifferent, and the cocoa-nut yields their chief beverage. It is also in many places a principal article of food for the people, and the only one for their pigs and poultry. The leaves afford the thatch for their dwellings; the fibres of the nut make their fishing-lines, ropes, and the material with which their houses and canoes are fastened; the shell of the nut forms their household utensils; and the wood of the tree is used for many purposes.

It is striking to contemplate the wondrous adaptation of the work of an all-wise Providence to the wants of man, as exemplified in these seas. On a barren coral-reef, on a bare sandbank, where no other vegetation can exist, the cocoa-nut palm will thrive, supplying in itself all the requirements of man in his primitive state in such a climate; and serving at the same time as a friendly beacon to warn the mariner of his approach to a danger which might otherwise be undiscovered till too late to avoid, as many of these islets are but a few feet above the level of the sea.

These low islands would be soon swept away by the never-ceasing action of the waves, were it not from the protection afforded by the coral-reefs with which their shores are surrounded. We shall not here enter into the question of the different varieties of these reefs, which Darwin has classed under three heads—as barrier reefs, fringing reefs, and atolls or lagoon islands, such as abound in the Low Archipelago. Though varying in their relation to the submerged mountain-peak, to which they serve as a protector from the

violence of the ocean, these reefs are all of the same character in their internal structure. The shores of every island in Polynesia are fringed with them, except in places where volcanic action has caused lava streams to flow down into the sea, and where the perpendicular cliffs of hard basalt thus formed afford no foundation for the coral insect to build upon. In Samoa the reefs extend in some places two miles from the land, forming a smooth water channel inside, which constitutes the highway of the island—canoes being the conveyances. It may easily be seen of what immense value this reef is to the islands. It breaks the fury of the impetuous surf, leaving the shores as quiet and tranquil as those of an inland lake. The shallow sea intervening between it and the land is a never-failing fishing-ground, accessible in the stormiest weather; while the reef itself abounds with shellfish of all kinds. But, apart from its inestimable importance to the inhabitants, it presents a field of boundless interest to the naturalist. Every variety of coral, coralline, and zoophyte is there to be seen—gorgeous in colour, extraordinary in shape, and wonderful in structure. Nothing is more enjoyable than to float along over this calm, reef-bounded, shallow sea, gazing upon the wondrous forms of animal life below—seen so clearly through the transparent water; or contemplating the marvellous work of the coral insect in the stupendous seawall of the reef, which indeed sets a bound to the mighty ocean, saying, “Thus far shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;” and compared with which the works of man in his highest mechanical development are but as delicate gossamer threads.

The only other export from Samoa as yet is cotton. The plant is not indigenous, and the cultivation was only commenced in 1863.

The following year 28 bales were shipped; but in 1865 the quantity exported had increased to 350 bales, besides 150 more awaiting shipment at the close of the year. Every kind of cotton, including the famous sea-island, grows well and is of excellent quality, and the experiment has been so far highly successful. Not only the Europeans, but some of the natives have cleared land for cotton-plantations, and a slight stimulus and encouragement in the way of affording a more ready market would cause the trade to become very brisk. At the time of our visit, last July, there were about two thousand acres under cultivation, and a good deal of land in process of being cleared. A rather serious drawback exists in the difficulty of procuring labour: the Samoans do not care to work for wages, their wants being few and easily satisfied; and the European planters have to obtain natives from other islands as labourers, which of course adds greatly to the expense of cultivation. But this disinclination to work will probably in time wear off as the desire for European manufactures and luxuries increases. Besides cotton, tobacco, indigo, and arrowroot grow well, the latter being indigenous, very plentiful, and of good quality. Coffee also thrives, and the islands seem particularly well adapted to its cultivation. There are also many swampy places where rice would flourish.

We have said that the London Missionary Society has the spiritual care of the Samoan Islands. The first missionaries were established there about thirty years ago, but the group had been frequently visited by them previously to that date. With what zeal and devotedness these excellent men have laboured needs not here to be enlarged upon; and with respect to the success that has attended their labours, it is sufficient to say that all heathen and barbarous practices have been abolished, Christianity

is firmly established, life and property are as secure as in England—nay, more so, as theft is almost unknown—the morals of the people have been greatly improved, a general system of education prevails, and the Bible is admirably translated and in the hands of every member of the community. The difficulties which the missionaries in Samoa had to contend with were certainly far less than in many other islands in these seas. Here were no bloodthirsty ferocious cannibals, but a mild and gentle race, well disposed towards strangers, with no elaborate system of idolatry to overthrow; so that the mission was established without difficulty, and the progress was rapid and continued. So apt and intelligent are this people, that Samoa very soon became a centre of missionary enterprise, sending forth trained native teachers to other islands, of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak.

A short account of the mode in which the mission-work in Polynesia is carried on will be interesting, not only by reason of the success that has almost invariably attended it in the islands in which missionaries are located, but also on account of the widely-spread influence exercised throughout the South Seas by the agency of the native teachers.

At each of the principal mission stations—at Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, Rarotonga, and others—there are institutions for the training of natives to become teachers, or assistant missionaries, as they are in reality. These are not only located in the various districts in their own lands where their services are required, but they are sent as pioneers of Christianity to islands still in heathen darkness, which are either not yet in a state to receive a resident missionary, or which are too small to demand one in comparison with the claim of other larger communities. Rarotonga and Samoa have furnished the

largest number of teachers ; and it would not be easy to find greater devotedness, or a more steadfast perseverance under difficulties and persecutions, than has been exhibited by these native evangelists ; many of whom went without hesitation among cannibals at the risk of their lives, and not a few shed their blood in the cause of Christianity, having been murdered by the savages whom they had come to rescue from heathenism and barbarity. It must not be supposed that the education and attainments of these men are of a high order ; and progress beyond a certain point with their agency alone is not to be expected : but as pioneers to clear the way for the missionary in the first instance, and as his trustworthy assistant and fellow-labourer afterwards, they are invaluable.

Each of the two hundred villages in Samoa has its teacher, with chapel and teacher's house—neatly built, with substantial stone walls, at the entire cost of the inhabitants. The teacher is both minister and schoolmaster of his village, and is supported by his congregation, receiving a small annual stipend from them, in addition to a constant supply of food and all other requirements. Over a district of a certain number of villages a missionary has the superintending charge, holding a weekly meeting with his teachers, and occupying, with respect to his district, a position somewhat analogous to that of the bishop of a diocese.

The training institution in Samoa was founded in 1844, and at the time of our visit the number of adult male students was 80, besides a class of boys, and the wives and children of the students—the establishment altogether comprising about 300 persons. They all reside on the premises, in neat houses built more according to European than native style, and each family has a patch of ground

for cultivation to supply its wants. There are large class-rooms, well furnished with maps and all the appliances of an English village school, but of course the native language alone is spoken, very few of the Samoans understanding a word of English. The arrangements of this institution are very judicious ; the course of instruction is well chosen, and admirably adapted to the purpose in view ; the order, method, and regularity which prevail leave nothing to be desired ; and our visit to Malua will long be remembered with gratification. The institution, which is about twelve miles from Apia, is under the charge of two of the senior missionaries—the Rev. Dr Turner and the Rev. H. Nisbet—the former having been associated with it from its foundation. They live in well-built commodious houses closely adjoining the institution, and are held in high respect and esteem by the students, who generally keep up an affectionate correspondence with their old preceptors after they have left for other islands. Classes for females and the younger children are superintended by the missionaries' worthy partners, who share their husbands' labours as well as their cares, it being an axiom that in these seas an unmarried man is only half a missionary. The course of training for the teachers extends over a period of four years, but many of them have previously been under instruction at the Malua institution as boys.

In connection with the training institution is a printing establishment, worked entirely by natives, under the superintendence of a missionary. At this press nearly all the educational works used in Samoa, as also the earlier editions of the Scriptures, were printed and published. A revised edition of the Bible has, however, during the last few years been prepared, and was printed by the British and

Foreign Bible Society for the Samoan Mission. This edition of 12,000 copies, handsomely bound, has been all bought up by the natives, and the proceeds remitted home, covering the entire cost of publication. A further revision is in progress, and when complete another edition will be printed. Besides defraying all the expenses of their teachers and the cost of their educational books, a sum of about £1000 per annum is raised in Samoa by the natives as a contribution to the funds of the London Missionary Society.

But the mission-work in Polynesia is by no means confined to the Society mentioned above. The Church of England labours there in the Melanesian Mission, of which we will presently speak. The London Missionary Society, besides Samoa, occupies the Austral, Hervey, Society, and Loyalty groups, and is now establishing native teachers in the small scattered islands about the equator. The Wesleyan body has the Tonga Islands and the great archipelago of the Fijis for its sphere of action; and the New Hebrides Mission consists of representatives from several sections of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and North America. While the work in all other parts of Polynesia progresses systematically and favourably, in the New Hebrides Mission the result has not been so satisfactory, which is however not at all surprising, taking everything into consideration. In one island—Aneiteum, the most southern of the group—a great deal has certainly been effected; the natives have all been converted to Christianity from cannibalism and heathenism of the most debasing kind; but, unfortunately, epidemic diseases have committed such ravages amongst them that during the last five years the population has decreased from above three to less than two thousand.

The difficulties in the way of

missionary work in the New Hebrides are infinitely greater than in any other islands in the South Seas; and nothing but a partial and uncertain success could be expected, unless the work were undertaken by a society possessing great resources, having a regular executive, experienced in such business, and able to grapple with difficulties of no ordinary nature. The natives of the New Hebrides, with the sole exception of Aneiteum, are cannibals to this day; they are low in physical and mental development, cruel, superstitious, and treacherous; with a natural dislike to white people, consequent upon the disgraceful outrages which lawless traders committed here unchecked in former days. In scarcely two islands of the group is the same language spoken, and in some of the larger ones several dialects prevail. To crown all, they are very unhealthy—not only to Europeans, but also to the native teachers from Samoa and other places. It is obvious that in such a field, more than all others, a well-organised system is necessary, with a coherent body of labourers working under an efficient controlling power. But instead of this, the mission consists, as we have said, of members of different denominations of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and Nova Scotia, while Canada and Australia are about to join in the work as well. There is no central association whatever: each Church sends out its own missionaries with but scanty resources, and they are responsible only to their own particular community, in whatever part of the world it may be. The consequence is that each individual missionary follows his own views in all matters, without previous consultation or reference, and hence grave questions occur, seriously compromising the prosperity of the mission, but depending upon the discretion or the peculiar views of a single individual. Such a case occurred very

recently, when, from the persistence of a missionary, the interference of the naval force was invoked to chastise the natives for some wrong inflicted upon him. In this case the natives certainly had behaved very ill, and the chastisement inflicted had the effect of greatly improving their manners towards white people; yet the awkward fact remained, that the missionaries had resorted to the cannon of a man-of-war in order to maintain their footing in the islands. And although the petition to the naval authorities was signed by the mission as a body, it was well known that the influence of one individual caused the step to be taken, and that it was disapproved of by several of the more reflecting of them. Great indignation was excited in Sydney when the circumstances became known, and the conduct of the mission was generally condemned; but, as regards the naval authorities, no other course could well have been followed, since the missionaries fell back upon their rights as British subjects, and claimed the protection of her Majesty's ships. Were this mission under the control of a society, such as the Church or the London Missionary Societies, no such mischief would be likely to occur. Another serious ill consequence resulting from the constitution of the New Hebrides Mission is, that the different bodies have no means of hearing anything about the state of affairs of their mission except from the reports of the missionary himself; and there is no person who has seen the actual working of missions to the heathen but who will bear us out in saying that many of these reports are much too highly coloured, and do not give to people at home by any means a faithful representation of the actual state of matters. In saying this we have no desire to depreciate the labours of those devoted men, who are encountering such dangers as we have pointed

out, with a zeal, fidelity, and courage not to be surpassed, however much they may occasionally lack discretion; but we do wish to point out that in many instances the published reports of the missionaries are rather a reflex of their own sanguine hopes and earnest wishes, than a calm impartial statement of actual result. The consequence of this has been that ministers have left their homes to come out to these islands under an entire misconception of the real state of matters, and have experienced bitter disappointment on reaching the field of labour, feeling themselves to have been grievously deceived.

The success which has attended the New Hebrides Mission at Aneiteum has been confined to that island. In Tanna and Erromango—the next islands to the north—the missionaries have met with nothing but a series of disasters, commencing with the murder of the Rev. John Williams, the founder of missions to the South Seas, at the latter island in 1839. In Tanna the missionaries have twice been driven off, having with their wives and families to flee for their lives. In Erromango the hands of the natives were again stained with blood, by the murder, in 1861, of the Rev. Mr Gordon and his wife, an act of the most cold-blooded dastardly nature that can be conceived. A younger brother of the martyred missionary has since undertaken to avenge his brother's death, according to the Christian principle of returning good for evil, since he is now labouring earnestly in the service of the mission on the very spot where his brother was so cruelly slain. On the next island to the northward—Vaté or Sandwich Land—the prospects at present are somewhat better, as a missionary has there laboured with considerable success for upwards of two years. But the natives of Vaté are very superstitious and great cannibals; and any untoward

event, such as a severe hurricane or an epidemic disease, might in a moment undo the work of years, and stir up their evil passions in such a manner that the missionaries would have to fly to save their lives. In the islands further north of this group no regular commencement has yet been made in mission-work.

We have hitherto spoken only of the Dissenting bodies: we now come to the work of the Church of England.

The Melanesian Mission was founded in 1849 by the Bishop of New Zealand, who, in a small schooner of 20 tons, navigated by himself, visited the various groups of islands in Central and Western Polynesia which were included in his diocese. Leaving those places where he found missions already at work to the care of the societies who had established them, Bishop Selwyn fixed upon the islands lying to the north of the New Hebrides for his field of action. But these islands being exceedingly unhealthy during the greater part of the year, he found that it was not advisable to place resident missionaries there to expose them to almost certain death; and he therefore wisely resolved to establish a training institution in New Zealand, to which he brought young men and boys for education. Moreover, the islands above mentioned are exceedingly numerous; clergy were scarce; and the large Maori population of New Zealand had properly the first claim upon their services. The winter climate of New Zealand not being suited to these natives of the north, it was necessary to send them back to their homes every autumn; but the more promising of them were always encouraged to return again, which many did year after year. The institution being near Auckland, was under the bishop's immediate superintendence; and the young men were not only carefully trained and educated, but were likewise taught agricultural and other useful pur-

suits. For many years Bishop Selwyn continued to visit the islands in his little vessel, as well as constantly navigating the stormy coasts of New Zealand in the zealous discharge of his episcopal duties, exhibiting a rare combination of energy, perseverance, and undaunted courage, together with the highest nautical skill; to which were added a dignity of bearing and a genial confiding manner that seldom failed to win the goodwill and respect of the most barbarous islanders, with a remarkable coolness and presence of mind that never forsook him under the most trying circumstances. These were the bishop's weapons of defence from the fierce savages among whom, in his little schooner, with only four men and no arms of any kind, he boldly ventured; not hesitating, when the landing was difficult, to plunge into the water and swim on shore through the surf.

After a time Bishop Selwyn was joined by a coadjutor in every way worthy of him, the Rev. J. C. Patteson, whom in a few years he consecrated Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, and the charge of the mission was then transferred to him. A fine schooner of 70 tons, the Southern Cross, now takes the place of the frail craft that the Bishop of New Zealand commenced his voyages in; and every year Bishop Patteson sails in her for his field of work—Banks Islands to the north of the New Hebrides, the Santa Cruz group still further north, and the Solomon Islands.

The system pursued in the Melanesian Mission is different from that of all the others in the South Seas. Seeing the impossibility of ever keeping up an adequate supply of clergymen for these numberless islands, as well as their extreme unhealthiness, it was determined to rely solely upon native agency for the ultimate work of the ministry in that part of Polynesia; and the design of the mission is, that in

the course of time, when some of the more promising and intelligent young men are sufficiently advanced in knowledge and civilisation for the purpose, they shall be ordained as clergymen; and that so, not only shall the door be opened for the gradual conversion to Christianity of all the natives of these islands, but that here, where the climate is so fatal to European constitutions, a church shall be established, the ministry of which shall be composed entirely of native clergy. It is a noble idea, but must be necessarily a work of many years to come.

Bishop Patteson usually sails from New Zealand in May, when the hurricane season in the islands is over, and before the wet wintry weather of New Zealand has set in. He takes with him one of his assisting clergy, and all the natives, except a few of the older scholars who have become accustomed to the colder climate, and who remain behind to prosecute their studies under the care of the other assisting clergyman. On one of the islands in the Banks group a secondary establishment has been formed, where the natives remain with the clergyman while the bishop makes the round of the islands—taking with him some of the lads to visit their parents, and those who are desirous of remaining at home—receiving fresh accessions to his numbers, and returning to their friends those who are unpromising. In October he returns again to Auckland with all his flock. A great loss of time is of course involved in these voyages of the scholars to and fro, and in the yearly breaking up of the establishment; and for this reason the bishop is about to move the headquarters of his mission to Norfolk Island, the climate of which is sufficiently warm to enable the Melanesian natives to remain there without risk throughout the year. It may not be known to many of our readers that Norfolk Island—

formerly a penal settlement for the worst class of convicts from Australia—is now inhabited by the Pitcairn Islanders, having been made over to them by the Government when transportation to Eastern Australia ceased, their numbers having become too great for Pitcairn Island.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the peculiar qualifications of Bishop Patteson for this work. To most men the great diversity of dialects to be encountered would be an insuperable obstacle; but the bishop is possessed of a rare talent for languages, by which he is enabled to master them with wonderful rapidity—not merely in a superficial way for the purposes of conversation, but as a philologist of the very highest order. Nearly every summer the grammar and vocabulary of a new dialect are compiled by him, whilst he teaches every day in three or four different languages. A printing-press is kept in constant use in this institution also, and is worked by the natives. The practical difficulty of teaching some sixty students speaking upwards of a dozen different languages is got over by adopting one of them, best suited for the purpose, as a standard, and making them all learn it. This also enables them to communicate amongst each other, which would be otherwise impracticable. The bishop has a peculiarly winning manner, and he does not assume, as many do, a tone of superiority towards his native scholars, but treats them in every way as equals, sitting down to meals with them, and in point of fact raising them up, as it were, to a level with himself. The consequence is that his influence over them is unbounded, and they regard him with the strongest feelings of affection and respect. Long may Bishop Patteson be spared to carry out his noble work, for one cannot but feel how much the prosperity of this mission depends upon him individually.

The Romish Church is also at work in Polynesia, labouring for the conversion of the heathen, but not to any great extent, and with but slight success. The mission is French, from Lyons, and belongs to the Order of St Mary. The headquarters of the mission were originally established at Wallis Island, a small island of 3000 inhabitants, situated to the west of the Samoan group. From there it has spread to many islands in Polynesia—not, however, advancing boldly to attack the heathen strongholds, but quietly watching until the outworks are won and the walls breached by the Protestant missionaries, and then following their steps, and so gaining a footing without difficulty. In Wallis Island religious intolerance prevails to the greatest possible extent. This island is nominally governed by a queen and chiefs; but the whole authority is in the hands of the priests, who exercise an unlimited sway over the minds of the natives by means of the terrible weapons of the Romish Church, which they wield with unscrupulous vigour, and work upon the superstitious nature of the people to an extent scarcely credible. Some years ago, about three hundred natives of this island, having been banished on account of their leanings to Protestantism, took refuge in Vavau, one of the Tonga Islands, where there is a flourishing Wesleyan mission. Since then some eighty of their number, all Protestants, returned to their native country on the invitation of some of their compatriots. They were, however, received with great hostility and persecution at

the instigation of the priests, and this has continued ever since. The Protestant religion is under a "taboo"—i. e., strictly prohibited—and any person not attending the Roman Catholic church is heavily fined. The Protestants were compelled to profess Catholicism; and one young man, a chief's son, being found with a Bible in his possession, was severely beaten and injured. Such are the tactics of the Roman Catholic Mission in Polynesia, notwithstanding which—or, as we probably ought to say, in consequence of which—its success has been small. In New Caledonia, a French colony, the Roman Catholic religion is of course established by law; but some four years ago, on the governor instituting a system of hostility and repression against the Protestants in the Loyalty Islands—which are close to, and which had been long previously occupied by English missionaries—the matter was brought to the notice of the Emperor, who administered a severe rebuke, and ordered all repressive measures to be abolished forthwith. Such narrow-minded intolerance is without the least excuse, inasmuch as throughout the whole of Polynesia freedom of religion everywhere prevails; and in Samoa and other islands, where the great bulk of the people are Protestants, the Roman Catholic priests are allowed to establish themselves, and to propagate their doctrines without let or hindrance.

We must now stop. This sketch has chiefly related to Samoa, but on a future occasion we may have something to say about the Fijis and other parts of Polynesia.

BROWNLOWS.—PART XIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.—COMPOUND INTEREST.

MR BROWNLOW and his son were a long time together. They talked until the autumn day darkened, and they had no more light for their calculations. Mr Brownlow had been very weary,—even stupefied. He had entered upon the conversation because he could not resist Jack's eagerness, and the decided claim he made to know fully a business which so much concerned him. He had a right to know, which his father could not dispute; but nevertheless all the events of the past twenty-four hours had worn Mr Brownlow out. He was stupefied; he did not know what had happened; he could not recollect the details. When his attention was fully arrested, a certain habit of business kept him on, and his mind was clear enough when they went into figures, and when he had to make his son aware of the magnitude of the misfortune which had almost thrown his own mind off its balance. The facts were beyond all comment. It was simple ruin; but such was the nature of the men, and their agreement in it, that they both worked out their reckoning unflinchingly, and when they saw what it was, did not so much as utter an exclamation. They laid down, the one his pen and the other his pencil, as the twilight darkened round them. There was no controversy between them. It was nobody's fault. Jack might have added a sting to everything by reproaching his father for the ignorance in which he had been brought up, but he had no mind for any such useless exasperation. Things were as bad as bad could be; therefore they brought their calculations to an end very quietly, and came to the same conclusion as the darkness closed over them. They sat for a min-

ute on opposite sides of the table, not looking at each other, with their papers before them, and their minds filled with one sombre thought. Whether it was that or the mere fall of day which was closing round them neither could have told—only that under this dull oppression there was in Jack's mind a certain wild suppressed impatience, an overwhelming sense of all that was included in the crisis; while his father in the midst of it could not repress a strange longing to throw himself down upon the sofa, to close his eyes, to be alone in the silence and darkness. Rest was his most imperative want. The young man's mind was thrilling with a desire to be up and at his troubles, to fight and make some head against them. But then things were new to Jack; whereas to Mr Brownlow, who had already made a long and not guiltless struggle, the only thing apparent and desirable was rest—to lie down and be quiet for a little, to have no question asked him, nothing said to him, or, if it should please God, to sleep.

Jack, however, was not the man, under the circumstances, to let his father get either sleep or rest. After they had made all the calculations possible, and said everything that was to be said, he did not go away, but sat silent, biting his nails and pondering much in his mind. They had been thus for about half an hour without exchanging a word, when he suddenly broke into speech.

"It must go into Chancery, I suppose?" he said. "She has got to prove her identity, and all that. You will have time at least to realise all your investments. Too much time perhaps."

"She is an old woman," said Mr

Brownlow. He was thinking of nothing beyond the mere matter of fact, and there was no meaning in his voice, but yet it startled his son. "And you were to marry her daughter. I had almost forgotten that. You were very decided on the subject last time you spoke to me. In that case everything would be yours."

"I hope she may live for ever!" said Jack, getting up from his chair; "and she has no intention of giving me her daughter now—not that her intention matters much," he said to himself, half muttering, as he stood with his hand on the table. The change was bewildering. He would have his Pamela still, whatever anybody might say; but to run away with his pretty penniless darling, and work for her and defy the world for her, was very different from running away with the little heiress who had a right to every penny he had supposed his own. It was very hard upon him; but all the same he had no intention of giving in. No idea of self-sacrifice ever crossed his mind. It made the whole matter more confusing, more disagreeable—but anybody's intention mattered very little, father or mother; he meant to have his love and his way all the same.

"It does matter," said Mr Brownlow. "It had much better never go into Chancery at all. I never had any objections to the girl—you need not be impatient. I always liked the girl. She is like your mother. I never knew what it was——" Then Mr Brownlow made a little pause. "Poor Bessie!" he said, though it was an exclamation that did not seem called for. It was this fortune that had first made him think of Bessie. It was for her sake—for the sake of making a very foolish marriage—that he had made use of the money which at first was nothing but a plague and burden to him. Somehow she seemed to come up before him now it was melting away, and he knew that

the charm of Pamela's dewy eyes and fresh face had been their resemblance to Bessie. The thought softened his heart, and yet made it sting and ache. "This matter is too important for temper or pride," he went on, recovering himself. "If we are to treat as enemies, of course I must resist, and it will be a long suit, and perhaps outlive us all. But if you are to be her daughter's husband, the question is different. You are the natural negotiator between us."

"I can't be; it is impossible," cried Jack; and then he sat down again in his chair in a sort of sullen fury with himself. Of course he was the natural negotiator. It was weakness itself to think of flinching from so plain a duty; and yet he would rather have faced a battery or led a forlorn hope.

"You must be," said Mr Brownlow. "We are all excited at this present moment; but there can be no doubt of what your position entails. You are my son, and you are, against my will, contrary to my advice, engaged to her daughter. Unless you mean to throw off the girl you love because she has suddenly become an heiress——"

"I mean nothing of the sort," cried Jack, angrily. "I shall never throw her off."

"Then you can't help having an interest in her fortune;—and doing the best you can for her," said his father, after a pause.

Then again silence fell upon the two. It was natural and reasonable, but it was utterly repugnant, even though one of them thus urged it, to both. A thing may be recommended by good sense, and by all the force of personal interest, and yet may be more detestable than if it was alike foolish and wicked. This was how it seemed to Jack; and for Mr Brownlow, in the whirl of ruin which had sucked him in, it was as yet but a poor consolation that his son might get the benefit. Acting by the

dictates of nature he would rather have kept his son at his side to share his fortune and stand by him. Yet it was his duty to advise Jack to go over to the other side and take everything he had from him, and negotiate the transfer of his fortune—to “do the best he could,” in short, for his father’s adversary. It was not an expedient agreeable to either, and yet it was a thing which reason and common sense demanded should be done.

While they sat thus gloomily together, the household went on in a strangely uncomfortable way outside. The men came straggling in from their shooting, or whatever they had been doing; and, though Sara was with the ladies, everybody knew by instinct, as it seemed, that her father and brother were consulting together over something very serious, shut up in the library, Mr Brownlow neglecting his business and Jack his pleasure. If it had only been business that was neglected, nobody would have been surprised; but when things were thus pushed beyond that natural regard for appearances which is born with Englishmen, they must be serious indeed. Then, of course, to make matters worse, the gentlemen came in earlier than usual. It was their curiosity, the elder ladies said to each other, for everybody knows that it is men who are the true gossips and ferret everything out; but, however that might be, it threw additional embarrassment upon Sara, who stood bravely at her post—a little flushed, perhaps, and unnaturally gay, but holding out with dauntless courage. She had everything to take on her own shoulders. That night, as it happened by unlucky chance, there was to be a dinner-party. Sir Charles Motherwell and his mother were coming, and were to stay all night; and the Rector was coming, he who knew the house better than anybody else, and would be most quick of all to discover the differ-

ence in it. The recollection of the gathering in the evening had gone out of Mr Brownlow’s mind, and even Jack had forgotten all about it. “Like men!” Sara said to herself, indignantly. She had everything to do, though she had not slept all night, and had not escaped her share of the excitement of the day. She had to give all the orders and make all the arrangements, and now sat dauntless pouring out the tea, keeping everybody at bay, acknowledging the importance of the crisis only by unusual depth of colour on her cheek, and an unusual translucent sheen in her big eyes. They did not flash or sparkle as other eyes might have done, but shone like globes full of some weird and visionary light. She had an answer ready for everybody, and yet all the while she was racking her mind to think what could they be doing down-stairs, what decision could they be coming to? She was doing her part stoutly in ignorance and patience, spreading her pretty draperies before them, as it were, and keeping the world at arm’s length. “Oh, yes, the Motherwells are coming,” she said, “but they will come dressed for dinner, which none of us are as yet. They are only at Ridley—they have not very far to come. Yes, I think we had better have a dance. Jack is not good for much in that way. He never was. He was always an out-of-doors sort of boy.”

“He does not seem to care for out-of-doors either,” said one of the young ladies; “and, Sara, I wonder what has happened to him. He always looks as if he were thinking of something else.”

“Something else than—what?” said Sara. “He has something else than us to think of—if that is what you mean. He is not one of your idle people——” which speech was met by a burst of laughter.

“Oh no; he is very diligent; he loves business,” said young Keppel. “We are all aware of that.”

"He is not at the bar, you know," retorted the dauntless Sara. "He has not briefs pouring in upon him like—some people. But it is very good of you to take so much notice of us between the circuits—is that the right word? And to reward you, you shall manage the dance? Does Sir Charles dance? I suppose so—all common people do."

"Sara, my love, don't speak so," said one of the matrons. "The Motherwells are one of the best families in the country. I don't know what you mean by common people."

"I mean people who are just like other people," said Sara, "as we all are. If we did not wear different-coloured dresses and have different-coloured hair and eyes; I don't see how we could be told from each other. As for gentlemen generally, you *know* one never knows which is which!" she cried, appealing to the candour of her friends. "We pretend to do it, to please them. Half of them have light beards and half of them have dark, and one never gets any further; except with those whom one has the honour to know," said Sara, rising and making a curtsy to the young men who were round her. Then, amid laughter and remonstrances, they all went fluttering away—too early, as most of the young people thought—to their rooms to dress. And some of them thought Sara "really too bad;" and some were sure the gentlemen did not like it. The gentlemen, however, did not seem to mind. They said to each other, "By Jove! how pretty she was to-night;" and some of them wondered how much money she would have; and some supposed she would marry Charley Motherwell after all. And, for the moment, what with dinner approaching and the prospect of the dance after, both the ladies and the men forgot to wonder what could be the matter with the family, and what Mr Brownlow was saying to Jack.

But as for Sara, she did not for-

get. Though she was first to move, she was still in the drawing-room when they all went away, and came pitifully up to the big fire which sent gleams of light about through all the dark room, and knelt down on the hearth and warmed her hands, and shivered, not with cold, but excitement. Her eyes were big and nervous and dilated; but though her tears came easily enough on ordinary occasions, to-night she did not cry. She knelt before the fire and held out her hands to it, and then wrung them hard together, wondering how she should ever be able to go through the evening, and what they were doing down-stairs, and whether she should not go and remind them of the dinner. It seemed to her as if for the moment she had got rid of her enemies, and had time to think; but she was too restless to think, and every moment seemed an hour to her. As soon as the steps and voices of the guests became inaudible on the stairs, she got up, and went down to seek them out in the library. There were two or three servants in the hall, more than had any right to be there, and Willis, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, came up to her in a doubtful, hesitating way. A gentleman had come up from the office, he said; but he did not like to disturb Master, as was a-talking with Mr John in the library. The gentleman was in the dining-room. Would Miss Sara see him, or was her papa to be told? Sara was so much excited already, that she saw in this visitor only some new trouble, and jumped at the idea of meeting it herself, and perhaps saving her father something. "I will see him," she said; and she called up all her resolution, and went rapidly, with the haste of desperation, into the dining-room. The door had closed behind her, and she had glided past the long, brilliant, flower-decked table to where somebody was standing by the fireplace ere she really thought what she was doing. When the

stranger started and spoke, Sara woke up as from a dream; and when she found it was Powys who was looking at her—looking anxious, wistful, tender, not like the other people—the poor girl's composure failed her. She gave him one glance, and then all the tears that had been gathering in her eyes suddenly burst forth. "Oh, Mr Powys, tell me what it is all about!" she cried, holding out her hands to him. And he, not knowing what he was doing, not thinking of himself or of his love, only penetrated to the heart by her tears, sprang forward and took her into his arms and comforted her. There was one moment in which neither of them knew. For that brief instant they clung to each other unwitting, and then they fell apart, and stood and looked at each other, and trembled, not knowing in their confusion and consciousness and trouble what to say.

"Don't be angry with me!" he cried; "I did not know what I was doing—I did not mean—forgive me!—you were crying, and I could not bear it; how could I stand still and see you cry?"

"I am not angry," said Sara, softly. Never in her life had she spoken so softly before. "I know you did not mean it; I am in such terrible trouble; and they never told me it was you."

Then Powys crept closer once more, poor young fellow, knowing he ought not, but too far gone for reason. "But it is I," he said, softly touching the hand with which she leaned on the mantelpiece,—*"to serve you—to do anything—anything! only tell me what there is that I can do?"*

Then she looked up with her big lucid eyes, and two big tears in them, and smiled at him though her heart felt like to burst, and put out her hands again, knowing this time what she was doing; and he took them, half-crazed with the joy and the wickedness. "I came up with some papers," he said; "I came

against my will; I never thought, I never hoped to see you; and your father will think I have done it dishonourably on purpose; tell me, oh, tell me, what I can do."

"I don't think you can do anything," said Sara, "nor anybody else. I should not speak to you, but I can't help it. We are in great trouble. And then you are the only one I could speak to," said the girl, with unconscious self-betrayal. "I think we have lost everything we have in the world."

"Lost everything!" said Powys; his eyes began to dance, and his cheek to burn—"lost everything!" It was he now who trembled with eagerness, and surprise, and joy. "I don't want to be glad," he cried, "but I could work for you, slave for you—I shouldn't mind what I did—"

"Oh, hush!" cried Sara, interrupting him, "I think I hear papa: it might not matter for us, but it is him we ought to think of. We have got people coming, and I don't know what to do—I must go to papa."

Then the young man stood and looked at her wistfully. "I can't help you with that," he said, "I can't be any good to you—the only thing I can do is to go away; but, Sara! you have only to tell me; you know—"

"Yes," she said, lifting her eyes to him once more, and the two big tears fell, and her lips quivered as she tried to smile; she was not angry—"yes," she said, "I know;" and then there were sounds outside, and in a moment this strange, wild, sweet surprise was over. Sara rushed out to the library without another word, and Powys, tingling to the very points of his fingers, gave his bundle of papers to Willis to be given to Mr Brownlow, and said he would come back, and rushed out into the glare of Lady Motherwell's lamps as her carriage came sweeping up the avenue. He did not know who the little old lady was, nor who the tall figure

with the black mustache might be in the corner of the carriage; but they both remarked him as he came down the steps at a bound. It gave them their first impression of something unusual about the house. "It is seven now," Lady Motherwell said, "and dinner ought to be in half an hour—what an odd moment to go away." She was still more surprised to see no one but servants when she entered, and to be shown into the deserted drawing-room where there was not a sign of any one about. "I don't know what they mean by it, Charley," Lady Motherwell said; "Mr Brownlow or somebody was always here to receive us before." Sir Charles did not say anything, but he pulled his mustache, and he, too, thought it was rather queer.

When Sara rushed into the library not five minutes before Lady Motherwell's arrival, the consultation there had been broken up. Jack, notwithstanding his many preoccupations, had yet presence of mind enough to remember that it was time to dress, as well as to perceive that all had been said that could be said. Mr Brownlow was alone. He had stolen to the sofa for which he had been longing all the afternoon, and had laid himself down on it. The room was very dimly lighted by a pair of candles on the mantelpiece. It was a large room, and the faint twinkle of those distant lights made it look ghostly, and it was a very strange sight to see Mr Brownlow lying on a sofa. He roused himself when Sara came in, but it was with an effort, and he was very reluctant to be disturbed. "Seven o'clock!" he said—"is it seven o'clock? but leave me a little longer, my darling; ten minutes is enough for dress."

"Oh, papa," said Sara, "it is dreadful to think of dress at all, or anything so trifling, on such a day; but we must do it—people will think——; I am sure even already they may be thinking——"

"Yes," said Mr Brownlow, vaguely—"I don't think it matters—I would rather have five minutes' sleep."

"Papa," said Sara in desperation, "I have just seen Mr Powys—he has come with some papers—that is, I think he has gone away. He came to—to—I mean he told me he was sent to—— I did not understand what it was, but he has gone away——"

"Ah, he has gone away," said Mr Brownlow, sitting up; "that is all right—all right. And there are the Motherwells coming. Sara, I think Charles Motherwell is a very honest sort of man."

"Yes, papa," said Sara. She was too much excited and disturbed to perceive clearly what he meant, and yet the contrast of the two names struck her dimly. At such a moment what was Charles Motherwell to her?

"I think he's a very good fellow," said Mr Brownlow, rising; and he went and stirred the smouldering fire. Then he came up to where she stood, watching him. "We shall have to go and live in the house at Masterton," he said, with a sigh. "It will be a strange place for such a creature as you."

"I don't see why it should be strange for me," said Sara; and then her face blazed suddenly with a colour her father did not understand. "Papa, I shall have you all to myself," she said, hurriedly, feeling in her heart more than half a hypocrite. "There will be no troublesome parties like this, and nobody we don't want to see."

Mr Brownlow looked at her half suspiciously; but he did not know what had happened in those two minutes beside the fruit and flowers in the dining-room. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, and to take courage and play out his part steadily to the end.

"We must get through it to-night," he said. "We must keep up for to-night. Go and put on all your pretty things, my darling."

You have had to bear the brunt of everything to-day."

"No, papa ; it does not matter," said Sara, smothering the longing she had to cry, and tell him—tell him?—she did not know what. And then she turned and put her one question. "Is it true?—have we nothing? Is it all as that terrible woman said?"

Mr Brownlow put his hand on her arm and leaned upon her, slight prop as she was. "You were born in the old house in Master-ton," he said, with a certain tone of appeal in his voice ; "your mother lived in it. It was bright enough once." Then he stopped and led her gently towards the door. "But, Sara, don't forget," he said hurriedly, "I think a great deal of Charles Motherwell—I am sure he is kind and honest and true."

"He has nothing to do with us!" said Sara, with a thrill of fear.

"I don't know," said Mr Brownlow, almost humbly. "I don't know—if it might be best for you——"

And then he kissed her and sent her away. Sara flew to her own room with her heart beating so loud that it almost choked her. So many excitements all pressing on

her together—so many things to think of—was almost more than an ordinary brain could bear. And to dress in all her bravery and go down and look as if nothing had happened—to sit at the head of the table just there where she had been standing half an hour before—to smile and talk and look her best as if everything was steady under her feet, and she knew of no volcano! And then, to crown all, Sir Charles Motherwell! In the height of her excitement it was perhaps a relief to her to think how at least she would crush that one pretendant. If it should be the last act of her reign at Brownlows, there would be a certain poetic justice in it. If he was so foolish, if he was so persistent, Sara savagely resolved that she would let him propose this time. And then! But then she cried, to Angelique's great discomfiture, without any apparent reason. What was to be done with a young lady who left herself but twenty minutes to dress in, and wept in an unprovoked and exasperating way in the middle of it? Sara was so shaken and driven about by emotion and by self-restraint that she was humble to Angelique in the midst of all her own tumults of soul.

CHAPTER XXX.—JACK'S LAST TRIAL.

The dinner passed over without, so far as the guests were aware, any special feature in it. Jack might look out of sorts, perhaps, but then Jack had been out of sorts for some time past. As for Sara, the roses on her cheeks were so much brighter than usual, that some people went so far as to suppose she had stooped to the vulgar arts of the toilette. Sir Charles Motherwell was by her side, and she was talking to him with more than ordinary vivacity. Mr Brownlow, for his part, looked just as usual. People do not trouble themselves

to observe whether the head of the house, when it is a man of his age, looks pale or otherwise. He talked just as usual; and though, perhaps, it was he who had suffered most in this crisis, it did not cost him so much now as it did to his son and daughter. And the new people who came only for the evening, and knew nothing about it, amused the people who were living at Brownlows, and had felt in the air some indication of the storm. Everything went on well, to the amazement of those who were principally concerned—that is to say,

everything went on like a dream; the hours and all the sayings and doings in them, even those which they themselves did and said, swept on, and carried with them the three who had anxieties so much deeper at heart. Sara's cheeks kept burning crimson all the night; and Mr Brownlow stood apart and talked heavily with one or other of his guests; and Jack did the best he could—going so far as to dance, which was an exercise he did not much enjoy. And the guests called it "a very pleasant evening"—with more than ordinary sincerity. When the greater part of those heavy hours had passed, and they began to see the end of their trial, a servant came into the room and addressed himself to Jack, who was just then standing with his partner in the pause of a waltz. Sara, though she was herself flying round the room at the moment, saw it, and lost breath. Mr Brownlow saw it from the little inner drawing-room. It seemed to them that every eye was fixed upon that one point, but the fact was nobody even noticed it but themselves and Jack's partner, who was naturally indignant when he gave up her hand and took her back to her seat. Somebody wanted to see him, the servant said—somebody who would not take any answer, but insisted on seeing Mr John—somebody from the cottages at the gate. It was Willis himself who came, and he detracted in no way from the importance of the communication. His looks were grave enough for a plenipotentiary. His master, looking at him, felt that Willis must know all; but Willis, to tell the truth, knew nothing. He felt that something was wrong, and, with the instinct of a British domestic, recognised that it was his duty to make the most of it—that was all. Jack went out following him, but the people who did not know there was anything significant in his going, took very little notice of it. The only visible consequence was,

that thenceforward Sara was too tired to dance, and Mr Brownlow forgot what he was saying in the middle of a sentence. Simple as the cause might be, it was alarming to them.

Jack asked the man no questions as he went down-stairs; he was himself wound-up and ready for anything. Whatever additional hardship or burden might come, his position could scarcely be made worse. So he was in a manner indifferent. What could it matter? In the hall he found Mrs Swayne standing wrapped up in a big shawl. She was excited, and fluttered, and breathless, and almost unable to speak, and the shawl which was thrown over her head showed that she had come in haste. She put her hand on Jack's arm, and drew him to a side out of hearing of the servants, and then her message burst forth.

"It's not what I ever thought I'd come to. It ain't what I'd do, if e'er a one of us were in our right senses," she cried. "But you must come down to her this very moment. Come along with me, Mr John. It's that dark I've struck my foot again' every tree, and I've come that fast I ain't got a bit of breath left in my body. Come down to her this very moment. Come along with me."

"What is the matter?" said Jack.

"Matter! It's matter enough," gasped Mrs Swayne, "or it never would have been me to come leaving my man in his rheumatics, and the street door open, and an old shawl over my head. And there ain't one minute to be lost. Get your hat and something to keep you warm, and I'll tell you by the way. It's bitter cold outside."

In spite of himself Jack hesitated. His pride rose up against the summons. Pamela had left him and gone over to her mother's side, and her mother was no longer a nameless poor woman, but the hard creditor who was about to

ruin him and his. Though he had vowed that he would never give her up, yet somehow at that moment his pride got the better of his love. He hesitated, and stood looking at the breathless messenger, who herself, in her turn, began to look at him with a certain contempt.

"If you ain't a-coming, Mr John," said Mrs Swayne, "say so—that's all as I ask. Not as I would be any way surprised. It's like men. When you don't want 'em, they'll come fast enough; but when you're in need, and they might be of some use—Ugh! that ain't my way. I wouldn't be the wretch as would leave that poor young critter in her trouble, all alone."

"All alone—what do you mean?" said Jack, following her to the door, and snatching his hat as he passed. "How can she be alone? Did she send you? What trouble is she in? Woman, can't you tell me what you mean?"

"I won't be called woman by you, not if you was ten times as grand—not if you was a duke or a lord," said Mrs Swayne, rushing out into the night. Beyond the circle of the household lights, the gleaming lamp at the door and lighted windows, the avenue was black as only a path in the heart of the country can be. The night was intensely dark, the rain drizzling, and now and then a shower of leaves falling with the rain. Two or three long strides brought Jack up with the indignant Mrs Swayne, who ran and stumbled, but made indifferent progress. He took hold of her arm, and in his excitement unconsciously gave her a shake.

"Keep by me and I'll guide you," he said; "and tell me in a word what is the matter, and how she happens to be alone?"

Then Mrs Swayne's passion gave way to tears. "You'd think yourself alone," she cried, "if you was left with one as has had a shock, and don't know you no more than Adam, and ne'er a soul in the house, now I'm gone, but poor old

Swayne with his rheumatics, as can't stir, not to save his life. You'd think it yourself if it was you. But catch a man a-forgetting of hisself like that; and the first thought in her mind was for you. Oh me! oh me! She thought you'd ha' come like an arrow out of a bow."

"A shock?" said Jack vaguely to himself; and then he let go his hold of Mrs Swayne's arm. "I can't wait for you," he said; "I can be there quicker than you." And he rushed wildly into the darkness, forsaking her. He was at the gate before the bewildered woman, thus abandoned, could make two steps in advance. As he dashed past old Betty's cottage, he saw inside the lighted window a face he knew, and though he did not recognise who it was, a certain sense of help at hand came over him. Another moment and he was in Mrs Swayne's cottage, so far recollecting himself as to tread more softly as he rushed up the dark and narrow stair. When he opened the door, Pamela gave but one glance round to greet him. She was alone, as Mrs Swayne had said. On the bed by which she stood lay a marble figure, dead to all appearance except for its eyes. Those eyes moved in the strangest, most terrible way, looking wildly round and round, now at the ceiling, now at the window, now at Pamela, imperious and yet agonised. And poor little Pamela, soft girlish creature, stood desperate, trying to read what they said. She had not a word to give to Jack—not even a look, except for one brief moment. "What does she want—what does she want?" she cried. "Oh, mamma! mamma! will you not *try* to speak?"

"Is there no one with you?" said Jack. "Have you sent for the doctor? How long has she been like this? My darling! my poor little darling! Has the doctor seen her yet?"

"I sent for you," said Pamela, piteously. "Oh, what does she want? I think she could speak if she would only try."

"It is the doctor she wants," cried Jack. "That is the first thing;" and he turned and rushed down-stairs still more rapidly than he had come up. The first thing he did was to go across to old Betty's cottage, and send the old woman to Pamela's aid, or at least, if aid was impossible, to remain with her. There he found Powys, who was waiting till the guests went away from Brownlow. Him Jack placed in Mrs Swayne's parlour, to be ready to lend any assistance that might be wanted, or to call succour from the great house if necessary; and then he himself buttoned his coat and set off on a wild race over hedge and field for the doctor. The nearest doctor was in Dewsbury, a mile and a half away. Jack knew every step of the country, and plunged into the unseen byways and across the ploughed fields; in so short a time that Mrs Swayne had scarcely reached her own house, he dashed back again in the doctor's gig. Then he went into the dark little parlour to wait and take breath. He was in evening dress, just as he had been dancing; his light varnished boots were heavy with ploughed soil and wet earth, his shirt wet with rain, his whole appearance wild and dishevelled. Powys looked at him with the strange mixture of repugnance and liking that existed between the young men, and drew forward a chair for him before the dying fire.

"Why did not you let me go?" he said. "I was in better trim for it than you."

"You did not know the way," said Jack; "besides, there are things that nobody can do for one." Then he added, after a pause, "Her daughter is going to be my wife."

"Ah!" said Powys, with a sigh, half of sympathy, half of envy. He did not think of Jack's cir-

cumstances in any speculative way, but only as comparing them with his own hard and humble fate, who should never have a wife, as he said to himself—to whom it was mere presumption, madness, to think of love at all.

"Yes," said Jack, putting his wet feet to the fire; and then he too gave forth a big sigh from his excited breast, and felt the liking grow stronger than the repugnance, and that he must speak to some one or die.

"It is a pretty mess," he said; "I thought they were very poor, and it turns out she has a right to almost all my father has—trust-money that was left to him if he could not find her; and he was never able to find her. And, at last, after all was settled between us, she turns up; and now, I suppose, she's going to die."

"I hope not," said Powys, not knowing what answer to make.

"It's easy to say you hope not," said Jack, "but she will—you'll see she will. I never saw such a woman. And then what am I to do?—forsake my poor Pamela, who does not know a word of it, because she is an heiress, or marry her and rob my father? You may think yours is a hard case, but I'd like to know what you would do if you were me?"

"I should not forsake her anyhow," said Powys, kindling with the thought.

"And neither shall I, by Jove," said Jack, getting up in his vehemence. "What should I care for fathers and mothers, or any fellow in the world? It's all that cursed money—that's what it always is. It comes in your way and in my way wherever a man turns—not that one can get on without it either," said Jack, suddenly sitting down and leaning over the fire with his face propped up in his two hands.

"Some of us have got to do without it," said Powys, with a short laugh, though he did not see anything amusing in it. Yet there

was a certain bitter drollery in the contrast between his own little salary and the family he had already to support on it, and Jack's difficulties at finding that his Cinderella had turned into a fairy princess. Jack gave a hasty glance at him as if fearing that he himself was being laughed at. But poor Powys had a sigh coming so close after his laugh that it was impossible to suspect him of mockery. Jack sighed too, for company. His heart was opened; and the chance of talking to anybody was a god-send to him in that moment of suspense.

"Were you to have been with us this evening?" he said. "Why did not you come? My father always likes to see you."

"He does not care to see me now," said Powys, with a little bitterness; "I don't know why. I went up to carry him some papers, against my will. He took me to your house at first against my own judgment. It would have been better for me I had walked over a precipice or been struck down like the poor lady up-stairs."

"No," said Jack, pitying, and yet there was a touch of condescension in his voice. "Don't say so—not so bad as that. A man may make a mistake, and yet it need not kill him. There's the doctor—I must hear what he has to say."

The doctor came in looking very grave. He said there were signs of some terrible mental tumult and shock she had received; that all the symptoms were of the worst kind, and that he had no hope whatever for her life. She might recover her faculties and be able to speak; but it was almost certain that she must die. This was the verdict pronounced upon Mrs Preston as the carriage lamps of the departing guests began to gleam down the avenue, and old Betty rushed across to open the gates, and the horses came prancing out into the road. Pamela caught a

momentary glimpse of them as she moved about the room, and it suddenly occurred to her to remember her own childish delight at the sight when she first came. And oh, how many things had happened since then! And this last of all which she understood least. She was sick with terror and wonder, and her head ached and her heart throbbed. They were her mother's eyes which looked at her so, and yet she was afraid of them. How was she ever to live out the endless night?

It was a dreadful night for more people than Pamela. Powys went up to the great house very shortly after to carry the news to Mr Brownlow, who was so much overcome by it that he shivered and trembled and looked for the moment like a feeble old man. He sank down into his chair, and could not speak at first. "God forgive me," he said when he had recovered himself. "I am afraid I had ill thoughts of her—very ill thoughts in my head. Sara, you heard all—was I harsh to her? It could not be anything I said!"

"No, papa," said Sara, trembling, and she came to him and drew his head for a moment to her young, tremulous, courageous breast. And Powys stood looking on with a pang in his heart. He did not understand what all this meant, but he knew that she was his and yet could not be his. He dared not go and console her as he had done in his madness when they were alone.

Mr Brownlow would not go to bed; he sat and watched, and sent for news through the whole long night. And Powys, who knew only by Jack's short and incoherent story what important issues were involved, served him faithfully as his messenger coming and going. The thoughts that arose in Mr Brownlow's mind were not to be described. It was not possible that compunction such as that which moved him at first

could be his only feeling. As the hours went on, a certain strange mixture of satisfaction and reproach against Providence came into his mind. He said Providence in his mind, being afraid and ashamed to say God. If Providence was about to remove this obstacle out of his way, it would seem but fitting and natural; but why, then why, when it was to be, not have done it a few days sooner? Two days sooner?—that would have made all the difference. Now the evil she had done would not die with her, though it might be lessened. In these unconscious inarticulate thoughts, which came by no will of his, which haunted him indeed against his will, there rose a certain upbraiding against the tardy fate. It was too late. The harm was done. As it was, it seemed natural that his enemy should be taken out of his way, for Providence had ever been very kind to him—but why should it be this one day too late?

Jack sat down-stairs in Mrs Swayne's parlour all the night. The fire went out, and he had not the heart to have it lighted: one miserable candle burnt dully in the chill air. Now and then Powys came in from the darkness without, glowing from his rapid walk; sometimes Mrs Swayne came creaking down-stairs to tell him there was no change; once or twice he himself stole up to see the same awful sight. Poor Pamela, for her part, sat by the bedside half-stupefied by her vigil. She had not spirit enough left to give one answering look to her lover. Her brain was racking with devices to make out what her mother meant. She kept talking to her, pleading with her, entreating—oh, if she would but try to speak! and ever in desperation making another and another effort to get at her meaning. Jack could not bear the sight. The misery, and darkness, and suspense down-stairs were less dreadful at least than this. Even the

doctor, though he knew nothing of what lay below, had been apparently excited by the external aspect of affairs, and came again before daybreak to see if any change were perceptible. It was that hour of all others most chilling and miserable; that hour which every watcher knows, just before dawn, when the darkness seems more intense, the cold more keen, the night more lingering and wretched than at any other moment. Jack in his damp and thin dress walked shivering about the little black parlour, unable to keep still.

She might die and make no sign; and if she did so, was it possible still to ignore all that had happened, and to bestow her just heritage on Pamela only under cover as his wife? This was the question that racked him as he waited and listened; but when the doctor went up just before daybreak a commotion was heard in the room above. Jack stood still for a moment holding his breath, and then he rushed up-stairs. Before he got into the room there arose suddenly a hoarse voice, which was scarcely intelligible. It was Mrs Preston who was speaking. "What was it? what was it?" she was crying wildly. "What did I tell you, child?" and then, as he opened the door, a great outcry filled the air. "Oh, my God, I've forgotten—I've forgotten!" cried the dying woman. She was sitting up in her bed in a last wild rally of all her powers. Motion and speech had come back to her. She was propping herself up on her two thin arms, thrusting herself forward with a strained and excessive muscular action, such as extreme weakness sometimes is equal to. As she looked round wildly with the same eager impotent look that had wrung the beholders' hearts while she was speechless, her eye fell on Jack, who was standing at the door. She gave a sudden shriek of mingled triumph and entreaty. "You can tell them," she said—"you can tell me—come and tell

me—tell me! Pamela, there is one that knows.”

“Oh, mamma, I don’t want to hear,” cried Pamela; “oh, lie down and take what the doctor says; oh, mamma, mamma, if you care for me! Don’t sit up and wear out your strength, and break my heart.”

“It’s for you—it’s all for you!” cried the sufferer; and she moved the hands on which she was supporting herself, and threw forward her ghastly head, upon which Death itself seemed to have set its mark. “I’ve no time to lose—I’m dying, and I’ve forgotten it all. Oh, my God, to think I should forget! Come here, if you are a man, and tell me what it was!”

Jack stepped forward like a man in a dream. He saw that she might fall and die the next moment; her worn bony arms began to tremble, her head fell forward, her eyes staring at him seemed to loosen in their sockets. Perhaps she had but half an hour longer to live. The strength of death was in her no less than its awful weakness. “Tell me,” she repeated, in a kind of babble, as if she could not stop. Pamela, who never thought nor questioned what her mother’s real meaning was, kept trying, with tears and all her soft force, to lay her down on the pillows; and the doctor, who thought her raving, stood by and looked on with a calm professional eye, attributing all her excitement to the delirium of death. In the midst of this preoccupied group Jack stood forward, held by her eye. An unspeakable struggle was going on in his mind. Nobody believed there was any meaning in her words. Was it he that must give them a meaning, and furnish forth the testimony that was needed against himself? It was but to be silent, that was all, and no one would be the wiser. Mrs Swayne, too, was in the room, curious but unsuspicious. They all thought it was she who was “wandering,” and not that he had anything to tell.

Then once more she raised her voice, which grew harsher and weaker every moment. “I am dying,” she cried; “if you will not tell me I will speak to God. I will speak to Him—about it—He will send word—somehow. Oh my God, tell me—tell me—what was it?—before I die.”

Then they all looked at him, not with any real suspicion, but wondering. Jack was as pale almost as the dying creature who thus appealed to him. “I will tell you,” he said, in a broken voice. “It was about money. I can’t speak about legacies and interest here. I will speak of it—when—you are better. I will see—that she has her rights.”

“Money!” cried Mrs Preston, catching at the word—“money—my mother’s money—that is what it was. A fortune, Pamela! and you’ll have friends—plenty of friends when I’m gone. Pamela, Pamela, it’s all for you.”

Then she fell back rigid, not yielding, but conquered; for a moment it seemed as if some dreadful fit was coming on; but presently she relapsed into the state in which she had been before—dumb, rigid, motionless, with a frame of ice, and two eyes of fire. Jack staggered out of the room, broken and worn out; the very doctor, when he followed, begged for wine, and swallowed it eagerly. It was more than even his professional nerves could bear.

“She ought to have died then,” he said; “by all sort of rules she ought to have died; but I don’t see much difference in her state now; she might go on like that for days—no one can say.”

Jack was not able to make any answer; he was worn out as if with hard work; his forehead was damp with exhaustion; he too gulped down some of the wine Mrs Swayne brought them, but he had no strength to make any reply.

“Mr Brownlow, let me advise you to go home,” said the doctor;

"no one can do any good here. You must make the young lady lie down, Mrs Swayne. There will be no immediate change, and there is nothing to be done but to watch her. If she should recover consciousness again, don't cross her in anything; give her the drops if possible, and watch—that's all that can be done. I shall come back in the course of the day."

And in the grey dawning Jack too went home. He was changed; conflict and doubt had gone out of him. In their place a sombre cloud seemed to have taken him up. It was justice, remorseless and uncompromising, that thus overshadowed him. Expediency was not to be his guide,—not though it should be a thousand times better, wiser, more desirable, than any other course of action. It was not what was best that had now to be considered, but only what was right. It never occurred to him that any further struggle could be made. He felt himself no longer Pamela's betrothed lover, whose natural place was to defend and protect her, but her legal guardian and adviser, bound to consider her interests and make the best of everything; the champion, not of herself, but of her fortune—that fortune which seemed to step between and separate them for ever. When he was half-way up the avenue it occurred to him that he had forgotten Powys, and he went back again to look for him. He had grown as a brother to him during this long night. Powys, however, was gone. Before Jack left the house he had set off for Master-ton with the instinct of a man who has his daily work to do, and cannot indulge in late hours. Poor fellow! Jack thought in his heart. It was hard upon him to be sacrificed to Mr Brownlow's freak and Sara's vanity. But though he was himself likely to be a fellow-sufferer, it did not occur to Jack to intercede for Powys, or even to imagine that now he need not be sac-

rificed. Such an idea never entered into his head. Everything was quiet in Brownlows when he went home. Mr Brownlow had been persuaded to go to his room, and except the weary and reproachful servant who admitted Jack, there was nobody to be seen. He went up to his own room in the cold early daylight, passing by the doors of his visitors with a certain bitterness, and at the same time contempt. He was scornful of them for their ignorance, for their indifference, for their faculty of being amused and seeing no deeper. A parcel of fools! he said to himself; and yet he knew very well they were not fools, and was more thankful than he could express that their thoughts were directed to other matters, and that they were as yet unsuspecting of the real state of affairs. Everybody was quite unsuspecting, even the people who surrounded Pamela. They saw something was amiss, but they had no idea what it was. Only himself, in short, knew to its full extent the trouble which had overwhelmed him. Only he knew that it was his hard fate to be his father's adversary, and the legal adviser of his betrothed bride; separated from the one by his opposition, from the other by his guardianship. He would win the money away from his own flesh and blood, and he would lose them in doing so; he would win it for his love, and in the act he would lose Pamela. Neither son nor lover henceforward, neither happy and prosperous in taking his own will, nor beloved and cherished in standing by those who belonged to him. He would establish Pamela's rights, and secure her in her fortune, but never could he share that fortune. It was an inexorable fate which had overtaken him. Just as Brutus, but with no praise for being just; this was to be his destiny. Jack flung himself listlessly on his bed, and turned his face from the light. It was a cruel fate.

CHAPTER XXXI.—SIR CHARLES MOTHERWELL.

The guests at Brownlows next morning got up with minds a little relieved. Notwithstanding the evident excitement of the family, things had passed over quietly enough, and nothing had happened, and indifferent spectators easily accustom themselves to any atmosphere, and forget the peculiarities in it. There might still be a smell of brimstone in the air, but their organs were habituated, and failed to perceive it. After breakfast Sir Charles Motherwell had a little talk with Mr Brownlow, as he smoked his morning cigar in the avenue; but nobody, except perhaps his mother, who was alive to his movements, took any notice of what he was doing. Once more the men in the house were left to themselves; but it did not strike them so oddly as on the day before. And Sara, for her part, was easier in her mind. She could not help it. It might be wicked even, but she could not help it. She was sorry Mrs Preston should die; but since Providence had so willed it, no doubt it was the best for everybody. This instinctive argument came to Sara as to all the rest. Nobody was doing it. It was Providence, and it was for the best. And Jack would marry Pamela, and Sara would go with her father to Masterton, and, but for the shock of Mrs Preston's death, which would wear off in the course of nature, all would go merry as a marriage bell. This was how she had planned it all out to herself; and she saw no difficulty in it. Accordingly, she had very much recovered her spirits. Of course, the house at Masterton would not be so pleasant as Brownlows; at least—in some things it might not be so pleasant—but—And so, though she might be a little impatient, and a little preoccupied, things were decidedly brighter with Sara that morning. She was in the dining-room as usual, giving the

housekeeper the benefit of her views about dinner, when Sir Charles came in. He saw her, and he lingered in the hall waiting for her, and her vengeful project of the previous night occurred to Sara. If she was to be persecuted any more about him, she would let him propose; charitably, feelingly, she had staved off that last ceremony; but now, if she was to be threatened with him—if he was to be thrown in her face—And he looked very sheepish and awkward as he stood in the hall, pulling at the black mustache which was so like a respirator. She saw him, and she prolonged his suspense, poor fellow. She bethought herself of a great many things she had to say to the housekeeper. And he stood outside, like a faithful dog, and waited. When she saw that he would not go away, Sara gave in to necessity. "Lady Motherwell is in the morning-room, and all the rest," she said, as she joined him; and then turned to lead the way up-stairs.

"I don't want to see my mother," he said, with a slight shudder, she thought; and then he made a very bold effort. "Fine morning," said Sir Charles; "aw—would you mind taking a little walk?"

"Taking a walk?" said Sara, in amaze.

"Aw—yes—or—I'd like to speak to you for ten minutes," said Sir Charles, with growing embarrassment; "fact is, Miss Brownlow, I don't want to see my mother."

"That is very odd," said Sara, tempted to laughter; "but still you might walk by yourself, without seeing Lady Motherwell. There would not be much protection in having me."

"It was not for—protection, nor—nor that sort of thing," stammered Sir Charles, growing very red—"fact is, Miss Brownlow, it was something I had to say—to you——"

"Oh!" said Sara: she saw it was coming now; and, fortified by her resolution, she made no further effort to smother it. This, at least, she could do, and nobody had any right to interfere with her. She might be in her very last days of sovereignty; a few hours might see her fallen—fallen from her high estate; but, at least, she could refuse Charley Motherwell. That was a right of which neither cruel father nor adverse fortune could deprive her. She made no further resistance, or attempt to get away. "If it is only to speak to me, we can talk in the library," she said; "it is too early to go out." And so saying, she led the way into Mr Brownlow's room. Notwithstanding the strange scenes she had seen in it, it did not chill Sara in her present mood. But it evidently had a solemnising effect on Sir Charles. She walked across to the fire, which was burning cheerfully, and placed herself in one of the big chairs which stood by, arranging her pretty skirts within its heavy arms, which was a troublesome operation; and then she pointed graciously to the other. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me what it is about."

It was not an encouraging opening for a bashful lover. It was not like this that she had received Powys's sudden wild declarations, his outbursts of passionate presumption. She had been timid enough then, and had faltered and failed to herself, somewhat as poor Sir Charles was doing. He did not accept her kind invitation to seat himself, but stood before her in front of the fire, and looked more awkward than ever. Poor fellow, he had a great deal on his mind.

"Miss Brownlow," he burst out, all at once, after he had fidgeted about for five minutes, pulling his mustache and looking at her, "I am a bad fellow to talk. I never know what to say. I've got into heaps of scrapes from people mistaking what I mean."

"Indeed, I am sure I am very

sorry," said Sara; "but I think I always understand what you mean."

"Yes," he said, with relief, "aw—I've observed that. You're one that does, and my mother's one; but never mind my mother just now," he went on precipitately. "For instance, when a fellow wants to ask a girl to marry him, everything has to be understood—a mistake about that would be awful—would be dreadful—I mean, you know, it wouldn't do."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Sara, looking at him with terrible composure, and without even the ghost of a smile.

"Yes," said Sir Charles, revolving on his own axis, "it might be a horrid mess. That's why I wanted to see you, to set out with, before I spoke to my mother. My mother's a little old-fashioned. I've just been talking to Mr Brownlow. I can make my—aw—any girl very comfortable. It's not a bad old place; and as for settlements and that sort of thing—"

"I should be very glad to give you my advice, I am sure," said Sara, demurely; "but I should like first to know who the lady is."

"The lady!" cried Sir Charles—"aw—upon my word, it's too bad. That's why I said everything must be very plain. Miss Brownlow, there's not a girl in the world but yourself—not one!—aw—you know what I mean. I'd go down on my knees, or anything; only you'd laugh, I know, and I'd lose my—my head." All this he said with immense rapidity, moving up and down before her. Then he suddenly came to a standstill, and looked into her face. "I know I can't talk," he said; "but, you know, of course, it's you. What would be the good of coming like this, and—making a fool of myself, if it wasn't you?"

"But it can't be me, Sir Charles," said Sara, growing, in spite of herself, out of sympathy, a little agitated, and forgetting the humour of the situation. "It can't be me—

don't say any more. If you only knew what has been happening to us——"

"I know," cried Sir Charles, coming a step closer; "that's why—though I don't mean that's why from the commencement, for I only heard this morning; and that's why I don't want to see my mother. You need not think it matters to me—I've got plenty, and we could have your father to live with us, if you like."

Sara stood up with the intention of making him a stately and serious answer, but as she looked at his eager face, bent forward and gazing down at her, a sudden change came over her feelings. She had been laughing at him a moment before; now all at once, without any apparent provocation, she burst into tears. Sir Charles was very much dismayed. It did not occur to him to take advantage of her weeping, as Powys had done. He stared, and he drew a step farther back, and fell into a state of consternation. "I've said something I ought not to have said," he exclaimed; "I know I'm a wretched fellow to talk; but then I thought you would understand."

"I do understand," cried Sara, in her impulsive way; "and papa was quite right, and I am a horrid wretch, and you are the best man in the world!"

"Not so much as that," said Sir Charles, with a smile of satisfaction, which showed all his teeth under his black mustache; "but as long as you are pleased—— Don't cry. We'll settle it all between us, and make him comfortable; and as for you and me——"

He made a step forward, beaming with content as he spoke, and poor Sara, drying her eyes hastily, and waking up to the urgency of the situation, retreated as he advanced.

"But, Sir Charles," she cried, clasping her hands—"Oh! what a wretch I am to take you in and vex you. Stop! I did not mean that. I meant—oh! I could kill myself—

I think you are the best and kindest and truest man in the world, but it can never be me!"

Sir Charles stopped short. That air of flattered vanity and imbecile self-satisfaction with which most men receive the idea of being loved, suddenly yielded in his face to intense surprise. "Why? how? what? I don't understand," he stammered; and stood amazed, utterly at a loss to know what she could mean.

"It can never be me!" cried Sara. "I am not much good. I don't deserve to be cared for. You will find somebody else a great deal nicer. There are girls in the house even—there is Fanny. Don't be angry. I don't think there is anything particular in me."

"But it is only you I fancy," cried Sir Charles, deluded, poor man, by this humility, and once more lighting up with complaisance and self-satisfaction. "Fact is, we could be very comfortable together. I don't know about any other girls. You're nice enough for me."

Then Sara sank once more into the chair where a few minutes before she had established herself with such state and dignity. "Don't say any more," she cried again, clasping her hands. "Don't! I shall like you, and be grateful to you, all my life; but it can never be me!"

If Sara had been so foolish as to imagine that her unimpassioned suitor would be easily got rid of, she now found out her error. He stared at her, and he took a little walk around the table, and then he came back again. The facts of the case had not penetrated his mind. Her delicate intimations had no effect upon him. "If you like me," he said, "that's enough—fact is, I don't see how any girl could be nicer. They say all girls talk like this at first. You and I might be very comfortable; and as for my mother—you know if you wanted to have the house to yourself——"

"Would you be so wicked as to

go and turn out your mother?" cried Sara, suddenly flashing into indignation, "and for a girl you know next to nothing about? Sir Charles, I never should have expected this of you."

Poor Sir Charles fell back utterly disconcerted. "It was all to make you comfortable," he said. "Of course I'd like my mother to stay. It was all for you."

"And I told you it could never be me," cried Sara—"never! I am going to Masterton with papa to take care of him. It is he who wants me most. And then I must say good-bye to everybody; I shall only be the attorney's daughter at Masterton; we shall be quite different; but, Sir Charles, I shall always like you and wish you well. You have been so very good and kind to me."

Then Sara waved her hand to him and went towards the door. As for Sir Charles, he was too much bewildered to speak for the first moment. He stood and stared and let her pass him. It had never entered into his mind that this interview was to come to so abrupt an end. But before she left the room he had made a long step after her. "We could take care of him at Motherwell," he said, "just as well. Miss Brownlow, look here. It don't make any difference to me. If you had not a penny, you are just the same as you always were. If you like me, that is enough for me."

"But I don't like you!" said Sara, in desperation, turning round upon him, with her eyes flashing fiercely, her mouth quivering pathetically, her tears falling fast. "I mean I like somebody else better. Don't, please, say any more—thanks for being so good and kind to me; and good-bye—good-bye!"

Then she seized his hand like the vehement creature she was, and clasped it close in her soft hands, and turned and fled. That was the only word for it. She fled, never pausing to look back. And Sir Charles, utterly bewildered and disconcerted, stayed behind. The first thing he did was to walk back

to the fire, the natural attraction of a man in trouble. Then he caught a glimpse of his own discomfited countenance in the glass. "By George!" he said to himself, and turned his back upon the rueful visage. It was the wildest oath he ever permitted himself, poor fellow, and he showed the most overwhelming perturbation. He stood there a long time, thinking it over. He was not a man of very fine feelings, and yet he felt very much cast down. Though his imagination was not brilliant, it served to recall her to him with all her charms. And his honest heart ached. "What do I care for other girls?" he said to himself. "What good is Fanny to me?" He stood half the morning on the hearth-rug, sometimes turning round to look at his own dejected countenance in the glass, and sometimes to poke the fire. He had no heart to put himself within reach of his mother, or to look at the other girls. When the bell rang for luncheon he rushed out into the damp woods. Such a thing had never happened in his respectable life before: and this was the end of Sir Charles Motherwell's little romance.

Sara, though she did not regret Sir Charles, was more agitated than she could have supposed possible when she left the library; there are young ladies, no doubt, who are hardened to it; but an ordinary mortal feels a little sympathetic trouble in most cases, when she has had to decide (so far) upon another creature's fate. And though he was not bright, he had behaved very well; and then her own affairs were in such utter confusion. She could not even look her future in the face, and say she had any prospects. If she were to live a hundred years, how could she ever marry her father's clerk? and how could he so much as dream of marrying her—he who had nothing, and a family to maintain? Poor Sara went to her own room, and had a good cry over Sir Charles in the first (but least) place, and her-

self in the second. What was to become of her? To be the attorney's daughter in Masterton was not the brightest of fates—and beyond that— She cried, and she did not get any satisfaction from the thought of having refused Sir Charles. It was very, very good and nice of him — and oh, if it had only been Fanny on whom he had set his fancy! Her eyes were still red when she went down-stairs, and it surprised her much to see her father leaving the morning-room as she approached. Lady Motherwell was there with a very excited and pale face, and one or two other ladies with a look of consternation about them. One who was leaving the room stopped as she did so, took Sara in her arms, though it was quite uncalled for, and gave her a hasty kiss. "My poor dear!" said this kind woman. As for Lady Motherwell, she was in quite a different state of mind.

"Where is Charley?" she cried. "Miss Brownlow, I wish you would tell me where my son is. It is very strange. He is a young man who never cares to be long away from his mother; but since we have been in this house, he has forsaken me."

"I saw him in the library," said Sara. "I think he is there now. I will go and call him, if you like." This she said because she was angry; and without any intention of doing what she said.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," said the old lady, who, up to this moment, had been so sweet to Sara, and called her by every caressing name. "I will ring and send a servant, if you will permit me. We have just been hearing some news that my dear boy ought to know."

"If it is something papa has been telling you, I think Sir Charles knows already," said Sara. Lady Motherwell gave her head an angry toss, and rang the bell violently. She took no further notice of the girl whom she had professed to be so fond of. "Inquire if Sir Charles

Motherwell is below," she said. "Tell him I have ordered my carriage, and that his man is putting up his things. We are going in half an hour."

It was at this moment the luncheon-bell rang, and Sir Charles plunged wildly out into the woods. Perhaps the sound of the bell mollified Lady Motherwell. She was an old lady who liked luncheon. Probably it occurred to her that to have some refreshment before she left would do nobody any harm. Her son could not make any proposals at table under her very eyes; or perhaps a touch of human feeling came over her. "I meant to say we are going directly after luncheon," she said, turning to Sara. "You will be very glad to get rid of us all, if Mr Brownlow really means what he says."

"Oh, yes, he means it," said Sara, with a little smile of bitterness; "but it is always best to have luncheon first. I think you will find your son down-stairs."

"You seem to know," said Lady Motherwell; "perhaps that is why we have had so little of your company this morning. The society of young men is pleasanter than that of old ladies like me."

"The society of *some* young men is pleasant enough," said Sara, unable to suppress the retort; and she stood aside and let her guest pass, sweeping in her long silken robes. Lady Motherwell headed the procession; and of the ladies who followed, two or three made little consoling speeches to Sara as they clustered after her. "It will not turn out half so bad as your papa supposes," said one. "I don't see that he had any need to tell. We have all had our losses—but we don't go and publish them to all the world."

"And if it should be as bad, never mind, Sara," said another. "We shall all be as fond of you as ever. You must not think it hard-hearted if we go away."

"Oh, Sara dear, I shall be so sorry to leave you; but he would

not have told us," said a third, "if he had not wanted us to go away."

"I don't know what you all mean," said Sara. "I think you want to make me lose my senses. Is it papa that wants you to go away?"

"He told us he had lost a great deal of money, and perhaps he might be ruined," said the last of all, twining her arm in Sara's. "You must come to us, dear, if there is any breaking-up. But perhaps it may not be as bad as he says."

"Perhaps not," said Sara, holding up her head proudly. It was the only answer she made. She swept past them all to her place at the head of the table, with a grandeur that was quite unusual, and looked round upon her guests like a young queen. "Papa," she said, at the top of her sweet young voice, addressing him at the other end of the table, "when you have unpleasant news to tell, you should not tell it before luncheon. I hope it will not hurt anybody's appetite." This was all the notice she took of the embarrassing information that had thrown such a cloud of confusion over the guests. Mr Brownlow, too, had recovered his calm. He had meant only to tell Lady Motherwell, knowing at the moment that her son was pleading his suit with Sara down-stairs. He had told Sir Charles, and the news had but made him more eager; and, with a certain subtle instinct that came of his profession, Mr Brownlow, that nobody might be able to blame him, went and told the mother too. It was Lady Motherwell's amazed and indignant exclamations that spread the news. And now both he and the old lady were equally on tenterhooks of expectation. They wanted to know what had come of it. Sara, for anything they knew, might be Sir Charley's betrothed at this moment. Mr Brownlow, with a kind of hope, tried to read what was in his child's face, and Lady Motherwell looked at her with a kind of despair. Sara,

roused to her full strength, smiled and baffled them both.

"Sir Charles is in the library," she said. "Call him, Willis; he might be too much engaged—he might not hear the bell."

But at this moment another bell was heard, which struck strangely upon the excited nerves of the company. It was the bell at the door, which, as that door was always open, and there was continually some servant or other in the hall, was never rung. On this occasion it was pulled wildly, as by some one in overwhelming haste. The dining-room door was open at the moment, and the conversation at table was so hushed and uncomfortable, that the voice outside was clearly audible. It was something about "Miss Sara," and "to come directly." They all heard it, their attention being generally aroused. Then came a rush which made every one start and turn round. It was Mrs Swayne, with her bonnet thrust over her eyes, red and breathless with running. "She's a-dying—she's a-dying," said the intruder. "And I'm ready to drop. And, Miss Sara, she's a-calling for you."

Sara rose up, feeling her self-command put to the utmost test. But before she could even ask a question, Jack, who had been sitting very silently at the middle of the table, started up and rushed to the door. Mrs Swayne put him back with her hand. "It's Miss Sara," she said—"Miss Sara—Miss Sara—that's who she's a-calling of. Keep out of her sight, and don't aggravate her. Miss Sara, it's you."

And then the room seemed to reel round poor Sara, who had come to the end of her powers. She knew no more about it until she felt the fresh air blowing in her face, as she was half led, half carried, down the avenue. What she was to do, or what was expected from her, she knew not. The fate of the house and of all belonging to it had come into her innocent hands.

n

Philos. - Moral

§C.

MODERN CYNICISM.

"I don't know the rights of this story, and I can't believe anything so bad," said a member of the Hooks-and-Eyes Club, in the presence of Douglas Jerrold. "There you are wrong, my good fellow," replied Jerrold, who sometimes affected a cynicism which was alien to his nature; "for if you don't know the rights of a thing, you should always believe the worst." This maxim, though newly formulated by Jerrold, is by no means new to the practice of mankind, as the literature of all ancient and modern nations might testify if called into court and cross-examined. There were heroes before Agamemnon, and cynics before Diogenes. In all ages and countries there are people of soured tempers, or of dispositions originally bad, who look at the world through a darkened or distorted medium, and see nothing but barrenness and defect where a better-trained vision and wholesomer intellect would find fertility and beauty. The discontented and the envious we have always with us, perennial as weeds, and never to be wholly eradicated from the fair garden of humanity. If the unsuccessful man did not hate or speak bitterly of his successful rival in the old times, the old times were (which we don't believe) much better than the new. We should not always know what love means except for our experience of its opposite. We should not understand what was "up" if it were not for "down," or "light" unless it were for "darkness." Unless we could speak evil things of our fellows, it would not be easy to speak well of them. Allowance must be made for disappointed people, for if they were not permitted to speak they might strike, and their war against society might take the form of action rather than of invective, which

would be unpleasant if not inconvenient. When disappointed people of either sex have glib tongues and a talent for epigram, they generally contrive to be both admired and hated in the society in which they move, and take a small revenge upon the world that has offended them by depreciation of all that is noble, disinterested, or virtuous within their sphere of observation. "Why should they not be admired, if they have impudence and boldness, and can artificially rail?" asks Diogenes, in 'Lucian's Dialogues' (London, 1664). Not that misanthropy, which is the highest development of cynicism, always springs from such base sources, for a misanthropist like King Lear may have been goaded into hatred of his fellows by a sense of intolerable wrong. Or, like Timon of Athens, he

"May be infected
By poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune;"

and end as Timon did by losing his wits, as the result of too much brooding over the ingratitude which, had he not had so much of the woman in his heart, he might have learned to despise. Misanthropy, if it be a real thing, deserves the respect which is due to all realities, whether they take the shape of men or of tigers. Even cynicism, if it be unaffected, and the natural growth of a noble mind that has been partially overthrown by sorrow or disappointment, or even by ill-health, is, if it have any wit or humour in its manifestations, to be accepted like any other idiosyncrasy for the value that may be in it; and may in moderate doses be as agreeable to the flavour of life's repast as mustard with beef, or the bitters that the dyspeptic man infuses into his sherry to sharpen his appetite.

But modern cynicism is for

the most part an affectation, the result of a literary and social fashion, though to some extent the natural growth and development of a civilisation that is over-ripe. In all countries there recur times of great material prosperity—when men strive over-ardently for wealth, and when political corruption and the depravation of manners follow as inevitable consequences. In these times the cynic has not only ample scope, but ample material. But a great civil war—a great struggle of one nation with another, or a revolution like that which swept over England in the seventeenth and over France in the eighteenth century—makes an end of the cynics, by giving the manhood of the people earnest and dangerous work to do; work, in the accomplishment of which there is no time for trifling; work that involves something higher and better than money-making—it may be no less than the liberty and the very existence of a nation. The cynics had no audience for their ill-nature in the days either of Cromwell or of Robespierre, though they found listeners enough under Charles II. and Louis XIV. The present time is one in which men work exceedingly hard for money, when they set an inordinate value upon it, and when to be poor, or to seem to be poor, is to be worse considered than to be dishonest and not poor. It is so in France and England—it is the same, though perhaps in a minor degree, in America. In consequence of the very hard work that men go through, day after day, in the struggle to be or seem to be rich, there is a tendency to undervalue everything but gold and that which gold will buy, and to look upon the successful man as the best of men, however great may be the crimes which he has committed in his life-and-death struggle for the wealth which all covet—

"To steal for pence is dastardly and mean;
To rob for millions with a soul serene
Soils not the fingers. All success is clean."

There is also less taste for instruction, and more taste for amusement and for anything that will excite a laugh, than exists in times of greater contentedness and simplicity. Hence, as ill-natured wit is always laughed at, the wits cultivate ill-nature; and cynicism, sometimes real, but most commonly affected, flourishes in society, where it is as much esteemed by the diseased appetite of jaded and *blasé* people as game that is over-gamy or caviare, that pleases the mis-educated palate which has lost its relish for wholesome food.

But modern cynicism does not assume the gross and vulgar shape which it wore in that olden time when dirty Diogenes told Alexander the Great to get out of his sunshine. The cynics of our day are very fine gentlemen in their own conceit; or very fine ladies who have outlived their passions. They dress in purple and fine linen, and fare luxuriously every day. They think the elegant club, or the more elegant drawing-room, infinitely preferable to the tub of Diogenes, or the sty in which that human hog grunted out his contempt for his superior fellow-creatures. The modern cynic has nothing of the dog about him but the snarl, and lacks the fidelity and affection of the worthy animal which has given its name to his philosophy. His cynicism is the systematic depreciation of human nature; the systematic love of himself, and the pampering of his own appetites; the systematic disregard of all that does not minister to his personal ease and enjoyment; the systematic denial of all great virtue, heroism, genius, or nobleness of character (except in dead men and women); and the systematic attribution of mean and selfish motives to the good deeds that are daily committed in the world. He may have the education, the position, and the polished manners of a gentleman, but he lacks the great essentials of goodness of heart and

Christian charity, without which none can be truly a gentleman, though he may trace back his pedigree for a thousand years, and be called "Your Lordship," "Your Grace," or "Your Majesty."

The censors and the satirists of human frailty are not to be confounded with the cynics. Heraclitus who wept, and Democritus who laughed, at the vices and follies of men, were philosophers who had different ways of looking at the same thing. Their stand-points were not identical, though the tears of the one and the smiles of the other were alike evidence of their sympathy with humanity. If there were love in the sorrow of the one, there was certainly no hatred in the merriment of the other. "Let no man," said Heine, "ridicule mankind unless he loves them"—a beautiful maxim, upon which, consciously or unconsciously, all the great poets and masters of fiction, and all the great artists who have excelled as caricaturists, have invariably acted. There is no cynicism in Shakespeare, or Goethe, or Scott, or Bulwer Lytton, or Dickens. Men of this high mental calibre see the bright as well as the dark side of human nature, and have too much reverence for God's creatures to look upon them as utterly bad, and to see no soul of goodness in them. In the thickest darkness of humanity they discover some gleam, however faint, of divine radiance, some kindly quality that shines through the gloom; the touch of nature that links to their kind even the basest of men and women. In like manner such artists as Hogarth, Gilray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Seymour, Tenniel, Doyle, and John Leech, who portray the vices, the foibles, and the follies of the people of their day, have not a particle of cynicism in their genius, but teach their lessons of wisdom in the kindest spirit. They provoke us to laugh at snobs, humbugs, false pretenders, and fools—whether in high life or

in low—but they never attempt to instil misanthropy. They handle humanity as gently as Isaak Walton did the worm, and love even while they impale it. In fact, cynicism is a low and a mean thing, incompatible with high purpose either in art or literature. Poetry and satire may dwell together, but poetry and cynicism never. The cynic may write verses, but he can no more ascend into the higher region of poetry, than the earth-worm or the maggot can soar into the empyrean.

The elegant cynicism of literature and society, such as we see it in this second half of the nineteenth century, is the product of a high state of civilisation, and scarcely made its appearance in Europe until the reign of Louis XIV., when it began to sparkle with a mild light in the 'Maxims and Moral Reflections of Francis Duke de la Rochefoucauld,' a little book that set all the world thinking, and excited more praise and more censure than were ever before showered upon any literary production. "This work," according to Voltaire, who drew much of his best inspiration from its pages, "contributed greatly to form the taste of the nation. Although there is scarcely more than one truth in the book, which is, that self-love is the motive of all human action, this thought is presented under such a variety of aspects that it is nearly always piquant. It is less a book than a collection of materials for ornamenting a book. People read it greedily, and learned from it to think with precision, and to pack up the thoughts in a lively and delicate manner, and in small compass. This was a merit which, since the revival of literature, no one in Europe had previously exhibited." It is possible that ill-health may have had some influence over the mind of this very gentlemanly philosopher, for he suffered greatly from the gout; and that the physical

twinges which he endured were of sufficient severity to react upon his mind and his style. There is, however, no trace of the sledge-hammer in the Duke's maxims. His satire is not savage, but,

"Like a polished razor keen,
Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt
or seen."

It cuts very deep nevertheless, and bleeds poor humanity of nearly all its virtues, leaving behind but a very dry and juiceless anatomy. Those who wholly or partially reject the philosophy are compelled to accept the wit; and those who wish to write well, look to it as a model of style, and find no better than the curt and courteous sentences in which the elegant misanthropy is so persuasively inculcated. Many of the maxims have become proverbial, and are endowed with as much immortality as the French language can achieve—or any other, including our own, into which they have been translated. They are the very cream of cynical wisdom, and are too deeply imbued with unwelcome truth to be justly liable to the charge of being baseless libels upon humanity. We cite a few that will bear repetition, even though La Rochefoucauld were more familiar than he is to the reading public of the nineteenth century.

"Our passions are the only orators who are certain to persuade us. . . . We have all of us sufficient strength of mind to endure the misfortunes of other people. . . . Philosophy triumphs easily over past evils and evils to come, but present evils triumph over philosophy. . . . It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad. . . . The evil which we do, does not draw upon us so many persecutions and so much hatred as our good qualities. . . . If we had no faults ourselves, we should not have so much pleasure in discovering the faults of others. . . . Nobody is ever so happy or so unhappy as he imagines. . . . The love of jus-

tice in most men, is nothing but the fear of suffering from injustice. . . . Many complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgment. . . . Old men delight in uttering good precepts—to console themselves for being no longer in a condition to set bad examples. . . . The more one loves one's mistress, the nearer one is to hating her. . . . The surest way of being deceived, is to think yourself cleverer and more cunning than anybody else. . . . People are never made so ridiculous by the qualities they possess, as by those which they affect to have. . . . Society could not long subsist if men were not the dupes of one another. . . . Our repentance is not so much a regret for the evil we have done, as a fear of what may be the consequences. . . . When our vices quit us, we flatter ourselves that we quit our vices. . . . That which often prevents us from abandoning ourselves to a single vice, is the fact that we have several. . . . He who lives without folly, is not so wise as he thinks. . . . It is much easier to limit one's gratitude than one's hopes and desires. . . . In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us. . . . It is not so dangerous to do evil to most men, as to do them too much good. . . . There is no man clever enough to know all the evil which he does. . . . Among the mass of mankind gratitude is nothing but a strong and secret desire for still greater benefits. . . . Whatever good the world may say of us, it never says anything of which we were not previously aware. . . . We confess our little faults, to persuade ourselves that we have no great ones. . . . It is a kind of happiness to know up to what point we should be unhappy. . . . Ourself-love revolts much more against the condemnation of our tastes and habits than of our opinions. . . . The clemency of princes is sometimes exercised for vanity—sometimes for idleness—sometimes for fear; and nearly always for the three combined. . . . If there were no pride in our own hearts, we should not complain of the pride of others. . . . Pride has a greater share than goodness in the remonstances which we make with those who have committed faults. It is not so much to correct them that we speak, as to persuade them that we ourselves are exempt from the faults which we deplore. . . . That which renders the vanity of other people insup-

portable, is the fact that it offends our own. . . . You may be more cunning than somebody else, but not more cunning than everybody else. . . . We should sometimes be ashamed of our best actions, if the world did but know all the motives which prompted them. . . . Very few people know how to grow old."

The little spice and condiment of cynicism that flavours these and the other Maxims of La Rochefoucauld is not offensive. The bitter is a mild bitter, and not nauseous. The author had the manners and the instincts of a gentleman; and if not quite a Christian in his philosophy, inasmuch as he taught that we all of us love ourselves much better than we love our neighbours, he was no misanthropist, and might possibly have claimed to be a Christian in heart, and to have had his claim allowed, on the plea that his Maxims depicted men as they were, and not as he and Christianity would have had them to be. Whether his philosophy were sound or unsound, it was greatly to the taste of his age. It also helped to form the style, and moulded to a large extent the opinions, of successive writers both in France and in England. We trace the influence of his teachings in Pope and Swift as well as in Voltaire, and in the recorded conversation of the wits, male and female, who twinkled in French and English society prior to the wars that succeeded the great French Revolution, as well as of those wits who distinguished themselves after the peace that followed Waterloo; amongst whom the Prince de Talleyrand was conspicuous in France, and Samuel Rogers, poet and banker, in England. Some of the maxims, not yet collected, of Prince Talleyrand, were quite equal in epigrammatic brilliancy to those of La Rochefoucauld, such as the well-known phrase, borrowed from Voltaire, "Speech

was given to man to conceal his thoughts;" and, "Gratitude is a keen sense of favours to come" (though this is but a neater rendering of the same thought in La Rochefoucauld). "All successful men know how to hold their tongues." "Zeal is a bad servant." "Everybody hates a man with a grievance." And that all but untranslatable dictum, "Rien ne réussit comme le succès," which the English language fails to render in anything like its original precision.

The cynicism now fashionable has not, however, the airy grace and delicate innuendo of La Rochefoucauld and Talleyrand, or of Lord Melbourne and Samuel Rogers, but displays considerably less wit and a great deal more vulgarity. The people who are busy in money-making, and who worship gold for the carnal delights, the ease, the pleasure, the position and the power it will give them when overwearied with the care and the anxiety that attend on the too-hot pursuit, have neither the heart nor the leisure, nor, in a great majority of cases, the intellectual culture, to appreciate the wit that excites no more than a smile, and that sometimes is more apt to produce a sigh. They require a sensation to arouse them. They need coarse buffoonery and broad farce to change the current of their thoughts, and provoke them to laughter. The feeling of reverence for anything but money having ceased to act on their minds, they speak of the things which men formerly held in honour under degrading aliases. Not only are the honesty of men, the virtue of women, and the sanctity of marriage the butts against which vulgar cynics shoot their blunted darts—in this respect ancient and modern cynicism follow the same track—but they will not allow the holiest emotions of our nature to remain undepreciated.

In their hideous slang the generous man is described as "soft," or a "muff;" the confiding as "green." The word "father" is superseded by "governor;" and to be in love—which is certainly neither unmanly nor unwomanly, but is so considered by the cynics, whose only experience of it is in the degraded form of lust—is to be "spoony" upon some one. They go down among costermongers, and even lower, among thieves, to find epithets for the expression of their thoughts; and the word "friend" disappears from their vocabulary to make room for "pal"—just as if they denied the possibility of friendship, and there were consequently no propriety in naming a thing which had ceased to exist. While to be honestly desirous of virtuous marriage is to be considered "spoony," it is not surprising that the Aspasias, the Phrynes, the Anonymas, and the other dashing betairæ who can drink, smoke, ride steeplechases, and break horses—literally as well as metaphorically—should be of more account than their virtuous and "slow" sisters, who have no such fashionable claims to the regard of "blokes," who like to get as much enjoyment at as little cost as they can, and who do not care to encumber themselves for life with the support of good women, who can bring them no fortunes, and do nothing but make "spoons" of them. This degradation of the public sentiment—this lowering of the dignity of language and of the tone of social intercourse—reflects itself on the stage, where the "lorettes," the "cocottes," and the Traviatas are placed in the front rank of popular favourites. In England we have not yet descended so low as to produce a "Thérèse" to sing libidinous verses for the amusement of men (and women); but the songs which find most favour at our music-halls are by no means of a character to be

commended either for their wit or their morality. It may be said of their authors, as was said of the Parisian playwrights by one of the truest poets that France ever produced, the late Auguste Barbier—

"Ils ne savent donc pas ces vulgaires
rimeurs
Quelle force ont les arts pour demolir
les mœurs."

Love, marriage, friendship, generosity, courage, were formerly the themes of the poet, and the pervading subjects and sentiments of popular and fashionable song, that pleased our grandfathers and grandmothers in old times, and our fathers and mothers in times that can scarcely be considered old. But in our day, if any such real and earnest topics are mentioned at all by the caterers for public amusement, they are smuggled into notice, surreptitiously as it were, and introduced to us under a comic disguise, as if their authors were ashamed of their subject. Sentimental songs are not to the taste of our age, unless they are sung by mock negroes, with blackened hands and faces, to the accompaniment of the banjo. The touch of farce and caricature tends to bring the sentiment into contempt, and so disposes the public to accept and be pleased with it. Such a pill as a beautiful and noble sentiment will not be swallowed by the "fast" people who haunt the music saloons and minor theatres, unless it be coated over with the ludicrous or the absurd, to render it inoffensive. Women, it is true, are still permitted—if not encouraged—to warble the honest and hearty songs in which our forefathers delighted, though even among them such old-fashioned ideas as love and friendship, and the joys of happy home, are being gradually expurgated from the musical library, and replaced

by something supposed to be less *rococo*. These remarks apply mainly to the songs which are sung in the places whither the greedy and *blasé* million resort for recreation. Fortunately, the domestic hearth is not abolished, and nature and genuine feeling, whether in song, in literature, or in conversation, have still a circle in which they are always welcome, and from which it will take an infinitely greater amount of ungodly cynicism than exists among us to banish them entirely.

Whether or not it be in conscious or unconscious subserviency to the cynical spirit of our time, the fact is certain, that nearly all the first-rate, and all the second and third rate, novelists and romancers—their name is “Legion,” and of the publishing of their books there is no end—take infinitely greater pains with their wicked than with their good characters. The good men and women are mostly depicted as if they were fools, or little better; whereas the villains, male or female, are all clever, agreeable, and beautiful—the men handsome as Antinous, the ladies “fair ones, with golden locks,” angelic to the eye of the observer, but diabolical in thought and action. Even Mr Dickens fails to make his good people interesting, and must take lower rank as a true artist than would be his due, if, like Shakespeare or Scott, he could portray the noble and the lofty in human character with as much grace and facility as he portrays the ridiculous. The same causes lie at the root of the disfavour into which poetry has fallen. Poetry of the highest order deals with the noblest themes, and appeals to the highest intellects. But the highest intellects of our day go in for practical work, and have no time to study poetry. The poet who writes for men writes for a scanty audience, but the poet who

writes for women has a larger number of purchasers and admirers. Shakespeare, in our day, would have to write novels or leading articles. The stage would have no room for him. The two most popular poets in England and America, Tennyson and Longfellow, are almost feminine in their genius, and principally find among women the public that appreciates them. Men who think that “love” is “spooniness,” and the acquisition of wealth the “be all and end all” of life and effort, are not likely to admire poetry, or even to know what the word signifies.

Of course it is not to be expected, when the doctrine of *nil admirari* is so generally applied to everything but money, and the people who are successful in making it, that the reviewers—daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly—will do other than take their tone from society. Pope said of the critics of his day, that none of them “admitted superior sense, or doubted his own,” adding elsewhere—

“All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.”

And in our day, as in Pope’s, the art of praising is very difficult; whereas the art of finding fault is not only exceedingly easy, but hits the public taste. Candide, in Voltaire’s inimitable story, is much struck with the wisdom that must have been possessed by the great Pococurante, inasmuch as he approved of nothing. “Quel homme supérieur!” he exclaims; “rien ne peut lui plaire!” The critics write as if the public were exactly of the school of Pococurante and the opinion of Candide, and endeavour to build up a reputation for the daily or weekly Snarlers and Revilers for which they write, by dint of depreciation of everybody,

whose book, poem, picture, statue, musical composition, or public speech, they may have occasion to discuss. Formerly there were cliques of writers, members of what are now called "Mutual Admiration Societies," whose maxim was—

"Nul n'aura de l'esprit
Hors nous, et nos amis,"

and who generally managed to chant each other's praises, when they published a history, a novel, a poem, or an essay. But each of the weekly Snarlers deprives the maxim of its last three words, and reads it, "Nul n'aura de l'esprit, *hors nous*," thus leaving friendship as well as admiration entirely out of its reviewing department. Whether modern criticism, as practised in the daily and weekly press, is injurious or not to the cause of literature, is a question that we shall not now discuss, though much might be said upon it. It is sufficient to note that criticism has lost much of its old power to make or mar literary reputations; and that such power as remains is in the hands of reviewers who have the command of time to form their opinions, and of space to justify them by argument and illustration. It is chiefly in the weekly press that the smaller critics have a chance to disport themselves. It is amusing, though sometimes irritating to those who are behind the scenes, to notice the patronising air with which a weekly critic of the cynical school sometimes treats a book of travels, of history, or of science. Desiring, above all things, to show how much cleverer and better informed he is than the author, and how much better he could have "done" the book had he been so minded, he proceeds to make an epitome of the facts in such a manner as to lead the reader to suppose that only a portion of these facts is to be found in the volume, and that the rest is

all derived from the vast repertory of the critic's experience, though his knowledge of the subject may be wholly derived from the book which he depreciates. It has been said by Emerson "that we all read a book as if we were superior to its writer; and that a slip of a boy, aged fourteen, perusing Shakespeare in a corner, sits in judgment upon Shakespeare." Our modern critics are such *very* superior beings in their own estimation, as to throw Emerson's boy completely into the shade. If that "boy" proceeded to print his opinions of Shakespeare, he would not be much more presumptuous, though possibly he might be much more amusing.

Cynicism, in its social and literary development, is, as we have seen, of three kinds: first, that which springs from disappointment and sorrow, like that of Lear and Timon, and in a minor degree like that of Laroche foucauld; second, that which springs from innate ill-nature and coarseness of mind, like that of Diogenes, Rabelais, Swift, and to some extent Voltaire; and third, that which flows from the political and social corruption of a too materialistic and money-worshipping age. The last is the worst of the three, for it makes general that which in the other cases was particular and accidental. There is no remedy for individual cynicism, and it is scarcely to be wished that there were, for in its degree it is not altogether useless to society. It is necessary that some one should be found to tell the world disagreeable truths about itself; and if the disagreeable truths be properly flavoured with wit and humour, they yield a pleasure not alone to the utterer but to the hearer. Besides, if the truth be too disagreeable, we are all ready enough to absolve ourselves from its application. But when cynicism pervades all society, as it did in Rome under some of the Cæsars,

and as it did in France in the reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., and spreads like a moral gangrene until all wholesomeness of thought is destroyed or perverted, a catastrophe is near at hand; and the necessary social regeneration—if accomplished at all, which it never was in Rome—will have to be wrought by fire and sword, by wars and revolutions. France went through the ordeal and came out bravely. The manhood and womanhood of the nation were aroused and did their duty. But the old disease has reappeared in the day of commercial prosperity, of luxury, and of selfishness. The symptoms of it among ourselves are only too many. It will fare ill with us among the nations if the time shall come—may Heaven avert it!—when we shall brook national insult rather than incur the cost of resenting it, and if the national honour shall be held of less account than the derangement of commerce, the partial stoppage of industry, or an increase of the property-tax, or any

other inconvenience, sacrifice, and suffering which may be necessary for its vindication. Even wars—righteously undertaken—are not wholly evil. As the storms of thunder and lightning clear the physical, so political convulsions may help to clear the moral atmosphere of the selfishness, the cynicism, and the vice that are the invariable results of a civilisation that is based too exclusively upon the worship of wealth. When gentlemen speak “slang,” and ladies are not much ashamed of anything but poverty, when nothing so surely excites laughter as a fling at the old-fashioned virtues, it is time to say with Cowley:—

“Come the eleventh plague rather than
this should be,
Come rather sink us in the sea!
Come pestilence and mow us down,
Come God's sword rather than our own!
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane!
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We groaned, we sighed, we wept, we
never blushed before.”

WHAT I DID AT BELGRADE.

BY BOB CONSIDINE.

I HAD made a most unfortunate book on the "Oaks." Hammersley told me, Bicknall told me, Sackville Jervas told me—they all told me—Glaucus was sure to win. They had had it from Locksley, who got it from Spooner, who knew a fellow who was constantly about with one of the stablemen. Then Argus said it in the 'Post,' and "Happy go Lucky" repeated it in 'Bell's Life,' and another in the 'Sport' said, "I borrowed a 'fiver' yesterday to lay it on Glaucus, and if any reader of this will kindly trust me with another, I pledge myself to send it in the same direction."

How was I then to doubt that I was on a safe thing? In fact, if I showed the slightest distrust about it, all the fellows in the "Rag" began to chaff me about being a "downy cove" and an "artful dodger," accusing me of trying to raise the odds against my horse, and palpably insinuating that if not an out-and-out "leg," I was something not very remote from it.

I am not going over the miserable three weeks before the race, a time I now look back upon as a man might regard the delirium of a fever. I awoke every morning to go through a day of agonising alternations of hope and fear. Every man I met had something to tell me that was sure to set my heart a throbbing. "I say, Considine," would whisper one, "get all you can on it; Glaucus has it sure. Rig the Market was bled yesterday, and Highlander's leg is thicker than ever." "Back out of your horse, Bob," said another. "They don't mean him to win; he's only running for Pole Cat. It's the mare they stand on." "Ain't you on Glaucus?" cried a third. "Take a railway ticket then for Taganrog,

I'd advise you, for he'll not be placed. Cut your lucky, old fellow, at once, and have your death inserted in the 'Times.'" "Glaucus will do well," muttered a stranger in my hearing, if the "course is heavy; dirty weather and deep ground will be seven pounds in his favour." Oh! didn't I watch the barometer after that? Was there in all England a farmer who prayed for rain as earnestly and eagerly as I did?

I cannot dwell on this terrible period. The eventful day came, and though the rain came down in torrents, and no man living had ever seen the "Oaks" run in such weather, a small wiry mare called Mrs Perkins won—Glaucus nowhere! nor I either! I sold out my troop in the "Roans," and with the price, and all I could scrape together, even to the sale of some Indian shawls and trumpery with which I had speculated on winning the affections of my aunt Dinah, a rich old damsel in North Wales, I paid all my debts on the turf, and found myself the next morning, as I awoke, with thirty-four pounds and some odd silver for all my fortune in the world.

I remember how I strolled down to the "Rag" to breakfast, affecting to think nothing of it—how I chaffed the fellows about their losses, and when some one asked me if I hadn't had it "hot and hot," I only laughed and said some commonplace about "better luck another time," and tossed off a liqueur-glass of brandy to keep me from fainting.

If, however, I escaped commiseration, it was only to incur something far worse; for seeing how easily I took my losses, the report immediately got about that I had made a splendid thing of it, that half the money won on Mrs Perkins

was in *my* pocket, that I had been betting through agents — they actually named the men; in a word, that I was one of the slickest, deepest, craftiest fellows in existence; and I even once overheard an encomium on my acuteness finishing off with "The Indian fellows are more wideawake than any of us." This was too much for me. I started for the Continent the day after. I went over to Ostend, where I found scores of men who had been on the wrong side of the post, but who, unlike me, had not met their engagements. They were jolly rascals enough, who took their bad luck philosophically. They breakfasted on devilled mackerel and champagne, and bantered each other in the most jovial fashion over their respective books, and laughingly told over all the "robberies" they had meditated, but broke down in.

I found a few more of the same stamp at Brussels, and as I ascended the Rhine, I met here and there a stray levanter taking the waters at Ems, or waiting for some one. Your levanter has always a friend coming to join him; but wherever I chanced upon them, they were always well dressed and well-to-do, living at the best hotels of the place, and evidently denying themselves nothing that the locality afforded.

I own that I marvelled much and deeply over this strange mysterious fact, that men whom in their palmy days I had often seen anxious and fretful and careworn, should become, by the simple incident of being irretrievably ruined, not only the pleasantest, cheeriest, jauntiest of mankind, but, what was still stranger, to all seeming the easiest on the score of expense, abounding in money, and living with a disregard to cost that was positively miraculous.

I wish I could tell my reader that I have sounded the depth of this mystery, and that I have read this enigma; but I own with shame that the puzzle remains to me what

it was on the first day I encountered it. I could see, plainly enough there was a sort of freemasonry amongst these men; and though so far as being ruined entitled me to the being made free of the Guild, they made no advances towards admitting me, but left me out with the rest of the profane world to wonder at and admire them. Over and over again I was on the point of asking one of them to confide his secret to me, but I could not pluck up courage for the effort. Indeed, the question involved such a direct indelicacy, that I could not compass it; for by what right or on what pretext could I ask a man how he could afford saddle-horses, a box at the opera, Steinberger and Chateau La Rose at breakfast, and a score of other indulgences not less costly nor less engaging?

Perhaps I shall arrive at the knowledge some day, was my sole consolation. Perhaps a man only attains to it after being frequently ruined—being, so to say, acclimated to misfortune. If so, I must only wait and have patience.

At all events I could not very long continue to frequent such costly companionship. Champagne suppers and whist at "pound points" did not exactly chime in with the contents of my purse, and so I stole away from Wiesbaden on the morning of a picnic, my contribution to which had already nearly left me aground.

I wandered on to Schaffhausen, I scarcely can say why, except some hidden instinct had suggested to me that the falls of the Rhine might be an appropriate drop-scene to the luckless drama of my life. I was utterly purposeless, without aim or object. I only knew that when my last few francs were spent, my rambles must cease like a clock that has run down; but what was to happen to me after I could not imagine, nor, shall I own, did the thought press heavily on me. The world evidently had no want of me. I occupied no place in its business,

its interest, or its pleasures. I felt as might a guest in a room where he knew no one, and who might slip away without even a word of farewell to his host.

After all, thought I, when I do drop out of the ranks, I have the satisfaction of knowing my name will not be remembered at roll-call. None will regret, none miss me. It was in some such frame of mind as this I sat at the large bow-window of the Weissen Ross, now looking out on the falls that were thundering away close beneath me, now trying to amuse myself with a 'Galignani' of three weeks old, not a little crumpled and mustard-stained.

The white and foamy sheet of water, spanned by a rainbow above, and lost in a cloud of foam below, had partly addled, partly soothed me. I had gazed so long at its seething flood, that I did not well know whether the water was going down or up. The roar had ceased to stun me, and was now murmuring a soft sleepy sort of crooning song, suggesting evening rambles in a forest glade, or a soft moonlight row on a Highland tarn silent and still.

Though the busy waiters bustled about in preparation for the *table d'hôte* supper, and rattled knives and jingled glasses with all their wonted ability, I minded them not; nor was I aroused from my musings as the room filled with company, and many tongues of many languages jostled and encountered each other. These greetings and salutations swept across my senses, at times slightly disturbing me; but my dreamy stupor was too complete to be dissipated by their talk. At last they took their places at the table, and the solemn business of eating succeeded to the buzz of conversation.

"*Wollen sie nicht soupieren?*" asked the waiter, in his vile bastard German. I looked up, and was about to reply, when a young man arose from the table, and,

rushing over to me, cried out, "What, Jemmy, is this really you? When did you come here?"

"My name is not Jem," said I, gravely.

"Not Jemmy—not Jemmy Considine of the Carbineers?" cried he, in amazement.

"No; I'm his brother," said I, with more courtesy, now that I saw the blunder. "We are constantly mistaken for each other, and we see the likeness ourselves."

"And are you Bob?" asked he, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes," said I, "I'm Bob."

"Haven't I heard stories about you! It was *you* who killed the two tigers the same morning at Nuttyghur. It was *you* went to the Governor's fancy ball as a shegorilla, with a real monkey for a baby. It was *you* rode the nulah——"

"Stop, for mercy's sake!" said I; "they are staring at us:" and I whispered, "Half the people there are English."

"Come over and sup with me," cried he. "I'm Fred Ponsonby; your brother must have spoken of me."

"I know *you* as well as you can possibly know *me*; Jem's letters are always full of you. Have you left the Carbineers?"

"Yes; I have gone into the diplomatic service. Come along and let us eat something, and we'll have a cigar afterwards in my room, and a gossip till daybreak."

And so had we. It was bright rosy morning ere we separated, that five hours' talk having knitted us together like friends of years' standing, and we were Fred and Bob from that hour forth.

I had no need to tell him of my misfortunes, he knew them all already: such things are soon bruited "about town."

He had tried to find me out in London, but in vain. At the clubs they had told him that though I was "hard hit," it was clear enough I didn't mind it; for three days

after the "Oaks" I had given a splendid dinner at the "Trafalgar," some little incidents of which bespoke its costly character; and then he heard I had left town.

"And what do you mean to do now?" asked he, curtly.

"If I don't throw myself down there," said I, "I really don't know;" and I threw my cigar end into the falls at my feet.

"Not a bit of it," said he, alapping me on the shoulders; "a fellow like you is not so easily beat. One cropper never spoiled a man's hunting."

"Except he broke his neck."

"That's not your case, Bob. You'll come all right yet; but we must have time to think it over—so, first of all, come along with me to Belgrade. I have got despatches for the Servian Government, and I am to wait there probably a month or two, till something is arranged. It's a dull place, but we'll make the best of it; and you are my guest, remember, till you find something you like better."

He opposed all my objections, and conquered all my scruples so effectually that I gave in at last, and found myself on the road to Vienna—where we were to halt a day for instructions—almost ere I knew it.

"It's all right," said Fred, as he came in to dinner at the Archduke Carl Hotel at Vienna. "I'm to remain three months at Belgrade, master the Servian question, whatever that is, and come back strong in Montenegro and the Lower Danube."

"And do you know anything about these?"

"About as much as a cat does of cuneiform! But what does that signify? I'll get up my Servia, you'll see; and if I blunder, I have the supreme felicity of feeling that none can detect me. Diplomacy, my dear Bob, is like one of those drawing-room dramas where every man speaks his part out of his own head, and when the

rejoinders come right it is a happy accident. When you read my blue-book on Servia you'll be positively amazed where I got my learning."

Our journey was so interesting, and Fred's company so agreeable, that I almost forgot my misfortunes; and it was only at times, and possibly by a process of reasoning, that I arrived at the fact that I was ruined and left without a shilling in the world. As it was a theme Fred would not suffer me to talk on, I was driven to keep it for my lonely hours; and, sooth to say, they were of the fewest, for after our long rambling, talking, and laughter we generally dropped off asleep, and woke only to renew intercourse in the same strain.

When we reached Belgrade we found a splendid suite of rooms prepared for us at the chief hotel. Fred had telegraphed, in fact, for everything; and horses and carriages and servants and "cavasses" had been all duly hired, and ready for our arrival. The first few days were occupied by Fred in his official visits—dreary performances, if I might judge from the exhausted, worn-out look he brought back from them, and the few tiresome details which were all he could give of his meetings with these people.

"I'm to be precious cautious," he said to me one day. "My instructions are to have no intimacies, and above all to beware of the Russians, who have spies everywhere. You, however," added he, "who have nothing at stake, you may know any one; therefore go about and dine at the various *tables d'hôte* and cafés, and learn all that you can of the place and its belongings, and whatever you can pick up, historical, political, social, or nonsensical, will do for my blue-book."

I was glad to fancy I could be of any use to my friend, and at once proceeded to carry out his instructions. My accomplishments as a linguist had won me immortal fame in my regiment, but I grieve to

own they did not sustain the coarse test of actual use. I had little French, less German, and no Italian; but by dint of frequenting cafés and public places, I at last acquired a sort of jargon, in which all the three tongues mingled, and which my interlocutors were pleased to recognise as a sort of *lingua franca*, wherein they accepted me as intelligible, and vouchsafed to answer my questions. In the course of my peregrinations I had made acquaintance with an old man, whose few words of English had introduced him to me, but with whom, if one were to pronounce from his dress, manner, or appearance, certainly there were not many inducements to intimacy. He was tall, and slightly stooped, with a very narrow head and face, a villanous squint, and a long white beard, which descended to his breast like a waterfall. He had been, as he told me, for upwards of forty years "dolmetscher" or interpreter to the Austrian Embassy at Constantinople, and was now on a retired pension. Rumour added that he eked out his financial deficiencies by acting as a Russian spy.

From him I learned that there was a species of "pensionat" kept by an old Albanian lady, where all that Belgrade contained of wit, brilliancy, and ability, was accustomed to dine every day; that he had himself frequented it for years, and only ceased to do so from the expense—the dinner and wine, with coffee, cigars, and "chasse," amounting to very close on two francs per diem. After a very brilliant description of the company, consisting, as it struck me, of spies from every nation of Europe, he proceeded to tell me that old Madame Narratochie was now nearly ninety years of age, and perfectly deaf; the establishment being managed by a young girl, her granddaughter, who was also grandniece to the famous Mameluke who figured on the staff of the First Napoleon; that mademoiselle was the beauty, *par excellence*, of Bel-

grade; that she had refused the most brilliant offers of marriage, and had even declined the great honour of being part of the Sultan's own harem at Pera.

Having excited my curiosity to a high degree, my old friend concluded by an offer to present me the following day, with the simple condition of being my guest on the occasion. I readily acceded to this arrangement; and having told Fred of my project, and received from him the usual caution as to reserve and guardedness in all my intercourse with the company, I set out for the rendezvous.

It was some distance off in the suburb that the house stood. The approach lay through a thickly planted vineyard, dotted here and there with olive and mulberry trees, from which we came out on a species of lawn, beautifully green and level, from which rose an enormous building, broken by towers and minarets and bastions in a way that left one uncertain whether it was a church or a fortress. It had been an ancient Greek convent at one time, purchased by the Servian Government for a barrack, and latterly disused. It was now let out in tenements—Madame Narratochie having secured the central portion, being that which contained the finest rooms and the chapel, whose walls boasted frescoes by a famed artist of Padua.

I was still in admiration of the spacious hall, lighted by two rows of windows, and roofed by an arched ceiling, a miracle of stucco-work, when a loud bell summoned us to dinner.

Though the table was laid for above forty guests, it only occupied a most ignoble portion of the ample chamber, the ancient refectory of the convent. We took the places assigned to us, and sat down amongst the very motliest company it was ever my fortune to for-gather with. They were all men, and mostly middle-aged or old, two or three only being under thirty.

There was scarcely a nationality or a costume of Turkey, Greece, the Danubian Provinces, Hungary, or Croatia, without a representative there. Some were fine, actually noble looking fellows, splendid in their glittering dresses and picturesque weapons, and bearing themselves in all the conscious pride of their gallant appearance; others, not less picturesque in their shabby finery, were as mangy and disreputable as need be. Beside an Albanian with scarlet vest all braided with gold, and a belt studded with embossed pistols, would be a fellow in a dirty yellow jacket, lined with sheepskin, his legs cased in leather gaiters, laced with a scarlet thong, and fastened above with a tag and tassel that might have sustained a curtain.

Fierce-eyed, wild-looking Hungarians, in dolman and attila, confronted grave-featured, dreamy-visaged Turks with soiled turbans and dirty white stockings.

It was a company in which one instinctively felt that any difference of opinion would have met a very speedy settlement, and by other weapons than those taught in the schools. Perhaps some consciousness of this fact pervaded the company generally, for there was little conversation, and that little in a low tone, and only between those who sat side by side. When I asked my introducer—who, by the way, neither presented me to any one, nor explained how or why I was there—where were all those witty sallies and pleasant stories he had promised me, he cautiously whispered me to wait patiently, and above all, to let no one overhear me passing any opinion on the company. We were some time at table—it was nigh the middle of the dinner—when a short, thick-set, mean-looking man, of about fifty, dressed in a green attila with silver frogs, and wearing a tall cap of Astracan, entered the room. He walked straight up to the top of the table, where a vacant chair

stood, but instead of seating himself in it, he made a low and reverential bow to the empty place, and deposited on the folded napkin in front of it a bouquet of moss-roses, which ceremony over, he retired to a place near the foot of the table.

"Who is he?" whispered I.

"Prince John of Bulgaria; John Schiska," murmured my friend.

"And that ceremony, what does that mean?"

"Every guest in turn brings a bouquet to mademoiselle," said he, in the same cautious tone, "and she comes in at the coffee to salute the company, and receive their homage."

I give the old man's words here as he spoke them, but I cannot convey the almost tremulous deference of the tone he spoke in.

Poor old fellow! there was a film over his eyes as he told me how, rather than omit the customary tribute, or perform it ignobly, he had sold his meerschaum, and devoted the price to the purchase of a bouquet of pink camellias that came from Jassy. "She took one out, and gave it to me," said he, "as a keepsake, and I have it still. It is dead, to be sure, but she had touched it once, and it blooms to me for ever."

He was an ugly old fellow, with a treacherous look, and a harsh voice, but, for the moment, I vow, I thought him handsome and sweet-toned, and was actually shocked at the injustice I had done him hitherto.

While the dinner proceeded, I constantly kept my eye on the chair at the head of the table, but, to my intense disappointment, it remained unoccupied to the end. There was little spoken during the meal, the company devoting themselves to the solemn duties of the occasion with a quiet earnestness that showed what importance they attached to it. Scarcely was the dinner over than the guests arose, the table was removed, and a number of smaller ones were scattered throughout the room, at which coffee and

liqueurs were served, the company breaking up into little coteries, as acquaintance and intimacy invited.

"We may join any knot we please, it is the rule of the place," whispered my friend; "let us sit down here." And accordingly we took our places at a little table, where the Prince Schiska sat with two others in Hungarian costume. The old man presented me, using some language new and strange to me, and the others rose politely and said something, which, from its tone, I judged to be a courteous welcome.

"They are asking me," said my friend, after a moment, "whether you speak Hungarian or Slavac or modern Greek or Romaic."

"Unfortunately not," said I; "I suppose they know French?"

"French or France are not in favour here," replied he; "do your best in German, it will be safer."

I accordingly mustered enough of the "mysterious gutturals" to say something civil and complimentary about the place, the dinner, and the company, which the Prince acknowledged politely, saying, "I believe you are the first Englishman who has ever set foot here. Your countrymen, I fancy, are too haughty to like to mix with indiscriminate company, and though the rule be a safe one, they lose something by their reserve. The people who sit about you now in this room comprise every class and condition of life. That large man with the cicatrix on his cheek is Prince Carl Dolgouroki, and the man opposite to him, in green velvet and gold, was his valet once. He is now the Greek Minister of Police. Yonder is a Mexican general, who is now in command of a troop of banditti in Patras; they are in Russian pay, and are meant for service in Thessaly. He with the spectacles is the correspondent of the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' and the tall quaint fellow on his left is Hunyadi, who is under sentence of death in Austria; and the dark handsome man, next but

one to him, is Seristarchi, a man ruined by high play, and compromised in that affair of Orsini's."

"Who is that noble-looking fellow near the stove—he with the white attila over the scarlet jacket?"

"That's the headsman of the Valattica of Montenegro. It's a bold thing for him to sit down in a company many of whose sons and brothers have fallen under his sword. He's the vainest dog in Europe, and fancies the Queen of Greece is in love with him."

"And what do they all do here? What's their object in meeting thus?"

"What the Bourse is to the moneyed folk this room is to the secret police of Eastern Europe, and those countries which depend for their existence on the Turkish empire. They play at espionage as men gamble at Homburg; each knows what his neighbour is after, and does his best to outwit him, now by bribing higher, now by sheer knavery, now by something a little more energetic than either," and he drew his finger significantly across his throat, and smiled as he spoke.

"The only real dupes are the newspaper correspondents. All conspire to cram them with lies, and half the rogueries of statecraft are done under the dust raised by these people's mistakes."

"Are you quite sure," said I, laughing, "that I am not one of the fraternity?"

"Perfectly sure," rejoined he, boldly. "I may tell you so in flattery, because you don't look like them; and I may say in candour, that with such a limited knowledge of languages as yours, you could never hope to glean enough for correspondence."

Seeing that I took his remark in good part, for it really amused me, and made me laugh, he went on, "I know, besides, your English theory, that there is no secret in politics worth paying for. You are so constantly duped by your

secret agents that you disparage the whole system; and so you go on blundering away, while your despatches are being opened at Vienna and copied at St Petersburg, wondering how it is that you are always overreached, and continually venting sharp reproofs on your ministers and envoys for not being more fully informed, while you refuse to give them the only means of information. But here comes something more interesting than state rogueries;" and as he spoke, he arose and made a few steps forward to meet a young lady who had just entered the room, and who advanced with all the dignity of a queen. She was apparently about twenty years of age, slightly, very slightly, over the middle height, but seeming taller by her costume, which was that blending of the Servian with the Ottoman, that persons of rank are fond of affecting in these countries; for while she wore the scarlet jacket of Greek fashion, on her head she wore the picturesque cap of Servia, of white cloth, diminishing in size to the top, where it finished by a deep lapet of scarlet, that fell with a heavy fringe of gold upon her shoulders. She was a blonde, but of that rich creamy tint one sees in Giorgione's pictures, with fair brown hair, and eyes not blue but grey, shaded by the longest lashes. Her mouth was, however, her chief beauty; had the lips been a little fuller it would have been faultless. Nor am I quite certain if the girl's beauty was not more perfectly typified by the more finely traced and less plump lip.

As she moved along, slightly bending in recognition of the profound salutations that greeted her, I thought I had never seen such graceful action united with winning loveliness. The Prince stepped forward to present his bouquet, and at the same time made a gesture towards me. She gave a sweet smile, and said, in French, "An Englishman is very welcome here ;

I have a great love for his nation."

Whether I said anything in return, or what it was, I cannot recall. My faculties were completely upset; and as she passed on, I stood staring after her till the crowd shut her out from my sight, and so bewildered and confused was I, that when my old companion asked me if she were not beautiful, I answered something so inappropriate as to make him laugh.

"That's what folk call love at first sight, isn't it?" said Fred Ponsonby to me, when I reported my day's experiences; "but look out, old fellow, it's just the sort of place a fellow might get a stiletto into his diaphragm for a mere glance of what you or I would call honest admiration. Be satisfied with what you have seen, and don't go back there. Promise me this, seriously."

As I only shook my head in silence, he went on to press me with his reasons for the advice he had given me, finishing with—"You are perhaps not aware that you have been passing the evening with the most accomplished scoundrels in all Europe. I have been asking the landlord here about this place, and the people who frequent it, and he tells me that most of the company have been at the galleys, and that there is not one of them ought not to be there now. He mentioned two or three, whose names were new to me, who had been convicted of murder; and, in fact, a more disreputable society could not be imagined, nor one wherein an honest man would less like to find himself."

"And of the old lady herself—Madame Narratochie—did he speak of her?"

"Yes; she was the widow of an old professor of Prague, a great Oriental scholar, and who came here to consult some curious manuscripts in the Armenian convent. Her only daughter married a Suliote chief, who had taken ser-

vice with Russia against the Turks, and was beheaded at Soulina, Anno Domini—I forget what. The widow died of grief, and the old professor soon after following her. Madame N. herself, gathering together the friends of her late husband and those of her son-in-law, a rather incongruous lot, set up a boarding-house for *litterati* and cut-throats. Now, confess I have got my story off very creditably, considering that a good deal of it was imparted to me in a mixture of Slavac and Plat Deutsch; but in my anxiety to be of service to you I lent an uncommon amount of attention."

"So that," said I, interrupting, "there is nothing whatever against the old lady or her granddaughter?"

"Nothing beyond the fact that they keep a 'thieves'-home'—isn't that enough for you?"

"Well, now, shall I tell you what I have myself seen there? Will you accept my testimony against this man's hearsay?"

"No, Bob, I will not," said he, resolutely. "If you had not seen the beautiful Albanian I'd let you go into the witness-box at once, but now I regard your evidence as palpably one-sided." For the first time since I had known Ponsonby did I feel vexed or provoked with him. He was not only so manifestly unjust and unfair towards people he had never seen, but it was so offensive to me to find that he preferred this vulgar landlord's story to the evidences of my own experience, that I sulked and said nothing. He tried and tried to get me back to good-humour again; he reasoned, he argued, he bantered, he implored, he endeavoured to find out some clue to my heart or to my understanding that might convince me, and at last, failing in every way, he said, "Come, Bob, I'll not worry you any more—let us talk of something else. Have you heard anything more about that philanthropic old aunt of

yours? Is she really going to found an hospital for incurable Welshmen at Plimmthillymo?"

"So says the 'Morning Post,'" rejoined I, curtly.

"What's her estate worth?"

"I've heard it called close on three thousand a-year, but she has got a tin-mine besides."

"And has she no nephews nor nieces to provide for, that she must needs go abroad for her charities?"

"Scores of us; but we have all displeased her in one way or other. Some of us wouldn't go into the Church, and some of us would go into the Insolvent Court; some married, and some remained single; some were extravagant, and some were misers—none of us hit it off right. And I, who used to be her favourite, who all said was sure to be her heir, I refused to marry a Welsh parson's daughter—a little dumpy damsel, who rode man fashion and smelt of mushroom catsup. Aunt Dinah turned me off with a fifty-pound note, and told me never to see her again."

"Had she, then, taken such a violent affection for this girl?"

"No, it wasn't that; she's a strange old lady is aunt Dinah. She was crossed in love herself when young. She wanted to marry a poor subaltern in a marching regiment; her friends forbade it, and she lived to see this man a General, a K.C.B., and, what was somewhat harder to bear, the husband of a very beautiful woman of high family. This soured her and softened her at the same time, and her whole life has been passed between paroxysms of revenge and romance—now doing things old money-lenders would be ashamed of, now yielding to impulses of sentiment worthy of an exalted young girl in her teens. It's the most complete lottery in the world how she will accept any incident that befalls one of us—so that my brother Jem, in a fit of impatience, once asked her, 'Would she like him

better if he was to commit a capital felony?"

"I wonder you never turned such a temperament to account."

"How could I—how could any one? Who was to foresee in what spirit she would receive any tidings? She was as likely to send you a cheque for five hundred as to scratch you out of her will for the self-same action."

"I'd have taken my chance, at all events. Where the ticket costs nothing, I'd have been always in the lottery."

"Anything like importunity would have been certain ruin. In fact, our best policy was to write seldom; and Jem never sent her any news of himself except by paragraphs out of a newspaper."

"And you—when did you last write to her?"

"I wrote to her after my grand smash. I was on my way down to see her—by invitation too, a rather rare thing, for on my arrival from India I had simply reported myself, and she replied in these terms:—

"DEAR NEPHEW,—If a little mountain air and Welsh ale might be deemed a good alternative after Indian heat and curry powder, come down and spend a month with your affectionate

AUNT DINAH."

"There's the whole epistle: and when I read it I valued it at about thirty thousand pounds laid out in land."

"You thought you were about to be made her heir?"

"I was certain of it. Not one of us had ever been asked to Crwnwbiollich Castle."

"What a name!"

"I could soon give it a pronounceable title: I wish that was the only obstacle, Fred."

"Well, you said you wrote again."

"Yes, after my disaster in the 'Oaks' I wrote a few lines to say that I had come to grief; that when I had sold out of the service,

and converted into cash a few bonds I held in the Agra, I should still be deficient a couple of hundred pounds, and consequently in no mood to inflict her with my company: she simply sent me for answer a cheque for three hundred on Coutts, and the words—'Your excuse is more than sufficient. Your much-grieved aunt, Dinah Pritchard.'"

"I declare I like that old damsel!" cried Fred; "there is a deal of character about her."

"I like her too, and if she wasn't rich I'd be off to see her to-morrow, and ask her to counsel me and comfort me; for, her oddities apart, she's a mine of good sense and good feeling, and has a mood of genuine forgiveness for faults she could not possibly have ever committed herself, which is one of the very rarest things in the whole world."

"I like her," said Fred again, and with that amount of determination in his tone that said how much in earnest he was. He arose after this and walked the room from end to end without speaking; an unlit cigar was held fast between his lips, and he seemed unaware that he was not smoking. "So that," said he at length, as if following out his own train of thought, "so that, if she should found this hospital, you'll not be left one shilling?"

"Of course not."

"By Jove," cried he, "when the old lady was thinking of incurables she might have had the grace to remember her own nephews and nieces, eh?"

"I think so too," said I, half smiling at his jest.

"Now, Bob," said he, stopping his walk, and standing directly in front of me, "I have a proposition to make you; and mind me, if you agree to what I advise, you must give me your word of honour not to retract afterwards, nor, what I should feel even worse, not be angry with me if I fail in my

attempt to serve you. Do you consent?"

"Don't you think I might fairly ask in what way it is that you intend to help me?"

"I'm not sure of that," said he, doubtfully. "I want a *carte blanche* from you; and without you feel you can give me full powers, I don't think I could accept the mission."

"That's being over-diplomatic, I think," said I, half stiffly.

"No," rejoined he, "it is simply being practical; but as I see you will only trust me by instalments, I will consent to impart the first step of my plan—here it is: I shall ask for leave—three weeks' leave to transact an urgent matter of family interest. I'll ask by telegraph, and I know they'll not refuse me. When I receive my answer, I'll start for England, and hasten down to Wales and see your aunt. What I shall say to her, what statement I shall make, how I shall reply to what she herself may object,—how, in one word, I shall conduct my whole negotiation, are the matters on which I ask your confidence, and on which I claim now not to be questioned in any way. You either trust me or you do not, which is it?"

"Trust you and thank you both—thank you as the best fellow and the heartiest I ever met with," said I, grasping his hand in both mine, and pressing it warmly.

"Enough said," cried he; "let us now talk of something else. Tell me something more about those ragamuffins you met at dinner—I want to hear more about them."

After this we rambled on in talk for hours, and only said Good-night when the faint dawn streamed through the curtains, and blended with the yellow lamp-light. I scarcely felt I had been more than fallen asleep, when Fred stood at my bedside, dressed and muffled for a journey. "Here's a most provoking thing, Bob," said

he; "they require me, in all haste, at Constantinople; one of my late despatches has miscarried, and they want a personal explanation from me of a circumstance I have adverted to. The telegram says, 'Start on receipt of this;' and while waiting for the horses I have written this letter to your aunt. Of course it is a poor substitute for what I might have done had I seen her and spoken with her. It remains with you now to decide if you extend the same confidence to me in my epistolary character as in my personal. Here's the letter, sealed and ready. Take time to think of it, and throw it into the post-office or into the fire, as you deem best."

"Post it by all means. I trust you to the fullest extent. When shall we meet again?"

"Within a fortnight, or three weeks at latest. I must be back here by that time. I have told the landlord to supply you with all you want, and money when you need it. There, no nonsense—we'll have a grand reckoning one of these days. Take care of yourself, be cautious with the Russians, and avoid the convent. Here come the horses: bye-bye"—and he was gone.

So sudden was it all, and so dead sleepy was I, that when I awoke about mid-day I could not clearly determine whether the whole had not been a dream.

Fred Ponsonby's courier, a most accomplished rascal, whom he had left behind to "take care of me," as he called it, assured me that his master had not been in bed more than half an hour, but had been employed writing till the post-horses came to the door.

I had so very little faith in the success of any appeal from a stranger to my aunt, that I scarcely troubled my head guessing what might have been the line Fred adopted in pleading my cause. In honest truth, there was not much to be said for me; nor is there

ever for those who try to make a "spoon" with only one "horn" to experiment upon. If aunt Dinah reply at all—and I think the point doubtful—she will most probably limit herself to a polite acknowledgment of the receipt of his letter, and express a civil amount of gratitude for the attention; for she was one who knew how to measure her passages and mete out her words very skilfully. Master Fred will find that her diplomacy will be a match for his own, thought I; and with this reflection I dismissed the theme from my mind, and rarely, very rarely, recurred to it after.

And now I come to a period which, if I feel reluctant to chronicle, I must ask my reader's indulgence, to wait till the time shall have come for me to explain the motives of my reserve, and when he, or more properly *she*, will probably concur in my reasons for guardedness.

Fred was absent three weeks and four days. These three weeks and four days have made the turning-point of my whole life. In one sense, too, they were the happiest. If I awoke each morning with a full conviction of my ruined condition—if I knew and felt that I was penniless, without a career, almost without a hope—my cold stage of despondency passed off almost ere I had finished my breakfast, and to it succeeded the hot fever of a delighted heart, as I hurried away to the convent, not to leave it again till late into the night.

"You are all wrong," I wrote to Fred, whose courier, Maitre François, had duly informed him of my doings. "I am working harder than ever I worked before. I give two hours to modern Greek and Italian. Music was an accomplishment totally neglected in my education, and I have often bewailed my ignorance, consequently I devote an hour daily to the piano; a little rest—we garden occasionally—from three to four, and then, naturally, I

must make some return for all this schooling of me. I give Katinka an English lesson till dinner-time. After dinner I try, as you used to call it, to air my vocabulary, and blunder away in Slavac and Romaic and Greek with the people here, till it is time to stroll out for a little fresco ramble with Katinka. I ought to tell you that old Madame Narratochie knew my grandfather, Sir Peregrine Considine, and looks upon me as an old friend—tells me about her money matters, and has imparted to me the names of her husband's relatives in Germany, who are to be written to about Katinka when she dies, and she has given me special directions about her funeral. The dear old soul cannot hear a word I say, and must be sorely puzzled by my manuscripts, which are purely phonetic. I hear I have given her the first laugh she has had for eighteen years.

"I see you shaking your wise diplomatic head over all this, and muttering, as intelligibly as your cigar will permit, a mournful prediction about how it is all to end. I almost fancy I can hear you say, with that impatient toss of your chin—so like a horse with a tight bearing-rein—'The fellow is getting into a precious scrape, from which there will be no exit except by disgrace or ruin;' and I reply, Wrong on all the issues; wrong everywhere. There is no Love in the case on either side; each of us is well aware that we are both penniless, and Katinka herself made it the first condition of our intimacy, that anything bordering on courtship should be strictly excluded. 'If I catch you spoony' (she did not say spoony—she called it by a Greek word) 'I'll see you no more.'

"'That's all very fine,' you say, 'but——'

"But what? Are two people, fully conscious that Fate has separated them far as the poles asunder, and who have the courage and the candour to make this fact the condition of their friendship—are they to be such perjurers to their own

hearts as to nourish hopes they have sworn to exclude? and are they, out of a cowardly mistrust of their self-control, to deny themselves the exquisite bliss of daily intercourse? hours of such ecstasy that I dare not dwell on them, lest you should misinterpret the rapture with which I recall them?"

It was in perfect honesty and in all truthfulness that I wrote this. I believed every word of it. If I did not confess that I was over head and ears in love with Katinka—that, waking or sleeping, her image never left me—it was because I did not dare to own it to myself. The terrible forfeit I should have had to pay had I once, even once, lapsed in our contract, and ventured to talk to her of love, impressed me so powerfully, that I resolved my secret should never quit my heart.

Often and often—indeed, scarcely did a day pass without it—we talked to each other over what fate might mark our future. She knew her grandmother's project as regarded herself, and that she was to be consigned to the care of her grandfather's relations in Germany; but I could plainly see it was a plan she little liked, though she never openly declared she would resist it. She would dwell on the stiff formality of German manners, the dull routine of German life, and the horror which any trait of character excited which was not strictly in accordance with German notions. "Imagine," she would say, "my semi-savage habits introduced into one of these quiet households! fancy their shocked feelings if they asked me about some domestic care, and found that I was in utter ignorance of it—that my only education lay in talking some half-a-dozen barbarous languages, every idiom of which recalled a life of wild carelessness; and that, though I could break a colt for the saddle, or shoot a wood-pigeon with a ball, I could scarcely thread a needle, or use it when threaded."

If I remonstrated with her, and

said she was unjust to herself—that the very traits of her nature were such as were sure to find sympathy with a people so ready to dash the common work-a-day habits of life with a certain poetry—she would merely reply, "It would be very rash to try."

What project she had conceived in her own mind—and I am sure she had one—I never knew. She would burst out at moments with a wild *furor* about the destiny of women in the East, and declare it was in gross ignorance that men wrote of them as slaves; that in reality where their intellect fitted them for companionship, they were trusted and confided in. She had actually known of occasions where the counsels that swayed a Cabinet came from the harem; and though she would not in the remotest degree connect these opinions with anything in her own destiny, they were the kind of speculations she loved to revel in—not the less, perhaps, from the amusement she derived from the misery with which I listened to them. As for myself, she predicted that if I could only conquer my indolence, and address myself resolutely to some career, I should have a certain success. I am one, said she to me, who believes in luck, and I'd say you are lucky.

"I'm afraid," said I, laughing, "that my experiences cannot exactly corroborate you."

"Possibly enough as regards the past, but I am looking to the future."

"Some men go in search of Fortune, and she plays hide-and-seek with them; and some, Fortune finds out for herself and adopts them for her own. I sometimes think that in a small way you are one of these."

I will not pause to own how she tortured me by the tone with which she would discuss our roads in life, always showing me how divergent they must be; and laughingly suggesting how the memory of our strange intimacy might

possibly come up in after years, and how each of us would wonder what had become of the other.

I cannot dwell on the alternation of Hope and Fear in which I lived, nor say how by a word or a look she would make me the happiest or the most wretched of mankind—how no day passed without my having to experience the extreme of each state of joy or depression!

While I thus lived a life balancing between ecstasy and despair, the post brought two letters in my aunt's handwriting; one was for Ponsonby, the other for myself. Mine was very brief, but could scarcely have been more astounding. It ran thus:—

"DEAR NEPHEW,—Your friend Mr Ponsonby has told me, with all becoming delicacy and regard for my feelings, of your rash marriage, and the misery in which your thoughtless conduct has involved a most interesting and attractive girl. I will not distress myself or you by any bitter regrets, nor add to what I feel sure must be the severe self-reproach in which your days are now passed.

"I have fortunately not confirmed the act which would alienate the whole of my estate, and I can even yet do something for one who has not hitherto done much to conciliate my esteem or respect my anxieties. I enclose you herewith a bank post-bill for two hundred pounds, and beg you and your wife to come and stay some time with me; it shall be long or short at your pleasure, though I am not without hope that my niece will induce you to bear patiently the dulness of a lonely country-house and the not always cheery company of your aunt

DINAH PRITCHARD."

If my first feeling was simply horror at the daring fraud which Ponsonby had practised on my aunt's susceptible nature, and the outrageous effrontery with which

he had involved me in his falsehood, my second thoughts strayed away to speculating on the bliss I should have felt had the story been a true one, and had I indeed possessed the unspeakable happiness of calling Katinka my own. So much more powerful was my imagination than my sense of shame—so much stronger my love than my reason—that I almost forgot the deception in the delight the vision of bliss evoked.

The mere idea that, if it were true, what a life would be mine, sufficed to obliterate all memory of the unworthy artifice which had worked upon my dear old aunt's feelings, and brought her back to the young days when she had "lived and loved." From this delightful dream I was aroused, however, by the sight of that piece of crisp bank paper which lay before me, and where the words, "Pay to Robert Considine, Esq., or to his order, the sum of two hundred pounds," gave a distinct character of fraud to the transaction from which there was no escape.

To touch that money was clearly impossible, and to return it with the reason which forced me to restore it was at once to dishonour Ponsonby, and to recall the trust which I had pledged myself to repose in him. My rashness in the unqualified way I had placed myself in his hands did not diminish—on the contrary, it greatly increased—my anger against myself. Of course, however, there was but one thing to do, cost what it might. Rupture, quarrel, or anything else with Ponsonby, I must write to my aunt, send back her cheque, and tell her, as well as I might, that the whole was a jest,—in the worst possible taste, it was true, but, which would be infinitely blacker if carried out to an actual fraud.

I sat down to compose my letter in no pleasant humour. It was to sever the last tie that bound me to the kind old woman who had rescued me so often from my difficulties; and it was, as I felt, to

prepare to stand alone in the world.

I began,

"MY DEAREST AUNT,—As it is now certain I shall never dare to address you again after this letter, as it is the last opportunity I shall ever have of acknowledging the deep debt of affection I owe you, and of assuring you that of all the benefits you have bestowed upon me, none have ever had for me the same value as the love——"

As I got so far the clatter of post-horses entering the *porte cochère*, and the thundering noise of a carriage passing in, startled me. Almost in the same instant my door was thrown open, and Fred Ponsonby bounded into the room, and came towards me with all the cordial warmth of his genial manner. I cannot tell—I really know nothing of how either my looks or my gestures responded to his greeting; I can only remember that he stopped short and cried out—

"What's the matter, man? What do you mean by that sublime air of austerity?"

"Do me the favour to read that," said I, pointing to my aunt's letter, which lay open on the table.

He snatched it eagerly, and ran it over for an instant. "The kindest, dearest, best old damsel in Christendom. I only wish I had half-a-dozen aunts of the same calibre, and you'd not see me cantering over the Continent with a white leather bag under my arm."

"That's all very well," said I, testily; "but it's no excuse for such a letter as you wrote to her—a deceit she never will, never ought to forgive."

"Blow off the steam, old fellow, and just tell me when the boiler's getting cool," said he, divesting himself of his fur pelisse and his heavy travelling muffles.

"I'm not angry without cause," said I, slightly moderating my tone.

"Bring some breakfast," cried

Fred to the waiter whom he had summoned to the room; "a grilled chicken, a bit of fish, an omelette—anything else you like—and good coffee for one, mind. Mr Considine will take a pomegranate ice."

"Chaff is well enough when one has nothing serious on his mind," began I, as the waiter moved away.

"Chaff! What do you call chaff? I have simply prescribed a cooling regimen to you, because you are blazing away there like Vesuvius. If you'll only condescend to come down from your hot-crater mood, I'll be as methodical and commonplace as a churchwarden. You are angry with me just as the man was angry at being saved from drowning by being dragged out of the water by his whiskers! Like him you wanted to be taken up in a soft blanket! There's the whole of it. But you are not the only fellow I have met who expects that he is to be pulled from beneath the wheel of a 'bus without as much as a stain on his white trousers!"

"Your aunt Dinah was going to endow an hospital. You saw the news in the papers, and read it out to me. You knew well enough what that meant—disinheritance pure and simple! There was no time to be lost. To hold her hand was the first necessity; time was precious: had I said that you were simply in another scrape—had lost some hundreds at play, or done some similar folly—it would have been, as I well knew, perfectly useless. Her natural reflection would have been, 'How right am I to endow a charity, rather than squander my fortune amongst a set of spendthrifts.' I saw I must touch a cord which had vibrated once more. I must try if it will not still be sensitive to the old impression. That dear loving heart will not have lost its sympathy with those who love, thought I, and so I married you—married you to the sweetest, loveliest creature in the world, with a dowry of a thousand francs in Servian 'threes.'

"I knew well enough you would be in a precious rage with me when the whole was discovered. I was prepared for some rather bad language, and some very high and weighty airs. You have favoured me with the latter, and if you will only give me twenty minutes to swallow my breakfast, you may have your wicked will of abuse of me till dinner-time!"

Though he said all this in an easy, jocular sort of way, it was not difficult to see that he was secretly deeply wounded at my want of gratitude for his attempt to serve me, and inwardly vowing it would be his last step in that direction. "At all events," said he in conclusion, "you have only to 'throw me over.' Write to Mrs Pritchard and say, 'Ponsonby's letter was a falsehood from beginning to end. I was fool enough to trust my cause to his hands, and this is what he has done for me. I can only assure you, my dearest aunt, that I was no party to the fraud practised on you; and though the reparation be a very poor one, I mean to cut the man who did it.'"

As he spoke he moved across the room, and throwing his pelisse on his arm, and gathering up his other stray articles of travelling gear, he turned to face me. "And now," said he, "I distinctly beg your pardon, and I hope you will not refuse me this as I say good-bye!"

I sprang towards him and cried out, "It is I have to ask forgiveness. It is I whose selfishness has so far blinded me that I have only seen one half of the sacrifice my friend has made for me. Forgive me, Ponsonby, I entreat you, and do not let me hate myself for ever."

Our reconciliation was complete, and so hearty, so real, and so sincere, that we were not driven to avoid the painful topic which had so excited us, but continued to talk it over for hours, and without a trace of the late unpleasant altercation.

"But what am I to do?" asked I; "how answer my aunt's letter?"

"For the moment do nothing. One of the ablest diplomatists we have in England once said to me, 'There are letters which should never be replied to till Time dictates the answer.' Who knows what a few days may bring forth? at all events, wait."

There was no great hardship in acceding to this counsel. I could "wait" where I then was without any very marked impatience, though how long I was to "wait," or what for, I had not the vaguest imaginable idea.

Ponsonby had so much to do now that for several days I scarcely saw him. We met, indeed, at breakfast, and I always awoke him when I returned home at night, to "report" myself, as he called it, and answer a host of questions he would put to me about my "goings on" at the convent, and whether my relations with Katinka were still confined within the limits of mere friendship.

The landlord had told Fred that I was watched; that I was always followed about by two or three men; and that such surveillance was generally the forerunner of something worse. In fact, he assured Ponsonby that if I set any value on my life, I had no time to lose in getting away over the frontier. I will not say that I heard all this with indifference. I was fully aware that amongst the company I frequented there were men who bore me no especial goodwill. The marked favour with which I was admitted to Katinka's intimacy was an offence that many would have thought very cheaply atoned by my blood. Nor were they fellows to conceal their feelings—they very palpably let me know that I was no favourite amongst them.

Fred urged me to greater caution, particularly as to the hours I kept, for I rarely returned home before daybreak; but though I promised to be more circumspect, my

heart was far too full of other thoughts to waste time on personal safety.

One night that I came back somewhat earlier than my wont, I found a man asleep across the threshold of the house-door—a not uncommon practice in countries where the slight shelter of a porch or an eave is deemed protection enough against the weather. In the act of pulling the bell I slightly touched him with my foot, but almost before I had time to say a word of excuse he had sprung to his feet, and dashed at me with a knife. The night being warm, I had carried my cloak on my arm, and in the thick folds of the cloth three stabs were quickly received, the last of which penetrated the cloak and went deep into my flesh. An exclamation of pain broke from me, and at the instant a window opened over my head and two pistol-shots followed in quick succession. The ruffian broke away at once and fled, and ere I could bare my arm to see my wound Ponsonby was beside me.

It was an ugly cut, and severed one of the arteries. This was secured by a surgeon of the place, and the whole incident strictly shrouded in secrecy, for, as the landlord said, so long as nothing is spoken about these things, the assassins are always convinced that measures are being secretly concerted for vengeance. With my arm carefully bound up and carried in my waistcoat, I resumed my place next day at table, and only to Katinka herself did I relate the adventure.

Though she grew deadly pale and her lip trembled as I told my story, she said very little either in the way of condolence or regret. She urged me, however, to get away from Belgrade; she said these things were never done by halves there, that assassination was a regular trade, and the men who followed it for a livelihood were not worse looked on than scores of people who earned honest bread.

I must own that when I declared I would never yield to a menace, nor shrink back before a peril, she looked at me with her great eyes wide and her lips parted, with an expression that to have won such I would have faced a hundred deaths.

About ten days after this occurred, as I was entering the breakfast-room one morning, Ponsonby met me, saying, "You heard the arrival this morning?"

"I should think I did—such tramping of horses' feet and such jingling of bells would have awoken the dead."

"But you don't know who has come?"

"No; I never asked."

"Your aunt Dinah! true, on my honour," added he, as I sank overpowered on the chair. "I take it, that, not hearing from either of us, she was determined to come out and satisfy her own mind as to what was best to be done. At all events, here she is. 'Madame Pritchard, avec femme de chambre et courier,' are inscribed in the police sheet, and I made the landlord ask for her Christian name and here it is, written in her own hand, 'Dinah Pritchard.'"

"This is ruin!" cried I, as soon as I could speak.

"It's an imbroglio, certainly," said he; "a tangled bit of web to unravel, without doubt."

"Ruin, nothing less than ruin!" said I, in utter despair. "To have brought the dear old soul over all Europe just to tell her that she has been made the sport of a practical joke; to have taken her from her quiet home and involved her in all the fatigue and worry of a long journey; to have so far worked upon her kind nature that she could rise above every consideration of self!—what pardon could she ever give to such heartless conduct?"

"I suppose you had better 'bolt,' get away at once, make for somewhere in Thessaly, or get into Montenegro—anywhere, so that you can't be traced. I'll make up

the best story I can. I'll say you are gone to get employment under Reshid Pasha, or take service with the Valattica. At all events, she shan't follow you."

I sat lost in meditation and in silence while he went over I knew not what arguments to enforce the counsel he had just given me. I could listen to nothing, for nothing could give me any comfort or any hope.

"I'll go over and see Katinka," said I at last. "She has a native finesse and acuteness in difficulties that we know little about."

"I'll not contest that point; but I don't see how she is to help you here. You'll scarcely like to tell her the story—the 'fraud,' as you were pleased to call it t'other day."

Again was I overwhelmed with doubt and uncertainty; and not knowing where I went or what I was about to do, I sauntered down into the street and made for the convent. As I went slowly along, a thought struck me, at first very vaguely, afterwards it grew more consistent. What if Katinka would consent to aid me here? Why should she not pretend—it need only be for a few days at farthest—to be my wife? My aunt's few words of French—and she possessed no other foreign language—would not make her a very acute cross-examiner; and the old grandmamma's age and infirmity would be reason enough for refusing all invitation to return with aunt Dinah to England.

To induce Katinka, however, to accept this part, I must be able to show her how vital it was to my interests—that it made the whole difference to me between affluence and beggary; but to do this I must also confess my deceit. To be sure, I could place before her the fact that if I had made an imprudent match, if I had induced a girl to share my poverty with me, my aunt would not have been unforgiving, and possibly this subtlety might reconcile her to the past.

I met Katinka in the garden. She was in one of her quiet thought-

ful moods, and, encouraged by this, I at once revealed to her the story of my difficulty, frankly declaring that she alone could rescue me, and that only by her help and her mother wit could I escape ruin.

"What shall I have to do?" asked she, calmly, but promptly.

"Next to nothing. You'll drive over to the hotel and see my aunt. Your watchful care of grandmamma will always serve as a reason to make a short visit. Aunt Dinah's French will put a great curb on conversation. At the outside her stay will not go beyond a week; and when the question comes of going back with her——"

At this Katinka burst out into one of her joyous laughs, so that she could not hear a word I said.

"Mind," said she, seriously, "if I consent, it is on one condition, and that is, that your friend Mr Ponsonby must never presume to regard me as your wife: if he venture on the very smallest freedom, if he ever give me to understand that he is an actor in this drama, which by right has but three characters, I'll not only throw off my disguise, but I'll unmask you all."

I agreed to everything. I thanked her with a heart brimming over with gratitude; and having talked over the whole project for above an hour, and settled that she should be at the hotel at two o'clock, I hurried back to see Ponsonby, and prepare all for the approaching visit.

Ponsonby was eagerly expecting me when I entered. Aunt Dinah had twice sent to ask for him, and he was forced to deny himself till he knew what line of action I had resolved on.

"Go up and tell her that we live—I and my wife—some distance out of town, but will be here to see her by two o'clock," said I.

"What do you mean?" asked he, in amazement.

"Just what I have said," repeated I; "by two o'clock, if not earlier." And now I briefly related the project we had conceived, and

cautioned him strictly as to the reserve he should impose upon himself. He only remarked, with a slight irritation of tone, "Mdlle. Katinka's experiences of the 'tact' of a gentleman seem unfortunate."

"Come up with me, Bob," said he, after a pause; "I'd rather you spoke of your wife's coming than myself. I have done enough in this affair;" and the next moment I was in my dear old aunt's arms.

Her kindness and affection were unbounded, and though she owned that the long journey had wearied her greatly, she declared that if she knew she was to take us back with her she would think no more of her fatigues. Ponsonby, too, she liked greatly, and pressed him warmly to come and see her in Wales. We had got to talk so pleasantly, and had so much to say to each other, that it was two o'clock actually ere we knew it. Just as the pendule struck over the chimney, a gentle tap came to the door. The courier opened it, and Katinka entered. She was beautifully dressed in her national costume, and looking more lovely than I had ever seen her. My aunt clasped her in her arms in an ecstasy of delight, as she called out, "Oh, she is a queen!" Ponsonby, out of delicacy, soon withdrew, and we were left alone together. We talked till past four o'clock, I translating for the most part what my aunt said in English, and giving Katinka's replies. To be present at one of my cousins' weddings, aunt Dinah was forced to return at once, and as we could not possibly leave grandmamma at a moment, the great discussion was when we might be expected. "Berto," said Katinka to me, calling me by my Christian name for the first time, "will settle everything."

"Doubtless, love," said I, for once daring to call her so, "we will arrange it together." Aunt Dinah frightened us, however, by saying she did not think she could bring herself to return without us, and

rather than do so she would forego my cousin's wedding.

"When may I see grandma, darling?" asked she of Katinka.

"Come when you like—come this evening. Berto will fetch you."

"Then I will come this evening; and here, dearest, is something for you. Robert will put it into the carriage for you," and she handed me a small leather case strongly clasped in silver. I had to give Katinka a meaning look to prevent her at once refusing it. As we drove back to the convent I opened the case, and found it contained a necklace and ear-rings of pearls the most splendid I ever beheld.

"Oh, Berto! what pearls!" cried Katinka, and her cheek flushed crimson, whether at the thought of the gems, or at remembering the deceit by which they were even momentarily in our hands. "Shut them up, don't let me look more at them," said she, half angrily. "I am ashamed of what we have been doing, and she so good and so kind."

I never knew Katinka so cross as on that evening. She did not speak of my aunt at all, but constantly adverted to tricky people, and the way in which their natures became, so to say, honeycombed by intrigue. For once in my life I was vexed with her, and we parted almost in anger.

The post of the next morning brought a most urgent letter to my aunt, entreating her not to fail to be present at my cousin's wedding, which was fixed for an earlier day than she had thought.

"Go and fetch Katinka," said she to me, "and see if I could not persuade her to come back with me for the wedding. She shall return here at once to grandmamma if we could not induce her to come with us."

"There," said I, half sulkily, to Katinka, "one visit more, and your disagreeable fiction is ended. My aunt starts to-night."

"Don't forget to restore the

pearls. Take them with you," said she, tartly.

"I don't care what becomes of them, or of myself either," said I. "I only wish the fellow's knife had been better aimed the other night."

"You are in a sweet temper."

"It's all the more like my wife's," said I, grimly.

"Well, I'm glad the farce is nigh over," said she, with a haughty toss of her head. "I'll not readily forgive myself for the ignoble part I have played in it."

"You may console yourself by remembering that I shall derive no benefit whatever from your condescension."

"No benefit!—what! when she leaves you all her estate!"

"I'll not accept one shilling of it. I have a letter here to post the day she leaves this. I have confessed to her the whole deception I have practised on her. I have returned the last remittance she sent me, and bidden her adieu forever."

"To go whither?—to do what?"

"To quarrel with the first fellow who'll cut my throat for me!"

"Benone!" said she, smiling sardonically. "Che bel temperamento!"

"What have I to live for? what to care for? I am ruined!—I have not a sous in the world—no one needs me—no one wants me: the only one, that dear old aunt, who would grieve for me, shall not hear of my fate. But come along—let us pay our visit, and let the curtain drop over the dreary comedy. Oh, Katinka!" cried I, as the tears rose to my eyes, and fell heavily along my cheeks—"oh, Katinka, if you could have loved me—if you could ever have accepted my love, and let my life have been joined to your life! From being the most wretched of men I would have been the happiest."

She did not utter a word, but stood with her eyes downcast, silent and motionless.

"Be mine!" cried I, "for a day—for an hour: let me feel that as

I go to death I have won the greatest prize of my existence, and I swear to you that if you bear my name to-day, you shall mourn me as my heir to-morrow."

"I don't think the prospect is very enticing," said she, slowly, "though I suppose you intended it as such."

"Come along!" cried I, angrily, for her air of coldness had stung me to the quick—"let me finish with this mockery. Let us say good-bye to my aunt."

"I'm ready," said she, taking up her shawl: "will you see grand-mamma, and ask her when she will receive your aunt?"

I nodded silently, and followed her up the stairs. The old lady was seated in her accustomed place near a window, a slip of paper and pencil beside her, as her deafness was now complete.

"Signor Berto wants to know when you will permit his aunt to call on you, grandma," wrote Katinka, and the old lady made a gesture to imply at any time she liked to come.

"Have you any other question to ask grandma?" said Katinka, with a strange half-droll twinkle in her eyes.

"Yes," said I, fiercely, for I was almost savage in my mood. "Ask her if she will consent that you should be my wife."

Katinka took the pencil and wrote some words: the old lady turned and motioned to us to kneel down. We did so at her feet, and, kissing us both on the forehead, she blessed us fervently, and joined our hands together. "Are you content?" whispered Katinka to me; but I could not speak. I threw my arms rapturously around her and pressed her to my heart—mine, my own for ever.

The Greek priest who lived in the convent celebrated our marriage within the hour, and when we drove back to the hotel the drama had become a reality, and I was the most blessed of mankind.

THE NIGHT-WANDERER OF AN AFGHAUN FORT.

I ALMOST fancy I hear the critical and fastidious reader exclaiming, "Under what pretence has the description of a few days' visit to a fort situated in an obscure valley of the distant Elboorz and in the remote East found a place in the revered pages of *Maga*? Has not the tide of modern literature, at least its lighter portion, followed of recent years the tide of emigration? Has it not flowed west in this century as it went east in the days when Voltaire wrote '*Zadig*'? Has not the negro superseded the fakir, the prairie the jungle, the setting the rising sun? And are not tales of rapacious Bedooeens and stiflingsimooms and thirsty caravans now a mere drug in the literary market? whereas, tinged with the once loved halo of Eastern romance, they were wont to make our grandmothers' ears to tingle when they were little girls." With reasonings similar to these ringing in my ears, I lay the following pages before the public with the greatest possible hesitation, for I cannot but feel apprehensive that in these days an Eastern story will scarcely be deemed a desideratum in Western literature.

The reader shall not be wearied with any precise relation of the circumstances which once led to my being for some days the honoured guest of an Afghaun chief.* To those circumstances in themselves no particular interest now attaches itself, nor were they in any way connected with the events of which I am about to attempt a description in the following pages. These events came under my immediate observation during the period of my visit, and they have ever remained indelibly fixed upon my memory from the fact of their having been

involved in a certain mystery, which at the time of their occurrence strongly excited and aroused my curiosity and attention. Suffice it to say that many years ago I found myself approaching, after a long night's ride, and just as day was breaking, one of those gloomy gorges that abound in the vast range of the Elboorz Mountains. Only those who have experienced the discomforts that are usually attendant upon a long night passed in the saddle are aware how eagerly the weary and wayworn traveller awaits the approach of day, and with what joy he welcomes the first glad glimmer of the dawn. When the momentarily increasing light afforded me an opportunity of looking upon that which for so many hours had been hidden under the impenetrable veil of night, I saw that a bleak and inhospitable region lay behind and on both sides of me. The desolate plain stretching itself monotonously away resembled a sea whose distant shores on three sides were merged and lost to view in the low-lying hazy mists of early day. The parched and thirsty soil was pierced only here and there by some few stunted bushes of the *asafoetida*-plant, whose branches, totally void of verdure, were like a skeleton's bones, so white, bare, and bleached did they look in the cold light of the young morning. In front, and distant about a mile, were some rugged slopes and hills that beyond assumed the proportions of a lofty chain of mountains, beneath some of whose snow-capped peaks fleecy rings of cloud and vapour rested. By the time that the stars, my companions throughout the night, had faded and absolutely vanished in the

* Though dwelling in Persian territory, the occupants of the fort were Afghauns. Their ancestors about a century previous had left their own country, and having settled in Persia had become tributary to that power.

brilliant light that so marvellously soon had steeped all things in heaven and on earth, my eyes, longing to catch a glimpse of the fort to which I was wending my way, were busy straining anxiously towards the spot where the beaten track under my horse's feet plunged amid the hills and so lost itself to view. And though to my disappointment it was impossible to trace the road any further than this spot, I could make out something of its general direction by allowing my gaze to follow what looked like a deep black shadow darkening the mountain-side. This shadow as it appeared with clearly depicted edges trended upwards, and after some few bold zig-zags finally ended in a point sharp as a needle's, not far below the region where eternal snows glittered in the glorious rays that heralded the approach of the great god of day, as yet himself invisible. The dark mass, sharply traced as its edges were, was all that it was then possible for me to see of a great gorge that like a mighty sabre gash cleft the brawny flank of the mountain, and which, from information I was in possession of, I concluded contained somewhere in its gloomy depths the fort to which I was bound. But as to the distance that still lay between me and my morning's goal I was ignorant, and so I remained till I and my small party of followers arrived within half a mile or so of the foot of the hills in our front. Then as I rode gazing at the rugged majesty of the mountain-sides that reared themselves a stupendous barrier across the road, my attention was attracted by a party of horsemen debouching from the hills in single file into the plain below. These horsemen, to the number of some thirty or forty, as far as I could judge from a hurried estimation I made of them, no sooner appeared to feel level ground beneath their horses' feet than they threw themselves into a broken and irregular

line and came sweeping towards me. So suddenly had they come into view, and so rapidly were they approaching, that I had scarcely time to look round and range my small party of followers in front of the baggage-mules when the shouts of the leading horsemen and the wild music of kettledrums reached my ears. From the tactics of the swiftly advancing line I soon became aware that no hostile attack was intended. A few shots indeed were fired, but the long, slender "jezails" were pointed sometimes straight at the heart of a curvetting comrade in the ranks, sometimes swung round to the rear, over the streaming courser's tail as if to dispose of an imaginary pursuing enemy. On they came, galloping madly onwards, leaving long lines of dust behind them, and presenting in the bright morning light a most spirited and imposing pageant. The chiefs of the party, riding slightly in advance of the line, were conspicuous in the centre. They rode with loose rein, but when they had approached to a distance of about fifty yards or so of my party they pulled up with a jerk so sharp and sudden that their steeds, furrowing the dry gravelly soil with their hind feet, were brought to an almost instantaneous halt. From these preliminaries, added to the fact that the horsemen were commencing to range themselves in line along the road, it became at once evident that this was the escort that had been sent out to meet me and conduct me to the Fort. I knew that, this being the case, it would be becoming in me to dismount and meet the two chiefs on foot. I perceived they had already thrown themselves from their saddles and were striding across the plain with that peculiar waddling gait which the Afghanas either affect or cannot avoid when they attempt to walk in their long pointed boots, which were never meant to grace anything but a horseman's legs.

Before I had taken a dozen steps I was embraced by the younger of the two men in true Afghaun fashion. This consisted of his throwing his arms round my waist and resting his chin first on my right shoulder and then on my left, I doing the like by him. In the space of a few minutes, the "Khoosh amudeed," the usual welcome, having been given and the ordinary salutations having been addressed in the Persian language, we had remounted and were jogging on our way to the hills in front of us. As we rode along I had ample time to scan the features and dress of my two companions. The younger of the horsemen, who I learned was the son of the chief in whose house I was shortly to be a guest, was tall, straight as a cypress, and withal singularly handsome. I guessed him to be about five-and-twenty, but he was scarcely twenty, as he afterwards informed me. He wore a loose flowing brown-coloured cloak made of the soft hair of the mountain-goat. It was fastened across the chest, but the long folds below the fastening were thrown back, and showed beneath a richly brocaded coat made of the finest European cloth. This, sitting close to his figure, displayed his broad shoulders and slender waist to the utmost advantage. Through the folds of a Cachemire shawl which served as a girdle, were passed a brace of silver-mounted pistols and a formidable-looking double-edged dagger. In addition to these arms he wore a sword, and a fowling-piece of English manufacture was slung obliquely across his back. His turban of blue shawl and of the finest texture was wound loosely about the head, the worked ends hanging down picturesquely over his shoulders behind. His boots, made of the wild-ass's skin, were of a light buff colour, and reached almost to the knee. They were very pointed at the toe, and with heels so long and small that walk-

ing in them must have been something akin to torture. The young chief was evidently a most finished horseman. His followers, with spears levelled and matchlocks unslung, had spread themselves over the plain and were going through a variety of warlike evolutions. Every now and then one of them would dash across the road and fire his matchlock immediately in front of us, causing the young chief's horse to rear and plunge and snatch at the sharp bit in a way that put even his horsemanship to the test. But he managed the hot-blooded young animal beneath him at all times with consummate temper and skill. The other of my companions, who now rode upon my left, was a man of very different aspect. A spare shrivelled remnant of a man who appeared quite at home in the saddle, but to whom, heavy beetling brows, a malignant eye, and a Mephistopheles hook to his nose, gave certainly no prepossessing appearance. He was simply attired, and as he rode along his whole thoughts seemed to be concentrated in the attempts that he momentarily made to keep himself protected by his cloak from the chill blasts of the morning air that swept every now and then in sharp gusts across the plain. His reception of me, I remarked, had been cold and distant as compared with that given me by his younger companion. And since we had remounted he had not attempted to address another remark to me of any kind. The young chief, Firamoorz Khan, several times bantered him on his moody silence, but the only answer the old man vouchsafed consisted of a few words that were quite unintelligible, muttered as they were from beneath the voluminous folds of his cloak, under which all but his eyes and nose were buried. When we reached the hills and had ascended a little way up the first slope, Firamoorz asked me to turn

round and look at the play of his horsemen in the plain below. It was of a most spirited and exciting character. Upon the wide level plain that had looked so desolate and lifeless when I had first beheld it in the morning, a mimic battle was being enacted, in which each horseman, fighting independently of his comrades, attacked or retired as fancy urged. One of these horsemen, dressed in a close-fitting tunic of dark blue, and armed with a shield, matchlock, and sword, particularly attracted my attention. With reins hanging loose from the saddle-bow, he urged his horse to his utmost speed. At times he would use his matchlock, firing it as he galloped along in every position that it was possible for a horseman to throw himself into, and regain his seat in the saddle. At other times, having slung his matchlock obliquely behind him, and covering his body with his shield, he would draw his sword—the curved scimitar of Khorassan—and keeping it in perpetual movement, would cause it to flicker and gleam and make lines of fire in the brilliant sunlight that now poured over the plain. The horseman, the carrier of the kettledrums, ponderous-looking things swathed in scarlet cloth, had followed us up the slope. He had been standing behind us motionless as a statue, but at a signal from Firamoorz he commenced violently to agitate his wrists, and so the thunder of the drums pealing forth, the mimic fight below came to an end. The horsemen then, reining in their steeds, came trooping leisurely up the hill towards the spot where we were, and a gaily-dressed, bright-eyed boy having approached Firamoorz, placed a hawk upon his wrist. The order of march was resumed, and by a tortuous winding path we made our way through the hills. From the highest summits of these hills the “teehoo” every now and then sent forth his plaintive and melancholy note. And

whenever one of these birds, a sort of small mountain partridge, was flushed by our approach, the hawk was slipped. He seldom failed in bringing the quarry to the ground, so swift and sure was his flight. A horseman would then dash forward over rocks and stones, seize the fluttering helpless thing, and turning towards Mecca the holy, would cut his throat with all possible and orthodox ceremony.

Firamoorz had told me that, from the spot where his party had first met me, his father's fort was distant some two hours' ride; or, as I reckoned it, about seven miles. So that by the time we reached the opening of the great gorge that I had seen and traced in the early morning, the sun's rays were touching the rocky saw-like crest of its western side. Our road, ascending rapidly, clung to the precipitous side of the gorge, whose uppermost edge glowed in light; but where we rode we were in the deep shadow of the opposite side, which towered aloft like a wall above us. Beneath was a brawling torrent, that every here and there as it leapt from one big boulder to another, formed between them those glassy black pools which are

“The torrent's stillness ere it rush below.”

As we proceeded, the gorge contracted, its sides shooting up perpendicularly on both sides, so that we could see only a narrow slip of the bright blue sky above. But, much as I was struck with the wild and savage beauty of the scene, there was not much time, or I should rather say leisure, to look about one, for the path we were pursuing was so steep, and the face of the rock across which it lay so smooth and slippery, that my attention was fully occupied in keeping my horse upon his legs. Where your stirrup-iron dangles over a precipice, scenery loses a certain portion of the attraction which it

would otherwise possess. I glanced at the dark silent pools below and the jagged sides of the gorge, but my most earnest gaze was fixed on the great boulders of rock nearer at hand, and over which we were scrambling and clattering. And when we had passed some unusually bad bit of the road without accident I could not avoid looking ahead and praying that better travelling was near. In consequence of its being impossible for a considerable distance for two horsemen to ride abreast, we went in single file, Firamoorz immediately preceding me. Many a time I trembled for the safety of the young chief, for his hot-blooded fiery steed, rendered impatient by the oft-recurring irregularities of the path, rushed at the great boulders we were crossing in a manner that made it appear inevitable that sooner or later his legs would slip from under him; and a fall on such a road could not have had well other than consequences most fatal. I silently wondered at the calm self-possession, nerve, and temper of the young chief under the circumstances. As if deeming that the animal was perfectly cognisant of the danger that threatened from the yawning gulf below, he seldom or never checked him with the bit, leaving him to his own wild way of surmounting all obstacles. When I say that the art of shoeing horses is at its very rudest stage among the Afghauns,—simply a flat piece of iron nailed over the hoof,—it will be at once understood what a disadvantage a horse so shod labours under when crossing rocky ground.

Whenever conversation was practicable, Firamoorz did not fail to enliven the way with his remarks. My English hunting-saddle particularly attracted his astonishment and curiosity. He seemed to think it was made of wood. About it and my dress he made many quaint and original remarks. His frank manner and the brusque informal

way in which he let me know what was passing in his mind was vastly amusing, and contrasted agreeably with the customs and manner of speech of the Persians—a people of whom I had shortly previous had some experience, and to whom Rochefoucauld's saying, that "words were meant to conceal our thoughts," most pertinently applies. Looking at my old well-worn saddle, he said that it was the first he had ever seen, and he wondered that I should prefer to ride on a thing so small and with a surface so glossy and slippery, instead of upon one such as he was using, where the rider had plenty of room to turn round and shift himself about in, and where the knee pressed a surface that was both rough and soft. But with the stirrup-irons he was particularly pleased, and he frankly declared that, in his estimation, they were worth more than all the saddles "Feringestan" could produce.

Our progress, owing to the roughness of the road, was at times but slow, so that the sun was high in the heavens before we reached the turn in the gorge whence the Fort of the young chief's father was visible. From this point it appeared directly in front of us, but on the other side of the gorge, which here opened out to a breadth of about a mile or so, revealing behind a grand panorama of mountains piled on mountains. We made an abrupt descent till we came to a ford in the stream, where the horses of the party, many of them still bearing traces of their morning's gallop, were allowed a copious drink of water. On the opposite side, gently ascending to the walls of the "Killaug" or fort, was an open bit of ground. Over this the Afghaan horsemen, clapping their heavy stirrup-irons to their horses' sides, galloped some three or four times at speed. This galloping a horse for some ten minutes or so at his best pace, immediately after he has been watered, renders

him, at least so say the Afghauns and Turcomans, hardy, and greatly improves his wind. As we rode up the open space, with the horsemen galloping hither and thither, some small cannon, mounted on the walls of the Fort, bellowed out a rude welcome, which, being caught by a multitude of echoes, boomed solemnly away, and was lost amid the distant rocky peaks. The Fort of F—— appeared to be built of sunburnt brick throughout—a large massive and ancient structure, with bastions and connecting curtains which in some places were loop-holed for defence. The muzzles of the guns that were being fired projected slightly from the parapet, on the top of which they rested. At each discharge, a cloud of something which was not smoke, issued from beneath the muzzle. On approaching nearer, it was evident that the concussion of each discharge brought down a piece of the wall, a matter apparently of but small moment to the Afghaun artillerymen, who were to be seen busy above the guns, loading and firing away with the utmost indifference to the damage that was being done to the defences. As we finally entered the massive gateway, we brushed by the inhabitants, old and young, men, women, and children, who were standing crowding both sides of the entrance. The men were mostly strong, sturdy-looking fellows, with a rude glow of health upon their cheeks. They were clad in coarse-coloured linen, with a sheepskin jacket or cloak hitched upon their shoulders, the arms hanging down empty behind, like those of a hussar jacket. Of the women, generally speaking, no portion of the features was visible. A white thick veil fell over the eyes, and the figure was entirely enveloped in blue drapery. Here and there amongst the crowd might be seen a hand wrinkled with toil and old age, holding down the veil

with a determination so severe that it would have baffled the very eye of a lynx to catch even a glimpse of the possessor's faded charms. Interspersed among the gazing groups were the "Reesh-Suffed," the grey-beards of the place, who, with heads swathed in ponderous turbans, looked as picturesque and patriarchal as if they had stepped down from some old Italian fresco. The children, some of them ruddy and beautiful, ran forward, clapped their hands, and looked half in wonderment, half in alarm, at the novel sight of a white face and a pith helmet. The dust raised by our horses' tread, as we passed under the massive gateway, was stifling. We rode through a small bazaar, whose principal commodities appeared to be dried fruits and grain, and whose principal occupants were ragged beggars, who had located themselves in every point of vantage-ground upon our road. These, as we passed, struck their breasts, and then stood with upturned palms while they called down the blessings of Allah upon our heads. After a ride of a few hundred yards, we found ourselves on the edge of the great moat that surrounded the keep or citadel of the place. Here the young chief rode forward, and, making a signal to some "Sir-bauz,"* who were lounging about on the other side, a drawbridge was let down, and we clattered over the rough uneven planks like a troop of horsemen entering a castle of some feudal lord of the middle ages. In a small yard, immediately inside the main wall of the citadel, we dismounted, and Firamoorz, taking me by the hand, and pronouncing many a "Bismillah," led me into the interior. As I looked behind me I saw the drawbridge being slowly raised, and then, as the great bolts fell with a loud clank, I felt that, though a guest, I was for the time being a prisoner. Firamoorz, familiar with every turn and twist

* Lit., Player with the hand.

of the tortuous way, walked forward with a quick step; but, as the passages along which we went were ill-lighted, and some not lighted at all, a slower pace would to me have been preferable; for a long ride had left me cramped and stiff, so that I more than once stumbled over the irregularities of the ground. As far as I could judge, we were passing along under some of the principal buildings of the citadel. At length my guide, taking me up a flight of rude stone steps, brought me into a small yard. On the other side of this yard was the room that had been allotted to me as the place of my abode during my stay in the Fort. Here Firamoorz left me, but not before he had told me that the bath would be ready, and at my disposal, in an hour.

When the young Chief had taken his departure, I took the opportunity of looking about me to see whereabouts I was in the citadel, the principal points of which I had scanned from the exterior as we entered. I found I was at a large bastion at the south-west angle. The yard to which we had ascended formed part of the summit of the bastion, and a parapet, more or less broken, led round it. The door through which we had entered was at the base of what looked like an old deserted dwelling, for the wooden shutters, which had closed the apertures of the windows, had been partially rent away, leaving the interior exposed. The walls were cracked and crumbling, presenting throughout a ruined and dilapidated appearance. Of windows in my room there were two — one overlooking the moat of the keep; the other was on the side of the terrace, and raised above its level some three or four feet. They were mere apertures. Glass there was none; but a rude wooden shutter half closed the terrace window. My apartment, which had evidently not been inhabited for a long time,

bore traces of having been swept and garnished. Water had been sprinkled upon the mud floor, and across the upper end of the room was spread a felt cloth, of great thickness and value, and bright with the hue of all the colours of the rainbow. This and a large silk-covered pillow, which rested against the wall, was the simple furniture of the room. In a few minutes my Persian servants had spread my bed, poised my basin upon its tripod stand, and placed with some ceremony upon the floor the few books that composed my library. These, the preliminaries of my taking up my abode, being duly settled and arranged, the chamber, with its brown mud walls and dilapidated windows, had soon a homely appearance for me.

About an hour had elapsed when the apparition of a handsome well-dressed Afghaun at the door warned me that the promised bath was ready. I was up in an instant, for I knew of old the comfort that an hour or so of parboiling and shampooing brought to aching bones and weary muscles. Outside in the little yard were grouped some four or five retainers of the young Chief. They were all armed to the teeth, and after the Afghaun had marshalled them into order, it looked, when we all walked silently away together, as if we were bent on some desperate deed of blood, rather than for the peaceful purpose of a bath. We marched away with all due solemnity to that part of the citadel in which I was informed the young Chief's apartments and "Anderoon"* were situated. Through dark passages, up crumbling steps, across little open terraces from which we looked up and caught a glimpse of lofty windowless walls, we made our way to the little honeycomb chambers that formed the "Hummaum" or bath of the Chief's dwelling. My attendants having

* Women's apartments.

here left me, I speedily surrendered myself to a tall gaunt man, who, stripped naked to the waist, was waiting for my arrival. In the space of a few minutes he had dressed me much in the same fashion in which he himself was clad. A gay-coloured cotton sheet was wound about my lower limbs, and then, being pulled tight at the waist, was fastened in the twinkling of an eye in a knot wonderfully firm and artistic. Another sheet was wrapped loosely but carefully about my head; and so accoutred, and shuffling over the tiled floor in wooden shoes, I accompanied my gaunt friend, who took me by the hand into a small inner chamber. In this chamber nothing was visible through the moist warm vapour that enveloped all things, save a round aperture in the dome-like roof above. An intense discomfort of a few minutes, during which a sense pervaded me that the blood of the whole body had suddenly rushed into and filled the veins of my head; a short and sharp battle with the powers of darkness and pungent soap; a feeling of utter and hopeless prostration amounting almost to faintness, quickly followed by a sensation that the languid life stealing back upon me was a dear treasure worth possessing—nay, more, a blessing to be humbly grateful for;—these things, one and all, satisfied me that the man, portions of whose gaunt frame I had every now and then fancied I had caught a glimpse of through the misty darkness of the bath, was an artist of no mean pretensions, and one who, though living in this obscure mountain fort, might rank among the best and most skilled “hummaumchees” of Isfahoon. During the delightful sense of comfort and repose that followed the bath, I trifled with some coffee, very black and very bitter, a kailcoon of indifferent tobacco, a huge water-melon, and a tray of sweetmeats. These last were snow-white and of all shapes. But the round

ones, while they were the most palatable, were at the same time of a consistency so curious, that one could only break them by laying them flat in the palm of one hand, while you struck at them with the edge of another. In this way they broke at once like a biscuit. Any other attempt to break them, and they resolved themselves into something the consistency of india-rubber, and then their motto was “frangas, non flectes.”

The young Chief had told me that during my stay in his father's fort I was to consider myself entirely as his guest. Nothing in the way of food, either for my servants or horses, or for myself, was to be purchased. In the evening when I walked down to the spot where my horses had been picketed, I found them amply supplied with barley and chopped straw. My two Persian grooms were sitting on their heels, wearing all the appearance of men who had been well fed. Even the muleteers, who so frequently, by reason of their inscrutable whims, tend to embitter the life of a traveller in these countries, appeared for once in a way to be happy and contented, and wanting nothing. As the sun touched the rocky horizon that bounded the view on the west, I wended my way along the ramparts, back to my apartments, so as to meet the young Chief, who had promised to pay me a visit an hour before the “shaum,” or evening meal.

He came attended by the old man who had accompanied him in the morning, and by several armed retainers. These took up their position along the wall of the terrace outside of the room, but the old man, whom I soon learned was called the “Oozeer,” entered with Firamoorz, and took his seat beside him on the felt cloth. Firamoorz examined with great curiosity every single article of European manufacture that I possessed, and with the greatest freedom asked all manner of questions re-

garding the use that was made of them. A few rough sketches in water colours that were in my book pleased him much, and he insisted upon my making a picture of him shooting an antelope, with the least possible delay, that he might present the same to his father. I told him I would try next morning to make a picture of him, such as he desired to have. The delay seemed to cause him great disappointment, for, pointing at my colour-box, which lay open before him, he said, that with the colours all ready as they appeared to be, he should have thought the picture might have been done at once. As it had happened in the morning, so it happened now, that the old man maintained a reserved silence, but every now and then I remarked he raised his overhanging penthouse brows, and I could see the somewhat sinister gleam of his eye as he stole an observant curious glance around the room. After half an hour's pleasant but somewhat boisterous conversation, Firamoorz withdrew, having previously arranged the hour at which I was to pay a visit of ceremony the next morning to his aged father. As they left, I observed the old Oozeer step off the felt carpet, and walk quickly to that end of the room where the window was which looked down into the moat below. From out of this window he cast a downward glance, and then, apparently satisfied, he caught up the skirt of his long flowing cloak, and stepped briskly away after his young Chief.

For my evening repast several savoury dishes were brought to me straight from the "Anderoon,"—roast and stewed lamb smothered in rice and raisins, various succulent vegetables cooked in oil, and some plates of cooked and raw fruit. The exertions of the gaunt man in the bath had endowed me

with so good an appetite that I did ample justice to the excellent dishes set before me. When I had finished, the many-coloured and well-stained tablecloth* was carried away by one of the servants of Firamoorz, but the large pieces of unleavened bread which had served both for plates and dishes, and all that remained upon them, were taken possession of by my two Persian servants, whose right hands never ceased their labours till every scrap had disappeared.

The previous night having been passed in the saddle, I retired to rest rather earlier than usual. My bed was spread upon the ground, and from the spot where I lay I could see the broken indented line of the wall that formed the farther parapet of the bastion, clearly and sharply defined against the starlit sky. Before I fell asleep I observed that the line of wall—and exactly that portion of it which crossed my window—resembled the profile of an upturned face, and curiously enough, though on a somewhat gigantic scale, of a face remarkably regular and Grecian in its outline. And thus, having discovered the fancied resemblance to a human countenance that the top of the old ruined wall presented when thrown into black relief by the shades of night, I became so fascinated with the discovery, that long before I had fallen asleep I gazed and gazed through the darkness till the features engraved themselves upon my memory like those of some familiar, well-known, and well-remembered face. As I wandered away to the land of dreams, the clanging boom of kettledrums and the shrill notes of some instrument that sounded like those of a fife arose from some of the courtyards below, and then indistinctly I heard the martial sounds caught up by the night breeze and swept away to be the sport of distant mountain echoes.

* A well-stained soiled tablecloth is considered a token of the liberality and good cheer of the host.

How long I had slept I knew not, but about midnight, as I reckoned, I was awoken by the creaking of the one wooden shutter that half closed the aperture of that window of my room which looked out upon the terrace. The light wind eddying round the bastion caught the projecting shutter, and set it creaking on its osier hinges with such a grating doleful noise that once I had heard it I felt that sleep, tired though I was, was out of the question till I had fastened the offending object in such a way that it would be impossible for it to offend any longer. I therefore at once rose for the purpose of securing it, but before doing so, I looked out upon the night. A waning moon that was just rising threw little or no light upon the scene around me. But the stars, set in the deep blue enamel of the heaven, were everywhere in their most brilliant array. Looking immediately about me, the massive walls of the fortress appeared dark, solid, and sombre against the midnight sky. From my two servants, who lay stretched like corpses flat upon the terrace, immediately outside the door of my room, my gaze wandered to the old ruined wall that bounded the *terre-plein* of the bastion. Then, as a matter of course, as I bethought me of the outline of the face that had so fascinated me as I fell asleep, I commenced to look for the, to me, well-known features so fancifully formed by the accidents of ruin and decay. But, strange to relate, I could see nowhere that for which I looked. No profile of a face, or anything resembling it, was visible. Do what I would, my eye seemed spontaneously ever to come back and rest upon a certain projection or rise which looked so black, still, and dark, that it appeared as if of a piece with the wall itself. But in a few minutes, by dint of anxious and attentive observation, I satisfied myself that this projection was the object that marred the fancied beauty of the profile that I had

gazed upon as I fell asleep. For, separating it in my mind's eye from the wall, the features, such as I remembered them, became at once distinct and traceable as they had been before. This projection then was something new, a something on the wall or of the wall that had not existed during the early hours of the night. Of this I had not the least doubt. For when I recalled to mind and traced the features such as I had seen them the night before, I, as I have said before, recognised them again, only just where the short upper lip of the profile had dipped into a graceful curve, there now uprose something—what, it was impossible to discern,—but something that looked as if of one piece with the wall, so black and motionless did it appear against the sky. Looking at it again and again, it seemed to me to assume the shape and dimensions of a hooded human figure. Once this impression had taken possession of me, it made me feel intensely uncomfortable, for I could not divest myself of the idea that from the seemingly immovable object above a pair of human eyes was fixed intent upon my movements. This supposed presence of a silent midnight watcher within a stone's throw of my couch so troubled and perturbed me, that I was determined I would satisfy myself whether or not I was right in my conjecture. I therefore placed myself against the side of the window, so as to bring a star to touch the outline of the object. For I reasoned that if this thing above was "a thing of life," a movement of some kind or other would sooner or later betoken that, immovable and lifeless as it appeared, it was not a mere projection of the crumbling battlements of the wall, as it at the first glance seemed to be. In the position I had placed myself I knew that its slightest motion would become immediately apparent to the eye. How long I watched I know not, but second succeeded second, min-

ute followed minute, and still so perfectly motionless and quiet did the dark object above remain that I began to think my sight had played me some trick, and that the fancied profile was merely the baseless fabric of some waking dream. Then again it was hard to make myself believe this, for the remainder of the features I could distinctly trace. As a last resource I bethought me that, standing up as I then was, my eyes being upon a different level, I saw that which had been invisible to me when lying down. But, by stooping, I brought my eyes to the same plane as that along which I looked when on my bed. In this position the human proportions of the object became, or seemed to become, more than ever apparent. As I felt that lying down to sleep was impossible while this strange thing was brooding above between me and the starlight, I stepped out of the window, and, dropping into the terrace, I walked slowly across and straight up to the opposite wall, gazing intently through the gloom upon that which had so aroused my curiosity. When about half-way across, as if by magic the object disappeared. I fancied I heard the sounds of a quickly-retreating hurried step, and then all was silent and still again. I listened in vain for several minutes to catch some sound that might betray the further movements of this strange night-visitor. I heard nought save the hoot of an owl, whose sudden and piercing shriek, "making night hideous," sounded like the cry of some suffering wretch doomed to everlasting torture and perdition. As the top of the wall in its lowest places was some fifteen or eighteen feet high, I knew that any attempt to scale it from my side was out of the question. So I abandoned the idea of making an effort to scramble up—an idea I had momentarily entertained—for the purpose of seeing what standing-room, if any,

existed on the other side, and so near the top of the wall that a person standing upon it would show the upper portion of the figure in the way that this strange and silent visitor had done. I therefore returned to my chamber and threw myself upon my couch, and though sleep came not for some time, I neither saw nor heard anything more to disturb me that night.

The next morning at the appointed hour I waited upon the Chief of the Fort of F—. Though Firamoorz had not told me anything about his father, save that he was very aged and infirm, I no sooner saw him than I felt convinced that I was in the presence of one who had not many days to live. Propped up against the wall by large bundles of felt and silk-covered pillows, there sat, or rather reclined, a man upon whose worn and wasted features death was visibly and unmistakably stamped. Looking at those features, and at the dim lack-lustre eyes that gazed vacantly into space, I could trace the resemblance that Firamoorz, who was present during the visit, bore to his father. The interview was to me a most painful one, for the aged Chief, racked as he appeared every now and then to be by the pains of death, was scarcely conscious of anything that was passing around him. Those attending upon the Chief asked me whether I had any medicines that would alleviate in any way the sufferings that were so evident and so distressing to witness. I knew that the few simple drugs I carried were powerless to cope with the ravages of the terrible disease which was rapidly taking the old Chief to his grave; so I was careful not to give any, and therewith raise false hopes.

It was during the still and quiet hour of noon, when I thought there would be the least probability of my being disturbed in my explorations, that I had proposed to myself to enter the old

ruined building that was opposite. I concluded that from its windows—the building evidently had two floors—I should be able to look into the courtyard, or whatever it was, that lay beyond the lofty and apparently fragile wall that bounded my terrace, for I was anxious to see what standing room the mysterious visitor of the night had found so near the top of it. Scrambling up some old stone steps, which, though much worn, had evidently not been used for years, for cobwebs hung stretched above them, and the dust of ages that had accumulated everywhere rose at my every tread in little clouds of vapour, I found myself in the entrance of a large room from the windows of which I could look down into my courtyard and the one that was now visible adjacent to it. Great was my surprise to observe that, the level of the yards being the same, the wall was as lofty on this side as on my own. So that the person, or whatever it was, must have been standing some fifteen or sixteen feet above the level of the ground below. My next care was to see how this was practicable. I discovered that within three or four feet of the top of the crumbling wall there were the remains on this side of an ancient ramp that still afforded standing room, though from its ruined state the space was both narrow and confined. The only thing that struck me was, that this ramp, with no steps that I could discover leading up to it, must have been of difficult access to anybody ascending to it from the yard below. As I stood pondering within myself as to the intentions of the strange night-visitor that had evidently wished to escape my observation the night before, the solemn stillness that reigned amid these old ruined walls and rooms at this the noontide hour was suddenly broken by the noise of a fast approaching step. Curious to know who it was, I stood concealed behind the massive buttress of the

window. What was my astonishment when the old Oozeer, entering from some door below me, strode into the yard. I watched him as he carefully examined the dividing wall with the ruined ramp, and then, as if apparently satisfied with his examination, he turned on his heel and left the yard by the same entrance as that by which he had approached. From the sound of his retreating step it was evident that he was leaving the building we were then in, in a direction opposite to that in which my abode lay. This reconnoitring, as it were, of the ground in my immediate neighbourhood by the old Oozeer at once set me a-thinking. Had this sinister-looking old man, whose appearance I had from the commencement disliked, any evil design against my life? When suddenly I had conceived this idea, my thoughts ran riot along the ways of murder and assassination. For a few moments, as I bethought me of the remaining window of my room that hung high over the moat below, it struck me that if attacked at disadvantage in that room escape would be impossible. But as suddenly as I conceived, so suddenly did I abandon the idea. For when I came to my sober senses I felt convinced that as long as I remained a guest of the Chief in whose fort I was then in, no one would dare to raise a finger against me. Then again, for a person to approach my room from the terrace wall could not be done, at least so far as I was aware, without their making a sheer drop of some fifteen or eighteen feet, and this was no likely manner for an assassin to approach when the much easier way by the door into the yard outside my room presented itself; for this door, though always closed at night from the inside in accordance with the wishes of Firamoorz, given to me by himself, could only be made fast in a manner so temporary and insecure that any one wishing

to enter could have opened it from the outside with but little noise or trouble. The supposition that any would-be assassin would fire into the window of my room on the chance of hitting me, I also dismissed from my mind, knowing that an Afghan would rather trust to his knife to despatch his victim than to such an uncertainty as that presented by firing into the window of a dark room.

That my life was not the object seemed finally to me so conclusive from manifest reasons, that I felt not the slightest doubt on the subject. So I utterly banished from my mind the "thick-coming fancies" that for a few moments had oppressed me. As far as I could judge, it remained alone evident to me that in some way or other the visit of the old Oozer which I had just witnessed, was connected with the mysterious apparition of the night previous. In what way it was so connected, I could not form the most slender surmise. What his object might have been in having come either in person, or in having sent some one to the top of the wall to watch me in the middle of the night, was more than I could divine. Thinking over the matter, I made the best of my way back, and then, what with coquetting with the calm-restoring "kaileeroon," and sipping some delicious sherbet cooled with lumps of snow that had been sent me by Firamoorz, the hours passed peacefully and quietly away, till the sun, dipping towards distant rocky peaks, warned me that the time for the evening visit of the young Chief had approached. Shortly after the "azaun," or call to evening prayers, had sounded from the minarets of a small mosque below, the young Chief made his appearance at my door. He was in rather more than his usual buoyant spirits. He told me that he had been for the greater part of the day in pursuit of one of his father's clansmen, who, having refused to pay his

annual tribute of goats and sheep, had disappeared with his flocks from the pastures rented by him. Firamoorz had this day caught him, but the capture had not been effected without a struggle, for Firamoorz told me with delight the manner in which, after the fight had lasted some time, he managed to plant his spear in the back of the absconder, and so, bringing him to the ground, had put an end to the conflict. It appeared then that the poor wretch had been tied to the saddle-bow of one of the victorious party, and so brought captive to the fort.

The young Chief had kept the ball of conversation rolling so rapidly and noisily that I had no opportunity of making my voice heard, even if I had wished to do so. At first I had thought of mentioning to Firamoorz the strange occurrence of the past night; but as the door of the room remained open, and some of his attendants were seated immediately outside listening to the conversation, and every now and then loudly expressing their approbation of their young master's prowess, it struck me that I could scarcely touch upon the subject without giving rise to suspicions that I was a prey to alarms for my own safety—suspicions which, remembering the hospitable treatment I had received, I was most anxious not to excite.

When darkness had set in, and my bed had been spread in the same place that it had occupied the night before, I looked out from it into the gloom, and there saw, crossing the open half of the window, the profile that had so fascinated me when I had first discovered it. In daylight it was not distinguishable, but now that the ruined wall was in deep black shadow, it became distinctly traceable between me and the starlit sky. As I scanned the features so curiously and delicately carved by the caprice of time and decay, I wondered within myself whether they would

be again distorted by the same mysterious apparition that had so suddenly marred their to me fancied beauty during the past night. They were not so marred, nor was I destined again to see anything above them; but I have to record the occurrence of an event in the dead of the night of a nature to me at the time so strange and unaccountable, that it far surpassed what I had already witnessed. I never could remember exactly what it was that awoke me—whether it was some unwonted noise, or whether it was mere accident, that caused me suddenly to open my eyes, and fix them staring, and, as it were, wide awake upon that corner of my room which was immediately in front of me, and between the two windows. Through the open window, for there was no sort of shutter to it, that overhung the moat, there came a faint gleam of moonlight that fell aslant upon the floor, and threw an uncertain light across and in front of that corner, upon the utter darkness of which my gaze was intently and involuntarily fastened. In that corner I could see nothing, nor could I hear anything. The deep stillness, and silence, and darkness of night was on all things; yet some sense, some instinct, warned me that the dark recess into which I was gazing was tenanted. A feeling that I was not alone in the room, a nervous dread of the presence of some unseen, unrealised thing, took such powerful hold of me, that for a few seconds I felt I was powerless to exert any will of my own, or even to move the fixed gaze of my eyes from off the dark corner in front of them. At length, by a strong effort of the will, I roused myself into something that partook of a reasoning mood. I asked myself why, not having seen anything, or indeed heard anything, should this foolish idea have taken possession of me, that the room had another occupant besides myself? Why should I allow

myself to entertain a vague horror of that which, at the most, had but a fancied existence in my excited imagination? And now that my sobered senses had partially resumed their sway, I felt almost inclined to laugh aloud at my folly, as I finally lowered my gaze, and allowed it to follow the faint light of the moonbeam that fell aslant upon the floor. But this inclination to laugh at what I had almost succeeded in making myself believe was my own folly, was of the shortest possible duration, as the reader may suppose; for no sooner had I looked on the floor than the light that faintly streamed through the window was suddenly broken by a shadow that seemed to fall upon it, as if something had been projected into the moon's ray from out of the black depth of the recess. Then after all I was right! The room *had* another occupant besides myself! Of this there could be no longer any doubt, for this shadow so suddenly thrown and now visible before me was no mere fanciful creation of the brain. On looking up, something—what, I had not time to discern—gleamed for an instant in the light, and then withdrew into the darkness. It is impossible for me to record with distinctness what guided my subsequent actions. I suppose it was the prompting of some desire of self-defence that caused me to spring from my bed and make my way across the room to the spot where my sabre hung suspended from the wall. To reach this down was the work of an instant, but I had to turn my back upon the window. As my fingers grasped the handle, something seemed to pass swiftly across the uncertain light of the moon, and the wooden casement of the window gave out a sound as if it had received a rude shock. I stood rooted to the ground like one bereft of his senses, and in a manner bewildered, not knowing what to do or what

to think. My brow felt chill and damp. And I was conscious of a feeling as if a piece of ice had been passed rapidly down my back, as the thought seized me that I had been in the presence of some supernatural being, for I conceived that nothing human could make an exit from that window hanging high over the moat below and live. Was this some ghost, some spirit that had thus flitted away from my mortal presence, prognosticating by its visit the approaching death of the old Chief which it had been evident to me was nigh at hand? As I asked myself this question I believe I almost smiled at my own credulity, for I remembered the shadow that the thing had thrown upon the floor. And ghosts, I reflected, at least real *bona fide* orthodox ghosts, should, like Peter Schlemil, not be possessed of a shadow. Then I bethought me of the mysterious apparition of the night previous. That "ghost, if ghost it were," was possessed in like manner of too solid, opaque, and material a substance to admit for a moment of the belief that it partook of a solely spiritual nature. As I tried to comfort myself with these assurances, there still remained a lurking hard-to-be-denied suspicion in me that these old ruined and long tenantless rooms might be haunted, and that my occupation of them had disturbed the accustomed nightly visit of some ghostly thing or other. I tried to make my way to the window, but my step faltered and my limbs trembled beneath me. Even the sudden gleam of the moon, reflecting itself from the polished surface of the sabre, as I finally reached the window, made me start back as if I had trodden on an adder. I peered out into the night and listened for some sound that might help me in divining what strange thing it was that had just effected its exit from the window. As I looked down into the gloomy depths below the screech of the night-

owl—the same screech I thought that I had heard before—suddenly broke the stillness of the night. So strangely discordant and piercing were the tones of this shrieking bird that they seemed to rend and tear into shreds the still hush of the midnight hour. The very life-blood in my veins was chilled by the weird unearthly sounds, and I felt that peculiar creeping sensation which, acting through the nerves upon the skin, causes the feeling which the Italians I think designate by the name of "*pelle d'anatro*." So perturbed and puzzled were my thoughts that not till the cheerful "light of jocund day stood tiptoe on the rosy mountaintops," did sleep come to me. Then I fell off into a troubled and dream-oppressed slumber, in which my brain was tortured with shapes not of this earth, which flitted like bats to and fro through the open window of my apartment.

The third and last day of my stay was occupied for the greater part in making preparations for my departure, which had been fixed for the morrow. With the exception of the usual evening visit of Firamoorz, the day passed without any occurrence worthy of remark. As on former occasions, the young Chief came accompanied by the old Oozeer and a train of armed followers. He talked volubly, as was his wont, seldom or never pausing in his speech for either question or reply from me. He wore a handsomely-mounted Khorassanee scimitar, which in the course of conversation he drew from its scabbard for the purpose of showing me the blade. The metal of which this was made, displaying one of the most esteemed patterns of damascene, was evidently of fine temper. Carefully examining it, I found it possessed in the highest degree the three great excellences of the true Khorassan blade. Firstly, the hue of the ground, being of a grey colour—it may also be of a brown and of a black colour,

and yet denote good steel—was decided and deep in its tint: secondly, the play of colour on the metal, when subjected to oblique light, was very beautiful. The tints most perceptible *then* were crimson and yellow, patches of the former colour touched at their edge with a golden hue, like red clouds bathed in the light of a setting sun. Thirdly, the figures or patterns—the damascene—were those most highly esteemed and admired by Orientals. Like written characters they spread themselves across the whole breadth of the blade, the lines in some places fantastically curling till they ended in a point; in others, undulating in diverse directions, they crossed and intersected each other, forming elaborate network on the blade. Firamoorz said that no weapon that he had ever seen could be compared to it in firmness and keenness of edge. The sword had been, he told me, for many generations an heirloom in the family, and he recounted with evident pride the doughty deeds of his ancestors when wielding the costly and well-tempered weapon.

That evening, the last of my visit, I remained sleepless for many hours after throwing myself upon my bed. My mind was occupied in revolving the strange occurrences of the two past nights. The more I reflected the more puzzled and mystified did I become. With the spectral apparition—for I had almost begun to look upon it as such—I could in no way connect the bodily presence of the old Oozeer. For it was his visit to the ruined building adjacent, of which I had been a silent witness, that had made me suspect he was in some way or other connected with the silent midnight watcher that had attracted my attention during the first night. But on the occurrence of the following night I could form no sort of conjecture whatever. It was preposterous to suppose that a man well stricken in years, as he

was, could have attempted, much less succeeded, in making an exit from the window situated as mine was. And that the Thing, whatever it was, had made its egress from that window I felt convinced. Besides, what object could he have had in visiting thus stealthily, and by night, the chamber occupied by me? The idea that he had come for the purpose and with the design of taking anything from me by stealth, I could not for a moment entertain. For, in the first place, there was nothing that I had that he would be likely to covet; and in the second, such conduct on his part would have been a breach of those laws of hospitality which an Afghaun, in his position, would be the last to hold in light esteem. Looking at the matter in every light that occurred to me, I was utterly unable to arrive at any satisfactory solution of that, which was in so bewildering a degree puzzling and mystifying me. And thinking over, in its minutest details, all that I had seen, I began, as the silent hours of night went by, to entertain a sort of dread presentiment that I was destined again to witness something on this the last night of my stay that would startle and appal me. Such a fixed idea in my brain did this become that it finally brought a sort of fascination with it—a feeling of dread expectancy that quite banished all desire and inclination for sleep. I was now determined that I would keep awake throughout the night, in order that if by chance anything should approach I would, being on the alert, in all probability be able to form some sort of conjecture as to its nature and design. Restless and disturbed in consequence of the feeling that had gradually come over me, I could remain no longer in my bed. I therefore arose and seated myself in observation behind the window that looked into the terrace. Though in this position I was entirely concealed from the view of

any one approaching by the terrace, I could see into it as far as the darkness of the night permitted. And I could also see the window which, if my visitor of the night previous did not partake of a supernatural or ghostly character, must, I concluded, have means of access to it of which I was entirely ignorant.

From the position of the constellation of Orion I judged that it was close upon midnight when I took my seat by the window. The moon had not yet risen, so that the terrace beneath was in pitchy darkness, save in one spot. Here the remains of a fire which the servants had built up with sticks and straw under the wall still glowed and flickered as every now and then a breath of the night wind blew it into life. I had not been in my post of observation long when a large rat scampered up to within the space lighted by the embers. He approached them cautiously, and when apparently satisfied, after solemn scrutiny, that there was no immediate danger to be apprehended, he commenced to eat voraciously the crumbs and relics that remained on the ground from the evening meal. These disposed of, he concentrated an attack of teeth and claws upon a half-burnt candle that had been left by the servants. I was watching his every movement with intense interest when the surrounding stillness was scattered by a sudden noise. It seemed to come from the other side of the wall of the terrace, and was as that of a person on the move, but of one who rather ran than walked, for it was no measured tread, in that the footfall was not distinguishable. The sounds ceased, and then all was again still. It was no mere fancy my having heard the sounds, for I observed that the rat suddenly ceased his nibbling and stared at the wall, as if he expected that it was about to open and something emerge from it. The sounds from

the farther side ceasing, my friend the rat commenced at the candle again, as if assured by the silence which had ensued that there was no immediate danger to be apprehended. But the silence was not of long duration, for after only a few minutes it was broken by the noise as if of some heavy body dropping into the terrace, and upon *my* side of the wall. Of this, from the sound, there was not the least doubt. Then followed the noise of the shuffling quick movements that I had heard before. That something was approaching was evident. For the rat jerked his head in the direction of the noise, sharply whisked his tail in the other, and then incontinently vanished. I peered into the darkness, endeavouring in vain to discern what it was that was moving on the terrace. But nothing was visible for a few seconds. Then, as the sounds approached the fire, I saw gliding forth from the gloom into the light a tall, draped, and phantom-shaped thing. It resembled in such a startling manner that which had almost pictured itself in my imagination as the thing that I was destined to see, that I felt appalled and horror-struck, thinking that the figure was nothing more or less than a "sheeted ghost." I thought I would hail it, but my tongue clave to my mouth, and I felt utterly unable to speak or move. As it approached the embers a tongue of flame leapt upwards from the outlying fragments of stick and straw, and, flickering for a moment in the night breeze, threw a sudden gleam around. Noticing this, it was with a shuddering recollection I remembered the lone creature from the wood, in Coleridge's 'Christabel,' at whose weird presence the dying embers in the old ancestral hall burst into flame, and the dogs howled as in abject dread. An indescribable horror of the mysterious apparition that was now within a few feet of where I was concealed, crept over

me. Yet, feeling this horror with the greatest intensity, I had no inclination to take my eye away from the dreaded object, for now its every movement had a strange fascination for me. What was my astonishment to see it, as it approached the fire, stoop down and put forth a long, lean, nervous hand to clutch the candle! This was held over the embers, and then above them, and, lighted by their glow, I saw what looked to me like the pale distended cheeks of a human face—distended with the act of blowing. The candle suddenly flared into flame, and I then saw—but, gracious heavens! how shall my poor pen convey an idea of the strange being that was now seating itself by the fire? The face, illumined by the fitful glare of the candle, was evidently that of a woman, but the features were so sharply defined, there were such strange hard lines about the mouth and brow, that there was nothing soft or womanly in its expression. And then there was a look in the eyes which was terrible—large, prominent, and reflecting the glow of the embers, they seemed to be lit by the fire that you see in those of a wild animal. They rolled incessantly in their sockets, except when every now and then the strange creature, apparently listening attentively, turned them with a fixed stare full upon the window behind which I was ensconced, as if she were trying to pierce the gloom of the chamber. Then, as the brows contracted, and as the white of the eyes grew painfully visible, there was something dreadful in her aspect. It was a frenzied concentration of baffled hate, revenge, and despair; and as I looked upon the ghastly paleness of the face, relieved by the black mass of dishevelled hair falling on one shoulder, it seemed as if a portrait as terrible as that of Leonardo da Vinci's 'Medusa,' had framed itself in the immeasurable gloom of night in front of me. As she seated her-

self by the fire, the loose white drapery which had enveloped her person had fallen not ungracefully around her. Her arms, stretched out towards the heat of the embers, were long and sinewy, and the muscles resembled, in their hard wiry look, more those of one of the species of the large quadrumana than those of a human being. Looking at them and her lithe quick movements, it was evident that she was possessed of amazing agility and physical strength. My eye took in these details patiently enough when once, after the first momentary glance, I had assured myself that this nightly visitor of mine was a human being, and not some phantom from another world. But her strange—and at times incoherent—gestures, and the wild, restless look in her eyes, had convinced me that she was a maniac. The melancholy state of the poor creature's mind was only too clearly and too painfully manifest. As from her attentive listening, with head bent in the direction of my room, I was sure that she did not wish to attract my attention or be seen by me, I remained perfectly still. She had remained some minutes seated, when the candle, which she had fixed cleverly enough on end upon the terrace, seemed to rivet her attention. She was evidently pleased at the light that it gave, for a satisfied look passed across her features as she watched the flame bend hither and thither in the night wind. Suddenly she rose and sped swiftly away to the door that led into the terrace. I at first fancied that she was gone, for I heard her undo the fastenings of the door on the inside. But this was no sooner done than she made good her way to the spot where my baggage had been placed. She turned over several of the articles, and then came back to the fire with swift stealthy tread. I observed that she had brought with her three candles—the last in my possession—and lighting these,

she appeared to have filled the measure of her contentment. A low satisfied laugh came from her half-closed lips, the evil expression of her features vanished, and there came upon them a gleam of forlorn beauty. Now that I could see her well, and in this mood, her likeness to Firamoorz struck me forcibly—the same handsome cast of features, and the same bold fearless look that his features bore at all times. She amused herself in childishly lighting and relighting the candles, and then, secreting them one and all about her person, she rose as suddenly as she had done before. She stayed a second or two listening attentively whether anything was moving in my chamber, and then, apparently satisfied, she flitted away in the direction of the door at the foot of the old ruined building. As I listened to her receding steps, as she strode through the deserted, ruined passages, I heard the piercing shrieking wail which I now knew only too well. I now knew it to be her voice, the voice of this poor night-wandering maniac, and not the cry of the owl that thus rent the still midnight air.

It was while riding down the gorge with Firamoorz—for he only, attended by a few of his retainers, had accompanied me—that I determined to broach the subject that was on my mind. I felt extremely unwilling to go away without making an effort to learn something of the history of the strange being whose nightly visits had so perplexed me. But feeling sure, from her likeness to Firamoorz, that she was some near relation of his own, I knew, he being an Afghaun, that in making any direct inquiry about her I should be treading on delicate ground. So having pondered in my own mind that it would be desirable to await a favourable opportunity before I mentioned to him what I had been a witness of, or asked him any questions with reference to it, I talked to him on various subjects.

As it turned out, an opportunity happened sooner than I had expected; for, in the course of conversation, he, in his usual brusque way, asked me how I had slept during the three nights that I had been his father's guest. I related to him how I had been disturbed, and also what I had seen. I observed that in the course of my relation of the matter he was anxious, before answering any of my queries, to inform himself of all that I had been a witness of. Once informed by me to the full extent on this, he seemed to wish to have nothing further to conceal from me, and answered all my questions in his usual frank manner. Indeed he did more, for he recounted to me the history of the poor creature whose wanderings by night had caused her to be seen by me. She was his only sister, but older than himself by several years. Her first husband, a cousin and her playmate in childhood, and to whom she was fondly attached, had been killed while yet a youth, and only a few months after their betrothal, in a foray with a rebellious tribe on the frontiers of Persia. She was then given in marriage by her father to the Oozeer. It was shortly subsequent to this marriage that her reason became impaired. And though Firamoorz did not assign any cause for this, I inferred from the few words that he said on this particular part of her history that it had been owing, in a great measure, to the Oozeer's cruel treatment of her. His extreme jealousy, and his cruel, savage disposition, which I had observed stamped with an unmistakable expression upon his features, had induced him to adopt measures for her confinement and seclusion more stringent than those allowed and sanctioned by Mohammedan law even to the lord of the harem. She was maintained in so strict a solitude by him, that not even one of her own sex was ever allowed to approach her. But as time grew on, her reason began to

fail her. And then she would brook no confinement or imprisonment at his hands. She had made her escape from every place that the ingenuity of the Oozeer had provided for her seclusion. At last, but reluctantly, he gave it up in despair as a hopeless task. For the last few years she had been allowed perfect liberty of action; but having once exerted the whole force of her shaken reason in devising means of escape, and having invariably succeeded, her pleasure and custom now was to scale the lofty walls of the keep, and to make her way over its ruined and crumbling battlements, by paths where no human foot dared follow her. She was never to be seen by daylight; but after dusk she was always on the move, and her wild shrieking wail would be wafted through the still air of night from the dizzy heights of the keep, deemed inaccessible by the sirbazu on guard, who listened in awe to her piercing cries. They had invested her with supernatural powers, and never dared look at her if she passed near their beat. The old Oozeer, fearing that I should either hear or see her if I came to the Fort, had, Firamoorz told me, wished to prevent my paying a visit to the Chief his father. But when he found that he could not prevent my visit, on account of several reasons connected with my appointed duties there, he had been careful to have me placed in a part of the citadel which he fancied, from its position, to be inaccessible even to her. And it was on this account that he had desired Firamoorz to enjoin my keeping shut the door of the terrace, so as to leave her no access, as he supposed, to the rooms occupied by me and my servants.

When I expressed my astonishment that she should have so persistently visited my abode every

night, Firamoorz explained that her only object, as he supposed, must have been to possess herself of the candles. She must have observed one of these burning the first night of my stay, and never having seen one before, her desire had been to take one away for her own amusement without being seen by anybody. The first two nights my being on the alert, as she was cautiously making her way to the terrace, had driven her forth, only to return the third night, when she imagined she was not being watched by me. He was much astonished when I related her sudden escape through the window over the moat. He was aware, he said, that a ledge ran round the bastion beneath the window, which widened as it approached the main wall of the keep; but neither he nor the old Oozeer had ever deemed it possible that she would attempt to make her way along it. That she must have done so had been only too evident to me; and he could only assume that the way was familiar to her, and that from long use she had been able to take advantage of the inequalities in the ruined face of the bastion as she made her perilous way around it.

By the time that Firamoorz had satisfied my curiosity on all points connected with the strange and eventful history that he had, apparently without reserve, recounted to me, we had left the gorge, and had advanced some distance into the plain below. Here he took leave of me, and wishing that God would ever be my protector, he clapped spurs to his horse, and dashed away across the plain, followed by his retainers. I jogged on my way, seeing ever before me the ghastly face and the wild eyes of the night-wanderer that haunted me for many a day like a terrible and fearful vision.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THE education of the people—"our masters," as Mr Lowe sneeringly calls them—is by no means a new question, though, since the passage of the second Reform Bill, it has assumed a new importance in our party politics. "The Reform of Education," said the great John Milton in his letter to Master Samuel Hartlib, published nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, "is one of the greatest and noblest designs that can be thought on; and for want thereof this nation perishes." Milton's opinion on this weighty matter was that of many of his countrymen and co-religionists, and notably of the zealous Puritans who sailed away to America in the Mayflower and founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay. For them and the emigrants who followed to Rhode Island and the other New England States, and who in process of time took possession of the whole wide-stretching continent, the question was a much simpler one than for their fellow-subjects who remained at home. They were all of a mind, and had no vested interests nor old prejudice to thwart them and impede their action. They had only to decree that every child born in their several commonwealths should receive such amount of education as the commonwealth could supply, and there was nothing to oppose them, and nobody unwise enough to say that education was unnecessary—or if necessary, that the commonwealth was not the proper agency with which to work out "the great and noble design." Though poor in money they were rich in public spirit, and in broad lands that might be set apart for the perpetual endowment of schools; and even if they did not always give land for the purpose, they were wise enough to think that a school tax was more agree-

able to pay than a prison tax for the maintenance and punishment of people who, in default of instruction, were unable or unwilling to earn their bread by their honest industry. Consequently schools were established in every township in all the Middle, Northern, Eastern, Western, and some of the Southern States. For two hundred years, either as Colonies of Great Britain, or as independent Republics united by the federal pact, the State resources of these regions were, and are, largely and systematically devoted to the maintenance of schools, in which every child, however poor, can receive, not what is sometimes erroneously called education, but that essential and fundamental aid to education which consists in instruction in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In process of time something more than this was attempted; and efforts were made—and not unsuccessfully—to introduce a small amount of religious and a large amount of patriotic teaching, together with some knowledge of geography and astronomy. The attention of the children was not taxed, or their intellect wearied, as in our Sunday-schools at home, by uninteresting details of Biblical genealogy, by the geography of Palestine, or the length and breadth of the brook Kedron or the Dead Sea, but by more practical instruction in the geography of the land in which they dwelt. They learned the length, width, and depth of the mighty Mississippi and Missouri, and their far outstretching tributaries; the grandeur and immensity of the inland lakes of Superior, Erie, and Ontario; and were taught to familiarise themselves on the map with the bold geographical outlines of States in the Union—more than one of which was larger than the England from which their fore-

fathers had emigrated. The objects of the American school system as developed during the present century, and of which the results are before the world in the character and aspirations of the American people of our day, were thus described by the Honourable Horace Mann, the most accomplished and philosophic educator whom America has yet produced, in his Report on Public Education for the year 1849: "Under our Republican Government," he says, "it seems clear that the minimum of education can never be less than such as is sufficient to qualify each citizen for the civil and social duties he will have to discharge—such an education as teaches the individual the great laws of bodily health; as qualifies for the fulfilment of parental duties; as is indispensable for the civil functions of a witness or a juror; as is necessary for the voter in municipal and in national affairs; and, finally, as is required for the faithful and conscientious discharge of all those duties which devolve upon the inheritor of a portion of the sovereignty of this great Republic." Such a minimum of education, it will be readily perceived, is of a social and political, rather than of a highly intellectual or scholastic character, and all its results might be attained by any child of ordinary capacity, who was taught to read and write, and who, grown to maturity, would take sufficient interest in the events of his age and country to become a daily reader of the newspapers. And it is exactly this benefit, and little more, that the common schools of the United States have conferred upon the people. Every male American, native born, except what are called the "mean whites" of such Southern States as have no educational system for the poor, reads his daily and weekly newspaper, and forms an opinion on the conduct of public affairs; while every female American, rich or

poor, reads books, chiefly novels and literary magazines, as is principally the case with our women in England and Scotland. It must not be supposed, however, that there are not, and have not been, any difficulties in the way of giving to the poorer classes in America this minimum of instruction, which Mr Mann deemed so essential, or that the leaders of opinion in the United States are more cordially agreed as to what education really means, of what it should consist, and who should undertake the duty of bestowing it, than are the leaders of religious, political, and intellectual opinion in our older and more complex civilisation. Strange as it may appear, when the abundant resources of America and the liberality of the people in educational matters are considered, the remuneration of teachers is not sufficient to induce men of superior ability to devote their lives to the scholastic profession. There are no normal schools for the teaching of teachers, and the examination (non-competitive) which the teachers undergo is of the slightest possible character. The late George Combe, who travelled in the United States in 1838-9-40, devoted considerable attention to this subject, and stated in his 'Notes,' published in 1841—

"The impediments in the way of extending a sound and truly valuable education to the people of America are very great. The first step towards accomplishing this end, must be to institute normal schools for the instruction of the teachers, not only in the proper subjects to be taught, but in the best modes of teaching. The assertion that this is necessary is resented by nine out of ten of the actual teachers as a personal insult; and they find it no difficult matter to induce the parents of the children to participate in their feelings. Again, many authors and publishers are interested in the existing school-books; and to say that some of them are ill-adapted for instruction, is to affect the interests of their owners, and render these individuals secret or declared enemies. There are numerous zealous,

vigilant, and influential clergymen, each advocating peculiar sectarian views of Christianity; and to expound a principle in mental philosophy or morals which threatens in the most remote degree to clash with their particular interpretations of Scripture, excites their alarm and rouses their hostility. These various interests send forth under-currents of discontent, which wait only the occasion of some tangible act on the part of the friends of education that may be plausibly condemned or successfully misrepresented, when they immediately combine and form a powerful stream of public opposition to the best efforts of the true friends of the people. The only means of removing all these obstacles is the steadfast address of information and reason to the people, in a spirit which will bear in meekness a thousand disappointments, and still persevere in the faith of ultimate success."

This was the report of an able and friendly observer—a man without prejudices, who wrote a little more than a quarter of a century ago. The latest observer, the Rev. James Fraser, despatched on an official mission for the purpose of reporting on the whole subject to the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty, and who visited America in the summer of 1865, is scarcely more favourably impressed with the results of the American system of Common Schools than his celebrated predecessor. Summing up the results of careful investigation, he finds eight separate reasons for believing that the practical benefits derived by the American people from these schools are not so great as is believed in Europe.

"An interesting problem," he says, "is this grand system of schools. To me, gathering together and reflecting upon the phenomena which I have observed, this future seems a little uncertain. I do not mean that the system is breaking down, or likely to break down, or that I could trace in it any symptoms of decrepitude or decay. And yet I judge from the passionate advocacy of its supporters, and the earnestness with which, in report upon report of its progress, its claims upon all true patriots are urged, that some misgiving is felt as to the firmness of its position; and I could

myself discern the operation of some not inconsiderable influences that have a tendency to undermine it. The clouds, as yet, may be no larger than a man's hand—mere specks at different edges of the horizon; but they are rising, and if they mass themselves together there may come a storm. The influences I speak of are chiefly these: *First*, I set down the apathy of the large classes of society, the highest and lowest, who do not use the system, or only partially use it, and are too short-sighted to see how they are benefited by it. *Second*, the inadequate appreciation of its benefits even by those who do use it, as shown by the indifference of parents; the prevalence of the notion that 'the cheapest teacher is the best'; the complaints that the education offered is not suited to the after life of the scholar, &c. *Third*, the admitted increase, in spite of all the seeming attractions of the system, of the twin evils, absenteeism and truancy. *Fourth*, the cost of the system, which is becoming heavier year by year, and looks formidable in the aggregate; the burden of which will be more oppressively felt as the number of those increases whose direct enjoyment of its advantages is in an inverse ratio to the money they contribute to its support. *Fifth*, the growing feeling that more distinctly religious teaching is required; and that even the interests of morality are imperfectly attended to. *Sixth*, the attitude and intentions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, silently and almost sullenly acquiescing in the system, but radically dissatisfied with it, and watching for the opportunity to substitute their own cherished system of separate schools. *Seventh*, the very lukewarm support that it receives from the clergy of any denomination; and the languid way in which its claims on support and sympathy are rested on the higher motives of Christian duty. And *eighth* and last, the growth of wealth, a plutocracy, if not an aristocracy, to whom the idea of 'common schools' will be as distasteful as all levelling ideas generally are. Of all these influences I could perceive traces, more or less distinct, in the general current of public opinion in America; nor is it an extravagant, nor even an unkind anticipation, which apprehends that even the essential principles of the system, if not absolutely endangered, at any rate are likely to be seriously affected by them. I confess to a doubt whether in the course of another quarter of a century all will go as smoothly with the common schools of America as it has gone

for the last twenty-five years ; whether, like many another ancient institution, they may not be put upon their trial, and even forced to yield to the restless, reconstructing tendencies of the age."

In presenting and reiterating the whole argument in the concluding paragraph of his report, Mr Fraser emphatically states that the American system of common schools, notwithstanding all its efficiency, "*labours under almost every one of the difficulties that beset the question of national education at home.*" Its benefits are unequally diffused: the richest neighbourhoods get most of them, the poorest least. Local managers are found frequently to be under the influence of narrow and illiberal views. Teachers are both inadequately remunerated and imperfectly qualified. In the cities there are great masses of untaught; everywhere attendance is irregular; and the labour-market competes, and triumphs in its competition, with the school." Mr Fraser, doubtless well aware of the extreme sensitiveness of the Americans to any disparagement—real or seeming—of anything American in which an Englishman or a Scotchman may indulge, applies a salve to any soreness that his plain-speaking may have occasioned, by adding, "Notwithstanding these hindrances, and if not accomplishing all of which it is theoretically capable, if lacking some elements which we deem primary, and of which Americans themselves feel and regret the loss, the common-school system is still contributing powerfully to the development of a nation, of which it is no flattery or exaggeration to say that it is, if not the most highly educated, yet certainly the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth."

The word "education," as used by Mr Fraser in the above extract, and by most people who write or make speeches on the subject, inclusive of Earl Russell, Mr Lowe, and the Duke of Marlborough, is one susceptible of so many shades

of meaning, that before the British public can admit the Americans to be better or more generally educated than the English, or before public opinion will support the establishment of a national system of education in this country, it is highly desirable that no mistake should occur, either as regards ourselves or others, as to what the word *education* really means. Education means "drawing out." The drawing out of what? The drawing out of the faculties. What faculties? The physical, the moral, and the intellectual faculties inherent in all mankind. Education begins with the human being very shortly after birth; and we have only to consider what any ordinarily intelligent child has learned before it is three years old, or has the slightest acquaintance with the alphabet, to be convinced that its education has been going forward very rapidly—perhaps more rapidly than it will proceed at any after period of its life. It has learned some of the elementary facts of physics: that a bird flies, that a fish swims, that men and quadrupeds walk or run, that a knife cuts, that fire burns, and that a fall from a high place upon the hard earth hurts. It has also learned that obedience is due to elders and superiors; and that there is a difference between love and hatred—between kindness and anger—between food and physic. It has also learned a vocabulary of the language of its parents and associates, sufficient to carry on the intercourse of life and the interchange of ideas—in fact, a greater number of words, and a greater command of grammar, than most men after forty or fifty years of age, who study a wholly foreign and unfamiliar language, can acquire in the same time. This as far as it goes is "*education.*" Take the commonest "*street Arabs*"—the little homeless, or worse than homeless, children of our great cities—and it will be found that they also, who know nothing that is usually

comprised under the name and with the common idea of education, are not wholly ignorant and uninstructed. They have all the physical knowledge that every child so speedily acquires, and a good deal of other knowledge—perverted it may be to wrong purposes—but of a kind that they could make useful if circumstances permitted. They know the value of money, of warmth, of shelter; and if suddenly transported into the Australian bush, or the Far West of America, would know how to shift for themselves, and fight a battle for life that might ultimately convert them into as good citizens as the rough pioneers who, without having been street Arabs, are engaged in extending civilisation into the wilderness. Take an able-bodied seaman, who can neither read nor write, but who can perform all the duties of the ship, and is wise in the signs of the weather, and ask yourself whether you have any right, because he knows nothing of books and newspapers, to call him wholly uneducated? Take also the aboriginal inhabitant of the American, the African, or the Australian continent—all whose intellectual and physical faculties have been “drawn out” by the life of the prairie or the jungle, and the society of his own people—an unlettered man, who can track the wild animals by a trail which the educated but much-reading citizen of a highly civilised community cannot detect—who has his own maxims, derived from the teaching and traditions of his tribe, as to his duties in war and peace, and the virtues of coolness in danger, and of heroic endurance under suffering; and though his only school has been the hard world, and books are less intelligible to him than the stars, yet you cannot say with truth or justice that this man is uneducated. These examples will serve to show how and why it is that the great American people are, in one sense, more generally educated than the labour-

ing classes among the English. They have an immense continent to subdue and replenish. There are land and a career for every man who will strike out from the overcrowded haunts of New England and the Atlantic seaboard, and do battle with the forest or the prairie for his daily bread. There is nothing to keep him down but his own sloth or vices. The land is not burdened with an overplus of desperate competitors. There are employment and reward and the chance of fortune for everybody who will do anything useful, and there would be this chance if the numbers of the people were tenfold greater than they are—provided always that they would cease, as the Irish do not, to encumber the great cities.

It is because the Americans are such a busy people that they become such a generally educated people. The immensity of the task before them, in bringing their wide domain into cultivation, and in building up what promises to be the most powerful nation in the world, appeals so strongly to their imagination and their sense of responsibility, as to give them an air of sadness and thoughtfulness that strikes every stranger who resides even for a short while among them. They have the education of the mariner, the farmer, the miner, the explorer, the hunter, and the adventurer, as well as that of the trader, and sharpen their faculties in a thousand ways that are not and cannot be open to the poor Englishman, in a country where the day's subsistence often costs more than the day's work. The scarcity of labour in America, and the difficulty of procuring help in the work of the farm, the mill, and the forge, develops the intellect of the people; and far away in the backwoods many an acute pioneer of civilisation invents and patents some ingenious machine for rendering men and women independent of the hired service, so costly and so difficult to obtain in a new coun-

try. The mechanical skill of the Americans is unequalled in the world, and never likely to be rivalled in the old countries of Europe, where labour is cheap. The Patent Office at Washington,—that marvellous repository of contrivances, from the simplest to the most elaborate machine that the cunning hand and the busy brain can construct—and all devoted to the one great end of facilitating work, and 'economising manual and other bodily exertion,—is sufficient proof of the assertion, and of the practical and material, as distinguished from the scholastic, education of the American people. Book-learning and the common-school system have no doubt done something for them, but however great that something may be it would have been less, if it had not been for the fertile soil, the favourable climate, the immense extent of territory, and the gigantic and not half-developed resources of the continent. In fact, book-learning and what we thoughtlessly call "education" is about the smallest of the agencies which have made the United States so powerful. They owe their position, first of all, to their race and blood, and, secondly, to possession of the best portion of a continent, and the unrivalled opportunities thus presented, and by which they have known to profit. Their school education, which enables them to read the newspapers, has certainly not impeded their progress; but without possession of such a glorious domain as that which their forefathers wrested from the Red Indians, their "education" in the common schools, which they have so lavishly established, would never have received half the laudation which they, as well as foreign admirers, have been eager to bestow upon it. The school "education" bestowed upon the children of Scotland, and introduced long before the Puritans founded the colony of Massachusetts Bay, is greatly superior to that bestowed upon the Americans; but

it has not made an America out of North Britain, though it has certainly given America some of its best immigrants, in the persons of the well-instructed and "go-ahead" Scotsmen, who are ever to be found among the leading and most influential citizens in every part of the United States and Canada.

In the British Isles we live under different conditions. As a people we have never been indifferent to Education, as the magnificent endowments of our Universities, and of many of our charitable schools, such as Christ's Hospital, the Charterhouse, and others which have been unjustly diverted from the intentions of their founders, abundantly testify. There are no opponents of education amongst us; none who do not consider it right and proper in itself, and expedient in the interest of the whole community, that every child born amongst us should be taught—not alone such elements and tools of knowledge as reading, writing, and arithmetic, but a great deal more. There is, perhaps, more culture in England than in any other country in the world; but at the same time, in consequence of our exclusive reliance upon voluntary effort, there is a greater residuum of ignorance than exists in Scotland, in France, in Germany, in Sweden, in Norway, in Holland, in Belgium, in the United States of America, and in our American and Australian colonies. It will have been observed from our extracts from Mr Combe's Travels and from Mr Fraser's Report on the American Common-School System, that there is even in the United States a residuum which the Commonwealth cannot reach to any good purpose; and that popular education is not, when we look closely into it, quite so complete as might be supposed, considering the *tabula rasa*—political and theological—on which the early American educators had the advantage of carrying out their

ideas. It is therefore not surprising that in England, where there never was a *tabula rasa*, and where the efforts of theoretical educators were always impeded by considerations both of Church and State, and by the *vis inertiae* of an ancient system of "letting alone" that which was doing comparatively, if not superlatively well, the residuum should be very much larger than it is in the United States and our colonies, and that vast numbers of the labouring population—agricultural as well as manufacturing—obliged by hard necessity to work for their daily bread, in their boyhood and girlhood, and even in their infancy—should grow up to maturity without any, or with the smallest and most useless modicum of, school teaching. The existence of this residuum in a state of ignorance has always been deplored by philanthropists, and sometimes by statesmen and politicians. It is not to be denied that this totally uninstructed class constitute the vast majority, not only of our criminal and dangerous classes, but of our paupers; and that the punishment of the one and the maintenance of the other are serious items in the national expenditure. This consideration ought of itself to be sufficient, even if no higher principles and no more generous motives of action were involved, to enlist the goodwill of the whole community in the work of elementary instruction. The passions are one cause of crime, and very highly educated people sometimes yield to them as slavishly as people who are not highly educated, or educated at all; but the great source of crime is poverty, and the great source of poverty in a thickly-peopled country like England—where the land is occupied, and where there is more demand for intelligent than for the lowest kinds of manual labour—is ignorance. In America and the British colonies ignorance is not of necessity so disadvantageous to a man, or so likely

to squeeze him down into the depths of poverty, as it is amongst us at home, for the reason that there are not hands enough in these new countries to do all the unskilled work that has to be done; and that even the most ignorant of men can dig, or herd cattle, or make himself worth his sustenance. It is not so in England, where the competition is keen, and the weak—go to the wall. For this reason it was a more urgent duty incumbent upon the British people to establish a system of National Education, than it was for the Americans and Australians; but the difficulties in the way were so enormous, that practical men were appalled at the magnitude of the task, and thought it wiser to multiply schools by voluntary effort wherever there was a possibility, than to commence an educational crusade against a lethargic Government, a hostile Church, or a prejudiced Sectarianism. They ardently desired to reach this great mass of helpless, and, in the long-run, vicious and criminal ignorance. This was the constant effort of all the good men and women who have at various times, in various places, and in various modes, established schools of greater or less efficiency for the poor and destitute. Their attempts have been unsuccessful, though not wholly unproductive of good. It is, however, no injustice to, or disparagement of, their philanthropy to say that it has left undone a great deal more than it has done, and that the great deep black river of ignorance still rolls on, poisoning the land that the clear river of knowledge might fertilise. The fact is palpable, and every statesman, philosopher, and candid student of the educational question confesses that voluntary agencies are wholly unable to undertake a task so gigantic.

One reason of the great difficulty that besets the question is, that Churches and Sects, as well as poli-

tical parties, insist too much upon "education," and too little upon "instruction." If the people are to be "educated" at the public cost, every zealous believer in the truth of his own religious doctrines, or the dogmas of the particular sect to which he may happen to belong, objects to pay for "education" that may amount in its results to proselytism. "The State shall not teach religious error," says the Roman Catholic Church. "The State shall not teach religious error," says the Protestant Church as by law established. "The State shall not teach religious error," cry out the Baptists and the Anabaptists, and all the multifarious religious divisions and subdivisions of Protestant belief. The State, for reasons very intelligible in a country where the party in possession of the Heaven of power might be sent into the Hades of opposition in a week if it offended, rightly or wrongly, any of these theological belligerents, left the Education question exactly as it found it, and postponed action on the premisses year after year, and generation after generation. And, in justice to zealous religious men, it must be added, that all the opposition did not emanate from them, but that they had powerful allies in the persons of laymen and philosophers, who thought that no Government could be safely intrusted with the Education of the People, unless it were the Government of a free and democratic republic, lest the people under such guidance and manipulation should be educated into political subserviency, lose their appreciation of liberty, and become the willing slaves of an oligarchy or a military despotism. But if, in all the long and bitter controversies that have grown out of this subject, the words "primary instruction" instead of "education" had been used by the friends of the Extension of Knowledge, it is possible that great misconception and acrimony would have been

prevented, and that thousands of people who are opposed to State education would have declared themselves in favour of State teaching, to the modest extent which would answer every real purpose. Reading, writing, and arithmetic do not of necessity involve the teaching of any kind of theology, or the inculcation of political principles; and though the Americans of the United States seem to consider otherwise, as regards themselves, the people of Great Britain, divided in theological and political opinion as they have long been, are not in a position to intrust the State with such functions, lest the trust should be abused.

The allusion to the subject in her Majesty's Speech, the recent discussions in and out of Parliament, and the stand which the leaders of the two great political parties in the State have severally taken in relation to it, together with the vastly increased interest which this very old, and very important, but very greatly neglected matter, has everywhere begun to excite among us, all serve to show that the question has entered upon a new phase, and that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867 has cleared away some of the prejudices and difficulties that formerly impeded its solution. That an extension of "Instruction," and afterwards of "Education," should follow an extension of the suffrage, is a proposition only contested by those who are of opinion that instruction should have been the first piece in the programme, and the suffrage the last. But as this order of proceeding would have adjourned for many years a Reform Bill which was not adjournable even for a single session of Parliament, there is no valid object to be gained by discussing its advantages. The suffrage has been extended, and it is the duty of the statesmanship of this great empire to take care that the "residuum" still left out of the pale of political privilege,

shall, when it asks to be admitted, be a "residuum" against which the accusation of positive ignorance cannot be fairly brought, and that the new voters, whenever they are admitted, shall at least be able to read and to sign their names. Seeing that something had to be done for the furtherance of Milton's and other people's "great and noble design," and that the Conservative Government, which gave the country the second Reform Bill, might possibly have the credit and the glory of operating a still greater reform, Earl Russell, not only at the eleventh hour, but at what might with stricter accuracy be called the twelfth hour minus a few minutes, endeavoured to do for the Education question what he had attempted to do for the Free Trade question—grasp hold of it just when it promised to be triumphant without his aid, and to make it appear to the world that it is, and always was, Whig property exclusively. Considering that for forty years and upwards this question has been prominently before the public, and that Lord Russell and other leading statesmen of his own and the Conservative party have been repeatedly called upon to take up this question, and to proclaim as the fundamental idea of all the legislation that might grow out of it, the principle that every child born within the realms of Great Britain and Ireland had as much right to instruction as to life—that a Minister of Education was far more necessary than a Minister for the Post Office, and quite as necessary, to say the least of it, as a President of the Board of Trade, or a Lord Privy Seal—it cannot be alleged that Earl Russell has hurried himself, in his late enunciation of all these ideas. Twenty-one years ago the question was considered as one that Lord John Russell was bound to take up; but his Lordship did nothing of the kind. Twenty-one years are a long time in

the life of a politician—or any one else; and we cannot but think, in view of all the circumstances, that, were Earl Russell twenty-one years younger than he is, he would still allow the question of the education of the people to sleep quietly in the chambers of his brain for twenty-one years longer—unless, which has just happened, the Earl of Derby and Mr Disraeli threatened to work while he lay dreaming, and to add the settlement of this pressing matter to the many other claims which they have upon the confidence of their party and the gratitude of their country. On the 2d December last, Earl Russell endeavoured to take formal and official possession of the subject for the Whigs, in a string of four resolutions, which he introduced into the House of Lords:—

First, "That in the opinion of this House the education of the working classes in England and Wales ought to be extended and improved. Every child has a right to the blessings of education; and it is the duty of the State to guard and maintain that right. In the opinion of this House the diffusion of knowledge ought not to be hindered by religious differences; nor should the early employment of the young in labour be allowed to deprive them of education;" *second*, "That it is the opinion of this House that Parliament and Government should aid in the education of the middle classes, by providing for the better administration of charitable endowments;" *third*, "That it is the opinion of this House that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge may be made more useful to the nation by the removal of restrictions;" and *fourth*, "That the appointment of a Minister of Education by the Crown, with a seat in the Cabinet, would, in the opinion of this House, be conducive to the public benefit."

Of course nothing came of these resolutions, and nothing was intended to come, except a little *kudos* (or something which it is the fashion to call by that word) for the Whigs. It is very doubtful whether the anticipated *kudos* was acquired, for Earl Russell's antecedents are known, and he might as well at-

tempt to filch from Mr Cobden and Sir Robert Peel the *kudos* of Free Trade, or from Mr Disraeli that of the Reform Bill of last year, as to try to filch the educational question from earlier labourers in the field, and pop it into the pocket of his party.

The first and the fourth of the Whig Earl's resolutions are alone of immediate importance. The second and third are bids for popularity, which may or may not reward the bidder, but which do not very urgently press for consideration, either on his part, or on that of any one else. Everything in its time. What the country expects as a beginning of the work is a system of primary school instruction, organised by the State, supported by the whole people, for the benefit of the whole people, and under the superintendence of a Minister responsible to Parliament. As Earl Russell can claim no credit for originating these ideas, either by himself or by his party, he cannot claim any monopoly in them; and it is quite as open to the Conservatives as to the Whigs to adopt and act upon them. Great Britain has hitherto managed to hold her own, if not more than her own, in the great struggle to retain the foremost place in the world; but there are symptoms, too palpable and obvious to be mistaken, that not only is her intellectual superiority endangered, but that, in much which makes the strength and the wealth of nations, she is losing ground. She is no longer first in arms—a matter not to be regretted as long as the world is at peace, and she has neither rivals nor enemies who can force her into their quarrels; but at the same time a matter that would have to be very much regretted, if, knowing her military and naval weakness compared with other States, she should at any time be induced to submit to insult and aggression rather than be at the trouble, the cost, or the risk of resentment. She is as yet first in

commerce and the industrial arts; but she has rivals who are pressing her close, and who in some respects have overpassed her; and that principally because the "people," commonly so called, have not received that systematic instruction which, imparted to the child, doubles the value of the man or woman. She is beyond doubt in the highest rank as regards her literature, both past and present, and seems in this respect to have no very formidable rivals in Europe or America; but her literature, noble as it is, does not percolate to the lowest ranks, on account of the fact, which is shameful if it be remediable, that notwithstanding all the educational agencies which are set in motion among the higher and middle classes, there are more than a million of children who are of the school age, who ought in a civilised country to be receiving at least elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, who either receive no instruction whatever in these branches, or only such a pitiful modicum as the Sunday-schools can supply; and that not 30 per cent, as Lord Russell informs us, of the men and women who annually present themselves before the altar to be married, can sign their names in the marriage register. These lugubrious statistics have long been studied and deplored. The more they are studied the more they must be deplored; and the more thoroughly must the Church and the religious sects, and all friends of voluntary action in this vital matter, be convinced that, with all their goodwill, all their zeal, and all their liberality, were these doubled or trebled, they are incompetent to accomplish so great a work. They have done their best, and there is none who can justly reproach them for a failure which was as much inherent in their mode of operation, as failure would be in the operations of an army without a general, in which every soldier had his own ideas of what ought to be

done or left undone. What the nation wants, and what the churches and sects must cease to object to, is a system that shall supplement their work without interfering with it, and that shall enclose in the fold of instruction all the wandering sheep that are now lost upon the mountains—a whole million of them, and more—and that shall provide them with secular instruction in the form of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the very least. The Honourable H. A. Bruce, late Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, in a speech delivered at Halifax on the 11th ultimo, properly ignoring Earl Russell and his vague resolutions, declared that three schemes for effecting this end were before the public. He said—

“The first he would refer to was his own, and it was to the effect that every locality, by which he meant every borough and every union, should have the power of rating itself for the support of existing schools, and for the purpose of building and maintaining any schools that might in future be required. Another, and, he admitted, a more complete system, was that proposed by Mr Lowe, and was to the effect that whenever the inspector of any district reported a deficiency, some department of Government should have the power of calling upon the district to supply the deficiency by levying a rate. That might be called a compulsory system for providing the means of education. The third system was that which not only provided compulsory schools, but also the compulsory attendance of children. The two latter systems he admitted to be more complete than that he mentioned first, and yet he believed his own system had more worldly wisdom to recommend it.”

The objection to the scheme of Mr Bruce is, that it is in the main a reliance upon voluntary effort to do what the voluntary principle has egregiously failed to do—with the single difference, that the borough or locality is substituted for the individual, and that a majority should have power to levy a rate for the purpose, if the majority were wise enough to know their

duty, and not opposed to additional taxation. The scheme might possibly do good; but the experience of this country and America, as regards what are called “Permissive Bills,” as Mr Bruce’s would be, is not of a character to encourage the hope that any great amount of benefit would accrue from it. Mr Lowe’s scheme goes further; and Mr Bruce admits it to be theoretically better; but even Mr Lowe’s project lacks completeness, inasmuch as when the school is built and the master is provided, there remain no means but persuasion—often ineffectual—to induce the parents of the children to allow them to attend it. The third project receives no other praise from Mr Bruce than that of completeness; but as it is a system which is in satisfactory operation in Germany, though not yet adopted in America, it may be well to consider it on its merits. In a series of ‘Letters to Lord Morpeth on the Education of the People’ (1846), the whole of this difficult subject is handled. In the fifth letter of the series the writer says—

“The establishment of primary schools should be *compulsory*. The duty of the school inspector of the district should be to notify to the Government the name of every village, or parish, or portion of a parish, in which a school is required by the wants of the population. This done, the Board of Education should notify to the village, the parish, or the district in which the deficiency exists, that a school must be built, and that a portion of the cost will be defrayed by the Government. If the notification be not attended to, the Board should have power to order the erection of the building, and to assess the district or parish for the *whole* amount. In these schools reading, writing, arithmetic, and the elements of music should be taught, and to each one should be attached playgrounds or other conveniences for gymnastic exercises and physical recreation. Doctrinal instruction should be excluded from the schools; but a certificate of attendance at *some* place of Divine worship might not improperly be expected from

every child receiving instruction, and the failure to bring such a certificate might be considered a dereliction of duty requiring the earnest admonitions of the teacher. These schools should, as far as possible, be made self-supporting; and the parents of every child attending them should pay at a reasonable rate for the instruction afforded, unless in cases where poverty and total inability to pay was pleaded and proved, when the child should be admitted without payment. The attendance of children should be made compulsory, as far as compulsion is consistent with the feelings of the people, and the freedom of our institutions. Direct compulsion might perhaps be avoided. Mr Mann, in his Educational Tour in Germany, shows that in Saxony direct compulsion is submitted to as a necessary portion of an efficient system; but there are means of indirect compulsion which have much to recommend them. For instance, no man who cannot read and write, whatever his other qualifications might be, should be allowed the exercise of any local or parliamentary franchise; and any man who, after notification of a school inspector that his child or children is or are of age to receive primary instruction, should neglect to send them to school, should be deprived of all franchises whatsoever. Another means might be the reading, at all the places of worship in the district, whether at Established or Dissenting churches, of the names of all the recusant fathers who refused to give their children the benefit of the education provided for them. Such a dereliction of duty might also be brought in evidence against the parent, in aggravation of his punishment, if arraigned before a tribunal for any offence against the laws. These are merely hints thrown out for those who may be induced to study the possible coexistence and concurrence of compulsion and freedom; but, hints as they are, they will serve to show that the task is not quite so hopeless as many at first glance might be inclined to consider it.

We do not think that public opinion is ripe for the establishment of any system of legal compulsion in this matter, or that any Government is likely to stake its existence on any such proposal. But there is a social as well as a legal compulsion which may be reckoned upon in aid of this great work—a social compulsion which

works upon the upper and middle classes, and which may in due time affect the poor, as the whole tone of their political life is elevated. This, however, is a question of the future, and may be advantageously left for the present to the free discussion which must long precede legislative action in our country. Another point that has not been prominently urged by any of the legislators who have recently spoken or written on the subject, and which might, in due time, prepare the way not only for a satisfactory discussion of the topics included in the second or third of Earl Russell's resolutions, but help to raise the character of all instruction communicated in the country, from that in the primary school to that in the university—is the elevation of the social status of the schoolmaster. The competent teacher ought to rank as high in civilised society as the competent lawyer, the competent physician, or the competent parish clergyman; but while the Church, the Law, and Medicine take care to exclude from their professions all persons who have not undergone a certain course of training and submitted to a certain amount of examination by the experts in their callings, no such probation, as a rule, is required of the teacher. The consequence is, that to be a member of what are called the learned professions confers a certain degree of social rank, and is *prima facie* evidence of worldly position and respectability. But the scholastic profession is open to the most ignorant of louts who chooses to set up a day-school or a boarding-school, and hire ushers to teach what he himself does not know, and very often to teach it badly. Thus, to be a schoolmaster confers no social status—very often the reverse. If the Legislature would come to the aid of this high, and, in some respects, sacred profession, and enact that no person, male or female, should be allowed to teach in or keep a day-

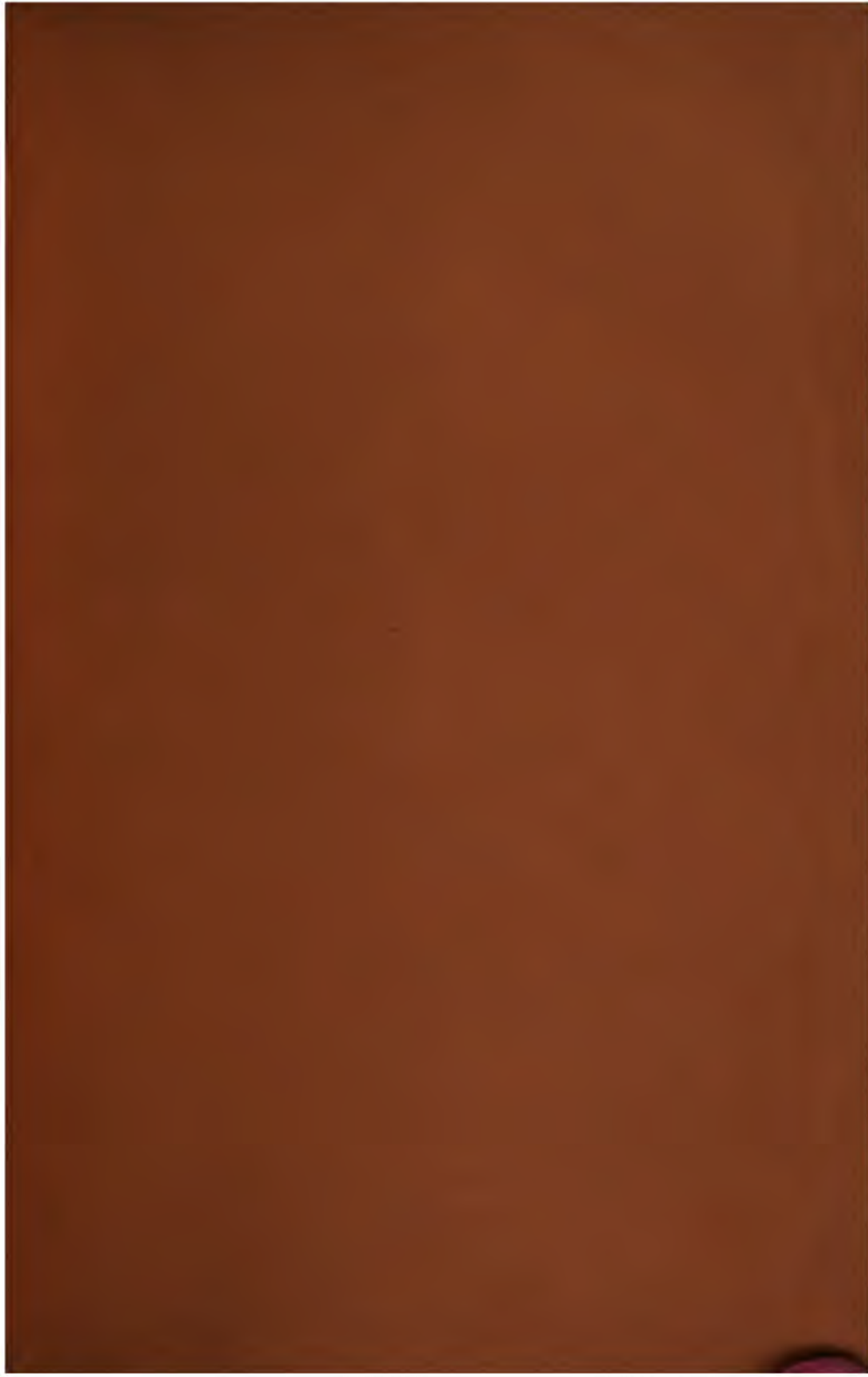
school, boarding-school, or any kind of seminary or academy for the instruction of the young, without a diploma of competency from a legally-constituted board of preceptors, established and incorporated for the purpose, the business of school-teaching would at once cease to be a trade, and be elevated into the dignity of a profession, to all intents and purposes as useful and as noble as either Law or Physic. Such an enactment might work injuriously to the interests of the Squeerses, and of the low traders on public ignorance and credulity who pretend to board and lodge a boy or a girl for twenty pounds per annum, without extras, and instruct him or her at the same time in all the requirements of a polite education, including, for girls, French, Italian, and music. But that such persons should be driven out of the educational field would be a public benefit, and any hardship they might suffer in consequence would deserve no more sympathy than the ruin of a quack doctor, or the ignominious exclusion from a court of justice of a sham attorney.

Into the question of middle and upper class education (education properly so called), that forms the intermediate portion of Earl Russell's resolutions, we have purposely abstained from entering. They may be matters of social, but are not of such national, concern as to clamour very loudly to the Legislature for immediate attention. The day may soon come when perhaps, in the interests of the poor rather than in that of the middle classes—who are well able to take care of themselves—it will be expedient to consider the great question, whether all of the many educational endowments established for the benefit of the very poor, shall continue to be employed for the education of children whose parents are well able to pay both for their board and instruction. The time may also come when the higher classes may consider whether their

sons are not taught too much Latin and Greek, and too little of anything else to fit them for the work of an age that is daily becoming more practical. The first of these questions can bide its time; the second is scarcely a matter for parliamentary action, and may well be left to public opinion and the common sense of the persons most interested. Primary instruction (not education theological or political)—to be placed within the reach of the whole people, and to be considered as much a right to be demanded of society as the right to be allowed to live—is a matter that has been urgent for generations, but that now, for the first time in England, promises to become the great parliamentary question on which the fate of parties will be decided. The question is surrounded with many practical, and with a still greater number of theoretical difficulties; but the mere fact that both political parties are willing to consider it in all its bearings, removes some of the difficulties, and diminishes the weight of others. Let us meet these difficulties fully and fairly, whether they be theological, social, political, or industrial: and, above all, let us not expect too much immediate benefit from any system that may ultimately be elaborated out of our discussions. From the experience of the United States we may learn the social impediments that prevent the rapid extension of all other than primary education, and that stand in the way even of this in the crowded centres of industry. The State, by the adoption of the best of systems which legislation may devise, can but offer a minimum of instruction to the children of its poorest citizens; for, if it attempted a maximum, it would have to feed as well as to teach. The minimum, therefore, is all that can be expected. That this minimum will root out pauperism, and empty the prisons of the future, we are not so sanguine as to hope. That it will

greatly diminish the number of paupers and criminals within the next generation after primary schools shall have been established in every parish of the land, we positively, and on well-founded calculation, and the experience of other countries, expect and believe. State agencies cannot eradicate crime by school-teaching; but they may, perhaps, confine it within the limits of the passions and the propensities. The State cannot cause the poor to cease out of the land, but it can give every child born amongst us a better chance of ceasing to be poor, by teaching him to read, to write, and to cipher, than has ever yet been afforded in our realm of Britain. For all other teaching there is an abundance of active voluntary agency already in existence. The primary school will not withdraw the child from the education of the home circle, or from that of the

church or chapel. It will but give the child the tools of knowledge. It will depend on the child himself, and the world in which he will have, in after life, to work his way, whether he will use the tools to any effective purpose. The Queen declared, in her last message to Parliament, that the question was a "vital" one. It was the Conservative Government which enunciated the opinion, and the Conservative Government will not be deterred by the difficulties of the question from bringing it prominently before the public in the shape of a practical and well-considered project. To have carried an acceptable measure of Parliamentary Reform was a credit to true Conservatism; to carry the still more needful measure of Social Reform, implied in the recognition of the right of instruction, will be not only a credit, but a glory.



ATLASES

BY

ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON,

LL.D. FREE P.R.G.S. &c.

I.

This day is published,

THE HANDY ROYAL ATLAS OF MODERN

GEOGRAPHY. 45 Maps and general Index. Imperial quarto, price £2, 12s. 6d., half-bound morocco.

This work has been constructed for the purpose of placing in the hands of the public a useful and thoroughly accurate Atlas of Maps of Modern Geography, in a convenient form, and at a moderate price. It is based on the 'ROYAL ATLAS,' by the same Author; and, in so far as the scale permits, it comprises many of the excellences which its prototype is acknowledged to possess. The aim has been to make the book exactly what its name implies, a HANDY ATLAS—a valuable addition to the 'Royal,' where that is too bulky or too expensive to find a place, a useful auxiliary to the junior branches of families, and a ready resource to the tutor and the popular reader.

II.

Dedicated by Special Permission to Her Majesty.

THE ROYAL ATLAS OF MODERN GEO-

GRAPHY. In a series of 45 entirely Original and Authentic Maps, embracing the present condition of Geographical Discovery and Research in the various Continents, Empires, and States of the World. Beautifully Engraved and Coloured. With an Index to each Map, containing References to nearly 150,000 places in this Atlas. Imperial folio, half-bound in Russia or morocco, price £5, 12s. 6d.

III.

THE PHYSICAL ATLAS OF NATURAL

PHENOMENA. Second Edition. Consisting of 56 Maps and 7 small Plates, printed in Colours; and 145 folio pages of Letterpress, including an Index containing references of 10,000 References. Imperial folio, half-bound in Russia or morocco, £8, 2s.

"A perfect treasury of compressed information."—*the Scots Herald*.

This Atlas ought to have a place in every good library. — We know of no work which contains so much and so valuable information as to all the physical circumstances in the earth as this work does. — *Quarterly Review*.

Also, an ABRIDGED EDITION of the above. Imperial quarto, half-bound morocco, £2, 12s. 6d.

IV.

ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. A

New and greatly enlarged Edition. Royal quarto, half-bound morocco, price 25s.

V.

SCHOOL ATLASES.

ATLAS OF GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEO-

GRAPHY. A New and enlarged Edition (forty-eighth thousand), increased to the present time. 20 Maps, with a complete Index, 12s. 6d.

ATLAS OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. With Index. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

ATLAS OF ASTRONOMY. Half-bound, 12s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY ATLAS OF GENERAL AND DESCRIPTIVE GEOGRAPHY. With Index. Half-bound, 5s.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

FEBRUARY MDCCCLXVIII.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

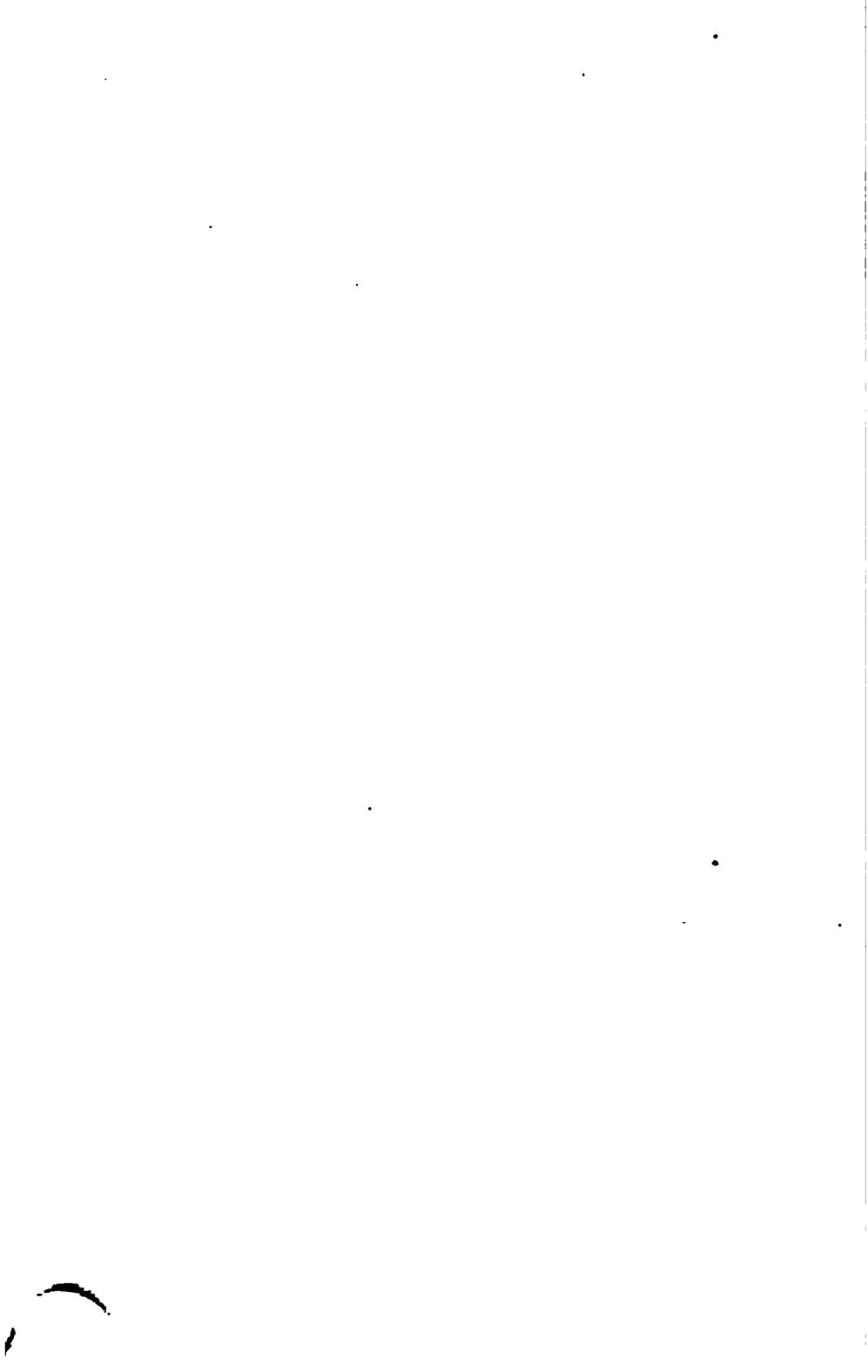
N^O. DCXXVIII.



TREACHERS' LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FROM
HALF-A-GUINEA PER ANNUM.

1, NORTH STREET, 44, & 45, EAST STREET,
BRIGHTON.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXVIII.

FEBRUARY 1868.

VOL. CIII.

CONTENTS.

BROWNLAW.—CONCLUSION,	125
MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,	150
LINDA TRESSER.—PART V.,	166
CORNELIUS O'DOWD,	180
SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—ONLY AN IRISHMAN!—	
TAKING IT OUT IN MONEY.—THE DEADLOCK AT ROME.—	
KRAHWINKEL.	
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. No. I.—	
THE QUEEN,	195
FENIANISM; AND THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD,	222
THE QUEEN OF THE HIGHLANDS,	242

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET.

AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXVIII.

FEBRUARY 1868.

VOL. CIII.

BROWNLOWS.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLII.—A GUARDIAN.

It was Jack who hurried his sister down the avenue in obedience to that peremptory summons. The effects of the fresh air and rapid movement roused her, as we have said, and nobody but herself had been aware that her strength had ever failed her. Jack was wound up to the last pitch of suspense and agitation; but he could not say a word to her—would not tell her what she was to do. "How can I tell till I see what is wanted of you?" he said, savagely. She did not know what might be laid upon her, or why she was sent for; but she was left to accept the office alone. He gave her no help except his arm to support her down the avenue—a support which was not of much use to Sara, for her brother walked at such a pace that she was scarcely able to keep up with him. He was walking a great deal more rapidly than he was at all aware. Things had come to a climax in Jack's mind. He was burning with feverish irritation, anxiety, eagerness, and panic. He had thought that his mind was made up, and that nothing fur-

ther would disturb him. But in a moment he had become more disturbed than ever. The end that must decide everything had come.

There was a certain air of excitement about Swayne's Cottages as they approached. Old Betty's lodge was closed and vacant for one thing, and the gates set wide open; and the blinds were down in Mrs Swayne's windows, and her neighbour stood in the little garden outside watching, with her hand on the door. She was waiting for their coming; and Betty within, who was utterly useless so far as the patient was concerned, flitted up and down stairs looking for the arrival of the visitor who was so anxiously expected. They received Sara with a mixture of eager curiosity and deference. "She's been a-calling for you, Miss," said Mrs Swayne's neighbour, "as if she would go out of her mind." "She's a-calling for you now," cried old Betty: "she don't seem to have another thought in her head—and the Rector by the bedside all the same, and her so near her latter

end!" Even Mr Swayne himself, with his wife's shawl round him, had come to the kitchen door to join in the general sentiment. "The Lord be praised as you've come, Miss Sara," he said. "I thought as she'd have driven me wild." This preface was not of a kind to calm Sara's nerves. She went up-stairs confused with all the salutations addressed to her, and full of awe, almost of fear. To be sent for by a woman on her deathbed was of itself something alarming and awful. And this woman above all.

As for Jack, all that he heard of this babble was the intimation that the Rector was there. It added another spark, if that were possible, to the fire in his heart. The doctor knew all about it—now here was another, yet another, to be taken into the dying woman's confidence. Though nobody asked for him, and though his presence seemed little desirable, he went up after his sister without saying a word to any one. They could hear the voice of the patient as they approached—a voice almost unintelligible, thick and babbling, like the voice of an idiot, and incessant. Mrs Preston's eyes, still blazing with wild anxiety and suspicion, met Sara's wondering, wistful gaze as she went timidly into the room. Pamela stood by like a ghost with utter weariness and a kind of dull despair in her pallid face. She could not understand what it all meant. To her the *mot* of the enigma, which had been wanting at the commencement, could now never be supplied, for she was too completely worn out in body and mind to be able to receive a new idea. She beckoned to Sara almost impatiently as she opened the door. "Yes, mamma, she has come—she has come," said Pamela. Mr Hardcastle was standing behind her with his prayerbook in his hand, looking concerned and impatient. He was amazed at the neglect with which he was being treated in the first place; and, to do him justice, he also felt strongly that, as Betty

said, she was near her latter end, and other interests should be foremost in her mind. Old Betty herself came pressing in after Jack, and Mrs Swayne followed her a few minutes later, and the neighbour stood outside on the landing. Their curiosity was roused to such a pitch that it eclipsed every other feeling—not that the women were hard-hearted or indifferent to the solemn moment which was at hand, but they all wanted to know what she could have to say to Sara, and they were all curious to witness the tragedy about to be enacted, and to see whether she made a good end.

"Ah, she's come," said Mrs Preston, in her thick voice. "Bring her here to me.—Not *him*—I don't want him. Sara! come here! It's you I can speak to—only you. Give me something. I have a dozen words to say, and I must say them strong."

"Here, mamma," said Pamela, who watched with a sort of mechanical accuracy every indication of her mother's will; and she put her soft arm under Mrs Preston's head and raised her with a strain of her slight girlish form, which at another moment would have been impossible. Jack made a step forward involuntarily to help her, but stopped short, arrested by the dying woman's eyes, which she fixed upon him over Pamela's shoulder as the cordial which was to give her strength to speak was put to her lips. She stopped even at that moment to look at him. "Not you," she said, hoarsely—"not you." It was not that he cared what she said, or even understood it, in his own excitement; but Pamela had her back turned upon him as she supported her mother; and Jack felt with a pang of poignant humiliation that there was no place for him there. Even her interests, the charge of her, seemed to be passing out of his hands.

"If you are going to speak to me—about—anything," cried Sara, "I don't know what it is—nor why

you should send for me; but do you want all these people too?"

Mrs Preston looked at them vaguely—but she took no notice of what Sara said. "I have sent for you," she cried, uttering two or three words at a time, as if making a last effort to be intelligible, "because you saved me. I leave her to you; you're only a girl; you will not kill her—for the sake of her money. My mother's money! And to think we might all have been—comfortable—and happy! and now, I'm going to die!"

"Oh, mamma!" cried Pamela, clasping her hands wildly, "if you would but put away everything from your mind—if you would but stop thinking, and do what the doctor says—you might get better yet."

The dying woman made an attempt as it were to shake her head—she made a dreadful attempt to smile. "Poor child!" she said, and something like a tear got into her dilated eyes, "she don't know. That's life; never to know—till the very last—when you might have been happy—and comfortable; and then to die——"

"Mrs Preston," cried Sara, going up to the bed, "I don't know what you mean or what I can do; but, oh, if you will only listen to Pamela! You are strong—you can speak and remember everything. Oh, can't you try to live for her sake? We will all pray," she cried, with tears, "every one of us—if you will only try! Oh, Mr Hardcastle, pray for her—why should she die, and she so strong? and to leave Pamela like this!"

"Hush," said Mr Hardcastle, almost sternly; "Sara, you forget there are things more important than life."

"Not to Pamela!" cried Sara, carried away by the vehemence of her feelings. "Oh, Mrs Preston, try! You are strong yet—you could live if you were to try."

A kind of spasm passed over the

poor woman's face. Perhaps a momentary hope of being able to make that effort crossed her mind—perhaps it was only a terrible smile at the vanity of the proposal. But it passed and left her eyes more wild in their passionate entreaty than before. "You don't—answer," she said; "you forsake me—like the rest. Sara! Sara! you are killing me. She is killing me. Give me an answer. Oh, my God, she will not speak!"

Sara looked round upon them all in her dismay. "You should have the doctor," she said: her inexperienced mind had seized upon Pamela's incoherent remonstrance. "Where is the doctor? Oh, could not something be done for her if he was here?"

Then Pamela gave a low cry. Her mother, who had been motionless for hours, after a wild struggle turned her head round upon the pillow. Her palsied fingers fluttered on the coverlid as if with an attempt to stretch themselves out toward Sara. Her eyes were ready to start from their sockets. "She will not speak to me!" she cried—"although she saved me. I make her guardian of my child. Do you hear?—is there any one to hear me? She is to take care of my Pamela. She is killing me. Sara, Sara! do you hear? I am speaking to you. You are to take care of my Pamela. I leave her to you——"

"Do what she says," said a low voice at Sara's shoulder. "Promise anything—everything. She must not be thwarted now."

Sara did not know who it was that spoke. She made a step forward, recovering her native impetuosity. She laid her warm living hand upon the cold half-dead one of the dying woman and left it there, though the touch thrilled to her heart. "I will take care of her," she said, "I promise, as if she was my sister. Do you hear me now. Mrs Preston? I promise with all my heart. Oh, Pamela, I don't

think she hears me! I have said it too late—she is going to die.”

The doctor, who had spoken to Sara, came forward and drew her softly from the bedside. “Take her away,” he said to Jack, who all this while had been looking on. “Take them both away—they can do no good here——”

Sara, who was trembling in every limb, fell back upon her brother's supporting arm; but when Jack held out his other hand to Pamela she made him no reply. She was weaker than Sara, but she was a hundred times stronger. She gave him one pitiful look and returned to her mother. That was her place, come what might; and she was so young, that even now she could not recognise that there was no hope.

Then Jack took his sister downstairs. They went into the little parlour, which was full to his mind of so many associations. Sara had not, like Pamela, the support of intense and overwhelming emotion. She was shaken to the very depths by this extraordinary trial. As soon as it was over she fell into hysterical sobbing like a child. She could not restrain herself. She sank upon the little black sofa in the parlour, where Mrs Preston had so often rested, and hid her face in her hands to keep down as far as she could the irrepressible sobs. Jack had begun to walk about the room and seemed to take no notice; but he was thinking in his heart how small a matter it was to her in comparison with what it was to Pamela, though it was she and not Pamela who indulged in this show of sorrow. He was unkind to his sister; he was bitter against her, and against all the world. It was his natural charge that had been transferred to her hands; and who was Sara that she should have such a guardianship given to her? He vowed to himself that it was he and only he who should take care of Pamela. Sara? a girl who knew nothing about it—a child

with no power to take care of herself—the woman must be mad. He went to the door with a little excitement as the sound became audible of other people coming down-stairs. The spectators who had crowded into Mrs Preston's sick-room were being sent away, and old Betty, thus deprived of one source of interest, came in curtsying to make herself useful to Sara. “Poor soul, she's awful bad,” said Betty; “but, Miss Sara, don't you take on; you've been a comfort to her. She's a deal easier in her mind; she's found friends for her girl, as was always her great thought. Don't you take on——”

“Oh, Betty, is she dead?” cried Sara, to whom the sympathy even of this old woman was a consolation, excited as she was.

“No, Miss,” said Betty, shaking her head. “It ain't so easy getting shut o' this life. She ain't dead, nor won't be not yet awhile—judging by all as I've seen in my day.”

“Then she is getting better,” cried Sara, clasping her hands. “Oh, Jack, thank God! she is going to live.”

Old Betty again shook her head. “Miss Sara, you're young,” she said; “you don't know no better. She ain't a-going to live. But them things take more nor a minute. This world had need to be a better place than it is to most on us; for it's hard work a-getting in and it's harder work a-getting out. She may lie like that for days and days. Most folks get to be glad at last when it's over. It's weary work, both for them as is nursin' and them as is dyin'; but it's what we all has to go through,” said Betty, with a conventional sigh.

This time, however, Betty, with all her experience, was not a true prophet. The strength of the dying woman was fictitious. As soon as she had got beyond the point at which her mind could still work, her body went down like so much

dead weight; consciousness and intelligence had failed her while Sara was in the act of making her promise, and in a few minutes the Rector, excited and rather angry, joined the others down-stairs. "You should have waited, Sara," he said, severely; "no worldly affairs could be so important as to justify— And then what can you do for the poor girl? I would humour the fancies of the dying as much as any one; but if the poor thing is left destitute, unless you take her into your service—"

"Mr Hardcastle," exclaimed Jack, furious, "do you know whom you are speaking of? Miss Preston is my betrothed wife."

The Rector fell back in dismay for a moment. Then he recovered himself with a certain dignity. "My dear Jack," he said, "this is not a moment to discuss any act of youthful folly. Your good father ought to know of this. Don't, I beg of you—don't say anything more to me."

"And all that we have in the world belongs to Pamela," said Sara, with a sigh. Mr Hardcastle looked at the brother and sister, and his usual discrimination forsook him. He thought they were both out of their senses. As there was nobody else to communicate with, he looked round at old Betty, who stood listening eagerly; and Betty, too, elevated her eyebrows, and shook her head. Were they going mad? Was there some idiocy in the air which affected everybody? The Rector went to the window, and turned his back upon them, and looked out in his bewilderment. He felt very sorry for poor Mr Brownlow. Then he seemed to get a glimmering of the meaning of it all. It was for Sara's aid in securing this marriage that the poor creature up-stairs had been so anxious. Her mind had been passionately occupied about merely worldly interests to the last; and for this he and his higher consolation had been thrust away. Poor

Brownlow! Mr Hardcastle thought of his own dutiful Fanny, who never gave way to any vagaries. And he buttoned his coat with a friendly instinct. "I am going to see your father, as I can be of no further use here," he said; and there was a world of disapproval in his tone.

But just then there were some hurried movements above, and a cry. It was Pamela, who was calling on her mother, appealing to an ear which no longer heard. They all knew instinctively what it meant. Sara started up, trembling and clasping her hands. She had never been in the same house with death before—never that she knew of; and a dreadful sense that Mrs Preston had suddenly become a spiritual presence, and was everywhere about her, seized upon the girl. "I promise," she said, wildly, with lips that gave forth very little sound. As for Jack, he too started as if something had struck him. He went up to his sister, though he had been angry with her, and took her into his arms for a moment. "Sara, go to her," he said. He forgot all about secondary things—his heart bled for his Pamela. "Go to her!" he cried; and something like a sob came from his breast. Not for the poor soul that was gone—not for her to whom at last the trouble and toil were over; for the young creature who remained behind to profit by all the mother's unrewarded pains—for the living, not for the dead.

The doctor came down-stairs shortly after; and though he was grave, there was a professional tone about him which dispelled the awe of the group below. "It is all over," he said, "and a very good thing too for that poor girl. She could not have stood it much longer. I am very glad Miss Brownlow has gone to her. It's excessively good of your sister. I was obliged to interfere, you know. Nobody need hold themselves bound, unless they please, by a promise extorted like

that; but in such a case one never can tell what might have happened. The patient must be humoured. I feared——”

“No more,” said Jack—“don’t say any more; you did what was quite right. It is Miss Preston who must be considered now. Could she be removed at once? Would it be safe to take her away at once? for my sister, of course, I mean.”

“Miss Preston?” said the doctor, a little puzzled. “Oh, the daughter, you mean, poor thing! It would be the very best plan to take her away; but she is a good little thing, and she wouldn’t go.”

“Never mind your opinion of her,” cried Jack, keeping his temper with difficulty. “Tell me if we can take her away?”

“She will not go,” said the doctor, offended in his turn. “As for opinions, I have a right to my opinion if she was the Queen. She’s not the sort of girl to be taken away. After the funeral it may be done, perhaps. Good morning. I shall see her to-morrow. Mr Hardcastle, if you like I can set you down at the Rectory—I am going that way.”

“Thanks, I have to go somewhere else first,” said the Rector; and the other parish functionary departed accordingly, going softly for the first dozen steps out of respect for the dead. Then Mr Hardcastle put on his hat, and looked at Jack.

“I am going to Brownlows,” he said. “I am very sorry to have such an office to fulfil; but your father must know, Jack, what has been going on here to-day.”

Jack was in no merry mood, but he was unable to retain a short hard laugh, which relieved him as well as any other expression of feeling. “Yes, you are free to tell him,” he said, and he felt disposed to laugh again loudly when he looked at the Rector’s severe and disapproving face. It gave him a certain cynical and grim amusement to see it. How blind and stupid everybody

was! What immovable, shallow dolts, to look on at all those mysteries of death and ruin, and never to be a whit the wiser! He could have laughed, but his laughter, such as it was, was internal—that too might be misunderstood. He waved old Betty impatiently away, and he turned his back on Mr Hardcastle who was going. When he turned round again both were gone. He even paused to think they were not so unlike each other; Betty perhaps on the whole had most understanding of the two. He went to the window and watched the old woman cross reluctantly to the lodge, and the Rector enter the avenue. Betty, however, could not stay away. She came stealing back again, not perceiving Jack, looking cautiously round to make sure that both the Rector and the doctor were out of sight. She stopped to speak to the neighbour who was at her door, and they shook their heads over the sad story, and then Betty crept into Mrs Swayne’s cottage and stole upstairs. Jack took the pains to watch all this, but it was not because he was interested in old Betty. He was reluctant to go back to his own thoughts—to face the situation in which he found himself. When he could delay no longer, he sat down at the table as if he had work to do, and buried his head in his hands. Yes, she was dead, poor woman! The fortune which had excited her almost to madness, which had changed her from a humble, tender creature anxious to serve everybody, into an elated tyrant eager to tramp the world under foot, had never reached her grasp. Poor soul! At the very last moment of her life to undergo this awful temptation and to fall under it, and give the lie to all her dutiful and pious existence! Instead of pondering over his own difficulty, these were the reflections in which Jack’s mind plunged itself. She had gone where money could do her no good, and yet at

the very end she had agitated and even stained her spotless life for it, leaving painful recollections behind her, though she had been a good woman; perhaps even shortening her own days. What a hard fate it was! how cruel to have had the irresistible temptation so late, and to have no time left her to efface the recollection of her momentary frenzy. Jack's heart grew soft towards her as it all came before him. Poor soul! Poor woman! not time even to say her prayers and ask God's pardon before she died; perhaps, however, on the whole, though Mr Hardcastle might be of a different opinion, God, who knew all, was less likely to be deceived by that ebullition than man. When he tried to think of his own course of action at this difficult moment, his mind went off at a tangent. It was in vain that he attempted to consider what he was to do. The quiet of death had fallen over the agitated house in which he sat, and his own agitation died out in that chilly calm. Then he got up with a kind of dull composure in his mind to go home. Everything must be postponed now until the few first days of darkness were over. It was the only tribute that could be paid to the dead.

Before he went away Sara came to him for a moment. Her eyes were red with crying, but she had recovered herself. "Tell papa I must stay with her," said Sara. "I cannot leave her. I don't think she could have borne it much longer, and there is only me to take care of her now."

"You! to take care of her?" cried Jack. "How long is this folly to last? Am not I to see her?" and then his flash of resentment died away. "Sara, if you are not good to her, tender to her!" he said, with tears coming into his eyes in spite of him. "And she so young! not much more than a child. Why can't I bring down the carriage for her, and take her home?"

"And leave her mother here!" said Sara, turning away with the impatience of excitement. As for Jack, he was walking about in the passage while she spoke to him from the stair. He could have cried like one of the girls—he could have taken his sister in his arms, or have stormed at her. A hundred contradictory contending feelings were in his heart.

"Her mother is dead," he said. "What good can she do here now? why can't you show her the reason of it? she would be much better at Brownlows. The doctor said so. She will come with you."

"Never while her mother lies there," cried Sara — "her poor mother who loved her so! I know what is in her heart; and she shall do as she pleases. Tell papa, unless he wants me, that I must stay here."

And she stayed, and Jack went up the avenue alone. He met two carriages coming down, and had to stop and tell why he had not been present to say good-bye, and what had detained Sara. The ladies in the carriages stared very strangely at his few brief words of apology. And they gazed at each other in consternation as they passed on. It might be very good of Sara to go and watch by a sickbed, but to leave her guests for it, to let them all depart without a word, as if it had been a hotel— Altogether it was a strange family. Mr Brownlow had told them he expected to be ruined, though there was no visible appearance of it. And Sara had rushed away from them, from the head of the table without a word, on the very last day, to attend a poor woman's deathbed. Not very much like Sara, they said; and they began to give each other significant looks and to ask if the Brownlows had "anything wrong" in their blood. They were so new as a county family. People had no information about their grandfathers and grandmothers; but they looked as if they were all mad

—that was the fact. It was the strangest way to treat their guests.

And there were some of the guests, as Jack found on returning to the house, who were not going to leave till the next day. They were sulky and offended, as was natural. To make arrangements for a pleasant visit, and to be all but turned out before the time you had yourself fixed—and then to have your mind confused by vague stories about ruin and loss, and somebody who was dying! It was not to be supposed that any one could be pleased. Mr Hardcastle had been there, and he had not mended matters. He had told one or two men how sorry he was for poor Brownlow—how he feared Jack had got entangled somehow, and had been so foolish as to involve his sister—and how things were in a bad way. All sorts of vague rumours were floating about the house—the servants were prepared for anything, from the reduction of their wages to the arrest of their master. They watched the door anxiously, and cast furtive looks down the avenue, that they might not be taken unprepared; and Mr Willis secretly removed a good deal of the plate into a dark corner of the wine-cellar. “Master might want it,” he said to himself—judging it not off the cards that master might be obliged to run away, and might be glad of a silver teapot or so to pay his expenses.

How they could have got through the evening it is impossible to tell, had not Sara appeared before dinner, very pale, with red eyes, and a melancholy face. Everybody rushed at her when she appeared—in a kind of consternation. And for a moment it seemed to both her father and brother that their adversary had come alive, and that the struggle was to begin again. Sara’s explanation, however, was the simple one that Pamela had fallen asleep, and that she had thought they would want her at home for

dinner. So she went and dressed herself, like a martyr, and carried them through the embarrassed meal. It was she upon whom the chief burden fell, and she took up the weight and carried it without finching. So the long confused eventful day came to an end. When it was late and all the bewildered people had retired to their rooms, Mr Brownlow and Jack took her down the avenue, guarding her tenderly, one on either side. There was little said between them, but their hearts were full—a kind of gratitude, a kind of sorrow, a certain pervading sense of union and sympathy had come into their minds; and the two men regarded with a half wondering, half pitying enthusiasm, a waking up of all the springs of natural love, the soft creature between them, the indulged, petted, faulty girl who now had everything to do. They both kissed her when they left her, with an overflowing of their hearts, and stood and looked at the dark cottage with the faint lights in its windows, saying nothing. In the upper window was the dim glow of the light in the chamber of the dead—the needless pathetic glimmer which shone faintly over the covered face and closed eyes; below, in the little parlour, where a bed had been hastily prepared for her, Pamela was sleeping in her profound exhaustion, almost as pale as her mother, shaded from the dim candlelight. The father and son did not speak, but they grasped each other’s hands closely as they looked at the house, and turned away and walked home in silence. A certain confusion, consolation, and calm, all mingled with wonder and suspense, had come over them—words were of no use at that moment. And Sara went in and took up her guardianship—and slept and waked and watched all night long in the weakness and strength of her youth.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE LIGHT OF COMMON DAY.

Next morning Mr Brownlow resumed his regular habits, and went down to the office, reassuring the household a little by this step, which seemed a return to ordinary life. He looked wistfully and with a certain solemnity at the closed windows of Mrs Swayne's cottage as he passed. The chief point of interest to him was that Sara was there; and yet it was impossible not to think at the same time of the woman who had crossed his path so fatally, and now had been taken out of his way. In one sense she was taken out of his way. It was not to be supposed that the lawyer could look at the situation in which he found himself with any sentimental or superlative resolutions. His mind was quieted out of all the terrors which had at first overwhelmed him. It was no longer ruin that stared him in the face. The mother could have exacted interest and compound interest; the daughter, who was Jack's betrothed bride, could, of course, be dealt with in a different way. Jack's sense that he was no longer her lover, but the guardian of her interests—that his business was to win every penny of her fortune for her, and then leave her to its enjoyment—did not, of course, affect Mr Brownlow. He was thinking of nothing fantastical, nothing exaggerated. Pamela was Jack's betrothed. She was in Sara's guardianship. From this day he considered her as a member of his family; and after all the troubles he had undergone, this solution on the whole seemed to Mr Brownlow a very easy, a very seemly and becoming one. She should have, as Jack's wife, her mother's fifty thousand pounds; and when he himself died, everything except a moderate portion for Sara should go into his son's hands. It was an arrangement which made his heart ache; for Sara would have to come down

from all her grandeur, to become only what her father's daughter had a right to be in the Masterton house, to have but a humble provision made for her, and to relinquish all her luxurious habits and ambitions. If it had been Jack upon whom such a necessity had fallen, Mr Brownlow could have borne it; but Sara! Nevertheless it was just and right and necessary. There was nothing else to be done, nothing else to be thought of. And both Sara and her father would have to submit, unless, indeed, Sir Charles Motherwell—Mr Brownlow's eye kindled a little as he thought of his late visitor, and then he shook his head sadly in a kind of self-communing. If anything had come of that, could Sara have been silent on the subject? Would Sir Charles himself have gone away without a sign? Yet every moment since then had been so full of excitement and occupation, that he still retained a hope. In the midst of the awe and agitation attending Mrs Preston's death his child could scarcely have paused to tell him of a love-tale. When he entered the familiar office and saw everything going on just as it had done, Mr Brownlow felt like a man fallen from the skies. It seemed to him years since he had been there, and he could not but feel a thrill of wonder to find all his papers in their places, and to listen to Mr Wrinkell's questions about business matters which seemed to have stood still while his own destiny was getting decided. "Are you still at that point?" he said, almost peevishly. "I should have thought that would have been decided long ago."

"It is only three days, if you recollect, since I consulted you about it," Mr Wrinkell replied, with offended dignity, "and you gave me no distinct answer." Only three

days! It might have been three centuries, for anything Mr Brownlow knew.

Then he sat down at his desk and addressed himself very heartily to his business. A mass of work had accumulated of course, and he took it up with an energy he had not felt for ages. He had been working in the dark all this time, working languidly, not knowing who might be the better for it. Now his whole soul was in his occupation; every additional shilling he could make would be so much for his child. More and more as he became accustomed to the thought, his mind cleared and courage and steadiness returned to him. It was true that he was at the age when men think of retiring from work, but he was a strong and vigorous man still, in possession of all his powers. Jack would withdraw, would marry, would enter on his independent career, and carry out probably the very programme his father had drawn out for him before that midnight visitor arrived whose appearance had changed everything. Poor creature, after all she had not changed everything. She had changed but little. Sara only had lost by her appearance. That was the sting of the whole matter; and Mr Brownlow applied himself with double energy, with the eager impulse and vigour of a young man, to the work before him. Everything he could add to his store would be the better for Sara, and he felt that this was motive sufficient for any man, worthy of the name.

When it came to be time for luncheon he went out—not to refresh himself with food, for which he had little appetite, but to make a visit which perhaps was a kind of ill-natured relief to him amid the pressure of his many thoughts. He went to Mrs Fennell's lodgings to pay one of his generally unwilling but dutiful visits. This time he was not unwilling. He went with an unaffected quietness which

was very different from the forced calm of his last appearance there. Mrs Fennell was seated as usual in her great chair, but she had not on her best cap, and was accordingly cowed and discouraged to begin with; and Nancy, who was with her, made a pretence of leaving the room. "Stay," said Mr Brownlow, "I want you. It is best that you too should hear what I am going to say."

"At your service, sir," said Nancy, dropping him a defiant curtsy. As for Mrs Fennell, she had begun to tremble immediately with excitement and curiosity.

"What is it, John Brownlow?" she said. "What's happened? It's a sight to see you so soon again. It isn't for nothing, we may be sure. What do you want of me and Nancy now?"

"I want nothing of you," said Mr Brownlow. "I came to tell you of something you ought to know. Phoebe Thomson is found, Mrs Fennell. She came to me the other night."

"Good Lord!" cried the old woman; and then a wild light got up in her eyes and she looked at him fiercely. "Came to you?—and you let her come, and let her go, and owned her, you coward! Tell me next you have given her up the children's money—my Bessie's children? That's what you call a man! Oh, good Lord—good Lord! You owned her, and you tell it to my very face!"

Then there was a little pause. The two old women looked at him, one with impotent fury, the other with suppressed exultation. "I always said so!" said Nancy. His simple words had produced effect enough if that was what he wanted. He looked at them both, and a faint smile came over his face, a smile in which there was no mirth and which lasted but a moment. He felt ashamed of himself next minute that he could have been tempted to smile.

"John Brownlow," said Mrs

Fennell, rising in her exasperation, "I'm an old poor failing woman, and you're a fine strong man, but I'd have fought different for my Bessie's children. Didn't I tell you she came to me, that you might be on your guard? And you a lawyer! Oh, good Lord—good Lord! I'd have kept it safer for them if it had been me. I'd have turned her out of my door for an impostor and a vagabond! I'd have hunted her to death first if it had been me. And you to tell me her name clean out as quiet as a judge and look me in the face! Oh you coward! you poor creature! Never, if she had torn me with wild horses, would she have got it out of me!"

"He could not have acted differently," said Nancy, with suppressed excitement. "Sit down, mistress, or you'll do yourself a harm. The best lawyer in the world couldn't turn a woman away as knowed her rights."

Mr Brownlow held up his hand to prevent the angry exclamation that was on Mrs Fennell's lips. "Hush," he said, "my story is not done. It is a very sad story. Poor soul, she will never get much good of the money. Phoebe Thomson is dead."

They both turned on him with a look which all his life he never forgot. Would they themselves have been capable of such a deed? Was it the natural suggestion of the crisis? The look made him sick and faint. He turned so as to confront both the old women. "I don't know who her counsellor was," he said, with unconscious solemnity, "but it must have been some one who believed me a knave and a liar. Had she come to me and proved to me who she was, she might have been living now. Poor soul, she did not do that. She was sent to London instead to find out for herself about her mother's will, and she came down in haste, finding there was not a moment to lose. And she was driven mad with fright and suspi-

cion and fatigue; an old woman too—she could not bear it. And now, instead of enjoying what was hers, she is dead. This is what comes of evil counsel. She might have lived and had some comfort of her life had she been honest and straightforward and come to me."

Mr Brownlow said this with the conviction and fervour of an upright man. All the evil thoughts he had himself entertained, all his schemes to baffle his unknown adversary, had faded from his mind. It was not a fictitious but a real forgetfulness. He spoke in the superiority of high principle and of a character above reproach. He did not remember that he had tacitly conspired with Mrs Fennell, or that he had wilfully rejected the opportunity of finding Phoebe Thomson out after her visit to his mother-in-law. Perhaps his excuse to himself was that, at the moment, his suspicions were all directed to a wrong point. But I don't think he felt any occasion to excuse himself—he simply forgot. If she had lived she should have had all, every penny, though it cost him his ruin; and now she was dead by the visitation of God, and everything was changed. It is strange and yet it was true. He looked at them both with a superiority which was not assumed, and he believed what he said.

As for his hearers, they were both stunned by this solemn address. Mrs Fennell dropped into her chair, and in her surprise and relief and consternation began to cry. As for Nancy, she was completely cowed and broken down for some minutes. It was she who had done all this, and every word told upon her. She was overwhelmed by Mr Brownlow's rectitude, by his honour and truth, which owing to her had been thus fatally distrusted. And she was struck at the same time by a cruel disappointment which gave force to every word. She stood and looked at Mr Brownlow, quailing before him. Then a

faint gleam of returning courage came over her. She drew a deep breath to give herself the power of speech. "There is her child still," she said, with a gasp, and faced him with a certain bravado again.

"Ah, I see you know!" he said; "that is the strangest part of all. For a long time past, before we knew who they were, and much against my will, her child had taken Jack's fancy; he was determined to marry her, though I told him he should have nothing from me; now in the strange arrangements of Providence——" said Mr Brownlow. But there he stopped; something seemed to stifle him; he could not go on speaking about the dispensations of Providence; he got up when he had reached this point, with a sudden sense that after all he had no right to speak as if God and himself—or Providence, as he preferred to say—were in partnership; his hands were not clean enough for that. He stopped, and asked after Mrs Fennell, if she had all the comforts she wanted, and then he made what haste he could away. He even felt half ashamed of himself as he went down-stairs. His mother-in-law, excited as she had been by the first piece of news he told her, had but half understood the second. He left her sobbing weakly over her Beessie's children who were being robbed and ruined. Nancy went to the door with him in a servile despair. She understood it all well enough. There was no more hope for her, no more dazzling expectations of such a retirement as Betty's lodge and its ease and independence. To serve old Mrs Fennell's whims all the rest of her days—to be pensioned on some pittance, or turned out upon the world for her misdeeds in her old age when Mrs Fennell should die—this was all that she had before her now.

When Mr Brownlow went back after having fulfilled this duty, he went up-stairs into the house in-

stead of going to the office, and with a caprice which he himself scarcely understood, called Powys, who was standing at the door, to follow him. It seemed to him as if, it was so long ago, Powys too must have recovered from his heart-break. He took the young man with him over the silent, empty, echoing house. "This is where I began my married life," he said, stopping on the cold hearth in the drawing-room, and looking round him. It was a pretty old-fashioned room, running all the breadth of the house, with windows at each end, and a perpetual cross-light, pale at one side, rosy and full of sunshine at the other. It was not a lofty room, like the drawing-room at Brownlows, nor was it rich with gold and dainty colours; but yet there was something in the subdued tone of the old curtains, the old Turkey carpet, the japanned screens and little tables, the old-world look of everything, which was neither ungraceful nor unrefined. "I am coming back to live here," he said after an interval, with a sigh. He could not tell why he made this confidential communication to the young man, who grew pale, and gazed at him eagerly, and could not find a word to say in reply. Mr Brownlow was not thinking of Powys's looks, nor of his feelings; he was occupied with himself, as was natural enough; he took the young fellow into his confidence, if that could be called confidence, because he liked him, and had seen more of him than of anybody else near. What the intelligence might be to Powys Mr Brownlow did not stop to think; but he went over the house in his company, consulting him about the alterations to be made. Somehow he had returned to his first feeling towards Powys—he wanted to be kind to him, to make up to him for not being Phoebe Thomson's son; they were fellow-sufferers so far as that was concerned—at least such was the feeling in Mr Brown-

low's mind, though he could not well have explained how.

Later in the afternoon he had some visitors. Altogether it was an exciting day. The first who came to him was Sir Charles Motherwell, who had ridden in from Ridley, where he was staying, to see him, and whose appearance awoke a certain surprise and expectation in Mr Brownlow's mind; he thought Sara must have accepted him after all. But the Baronet's looks did not justify his hope; Sir Charles was very glum, very rueful, and pulled at his mustache more than ever. He came in, and held out his hand, and put down his hat, and then pulled off his gloves and threw them into it, as if he were about to perform some delicate operation. When he had got through all these ceremonies, he sank into the chair which stood ready for Mr Brownlow's clients, and heaved a profound sigh.

"I thought I'd come and tell you," he said, "though it ain't pleasant news; I tried my luck, as I said I would—not that I've got any luck. She—she—wouldn't hear of it, Brownlow. I'd have done anything in the world she liked to say—you know I would; she might have sold the old place, or done what she pleased; but she wouldn't, you know, not if I'd gone down on my knees—it was all of no use." He had never uttered so many sentences all on end in his life before, poor fellow. He got up now, and walked as far as the office wall would let him, and whistled dolefully, and then he returned to his chair, and breathed another deep sigh. "It was all of no use."

"I am very sorry," said Mr Brownlow—"very sorry; she would have chosen a good man if she had chosen you; but you know I can't interfere."

"Do you think I want any one to interfere?" said Sir Charles, with momentary resentment. "Look here, Brownlow, I'll tell you how

it is; she said she liked some one else better than me—I'd like to wring the fellow's neck!" said the disappointed lover, with a little outburst; "but if there's money, or anything in the way, I thought I might lend him a hand—not in my own name, you know. I suppose a girl ain't the master to like whom she ought to like, no more than I am," said Sir Charles, disconsolately, "but she's got to be given in to, Brownlow. I'd lend him a hand, if that was what was wanting. As long as she's happy and has her way, a man can always pull through."

Mr Brownlow started a little at this strange speech, but in the end the confused generosity of the speaker carried him out of himself. "You are a good fellow, Motherwell," he said, heartily, holding out his hand—"you are the best fellow I know."

"Ah, so she said," said poor Sir Charles, with a hoarse little laugh—he was not bright, poor fellow, but he felt the sarcasm; "I'd a deal rather she had praised me less and liked me more—"

And he ended with another big sigh. Mr Brownlow had to make himself very uncomfortable by way of discouraging Sir Charles's generousities. He had to protest that he knew no one whom Sara could prefer. He had to say at last peremptorily that it was a matter which he could not discuss, before his anxious and melancholy visitor could be got rid of. It was not a pleasant thought to Mr Brownlow. He did not like to hear of Sara preferring any man. He could have given her to Charley Motherwell, who would have been her slave, and could have assured her position, and endowed her with a title such as it was; but Sara in love was not an idea pleasant to her father, besides the uneasy wonder who could be the object of her preference. He tried to go back and recollect, but his memory failed him. Then there came a dim vision to his

mind of a moment when his child had turned from him—when she had wept and rejected his embrace and his sympathy. How long was that ago? But he did not seem able to tell. It was before—that was all he knew. Everything had happened *since*. He had told her she was free, and she had turned upon him and upbraided him—for what? Years seemed to lie between him and that half-forgotten scene. He tried in vain to resume the thread of his plans and arrangements. In spite of himself his reluctant yet eager thoughts kept going back and back to that day. How long was it since he had thought Powys the heir? How long since the moment of unlooked-for blessedness when he believed himself free? It was on that day that Sara had turned from him and cried—that day when he was so full of comfort, so anxious to show his gratitude to God—when he had drawn that cheque for the Masterton charities, which—by the way, how had he distributed the money? Catching at this point of circumstance, Mr Brownlow made an effort to escape from his recollections. He did not want to recall that foolish premature delight. It might have been years ago, to judge by his feelings; but he knew that could not be the case. It had become late in the afternoon by this time, and the clerks were mostly gone. There was nobody whom he could ask what had been done about the cheque for the charities; and he had just drawn towards him the despatch-box with his papers which had been brought from Brownlows with him, to ascertain for himself, when the office-boy came pulling his forelock to ask if he would see a lady who was waiting? Mr Brownlow said No, at first, for it was past office hours, and then he said Yes, no longer feeling any tremor at the prospect of a strange visitor. He could believe it was a simple client now, not a messenger of fate coming to ruin and betray, as for a long

time he had been in the way of feeling. Such ease of mind would be cheaply purchased even with fifty thousand pounds. The lady came in accordingly, and Mr Brownlow received her with his usual courtesy, which was, however, a little disturbed when he looked at her. Not that he had any real occasion to be disturbed. A far-off flutter of his past anxieties, a kind of echo, came over him at the sight of her pleasant homely face. He had thought she was Phoebe Thomson the last time he had seen her. He had shrunk from her, and lost his self-possession altogether. Even now a minute had elapsed before he could quite command himself, and remember the real condition of affairs.

"Good day, Mrs Powys," he said; "I am sorry to have kept you waiting. Why did not you send me word who it was?"

"I thought you might have been engaged, sir," said Mrs Powys; "I wasn't sure if you would remember me, Mr Brownlow. I came to you once before, when I was in trouble, and you were very kind—took kind," she added, with a sigh. "No, no; it is not the same thing. If my poor boy has troubles still, he does not hide his heart from me now."

"That is well," said Mr Brownlow, coldly. He thought some appeal was going to be made to him on behalf of Powys and his folly. Though he was in reality fond of Powys, he stiffened instinctively at the thought. "It is growing late," he went on; "I was just going. Is there anything in which I can be of use to you?" He laid his hand on his despatch-box as he spoke. His manner had been very different when he was afraid of her; and yet he was not unkind or unreasonable. She was his clerk's mother; he would have exerted himself, and done much to secure the family any real benefit; but he did not mean that they should thrust themselves into his affairs.

"It is something my poor boy

didn't like to ask," said Mrs Powys, with a little timidity. "He had offended you that day, or he thought he had offended you; and he would not do anything to bring it back to your mind. I am sure if he went wrong, Mr Brownlow, he didn't mean to—— There's nothing in this world he would not do for you."

"Went wrong—offended me?" said Mr Brownlow; "I don't think he ever offended me. What is it he wants? There are certain subjects which I cannot enter upon either with him or you——"

"Oh, not that—not that," said Mrs Powys, with tears. "If he's been foolish he's punished for it, my poor boy! And he would not ask you for his papers, not to bring it back to your mind. 'Mother,' he said, 'he's worried, and I can't vex him.' He would lose all his own hopes for that. But I'm his mother, Mr Brownlow. I have a feeling for my son's interests as you have for yours. His papers, poor boy, are no good to you."

"His papers?" said Mr Brownlow, with amaze, looking at her. For the moment his old confusion of mind came back to him; he could not quite feel yet that Powys's papers could be innocent of all reference to himself.

"My poor husband's letters, sir," said Mrs Powys, drying her eyes; "the papers he took to you when he thought——; but that is neither here nor there. I've found my poor Charley's mother, Mr Brownlow; she's living, though she's an old woman. I have been tracing it out to the best of my ability, and I've found her. Likely enough she'll have nothing to say to me. I am but a poor woman, never brought up to be a lady; but it's different with my boy."

"Ah, his papers!" said Mr Brownlow. This, too, belonged to his previous stage of existence. It was clear that he had to be driven back to that day of vain terror and equally vain relief. It came back

to him now in every particular—the packet he had found on his writing-table; his long confused poring over it; his summons to Powys in the middle of the night, and discovery of the mistake he had been making; even the blue dawn of the morning through the great window in the staircase as he went up to bed, a man delivered. All this rushed back on his memory. He took his keys and opened the despatch-box, which he had been about to open when Mrs Powys came in. Probably the papers would be there. He began even to recollect what these papers were as he opened the box. "So you have found your husband's family?" he said; "I hope they are in a position to help you. I should be very glad to hear that, for your son's sake."

"You are very kind, Mr Brownlow," said Mrs Powys. "I have found my poor Charley's mother. She's old now, poor lady, and she's lost all her children: and at long and last she's bethought herself of us, and wrote a letter to Canada to inquire. I got it sent on this morning—only this morning. I don't know what she can do for my boy; but she's Lady Powys, and that counts for something here."

"Lady Powys?" cried Mr Brownlow, looking up with a handful of papers in his hand, and struck with consternation. "She used to live near Masterton; if you knew she was your husband's mother, why did not you apply to her before? Are you sure you are making no mistake? Lady Powys! I had no idea your relations were——"

"My husband was a gentleman, sir," said Mrs Powys, proudly. "He gave up his friends and his family, poor fellow, for me. I don't pretend I was his equal—and it might have been better for him if he'd thought more of himself; but he was always known for a gentleman wherever he went; and my boy is his father's son," said the proud mother. She would have been glad to humble the rich law-

yer who had sent her boy away from his house, and forbidden him, tacitly at least, his daughter's presence. "We did not know that his grandmamma was a lady of title," she added, with candour. "My poor Charley used to say it was in the family; but his folks have come to it, poor fellow, since his time."

"Lady Powys!" Mr Brownlow said to himself, with a curious confusion of thoughts. He knew Lady Powys well enough, poor old woman. She had accumulated a ghostly fortune by surviving everybody that belonged to her. He remembered all about her, and the look of scared dismay and despair that came into her eyes as death after death among her own children made her richer, and left her more desolate. And what if this was an heir for her—this young fellow whom he had always liked even in spite of himself? He had always liked him. He was glad to remember that. He sought out his papers with his heart softening more and more. Lady Powys's grandson was a very different person from his nameless Canadian clerk.

"Here they are," he said. "I have been much occupied, and I have never had time to look at them; but I am very glad to hear you have friends who can be of use to you. I know Lady Powys. You

should send your boy to her, that would be the best way. And, by the by, he told me your name was Christian. If you are the same as I suppose, we are a kind of connections too."

Mrs Powys was so utterly amazed by this statement, that Mr Brownlow had to enter deeply into details to satisfy her. Possibly he would not have mentioned it at all but for Lady Powys. Such inducements work without a man being aware of them. He said afterwards, and he believed, that his reference to the family connection between them was drawn out "in the course of conversation." When she went away, he felt as if there could never cease to be something extraordinary raining down upon him out of heaven. Lady Powys! that was different. And before he closed his despatch-box, he looked at his cheque-book which was there, to see if there were any particulars about the charities on the counterfoil. The first thing that met his eyes was the cheque itself, left there, never so much as torn out of the book; and, could it be possible, good heavens! it was dated only four days before. When he had mastered this astonishing fact, Mr Brownlow paused over it a minute, and then tore it into little pieces with a sigh. He could not afford such benefactions now.

CHAPTER XLIV.—PAMELA'S MIND.

The Brownlow family scarcely met again until after Mrs Preston's funeral. Sara did not even attempt to leave her forlorn charge, or to bring her away from Mrs Swayne's on the funeral day. On the first dreary night after all was over, the two girls sat alone in the darkened rooms, and clung to each other. Poor little Pamela had no more tears to shed. She looked like the shadow of herself, a white transparent creature, fragile as a vision. She had no questions to ask, no

curiosity about anything. She was willing that Sara should arrange and decide, and take everything upon herself. She did not care to know, or even seem to remember, the mysteries her mother had talked of on her deathbed. When Sara began to explain to her, Pamela had stopped the explanation. She had grown pale and faint, and begged that she might hear no more. "I don't want to know," she cried hoarsely, with a kind of sick horror; "if you knew

how it changed her, Sara. Oh, if you knew what she used to be!" And then she would burst into fits of sobbing, which shook her delicate frame. It had changed her tender mother into a frantic woman. It had clouded and obscured her at the end, and made her outset on that last lonely journey such a one as Pamela could not dwell upon. And there was nobody but Pamela who would ever know how different she had once been—how different all her life had been to these few days or weeks. Accordingly the poor child allowed herself to be guided as Sara pleased, and obeyed her, to spare herself an explanation. She went into the carriage next morning without a word, and was driven up the avenue to the great house which she had once entered as a humble visitor, and from which she had been so long absent. Now she entered it in very different guise, no longer stealing up the stairs to Sara's room, to wait for her young patroness there. It was she now who was everybody's chief object. Mr Brownlow himself came to meet her, and lifted her out of the carriage, and kissed her on the forehead like a father. He said, "My poor child!" as he looked at her white little face. And Jack stood behind watching. She saw him and everything round her as in a dream. She did not seem to herself to have any power of independent speech or movement. When she tried to make a step forward, she staggered and trembled. And then all at once, for one moment everything grew clear to Pamela, and her heart once more began to beat. As she made that faltering uncertain step forward, and swayed as if she would have fallen, Jack rushed to her side. He did not say a word, poor fellow; he too had lost his voice—but he drew her arm through his, and pressed it trembling to his side, and led her into the place that was to be her home. It was all clear for a moment, and then it

was all dark, and Pamela knew no more about it until she woke up some time later and found herself lying on a sofa in a large, lofty, quiet room. She woke up to remember her troubles anew, and to feel all afresh as at the first moment, but yet her life was changed. Her heart was wounded and bleeding with more than mere natural grief—she was alone in the world. Yet there was a certain sweetness—a balm in the air—a soothing she knew not what or how. He had carried her there, and laid her down out of his arms, and kissed her in her swoon, with an outburst of love and despair. It seemed to him as if he ought to leave her, and go away and be seen no more—but yet he was not going to leave her. His principles and his pride gave way in one instant before her wan little face. How could any man with a heart in his breast desert such a tender fragile creature in the moment of her necessity? Jack went out and wandered about the woods after that, and spoke to nobody. He began to see, after all, that a man cannot arbitrarily decide on his own conduct; that, in fact, a hundred little softenings or hardenings, a multitude of unforeseen circumstances, are always coming in. And he ventured to make no new resolutions; only time could decide what he was to do.

When Pamela had rested for a few days, and regained her self-command, and become capable of looking at the people who surrounded her, Mr Brownlow, who considered an explanation necessary, called together a solemn meeting of everybody concerned. It was Sara's desire too, for Sara felt the responsibilities of her guardianship great, and was rather pleased that they should be recognised. They met round the fire in the drawing-room, as Pamela was not able yet to go down-stairs. Mr Brownlow's despatch-box, in which he had kept his papers lately, was brought up and put on

the table; and Jack was there, not sitting with the rest, but straying about the other end of the room in an agitated way, looking at the pictures, which he knew by heart. He had scarcely exchanged a word with Pamela since she came to Brownlows. They had never seen each other alone. It was what he had himself thought proper and necessary under the circumstances, but still it chafed him notwithstanding. Pamela sat by the fire in her deep mourning, looking a little more like herself. Her chair was close to the bright fire, and she held out her hands to it with a nervous shiver. Sara too was in a black dress, and stood on the other side, looking down with a certain affectionate importance upon her ward. She was very sorry for Pamela, and deeply aware of the change which had taken place in the circumstances of all the party. But Sara was Sara still. She was very tender, but she was important. She felt the dignity of her position; and she did not mean that any one should forget how dignified and authoritative that position was.

"Papa, I have brought Pamela as you told me," said Sara; "but there must not be too much said to her. She is not strong enough yet. Only what is indispensable must be said."

"I will try not to weary her," said Mr Brownlow, and then he went to Pamela's side in his fatherly way, and took one of her chilly little hands. "My dear," he said, "I have some things to speak of that must be explained to you. You must know clearly why you have been brought here, and what are your prospects, and the connection between us. You have been very brave, and have trusted us, and I thank you; but you must hear how it is. Tell me if I tire you; for I have a great deal to say."

"Indeed I am quite content, quite content!" cried Pamela;

"why should you take all this trouble? You brought me here because you are very kind. It is I who have to thank you."

"That is what she wants to think," said Sara. "I told her we were not kind, but she will not believe me. She prefers her own way."

"Oh, please!" said poor little Pamela; "it is not for my own way. If you liked me, that would be the best. Yes, that was what I wanted to think——"

She broke off faltering, and Jack, who had been at the other end of the room, and whom her faint little voice could not have reached, found himself, he did not know how, at the back of her chair. But he did not speak—he could not speak, his lips were sealed.

"You must not be foolish, Pamela," said her guardian, solemnly; "of course we love you, but that has nothing to do with it. Listen to papa, and he will tell you everything. Only let me know when you are tired."

Then Mr Brownlow tried again. "You are quite right," he said, soothing the trembling girl; "in every case this house would have been your proper shelter. Do you know you are Sara's cousin, one of her relations? Perhaps that will be a comfort to you. Long ago, before you were born, your grandmother, whom you never saw, made a will, and left her money to me in trust for your mother. My poor child! She is not able to be spoken to yet."

"Oh no, I am not able, I will never be able," cried Pamela, before any one else could interfere. "I don't want ever to hear of it. Oh, Mr Brownlow, if I am Sara's cousin, let me stay with her, and never mind any more. I don't want any more."

"But there must be more, my dear child," said Mr Brownlow, again taking her cold little hand into his. "I will wait, if you prefer it, till you are stronger. But

we must go through this explanation, Pamela, for everybody's sake. Would you rather it should be on another day?"

She paused before she answered, and Sara, who was watching her, saw, without quite understanding, a pathetic appealing glance which Pamela cast behind her. Jack would have understood, but he did not see. And though he was still near her, he was not, as he had been for a moment, at the back of her chair. Pamela paused as if she were waiting for help. "If there was any one you could say it to for me——" she, said hesitating; and then the sudden tears came dropping over her white cheeks. "I forgot I was alone and had nobody," she continued, in a voice which wrung her lover's heart. "I will try to listen now."

Then Mr Brownlow resumed. He told her the story of the money truly enough, and with hearty belief in his story, yet setting everything, as was natural, in its best light. He was not excusing himself, but he was unconsciously using all his power to show how naturally everything had happened, how impossible it was that he could have foreseen, and how anxious he had always been for news of the heir. It was skilfully told, and yet Mr Brownlow did not mean it to be skilful. Now that it was all over, he had forgotten many things that told against himself, and his narrative was not for Pamela only, but for his own children. His children listened with so great an interest, that they did not for the moment observe Pamela. She sat with her hands clasped on her knees, bending forward towards the fire. She gave no sign of interest, but listened passively without a change on her face. She was going through an inevitable and necessary trial. That was all. Her thoughts strayed away from it. They strayed back into the beaten paths of grief; they strayed into wistful wonderings why Jack did

not answer for her; why he did not assume his proper place, and act for her as he ought to do. Could he have changed? Pamela felt faint and sick as that thought mingled with all the rest. But still she could bear it, whatever might be required of her. It was simply a matter of time. She would listen, but she had never promised to understand. Mr Brownlow's voice went on like the sound of an instrument in her ears. He was speaking of things she knew nothing about, cared nothing about. Jack would have understood, but Jack had not undertaken this duty for her. Even Sara, no doubt, would understand. And Pamela sat quiet, and looked as if she were listening. That was all that could be expected of her. At last there came certain words that roused her attention in spite of herself.

"My poor child, I don't want to vex you," Mr Brownlow said; "if your mother had lived we should probably have gone to law, for she would have accepted no compromise, and I should have been obliged to defend myself. You inherit all her rights, but not her prejudices, Pamela. You must try to understand what I am saying. You must believe that I mean you well, that I will deal honourably with you. If she had done so, she might have been——"

Pamela started up to her feet, taking them all utterly by surprise. "I don't want to know anything about it," she cried. "Oh, you don't know, you don't know! It changed her so. She was never like that before. She was as kind, and as tender, and as soft! There never was any one like her. You don't know what she was! It changed her. Oh, Jack," cried the poor girl, turning round to him and holding out her hands in appeal, "you can tell! She never was like that before. You know she never was like that before!"

Sara had rushed to Pamela's aid

before Jack. She supported her in her arms, and did all she could to soothe her. "We know that," she said, with the ready unquestioning partisanship of a woman. "I can tell. I have seen her. Dear Pamela, don't tremble so. We were all fond of her; sit down and listen to papa."

Then poor Pamela sat down again to undergo the rest of her trial. She dried her eyes and grew dull and stupid in her mind, and felt the words flowing on without any meaning in them. She could bear it. They could not insist upon her understanding what they meant. When Mr Brownlow came to an end there followed a long pause. They expected she would say something, but she had nothing to say; her head was dizzy with the sound that had been in her ears so long. She sat in the midst of them, all waiting and looking at her, and was silent. Then Mr Brownlow touched her arm softly, and bent over her with a look of alarm in his eyes.

"Pamela," he said, "you have heard all! You know what I mean? My dear, have you nothing to say?"

Pamela sat upright and looked round the room, and shook off his hand from her arm. "I have nothing to say," she cried, with a petulant outburst of grief and wretchedness, "if *he* has nothing. He was to have done everything for me. He has said so hundreds and hundreds of times. But now— And how can I understand? Why does not he speak and say he has given me up, if he has given me up? And what does it all matter to me? Let me go away."

"I give you up!" cried Jack. He made but one step to her from the other end of the room, and caught her as she turned blindly to the door. It was with a flush of passion and confusion that he spoke. "I give you up? Not for my life."

"Then why don't you speak for

me, and tell them?" cried Pamela, with the heat of momentary desperation. Then she sank back upon his supporting arm. She had no need now to pretend to listen any longer. She closed her eyes when they laid her on the sofa, and laid down her head with a certain pleasant helplessness. "Jack knows," she said softly. It was to herself rather than to the others she spoke. But the words touched them all in the strangest way. As for Jack, he stood and looked at her with an indescribable face. Man as he was, he could have wept. The petulance, the little outburst of anger, the blind trust and helplessness, broke up all the restraints in which he had bound himself. In a moment he had forgotten all his confused reasonings. Natural right was stronger than anything conventional. Of course it was he who ought to speak for her—ought to act for her. Sara's guardianship, somewhat to Sara's surprise, came to an instant and summary end.

Mr Brownlow was as much relieved as Pamela, and as glad as she was when the conference thus came to an end. He would have done his duty to her now in any circumstances, however difficult it might have been, but Jack's agency of course made everything easier. They talked it all over afterwards apart, without the confusing presence of the two girls; and Jack had his own opinions, his own ideas on that subject as on most others. It was all settled about the fifty thousand pounds, and the changed life that would be possible to the heiress and her husband. Jack's idea was, that he would take his little bride abroad, and show her everything, and accustom her to her altered existence, which was by no means a novel thought. And on his return he would be free to enter upon public life, or anything else he pleased. But he was generous in his prosperity. His sister had been preferred to him all his life—was she to be sacrificed to

him now? He interfered—with that natural sense of knowing best, which comes so easily to a young man, and especially to one who has just had a great and unlooked-for success in the world—on Sara's behalf.

"I don't like to think of Sara being the sufferer," he said. "I feel as if Pamela was exacting everything, or I at least on her behalf. It would not be pleasant either for her or me to feel so. I don't think we are considering Sara as much as we ought."

Mr Brownlow smiled. He might have been offended had he not been amused. That any one should think of defending his darling from his thoughtlessness! "Sara is going with me," he said.

"But she cannot carry on the business," insisted Jack. "Pamela's claims are mine now. I am not going to stand by and see Sara suffer."

"She shall not suffer," said Mr Brownlow, with impatience; and he rose and ended the consultation. By degrees a new and yet an old device had stolen into his mind. He had repulsed and shut it out, but it had come back like a pertinacious fairy shedding a curious light over his path. He could not have told whether he most liked or disliked this old-new thought. But he cherished it secretly, and never permitted himself to breathe a word about it to any one. And under its influence it began to seem possible to him that all might be for the best, as people say—that Brownlows might melt away like a vision and yet nobody suffer. Sara was going to Masterton with her father to the old house in which she was born. She had refused Sir Charles and his title, and all the honours and delights he could have given her. Perhaps another kind of reward which she could prize more might be awaiting her. Perhaps, indeed—it was just possible—she might like better to be happy and make everybody happy

round her, than to have a fine house and a pair of greys. Mr Brownlow felt that such an idea was almost wicked on his part, but yet it would come, thrilling him with anticipations which were brighter than any visions he had ventured to entertain for many a long year. "Sara is going with me," he said to everybody who spoke to him on the subject. And he grew a little irritated when he perceived the blank looks with which everybody received the information. He forgot that he had thought it the most dreadful downfall that could overwhelm him once. That was not his opinion now.

Brownlows lost its agitated aspect from the moment when Mr Brownlow and Jack came out of the library, having finished their consultation. Jack went off, whistling softly, taking three steps at a time, to the drawing-room, where Pamela still lay on the sofa under Sara's care. Mr Brownlow remained down-stairs, but when he rang for lights the first glance at him satisfied Willis that all was right. Nothing was said, but everybody knew that the crisis was over; and in a moment everything fell, as if by magic, into its usual current. Willis went down to his cellar very quietly and brought the plate out of it, feeling a little ashamed of himself. And though the guests were dismissed, the house regained its composure, its comfort, and almost its gaiety. The only thing was that the family had lost a relation, whose daughter had come to live at Brownlows—and were in mourning accordingly,—a fact which prevented parties, or any special merry-making, when Christmas came.

Though indeed before Christmas came the little invalid of the party—she whom they all petted, and took care of—began to come out from behind the clouds with the natural elasticity of her youth. Pamela would shut herself up for a whole day now and then, full of remorse and compunction, thinking

she had not enough wept. But she was only eighteen—her health was coming back to her—she was surrounded by love and tenderness, and saw before her, daily growing brighter and brighter, all the promises and hopes of a new life. It was not in nature that sorrows should overcome all these sweet influences. She brightened like a star over which the clouds come and go, and at every break shone sweeter, and got back the rose to her cheeks, and the light to her eyes. It was a pretty sight to watch her coming out of the shadows, and so Jack thought, who was waiting for her and counting the weeks. When the ice was bearing on Dewsbury Mere—which was rather late that year, for it was in the early spring that the frosts were hardest—he took her by the crisp frozen paths across the park to see the skaters. The world was all white, and Pamela stood in her

mourning, distinct against the snow, leaning on Jack's arm. As they stood and looked on, the carrier's cart came lumbering along towards the Mere. Hobson walked before cracking his whip, with his red comforter, which was very effective in the frosty landscape; and the breath of the horses rose like steam into the chill air. Pamela and Jack looked at each other. They said both together, "You remember?" Little more than a year before they had looked at each other then for the first time. The carrier's cart had been coming and going daily, and was no wonder to behold; and Hobson could not have been more surprised had the coin spun down upon his head out of the open sky, than he was when Jack tossed a sovereign at him as he passed. "For bringing me my little wife," he said; but this was not in Hobson's, but in Pamela's ear.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE LAST.

Within six months all these changes had actually taken place, occasioning a greater amount of gossip and animadversion in the county than any other modern event has been known to do. Even that adventure of young Keppel of Ridley, when he ran away with the heiress, was nothing to it. Running away with heiresses, if you only can manage it, is a natural enough proceeding. But when a family melts somehow out of the position it has held for many years, and glides uncomplainingly into a different one, and gives no distinct explanation, the neighbourhood has naturally reason to feel aggrieved. There was nothing sudden or painful about the change. For half-a-year or so they all continued very quietly at Brownlows, seeing few people by reason of Pamela's mourning, yet not rejecting the civilities of their friends; and then Pamela and Jack were married, notwithstanding her mourning. Nobody

knew very distinctly who she was. It was a pretty name, people said, and not a common name—not like the name of a girl he had picked up in the village, as some others suggested; and if that had been the case, was it natural that his father and sister should have taken up his bride so warmly, and received her into their house? Yet why should they have received her into their house? Surely she must have some friends. When the astounding events which followed became known, the county held its breath, and not without reason. As soon as the stir of the wedding was over, and the young people departed, it became known suddenly one morning that Mr Brownlow and his daughter had driven down quietly in the carriage with the greys for the last time, and had settled themselves—heaven knew why!—in the house at Masterton for good. Brownlows was not to be sold: it was to be Jack's habitation when

he came home, or in the mean time, while he was away, it might be let if a satisfactory tenant should turn up. There was no house in the county more luxuriously fitted up, or more comfortable; and many people invented friends who were in want of a house simply in order to have an excuse for going over it, and investigating all its details, unsubdued by the presence of any of the owners. And Sara Brownlow had gone to Masterton!—she, the young princess, for whom nothing was too good—who had taken all the dignities of her position as mistress of her father's house so naturally—and who was as little like a Masterton girl, shut up in an old-fashioned town-house, as can be conceived. How was she to bear it? Why should Jack have a residence which was so manifestly beyond his means and beyond his wants? Why should Mr Brownlow deprive himself, at his age—a man still in the vigour and strength of life—of the handsome house and style of living he had been used to? It was a subject very mysterious to the neighbourhood. For a long time no little assemblage of people could get together anywhere near without a discussion of these circumstances; and yet there was no fuss made about the change, and none of the parties concerned had a word of complaint or lamentation to say.

But when the two, who thus exiled themselves out of their paradise, were in the carriage together driving away after all the excitements of the period—after having seen Jack and his bride go forth into the world from their doors only two days before—Mr Brownlow's heart suddenly misgave him. They were rolling out of the familiar gates at the moment, leaving old Betty dropping her curtsy at the roadside. It was difficult to keep from an involuntary glance across the road to Mrs Swayne's cottage. Was it possible to believe that all this was over for ever, and a new world begun? He looked at Sara

in all her spring bravery—as bright, as fearless, as full of sweet presumption and confidence as ever—nestled into the corner of the carriage, which seemed her natural position, and casting glances of involuntary supervision and patronage around her, as became the queen of the place. He looked at her, and thought of the house in the High Street, and his heart misgave him. How could she bear it? Had she not miscalculated her strength?

"Sara," he said, taking her hand in his, as he sat by her side, "this will be a hard trial for you—you don't know how hard it will be."

Sara looked round at him, having been busy with very different thoughts. "What will be a hard trial?" she said. "Leaving Brownlow's? oh, yes! especially if it is let; but that can only be temporary, you know, papa. Jack and Pamela don't mean to stay away for ever."

"But your reign is over for ever, my poor child," said Mr Brownlow; and he clasped her hand between his, and patted and caressed it. "When Pamela comes back it will be a very different matter. You are saying farewell, my darling, to all your past life."

When he said this, Sara stood up in the carriage suddenly, and looked back at Brownlowa, and across the field to where the spire of Dewsbury church rose up among the scanty foliage of the trees. She waved her hand to them with a pretty gesture of leave-taking. "Then farewell to all my past life!" said Sara, gaily. She had a tear in her eye, but that she managed to hide. "I like the present best of all. Papa, you must be satisfied that I am most happy with you."

With him! was that indeed the explanation of all? Mr Brownlow looked at her anxiously, but he could not penetrate into the mysteries that lay under Sara's smile. If she thought of some one else besides her father, his thoughts too were travelling in the same direction.

Thus they took possession of the

house in the High Street. Whether Sara suffered from the change nobody could tell. She was full of delight in the novelty and all the quaint half-remembered details of the old family house. She was never done making discoveries—old portraits, antique bits of furniture—things that had been considered old-fashioned lumber, but which, under her touch, became gracious heirlooms and relics of the past. Old Lady Motherwell, having recovered her temper, took the lead in visiting the fallen princess. The old lady felt that a sign of her approval was due to the girl who had been so considerate and Christian-minded as to refuse Sir Charles when she lost her fortune. She went full of condolences, and found to her consternation nothing but gaiety. Sara was so full of the excellence and beauty of her new surroundings that she was incapable of any other thought. Even Lady Motherwell allowed that her satisfaction was either real or so very cleverly feigned as to be as good as real; and the county finally grew bewildered, and asked itself whether the removal was really a downfall at all, or simply a new caprice on the part of a capricious girl, whose indulgent father could never say her nay?

All the time Powys kept steadily at work. Six months had passed, and he had seen her only in the company of others. They had never met alone since that moment in the dining-room at Brownlows, when Sara's fortitude had given way, and he had comforted her. In the mean time his position too had changed. Old Lady Powys, who once had lived near Masterton, had put the whole matter into Mr Brownlow's hands. She had written volumes of letters to him, and required from him not only investigation into the circumstances, but full details, moral and physical, about her son's family—their looks, their manners, their character, everything about them. It is too late to introduce Lady

Powys here; perhaps an occasion may arise for presenting her ladyship to the notice of persons interested in her grandson's fortunes. She was as much a miser as was consistent with the character and habits of a great lady; if, indeed, she was not, as she asserted herself to be, a poor woman. But anyhow she was prepared to do her duty to her grandchildren. She had little to leave them, she declared. All the family possessions were in the hands of Sir Alberic Powys, her other grandson, who was like his mother's family, and no favourite with the old lady; but her poor Charley's son should have something if she had any interest left; and as for the girls and their mother, she had a cottage vacant in her own immediate neighbourhood, where they could live and be educated. Mr Brownlow, for the moment, kept the greater part of this information to himself. He said nothing about it to his daughter. He did not even profess to notice the wistful looks which Sara, sometimes in spite of herself, cast at the office. He never invited Powys, though he was so near at hand; and the young man himself, still more tantalised and doubtful than Sara, did not yet venture to storm the castle in which his princess was confined. She saw him from her window sometimes, and knew what the look meant which he directed wistfully to the house, scanning it all over, as if every red brick in its wall, and every shining twinkling pane, had become precious to him. Perhaps such a moment of suspense has a certain secret sweetness in it, if not to the man involved, at least to the woman, who is in no doubt about the devotion she inspires, and knows that she can reward it when she so pleases. Perhaps Sara had come to be tacitly aware that no opposition was to be expected from her father. Perhaps it was a sudden impulse of mingled compassion and impatience which moved her at last.

For there came a day on which the two met face to face, without the presence of witnesses. Sara was coming in from a walk. She was arrayed in bright muslin, clouds of white, with tinges of rosy colour, and the sunshine outside caught the ripple of gold in her hair under her hat, just as it had done the day Powys saw her first and followed her up the great staircase at Brownlows to see the Claude. She had time to see him approaching, and to make up her mind what she should do; and found an excuse for lingering ten minutes at least on the broad step at the front door, talking with some passer-by. And old Willis, who had more to do in the High Street than he had at Brownlows, had grown tired of waiting, and had left the door open behind her——

Sara was standing all alone on the threshold when Powys came up. His heart, too, was beating loud. The sun was in the west, and she was standing in the full blaze of the light, with one hand on the open door. Powys was too much excited to think of the fine images that might have been appropriate to the occasion. He stopped short when he came to the steps which alone parted her from him.

He had his hat off, and his face was flushed and anxious. There was a moment's pause—a pause during which the world and their hearts stood still, and the very breath failed upon their lips. And even then she did nothing that she might not have done to a common acquaintance, as people say. She made a step back into the house, and then she held out her hand to him. "It is so long since I have seen you—come in!" said Sara. And Powys made but one stride, and was within beside her. He closed the door, thrusting it to with his disengaged arm; and I suppose it was time.

When Sara stood in the sunshine, blinded with the light, blushing like a rose, and said "Come in!" to her lover, she knew very well, of course, that she had decided her fate. The picture was so pretty that it was disconcerting to have it shut out all at once by the impetuous young fellow who went in like a bomb, blazing and ardent, and thrust to the door upon that act of taking possession. The sunshine went in with them in a momentary flood. The clouds and the storms and the difficulties were over. I think that here the historian's office ends: and there is no more to say.

MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

It is not to the advantage of any literary undertaking, and least of all, perhaps, to a biography, that it should be the production of two separate hands. Even if men live together all their lives on terms of intimacy, and take up and pursue a common subject simultaneously, it rarely happens that they succeed in giving to their joint effort that congruity both of design and of execution which is necessary to perfection. But when one begins and another finishes without consultation, or the possibility of consultation, respecting the course to be pursued, there cannot fail to be turned out at last rather a spasmodic and fragmentary piece of patch-work than a finished work. We are bound to say that to this primary objection the volumes of which we are about to give to our readers some account, are to a striking degree open. One man conceives an idea, and devotes many years to the collection of materials wherewith to realise it. He is patient of labour, indefatigable in research, an enthusiast in his subject—though he appears scarcely himself to have understood why; grudging no outlay of money or of time, so long as they contributed to the advancement of his purpose; and in the full possession of that leisure and pecuniary independence which impel energetic minds to seek voluntary occupation, and to be at peace with themselves in proportion as they succeed in finding it. He is entirely wanting, however, in certain specialties, without which, whosoever can command both pecuniary means and ample leisure had better turn for occupation to any other pursuit

than to letters. He lacks the organ of order. His materials are superabundant, but he can neither arrange nor digest them. They fill his drawers, crowd his book-shelves, cover his tables, but it is in huge unindexed masses, such as no human being except himself could approach without horror. They seem, however, to have got themselves somehow into shape in his own mind, and he sits down to make use of them. Alas! he cannot write. His sentences are ill-assorted, his style is diffuse, his very grammar halts and is inaccurate. He succeeds, however, in putting together a preface and the opening chapters of his book—and then he dies. What was to be done with these fragments, and with the heap of disjointed memoranda and other documents which lay beyond it? Had the collector of these memoranda lived and gone forward with the task as he began it, the result would have been such a book as no ordinary reader would have cut open. A dozen volumes of the size of those now before us, would have failed to tell a story prosecuted as this had been begun. But hard of digestion to the original collector as his materials must have been, they presented an aspect positively forbidding to everybody else. How could they be disposed of?

At this juncture an appeal seems to have been made to Mr Merivale, a gentleman well known already in the republic of letters, whose tastes, not less than his acuteness, have often tempted him before this to relieve the labours of an Under-Secretary of State with working out problems in literary history. Now, to men curious in such matters, the

'Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, K.C.B., with Correspondence and Journals.' Commenced by the late Joseph Parkes; Completed and Edited by Herman Merivale, M.A. London: Longmans, 1867.

identification of Junius with one or other of the many names with which that shadow of a shade has for forty years and more been connected, still, we believe, presents great attractions. Mr Merivale is one of these men; and the proposal to take charge of Mr Parkes's manuscripts, and to work them up into shape, met with his approval. Has the result fulfilled the expectations which the first broaching of the subject excited? We suspect not. Mr Parkes, according to his own showing, had not the identification of Junius primarily in view. Mr Merivale, in taking over Mr Parkes's papers, probably had. Mr Parkes was desirous of convincing the world that Francis, independently of his supposed connection with the Junius correspondence, deserved well of posterity: Mr Merivale, without denying that Sir Philip Francis was a man of talent, takes a deeper interest in him because of his unacknowledged writings than on account of any part which he may have played before the world in his own proper person. Thus the common biographies, starting from different points, work up, but disjointedly, to the same end; and it is not a little curious that in the execution of their respective plans they take lines precisely opposite to those which, drawing an inference from their own professions, as well as from their well-known habits of thought, we should have expected them respectively to have followed. Let us explain ourselves.

The volumes now before us are graced by two prefaces—one from the original projector of the work, the other from the hand which completed it. Mr Parkes pointedly denies that he is impelled to his undertaking by any desire to fix the authorship of the Junius Letters on Sir Philip Francis. He addressed himself to the task of letting the world know what Francis was, because he felt that the merits of that remarkable man had

never been fairly estimated. By his contemporaries, it appears—that is to say, by such of them as Mr Parkes holds to be competent judges in such a case—Francis was unquestionably regarded as a man of large views and great ability. They heard him speak; they saw him act; they appreciated the motives which induced him to act and to speak; and on more than one occasion they publicly acknowledged his superiority. Sir Gilbert Elliot, for instance, who had held office under him in India, pronounced in 1783 a glowing eulogium upon him in the House of Commons. In the same year Burke characterised him, in the same place, as a man of “deep reach of thought, of large legislative conception,” and as the designer of grand plans of policy. Not fewer than nineteen members of the Commons Committee of Management on the impeachment of Warren Hastings, finding that the House objected to add Francis to their number, presented him with an address laudatory of his career in India; and among the names attached to that address were those of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Charles Grey, and James Erskine. These incidents alone seem to have justified to Mr Parkes his conviction that in gathering in the elements of that biography which he did not live to throw into form, he was doing an act of justice to a heretofore ill-used man. But Francis had greater claims than these on the affectionate remembrance of such an extreme Liberal as Mr Parkes. “At a great crisis in its constitutional history he had rendered inestimable services to his country by political writings,” which, however, he never acknowledged, and of which the proofs that they really were his are still only collateral. Again, “The present volumes will prove,” says his biographer, “that in his youthful years Francis was by his pen the able and disinterested opponent of general warrants, arbitrary imprisonments, and seizure of

private papers; and that, almost single-handed, he stood forward the bold, undaunted, and opportune advocate of a free press, the rights of juries, and the publicity of Parliamentary debates." Once more we must stop to observe that the promise given here is only in part fulfilled. Proof there is none. The evidence may indeed be, as Mr Merivale expresses it, cumulative; and probably nine out of ten who take the trouble to sift it will lean to the belief that it goes far to establish a case. But is the case altogether such as to justify the terms in which it is referred to here? Were there not, on the contrary, both in the circumstances of the times and in the tone of the essays thus attributed to Francis, a good deal which, in the opinion of sober thinkers, tends to detract from the substantial value of the performance? There may be a grain of truth in what Mr Gladstone and Mr Cardwell said last month about Ireland's wrongs; and the published manifesto of the Limerick priests is not, perhaps, entirely a fiction. But will anybody affirm that Mr Gladstone, Mr Cardwell, and the Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick, have chosen the right time for parading Ireland's wrongs, or made this parade in a spirit of moderation? So, likewise, when Wilkes was hounding on the mobs of London to outrage, it may admit of a question whether anonymous writers, by attacking the Government, and pronouncing Wilkes to be a political martyr, were really serving their country to the extent that is here assumed. Is this all? By no means. If the claim of Francis to the authorship of these essays be disputed, nobody can deny that he was "the real parent of Fox's Libel Act," and "the sole draftsman of the memorable plan of the Society of the Friends of the People in 1794." How much or how little he may have done to get Fox's Libel Act passed, we neither know

nor care. But to the merit, such as it is, of drafting the plan of the Society of the Friends of the People there is another claimant. Sir James Mackintosh, we believe, has hitherto been considered to have taken the leading part in that performance, and we find nothing to deprive his memory of that distinction beyond the assertion to the contrary of Francis's biographer.

From all this we gather that a nobler instinct by far than the mere desire to settle a literary question set Mr Parkes upon the undertaking which proved the business of his latter years. He was jealous for the renown of a great statesman neglected, and desired to paint the man, not the author, in his true colours. It is not a little curious to observe how he bent his energies to achieve that praiseworthy object. Hear Mr Merivale on the subject. The statement is noteworthy:—

"The papers of Mr Parkes placed in my hands were the following. In the first place, a corrected and complete life of Francis down to 1768—that is, immediately before the appearance of the first Letter of Junius; including a most minute and searching inquiry into his probable authorship of much of the political correspondence of 'The Public Advertiser' of that date. This I have printed in the first volume of the present work, only to some extent shortening and condensing it. For the Junius period I found a great mass of material in Mr Parkes's own hand, besides the original manuscripts which he had consulted in working on it; but all rough, imperfect, and without table of contents, index, or clue. Mr Parkes had evidently trusted to a methodical head and powerful memory, and had accumulated matter upon matter without any attempt, as yet, to arrange it, or any thought (probably) of that labour of love being executed by other hands than his own. I found many valuable essays, minutes, memoranda, scattered notices, on separate sheets of paper, concerning particular points of the subject, and indicating the tone of argument which he meant to take respecting it, but nothing complete, or which could be rendered complete. If the work was to be done, it could be done by rewriting only."

Now, it is one thing to write a book out of materials which we have ourselves accumulated, however crude and ill-arranged they may seem to be; it is quite another to have a heap of rough notes and detached essays poured into our lap, and to be told that we are at liberty, if we please, to get them into shape, and make a book out of them. In the former case, the collector knows what he himself meant to say; what inferences he proposed to draw from incomplete arguments; what story to weave out of fragments, even if they be the merest jottings that ever filled the pages of a commonplace book. In the latter, the very magnitude of the accumulated heap scares and confuses. Such was the state of Mr Merivale's mind when the treasures, in the collection of which Mr Parkes had spent so many years, came into his possession. "I felt myself unequal to continuing it (the biography) on the scale which my predecessor had arranged. I doubted whether the public would encourage me had I attempted it. I therefore resolved to deal with the Junius period as a portion only, though no doubt the most generally interesting, of the life of a remarkable and hitherto little-known man, and to say no more respecting it than appeared necessary in a biographical point of view." Thus the partner in this concern, who began his enterprise by eschewing any special interest in the Junius controversy, spent all his time and gave all his care to put the controverted subject in shape for settlement; while his successor, avowedly an apt pioneer in digging out literary secrets, sees all those voluminous notes, and casts them aside.

And now arises the question—Was it worth anybody's while, after all that has been already said and done, to make another attempt to fix the authorship of Junius aright, to search here and there and everywhere for information concerning

the life and opinions of a man of Sir Philip Francis's calibre? What was there about him, apart from his assumed connection with these Letters, to justify the addition of one more to our already overstocked library of small biographies? Looking at him through the not unfriendly medium with which Mr Parkes and Mr Merivale have supplied us, we discover that Sir Philip Francis was endowed with scarcely one quality the possession of which inspires either public admiration or private respect. His natural abilities were, indeed, above the common level. Of that there can be no doubt. He was an accomplished man likewise, trying him by the standard of his own age. For example, he spoke and wrote French accurately, which few Englishmen in the last century could do, and had a considerable acquaintance with French literature, as well as some knowledge of the literature of Italy. He was a good classic, so far as familiarity with the best Latin authors enables any one to be so regarded; and as an English writer he was terse, vigorous, and occasionally eloquent,—not unfrequently pedantic. But having said this, we have said almost all that can be adduced as an excuse for making Francis (not Junius, nor Candor, nor the father of Candor, nor any other of the many shadows which it is assumed that he cast round him) the subject of a detailed personal history. He never held but once any office of power and authority under the Crown; and the use to which he turned his opportunities as a member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, not even the most ardent of his admirers will pretend to justify. He sat in Parliament from 1784 to 1807; yet though a strong party-man and a not unfrequent speaker, he did nothing all the while to advance the interests of his party, or even to promote his own. It is said of him that in the domestic circle he was amiable. Perhaps so. He un-

doubtedly behaved well to a not very reputable father; and as a husband, though notoriously unfaithful, he was never harsh. His children engrossed a good deal of his care while they were young, and seem to have been attached to him after they grew up. But these are traits of character which we find too generally diffused throughout society to make any individual worthy to be treated as a hero because he happens to be marked by them. On the other hand, Francis was restless, self-seeking, unscrupulous, delighting in alander, ungrateful to benefactors, inconstant in his friendships, implacable in his animosities. For truth, when it suited his purpose to throw its obligations over, he had no regard. In politics he was a leveller; in religion, if not an atheist, at least a pantheist and a materialist. Of the fortune which he amassed (and it was a moderate one), the greater portion he acquired by success at cards. His ambition knew no bounds; and as often as he failed to achieve the particular end at which he was aiming, he threw the blame upon everybody except himself. Nor was ill-nature with him, as it is with many men otherwise excellent, a humour sharp, yet evanescent. A wrong or slight once put upon him, or what he accepted as a slight or a wrong, he never forgave, but paid it back, sooner or later, by fierce attacks upon the public and private character of the offending parties. And these attacks were not always made to gratify the spleen of the moment, or under the pressure of sudden irritability; on the contrary, they were coolly and deliberately prepared for use at any moment when their use might best serve to damage the reputations against which they were directed, without exposing his own to be assailed in turn. Among his posthumous papers were found the characters of men some of whom had either given him his first start in life, or materially assisted him

when he stood most in need of assistance. They are drawn as if the pen which drew them up had been dipped in gall. For example, of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland, to whom he was indebted for his first nomination to a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office, who had been through life the fast friend of his father, and whom he had courted so long as it suited his purpose to do so, he wrote thus. He is speaking of the cabal which induced Lord Bute to resign, and brought George Grenville for a brief space to the front:—

“It was apparent that the weight of power would follow the Treasury, and devolve upon Grenville. Fox now saw, with spite and rancour, that he had been labouring for the advancement of a man he hated. . . . There was a time at which he might have been Minister himself, and succeeded Lord Bute at the Treasury. His heart failed him at the juncture, and he repented when it was too late. After the new arrangement was settled, he sent Calcraft to Lord Bute to say that he was ready to act. From that moment I date the dotage which has since reduced him to nothing. The King, however, rewarded his services with a peerage, which had before been given to his wife, and continued him in the Pay-Office. His friends, of course, fell from him very fast: Rigby and Calcraft among the first. He accused them both of ingratitude, as if a Minister out of power had any claim to friendship. How far the first was engaged to him I know not. Calcraft, undoubtedly, owed his rapid fortune to Mr Fox's patronage. He was the son of an attorney at Grantham, and went to London literally to seek his fortune. At the age of six-and-forty he had a landed estate, the rent-roll of which was about ten thousand pounds a-year. In his quarrel with Lord Holland I think he had as much reason on his side as an interested man can have for deserting an old friend and benefactor. There was not virtue enough in either of them to justify their quarrelling.”

This would be strong confirmation of what we have just said respecting the rancorous nature of Francis's animosities, even if Lord Holland alone had come in for abuse. But the offence against morals and good taste is aggra-

vated when we bear in mind that Mr Calcraft not less than Mr Fox was one of the steadiest and most useful friends on whom the libeller could lean till he died. Whatever that gentleman's shortcomings in other respects may have been, he never played false to Francis, but watched over his interests while yet they needed fostering, and at his death bequeathed him a thousand pounds in money, as well as the political control of a close borough. For these things his recompense was the connection of his name—as we have just seen—with that of Lord Holland, and the summary declaration concerning both, "If either of them had had common honesty, he could never have been the friend of the other." Enough, however, for the present, of general criticism. Since the 'Life of Francis' has been written, it is becoming that we should notice his career, which we propose to do as briefly as possible.

Philip Francis was born in Dublin on the 22d of October 1740. He was the only son—indeed the only child—of the Rev. Philip Francis, D.D., and lost his mother before he was old enough to have received any distinct impression of either her appearance or her character. The Doctor appears to have been a gentleman of somewhat questionable habits. He wrote plays, he translated from the classics, he contributed to newspapers, and published political pamphlets. It was probably the talent which he displayed as a journalist and pamphleteer, quite as much as the merits of his translations or the success of his tragedies, which recommended him to the notice of the authorities at the Castle. For Francis the elder, unlike to his more distinguished son, was, under all circumstances, and amid many changes of ministers, a supporter of the powers that were. Hence Lord Chesterfield took him up, brought or sent for him to England, obtained for him

the Rectory of Skeyton, in Norfolk, and there left him. A rectory in Norfolk, with the obligation to reside there, was, to a man of Dr Francis's temperament, like banishment from Paris to a French courtier of the *ancien régime*. He bore his exile for a while, endeavouring to alleviate its bitterness and to add to his income by taking pupils into his family; but the burden became in the end too heavy for him. After trying the experiment a few years, he took his departure for London, and there resumed, with a fair prospect of doing so to good purpose, his occupation as a political partisan. Something, however, either in the character of the man, or in the tempers of those for whom he plied the press, always stood in the way of his reaping a prize in the lottery of preferment. Bute, Chatham, Fox, all seem in turn to have made use of him, and all declined to promote him. His son, speaking of these transactions in the fragment of an autobiography which has survived him, alludes to the Doctor's career in these terms:—

"In the year 1756 he had been incessantly employed" in support of the King's party. "He almost lived at Holland House, and was the friend and favourite of the family. He taught Stephen and Charles to read, and Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Strangeways to declaim. The conduct of these ladies, it must be confessed, has not done much credit to his instructions. . . . Considering all circumstances, my father was not unreasonable in expecting an Irish bishopric, or some handsome provision in the Church. Lord Holland lamented his inability to serve a man whom he professed to love and esteem, yet had interest enough to make Mr Young, a poor curate who married his natural daughter, a bishop in Ireland. I have often seen that worthy prelate at breakfast and dinner with his patron's servants."

We have no doubt that Dr Francis considered himself extremely ill used by his party. On the whole, however, looking to his loose manner of life, he seems to us to have

been tolerably well treated, for a pension of £300 a-year was settled upon him by George Grenville; and he was promoted, over and above, to the valuable living of Chilham, near Rochester.

Returning to the son, we find that he spent the first few years of his life as a schoolboy in Dublin; that he subsequently joined his father at Skeyton, where he became a fellow-pupil with Gibbon the historian; and that, after his father's migration to London, he was entered at St Paul's school, of which Mr Thicknesse, a superior scholar, was then the head-master. It was there that his acquaintance began with Woodfall, the proprietor and publisher of the 'Public Advertiser,'—the journal which, a few years later, he made the medium of communicating his views on many subjects to the public—and of Philip Rosenhagen, a youth of promise, which was but imperfectly fulfilled, though his is one of the forty names which have been connected with the authorship of 'Junius.' Beyond these two facts, however, there is nothing to tell at this stage in young Francis's career, except that, before he quitted St Paul's, he had become head-boy or captain of the school—a place only to be attained within the interval of three years by great diligence, as well as aptitude of learning.

Francis was barely sixteen years of age when Henry Fox, then one of the three Secretaries of State, nominated him to a clerkship in his own office. He discharged his routine functions with commendable punctuality, and by rising early and sitting late contrived at the same time to go on with his private studies. By these means he made himself a good classic, and attained considerable proficiency in French. His great ambition at this time was to enter the diplomatic service, and there appeared at one time some prospect of his accomplishing that purpose. His father introduced him to the society in which he himself

mixed. Among the members of that society were Mr Calcraft and Mr Wood—one influential because of the fortune which he had acquired, and his control over more than one close borough; the other, Secretary to the Treasury, and deep in the confidence of the elder Pitt. Both took a fancy to Philip, and each in his own way befriended him. Mr Wood got him appointed secretary to General Bligh, whom, in 1758, he accompanied in the roaming expedition against Cherbourg, St Malo, and other towns along the French coast. The expedition, though partially successful, did no good, and Francis, as soon as his chief fell into disgrace, returned to his stool in the Treasury. He was next taken out of the routine of office life that he might proceed in 1760, with Lord Kinnoul, to Lisbon. Pitt had judged it expedient to preserve, if possible, the old alliance with that state, which, feeble as it was, the French were intriguing to force from its neutrality; and Lord Kinnoul was sent ostensibly to congratulate a new King on his accession—in reality to counteract the endeavours of the enemy. Mr Wood was again the means of procuring this appointment for his protégé, and the protégé appears fully to have justified the exertions made in his favour. Again, however, the prospect of permanent employment in diplomacy clouded over. After remaining five months in Lisbon, Lord Kinnoul's embassy returned home, and young Francis was once more consigned to his desk in Downing Street.

The young man's intimate acquaintance with French, and a readiness which was natural to him of acquiring other modern languages, stood him in excellent stead during his residence in the Portuguese capital. He appears likewise to have been more than attentive to his proper duties. Every despatch written from the embassy was written by him; and he kept copies for his own use both of these and of Mr Pitt's

public and private letters in reply. Nor did these habits of industry suffer interruption after he returned home. He studied Bacon, Locke, and Montesquieu. He made abstracts of some of the best treatises then extant on international and constitutional law. He translated largely from the Latin, and made out elaborate tables of the public revenues and systems of taxation in most of the great countries of Europe. He was looking all this while to a career which should land him, sooner or later, as British Minister at one of the Courts of these countries. No opening in this direction was, however, made for him, and he chafed under the disappointment. While Ministries changed he believed himself neglected; and if he really was, as there is no good reason to doubt, both Candor and Junius, he seized the earliest possible opportunity to avenge himself on those who had failed to recognise his claims to advancement.

Mr Parkes, we perceive, gives his hero credit for acting, in all that he is represented to have done, from the highest sense of public duty. This sense of public duty it was which induced the young man to betray the confidence of the chiefs under whom he acted, and to make use of the information which could not have otherwise reached him, to blacken the characters of those through whom he acquired it. We cannot accept this view of the case. There are conditions in men's lives which absolutely debar them from advocating openly principles which they may believe to be right principles; and the fact of filling a situation which lays bare to them the secret thoughts and purposes of those whom they are bound to serve, is one of these conditions. If the love for truth be so strong in any one so circumstanced that it cannot be repressed, and if this strong sense of truth lead him to believe that the policy of which the secret springs are laid bare

to him tends to produce moral or political evil, then the confidential placeman has a clear course before him. He must withdraw from a situation which puts a padlock on his lips, and afterwards speak out, taking care, at the same time, to betray no confidence. But to sit at the receipt of official information, and to make use of that information for the purpose of thwarting the policy and blackening the characters of those who trust him,—the man who can act thus deserves no mercy, be the ability with which he flings his firebrands about him what it may. Now it is exactly with this amount of moral turpitude that they who connect the name of Francis with the writings of Junius unavoidably charge him; and to assume that the enormity of the charge can be lessened by asserting that the culprit knew the policy pursued by his superiors to be "as dangerous and prospectively abortive as it was utterly unjustifiable," is to go very wide indeed of the mark. Philip Francis, the clerk in the Secretary of State's office, had no right to assail his chief under the *nom-de-plume* of Candor; nor was the same Philip Francis justified, sitting at his desk in the War Office, in writing, if he did write them, the succession of libels which bore the signature of Junius. Thus we find ourselves between the horns of a dilemma. It is because of his assumed connection with these publications that alone Francis becomes a fit subject of history. Destroy that connection, or prove that it never existed, and there is nothing in his career to justify the publication of the work now before us. Make good his title to be regarded as the author of Junius, and he who writes his life holds him up to public infamy.

This is not the proper occasion on which to trace up in detail the circumstances which prepared the way for that contest in which Junius took part. George III., impatient of the bondage which a

Whig aristocracy had imposed upon the Crown, determined, from the day of his accession, to break loose from it, and was not, we frankly admit, too scrupulous as to the means which he adopted for the accomplishment of so laudable a purpose. He made and unmade Administrations with as little regard as was practicable to the will of the House of Commons; which, however, with a brief interval during the reign of Queen Anne, had been, ever since 1688, little else than the mouthpiece of the Revolution Houses. He was unfortunate in his attachment to Lord Bute, and in the employment of that nobleman as the chief instrument in working out his purpose; not because Bute was either corrupt or incapable, but because he was personally unpopular and a Scotchman. Of these two incidents the Whigs took eager advantage. They were well supported by public writers, the first and ablest among whom was John Wilkes. No sooner was the King's design apparent than Wilkes launched his famous paper, the 'North Briton,' of which it is scarcely too much to say that it drove Bute out of office. But Wilkes and his patrons were not satisfied with this success. They fell upon George Grenville, Bute's successor, with equal acrimony, and provoked him into measures which were at least unwise, if they may not fairly be condemned as unconstitutional.

Had Grenville possessed more temper he would have purchased a deliverance from persecution. Wilkes, being quite venal, was as ready to wield his pen in support of the Minister as against him; but temper, and a mistaken sense of dignity, were too strong for prudence, and the law was brought to bear upon the libeller. It was brought to bear, likewise, after a fashion worthy of the days of the Star Chamber. The Secretary of State issued a general warrant. Wilkes's house was entered by virtue of that warrant;

and evidence against him was sought and procured by seizing his papers. The arrest of Wilkes himself and of forty other persons followed, and London was thrown into a state of ferment.

It was deemed necessary to defend such a proceeding otherwise than before a jury; and a letter signed "Crito" made its appearance in the 'Public Advertiser' of the 29th July 1764. It is supposed to have been written by Francis's father, and justified all that had been done, including the verdict which the Government had obtained against the printers of the 'North Briton' for libels in No. 45. Francis himself, be it remembered, was all this while in the confidence of the Government. He had served under Lord Egremont, who was Secretary of State, when the preparations for this line of action were arranged. He was recently, through the good offices of Mr Under-Secretary Wood, appointed Chief Clerk in the War Office, of which Welbore Ellis was at the head. According to his present biographers—and, indeed, the fact may be said to have been so fixed ever since the publication of Mr John Taylor's book in 1812—no considerations of duty to those who trusted him had power enough to keep the indignant War Office clerk silent. "The young office-clerk," says Mr Parkes, "could not openly profess his indignation or political sympathy with the cause of Wilkes. Lord Egremont had been only lately his chief in office, and had only lately promised him preferment had he continued in the Secretary of State's Office. Mr Wood, then Under-Secretary of the Treasury, but principal instrument of the seizure of Wilkes, was his early and constant patron, and to whom he was indebted for his new position in the War Office. Mr Welbore Ellis, the Secretary of War, was the member of the Administration by whom the clerkship was nominally given him; his own father was a leading partisan

writer, in the interest of Lord Bute, and of the existing Ministry. The clerk of the War Office had, therefore, every conceivable motive to keep his opinions to himself. He would obviously conceal any use of his pen on the side of Wilkes." Is this the morality of Liberals? Is it an article of faith with the "friends of the people," that a man in office, trusted with State secrets, under personal obligations to the Ministers of the Crown, and treated by them with perfect confidence, is free to use his pen in betrayal of public trusts and private friendships so long as he can succeed in keeping his own secret? Mr Parkes affirms that it is; and, holding this faith, records, without a word of censure, that his hero "entered the lists in the same journal against this writer ('Crito') under the anonymous signature of 'Candor,' in an answer rapidly prepared, as it was published in the 'Advertiser' of the 2d August."

Putting the morality of the proceeding on one side, and accepting it as proved that Francis was Candor, it is impossible to deny to him the utmost praise for the skill with which he put on the mask, and the tenacity of purpose which withheld him from ever afterwards removing it. From behind that mask, and writing under a variety of signatures, the same individual, whoever he might be, continued throughout the space of ten years to ply the same journal with communications, all of them pungent, most of them vituperative and pregnant with annoyance to the Government. He was never identified, not even the publisher and editor of the 'Advertiser' succeeding in tracing him to his lair; and to all the world besides he remained a myth. That Francis was suspected at all, was due to the opinion which those who knew him most intimately entertained both of his abilities and his principles. Yet suspicion, if it fell upon him while the series was going on, fell so lightly that no exertion on his part was needed to cast it off. Burke,

Lord George Sackville, Lord Chatham, Colonel Barré, with others whom it would be idle here to enumerate, were pointed at with a far more steady finger. Yet all denied the authorship, and every effort to bring it home to them failed.

While London rang with the echoes of those famous brochures, Francis himself carried on with assiduity the work of First Clerk in the War Office,—a post which, though badly paid, enabled him to keep his place in society, because the perquisites, as was common in those days, were a great deal more valuable than the salary. He had married long before this against his father's wish, and became in due course the head of a family. He was kind to his wife's relatives, allowing her parents a small annuity, and helping her brothers to establish themselves in life. His own father, likewise, when health failed him and he became incapable of mental labour, he largely assisted. But he was getting very tired of playing an inferior part in public life, and, though still employed by the Government, was in heart with the Opposition. The accession of Lord North to office, and the defeat of all the plans which had been formed to bring first Chatham and the Duke of Grafton, and then Chatham and George Grenville, together, gave the finishing-touch to his disgust. "I had no hope of advancement," he says of himself, "except in the line of opposition. I was sincere, though mistaken, in my politics." Nor was he over and above delighted with the conduct of his friends. Woodfall being prosecuted for printing the letter of Junius to the King, a verdict was obtained against him, though by a process somewhat irregular. Francis got a hint of the irregularity, and wrote a long letter to Calcraft, still his friend, pointing out where the irregularity lay. The letter was written for a purpose, and the purpose was achieved; yet the self-love of the writer sustained a shock which, under existing circumstances, decided him how to

act. "Within three days after I heard the great Earl of Chatham repeat my letter verbatim in the House of Lords, not only following the argument exactly, but dressing it in the same expressions that I had done. His speech the next day flamed in the newspapers, and rang through the kingdom.

"Such," he continues, "were the triumphs or amusements of a party that had almost all the wit and popularity and ability in the kingdom to support them, but never could carry a question in either House of Parliament. I saw plainly that my convictions would never lead me to any solid advantage. The prospect on every side was gloomy and dispiriting. From that time (1775) I never ceased to form projects for quitting the War Office. India was the only quarter where it was possible to make a fortune, and this way all my thoughts were directed." He owed the realisation of what was at first the vaguest possible dream, partly to accident, partly to the active exertions of his friend Doyly. He threw up his appointment in the War Office. He went abroad to travel. He heard, when at Naples, that Calcraft was dead, leaving him a legacy of £1000, with a seat in Parliament. He returned to England, and, still looking to India, proposed that Calcraft's trustees should return Doyly instead of himself. This they declined to do: but Francis lost nothing by the refusal. His father died at this time. His own resources were getting exhausted. Through his brother-in-law, Alexander Macrabbie, he had some time previously purchased a thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, and he seriously meditated removing with his wife and children to America, and becoming a cultivator of the soil. Just at this moment one of the four gentlemen

who had been named to the Indian Council in Lord North's Regulation Bill declined to go out. Mr Doyly was informed of the circumstance. He applied through Mr Grey Cooper to Lord Barrington, who in his turn wrote strongly to Lord North, and Philip Francis was named to fill the vacancy. "It was remarkably fortunate for me," says Francis himself, speaking of this turning-point in his own career, "that Cholwell had deferred his resignation to so late a day. The Regulation Bill had been some days before the House of Commons. If the Minister had had more time to look about him, I should have probably been defeated by some superior interest. He sent for me on Tuesday the 8th of June, and with a multitude of flattering expressions desired my leave to recommend me to Parliament to be one of the Council-General of Bengal, in addition to Mr Hastings, General Clavering, Colonel Monson, and Mr Barwell."

We now turn a leaf in the history of Philip Francis, and come upon a page which, so far as public events are set down in it, has already been filled well-nigh to repletion in other works* than that now before us. We must decline, therefore, to go much at length into the events of his Indian administration. He carried with him to the East the same exaggerated self-esteem, the same impatience of superior authority and of the superior knowledge which only experience can give, which had characterised him ever since he entered, in the West, into controversy with the King's Government as a public writer. He formed his own notions of how India ought to be managed before he took time to inquire into the system already in operation there. He had settled, or believed that he had settled, his own code

* See the 'History of the Impeachment of Warren Hastings,' 'The Life of Warren Hastings,' by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. 'The Vindication of Sir Elijah Impey,' by his Son, from the Strictures of the 'Edinburgh Review.' 'Sketch of the Life of Warren Hastings,' by Lord Macaulay, &c., &c.

of public morals before inquiring into the code which had been in force for ages in the land to which he was proceeding. So likewise in regard to the property in the soil, he carried out with him crude notions; not so much of what it really was, as of what it ought to be, and what he was resolved, if possible, to make it. But above and before all other projects one engrossed him, to set aside the authority of the Governor-General, and himself to govern India. And this he did, either believing, or persuading himself that he believed, that up to the moment of his embarkation India had been trodden down, and its resources pillaged, by every Englishman intrusted with authority. Let us not be too severe upon him for entertaining this opinion. Nabob after nabob, as returned Indians were called, had come back after a few years' service in the East bringing enormous fortunes with them; yet every despatch from the seat of government spoke of an exchequer empty, and a constantly increasing demand for money. According to Francis's view of the case, such things could not be without the grossest abuse of power by those who wielded it; and to put a stop to this abuse, by concentrating the whole authority of Government in his own hands, seems to have been the line of conduct on which he determined from the outset.

The changes introduced into the government of India by the Regulation Bill may be thus briefly stated:—To the Governor of Bengal was given supreme authority over the other Presidencies, while he himself was to be guided in everything by the opinion of the majority in a Supreme Council, numbering five members inclusive of himself. This, as is self-evident, amounted to a transfer of the Governor's power to his Council, because against the votes of any three of that body he was impotent. At the same time a High Court of Justiciary had been created, hav-

ing a Chief-Justice at its head, of which the powers were very obscurely defined, and therefore liable to be stretched, should the occasion arise, to almost any limits. Sir Elijah Impey, an old schoolfellow and friend of the then Governor-General, went out as Chief-Justice, and became, because he was known to be on terms of confidential intimacy with Hastings, at once, and throughout the whole of his sojourn in Calcutta, an object of dislike and jealousy to Francis.

Francis, Clavering, and Monson sailed in the same ship; Impey and the other Judges and officials of the Supreme Court sailed in another. It is curious to see from what Mr Merivale has put upon record how immediately the one set of these officials began to show its distaste for the other. The ship in which the Judges took their passage was the fastest sailer. She reached every port of call sooner than her consort, and on her official crew or cargo the first and most marked honours fell. Francis never forgave this. He put it down in his diary as a slight passed of set purpose upon the Council, and held to that most groundless opinion ever after. Over Clavering and Monson he soon established a paramount influence, and he engaged them at once, as soon as they all reached their destination, in fierce opposition to the Governor. For four years, without any intermission, a struggle for supremacy went on. Whatever Hastings proposed Francis objected to; whatever Francis brought forward, Clavering and Monson supported. It is wonderful that the machine of State did not collapse; indeed, nothing but the extraordinary patience and great ability of Hastings averted that calamity. At last Clavering died, and then Hastings, having Barwell to co-operate with him, carried every proposition in Council by virtue of his casting-vote. Francis was furious. He had counted on compelling Hastings to resign and on tak-

ing his place, and that, too, though both Clavering and Monson stood above him in the list of councillors; and, with a view to bring about that issue, he had plied private friends and public men at home with constant complaints of the rapacity and cruelty of the Governor-General. Among the public men thus stirred to personal hatred of Hastings, Burke was one. In communicating with Burke's cousin John so early as November 1774 (he had arrived in Calcutta only on the 19th of October), Francis thus expresses himself:—"Tell him (Edmund Burke) from me—and as I speak truth with knowledge, so may I be honoured with his friendship or blasted with his contempt—that everything he has ever said of the state of domestic affairs represents a state of innocence, of purity, a refinement of virtue, an excess of integrity bordering upon a vice, compared with the condition in which we found this wretched country." In the same tone, though more pointedly bearing on Hastings, he communicates by the same mail with Welbore Ellis:—"Mr H. has contrived to draw the whole administration into his own hands. The consequence is, that whatever information we get is extorted from him; and you see how easy it is for a man in his situation not only to perplex and deceive us, but to retard and embarrass the execution of measures already resolved on. As to inquiries into abuses, he tells us plainly that he looks upon every such attempt on our part as a personal attack upon his administration, and indeed with some reason, for as this country is sold in jobs from top to bottom, so, let the case be what it may, we are sure to find Mr H. or some of his connections, one way or other, concerned in it." So also to Lord Barrington he writes thus early:—"With respect to the situation of affairs in this country, I shall only say in general that nothing on this side of flat despair can be worse.

If there be a doubt about the immediate recall of our two colleagues (Hastings and Barwell), farewell Bengal." But worse remains to be stated. He had the effrontery to insinuate, in a letter to Lord Clive (of whose death, when the letter was written, he had not heard), that Hastings, in his extreme need of money, was proposing to seize and confiscate that great soldier's Indian estates:—"It is lucky," he writes, "I have but a word to trouble you with, since I have but a moment to say it in. *Look sharp after the fate of your jaghire.* No man now has the folly to deny that the revenue is in a rapid state of decline. . . . I must now commend myself in a particular manner to your Lordship's friendship and protection. That I should continue here with influence is no less your Lordship's interest than mine. I will not scruple to say to you what I have never suggested to any other person, that if I am recalled, or if an arrangement should take place under which I cannot exert myself with effect, you may as well take leave of Bengal for ever."

When we remember of whom this calumny was written—that the subject of it was the early protégé and constant friend of Clive, who no more entertained a thought of robbing his first patron than of enriching himself with the spoil—we shall see excellent reason to estimate the disposition of the writer at its true value. There was nothing at which Francis cared to stick where his ambition was roused. There was no untruth which he was unprepared to tell, provided he could thereby remove a rival out of his way.

It would be waste of time to dwell further upon the public acts of Mr Francis as a Member of Council in Bengal. Mr Merivale has given us a full, and, we must add, a faithful record of them, looked at from Francis's point of view; and like a lover of truth, as he is, has not hesitated, in more-

than one flagrant instance, to contradict his authority. He says, and says truly, that India was throughout four years little better than the arena within which two able gladiators fought; and that Hastings, being the abler of the two, beat his opponent in the long-run. Whether or not all that Hastings did in the maintenance of his own authority, and for the preservation of the Company's territories, will bear to be tried by the standard of our English sense of right, is a question apart from the controversy which we are now studying. But however this may be, no one now pretends to deny that, in spite of the persistent opposition of his colleagues, Hastings saved India for England, receiving as his reward a long and bitter persecution, which resulted in vindicating his honour while it ruined his fortunes.

The life which Francis led in India was an extraordinary combination of hard work and dissipation. He never travelled farther than a few miles from the capital. He was assiduous in Council, constant and voluminous in his correspondence, prolific in schemes for the future government of the country—of which some, though premature, may be said to have been almost prophetic; and while watching carefully over the education of his children and the comforts of his wife at home, a gambler and a lover abroad. He did not scruple to risk large sums at play, and to make light of the requirements of the tenth commandment. He

won from Mr Barwell upwards of £15,000 at a single sitting, which he remitted to London for investment: and he paid damages of 50,000 rupees for intriguing with another man's wife.* His last exploit was a duel with Hastings, in which he was wounded. As soon as he regained his strength, and found that all hope of displacing Hastings and succeeding him was at an end, he took his passage in the Fox, one of the old Company's fine old ships, and returned to England.

It is unnecessary to go on minutely with the story of Francis's life in England. He came home burning with fury against the Governor-General. He made his way into the House of Commons mainly for the purpose of wreaking his vengeance on his illustrious enemy. He published paper after paper—all of them anonymous—vindicating his own India policy, and attacking the English Government, and even the King. He was, moreover, the prompter and adviser of that knot of politicians who plotted the ruin of Warren Hastings. At last he succeeded so far, that Pitt in a moment of weakness consented to Hastings's impeachment; and Francis did his best to be included in the list of the managers in that celebrated case.

"If Francis," says Mr Merivale, "had been personally more successful in the House, less haughty and supercilious in private life—for such was the character he had by this time earned—he might have succeeded in that effort. For he

* The lady with whom Francis became thus connected was Mrs Grand, the wife of a Swiss gentleman who carried on business as a merchant at Chandernagore. She was very beautiful, but entirely destitute of talent and information. The widow of Sir Francis, describing the *liaison*, says—"Mr F. soon distinguished this fair lady, but from principle or pride she rejected all his entreaties, and though not displeased to be admired, threw him into despair by the steadiness of her refusal." Poor creature, she seems to have been betrayed as much by her husband as her lover. The result was, that after living for a while under Francis's protection she quitted him and returned to France. There Talleyrand fell in with her, and married her. Though honestly attached to her, that extraordinary man used to tell endless stories of her *betise*, and among others this, that meeting Humboldt, the illustrious traveller and philosopher, on one occasion at her husband's table, she took it into her head that he was Robinson Crusoe, and asked him after his man Friday.

allowed no considerations of truth or delicacy to stand between him and his purpose. For example, the objection being raised that his well-known hostility to Hastings altogether unfitted him for forming an impartial judgment in the case, he had the effrontery to declare in the House of Commons (April 19, 1787) that through the whole of his conduct in the prosecution of Mr Hastings he had been actuated by no private motives of personal hostility. He and his colleagues, he declared, had left England with the highest opinion of Mr Hastings. When they landed at Calcutta they soon found their error. It was upon public grounds, as all who were acquainted with the transactions of India well knew, that their opposition to Mr Hastings commenced, and that this had continued to the present moment. As to the duel, the difference between them was not private, but public, on the ground of Mr Hastings's injurious minute."

If any of our readers be disposed to question the justice of the verdict which we have passed on Sir Francis's veracity, we recommend them to try the truth of our statements by the test which Mr Merivale's impartial history has set up. "No one," as that gentleman well observes, "can have studied the materials afforded by Francis's private memoranda, and entertain the belief that he held the highest opinion of Mr Hastings until he landed at Calcutta. He seems to have left England prejudiced against him."

As a politician, Francis attached himself to Fox and his friends. This circumstance, combined with the whisper which began to connect him with the authorship of Junius, led to his introduction to Carlton House, where the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., gathered round him the wits of the Whig party. There Francis was a frequent guest, as well as at the Pavilion, till either a change of views on the Prince's part, or, as Mr Merivale hints, an imprudent act on that of Francis, put a stop to the intimacy. Though possessed of considerable social qualities, Francis was not, in the highest sense of the expression, distin-

guished in conversation. But he had the merit himself of never telling long stories, and he was impatient of those who did. It was reported of him that on a certain occasion, after the Prince had become Regent, he interrupted some prosy narrative in which His Royal Highness was indulging by exclaiming, "Well, sir, well?" "If Sir Philip Francis will allow me to proceed," continued the Prince; and never again invited him to his table.

Francis made no figure in Parliament. He gave his votes for the abolition of the Slave Trade, for Catholic Emancipation, for peace with France on any terms, and for every other measure which was then considered liberal. He quarrelled with Burke on the subject of the French Revolution; he blamed Fox for his partial secession from party strife in 1798; he was indignant with that statesman for taking office in 1806, and for the sake of place, as he alleged, sacrificing character and principle. In 1807 he lost his election for Appleby, and never again aspired to play the part of a public man. He did not, however, sink into obscurity. The appearance of a collected edition of the Letters of Junius, soon after his return from India, not only re-awakened public interest in that literary performance, but went a long way to fix the authorship upon himself. He steadily rejected the honour, but seems to have been not unfrequently so pressed that he was obliged to do so without denying, in direct terms, that he had a right to it. Moreover, though disappointed in the great object of his ambition—the Governorship of India, for which, in the vigour of his days, temper eminently disqualified him, and which, latterly, change of circumstances put quite out of the question—he succeeded in a secondary end, not in his eyes by any means an unimportant one. He made his way into what is called the best society, and lived much and corresponded largely, not

only with statesmen and men of mark, but with the leaders of fashion. His letters to some of the fine ladies of his day appear in these volumes, and they are curious, as indicating what manner of man he desired to be considered. He was advanced likewise, just before quitting Parliament, to the dignity of a Knight of the Bath, and kept, as Sir Philip, a not inhospitable table in St James's Square. But neither his honours nor his social position made him a happy man. He believed to the last that his merits had been overlooked, and lost no convenient opportunity of saying so. The wife of his youth he lost in 1806. In 1814 he married again. The bride, the daughter of a clergyman, and a woman of some parts and considerable personal beauty, was thirty-two years of age. The bridegroom was seventy-four; yet the union was, on the whole, a very suitable one. The lady, at all events, entertained the highest admiration for her husband, and has contributed not a little, by the notes which she has supplied, to the interest of the story of which we have sketched a meagre outline.

And now, before laying down the pen, let us briefly state the general impression which has been made upon us by the volumes which we have passed under review. So far as regards the hero of the tale, they have certainly not tended to raise him in our estimation. They show that he possessed considerably more than an average share of talent and industry; they prove that he applied these gifts in almost every instance to unworthy purposes; and that his failure in life—if such it may be called—was the result of such misapplication. With respect again to the manner in which the work of his biography has been accomplished, there is little for us to add to what we said at the opening of this paper.

Mr Parkes enormously exaggerated the importance of the task

to which he had set himself. He wasted years in making preparations for what he lacked literary tact and ability to go through with, and cumbered his successor with materials too chaotic to be used. Mr Merivale has done his best with these materials, yet the results are scarcely worthy of the hand which has produced them. The best parts of his narrative are the stories or anecdotes which relieve from time to time its inevitable dulness. One, however, he has omitted, which seems to us worth supplying.

Francis, as we have elsewhere stated, was a pantheist, and perhaps a theist, in religion. His God, if he had one, was the God of visible nature. He had no belief in the immateriality, far less in the immortality, of the soul of man. The subject had often been discussed between him and his friend Ducarell when both were in India, and they had then arrived at the same conclusions respecting it. It happened, not very long after the return of Francis to England, that he received a letter from Ducarell, dated Bath, in which that gentleman expressed doubts as to the soundness of the view which they had taken on that head, and desired to know whether Francis still retained his old opinions. The reply ran thus:—

“You d—d old fool,—Have not you and I exhausted every argument that could be used over and over again in India, on the subject referred to in your letter? and were we not invariably and logically led to the same conclusion? Now, however, I do entertain some doubts in regard to the soundness of our conclusion, and I will tell you why.

“I went yesterday to see Mother Bainbrigg hanged. She died without a struggle. I said to myself, as I beheld her swing, You monster, there must be something more than this in store for you! Possibly, therefore, we may be wrong after all. The soul may be immortal.”

LINDA TRESSEL.—PART V.

CHAPTER IX.

LINDA TRESSEL, as she returned home to the house in the Schütt island, became aware that it was necessary for her to tell to her aunt all that had passed between herself and Herr Molk. She had been half stunned with grief as she left the magistrate's house, and for a while had tried to think that she could keep back from Madame Staubach at any rate the purport of the advice that had been given to her. And as she came to the conclusion that this would be impossible to her,—that it must all come out,—various wild plans flitted across her brain. Could she not run away without returning to the red house at all? But whither was she to run, and with whom? The only one who would have helped her in this wild enterprise had been sent to prison by that ill-conditioned old man who had made her so miserable! At this moment, there was no longer any hope in her bosom that she should save herself from being a castaway; nay, there was hardly a wish. There was no disreputable life so terrible to her thoughts, no infamy so infamous in idea to her, as would be respectability in the form of matrimony with Peter Steinmarc. And now, as she walked along painfully, going far out of her way that she might have some little time for reflection, turning all this in her mind, she began almost to fear that if she went back to her aunt, her aunt would prevail, and that in very truth Peter Steinmarc would become her lord and master. Then there was another plan, as impracticable as that scheme of running away. What if she were to become sullen, and decline to speak at all? She was well aware that in such a contest her aunt's tongue would be very terrible to her; and as the idea

crossed her mind, she told herself that were she so to act people would treat her as a mad woman. But even that, she thought, would be better than being forced to marry Peter Steinmarc. Before she had reached the island, she knew that the one scheme was as impossible as the other. She entered the house very quietly, and turning to the left went at once into the kitchen.

"Linda, your aunt is waiting dinner for you this hour," said Tetchen.

"Why did you not take it to her by herself?" said Linda, crossly.

"How could I do that, when she would not have it? You had better go in now, at once. But, Linda, does anything ail you?"

"Very much ails me," said Linda.

Then Tetchen came close to her, and whispered, "Have you heard anything about him?"

"What have you heard, Tetchen? Tell me at once."

"He is in trouble."

"He is in prison!" Linda said this with a little hysteric scream. Then she began to sob and cry, and turned her back to Tetchen and hid her face in her hands.

"I have heard that too," said Tetchen. "They say the burgo-masters have caught him with letters on him from some terrible rebels up in Prussia, and that he has been plotting to have the city burned down. But I don't believe all that, *fraulein*."

"He is in prison. I know he is in prison," said Linda. "I wish I were there too;—so I do, or dead. I'd rather be dead." Then Madame Staubach, having perhaps heard the lock of the front door when it was closed, came into the kitchen. "Linda," she said, "I am waiting for you."

"I do not want any dinner," said

Linda, still standing with her face turned to the wall. Then Madame Staubach took hold of her arm, and led her across the passage into the parlour. Linda said not a word as she was being thus conducted, but was thinking whether it might not even yet serve her purpose to be silent and sullen. She was still sobbing, and striving to repress her sobs; but she allowed herself to be led without resistance, and in an instant the door was closed, and she was seated on the old sofa with her aunt beside her.

"Have you seen Herr Molk?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Yes; I have seen him."

"And what has he said to you?" Then Linda was silent. "You told me that you would seek his counsel; and that you would act as he might advise you."

"No; I did not say that."

"Linda!"

"I did not promise. I made no promise."

"Linda, surely you did promise. When I asked you whether you would do as he might bid you, you said that you would be ruled by him. Then, knowing that he is wise, and of repute in the city, I let you go. Linda, was it not so?" Linda could not remember what words had in truth been spoken between them. She did remember that in her anxiety to go forth, thinking it to be impossible that the burgomaster should ask her to marry a man old enough to be her father, she had in some way assented to her aunt's proposition. But yet she thought that she had made no definite promise that she would marry the man she hated. She did not believe that she would absolutely have promised that under any possible circumstances she would do so. She could not, however, answer her aunt's question; so she continued to sob, and endeavoured again to hide her face. "Did you tell the man everything, my child?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Yes, I did."

"And what has he said to you?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know! Linda, that cannot be true. It is not yet half an hour since, and you do not know what Herr Molk said to you? Did you tell him of my wish about our friend Peter?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did you tell him of your foolish fancy for that wicked young man?"

"Yes, I did."

"And what did he say?"

Linda was still silent. It was almost impossible for her to tell her aunt what the man had said to her. She could not bring herself to tell the story of what had passed in the panelled room. Had Madame Staubach been in any way different from what she was,—had she been at all less stubborn, less hard, less reliant on the efficacy of her religious convictions to carry her over all obstacles,—she would have understood something of the sufferings of the poor girl with whom she was dealing. But with her the only idea present to her mind was the absolute necessity of saving Linda from the wrath to come by breaking her spirit in regard to things of this world, and crushing her into atoms here, that those atoms might be remoulded in a form that would be capable of a future and a better life. Instead therefore of shrinking from cruelty, Madame Staubach was continually instigating herself to be cruel. She knew that the image of the town-clerk was one simply disgusting to Linda, and therefore she was determined to force that image upon her. She knew that the girl's heart was set upon Ludovic Valcarm with all the warmth of its young love, and therefore she conceived it to be her duty to prove to the girl that Ludovic Valcarm was one already given up to Satan and Satanic agencies. Linda must be taught not only to acknowledge, but in very fact to understand and per-

caive, that this world is a vale of tears, that its paths are sharp to the feet, and that they who walk through it should walk in mourning and tribulation. What though her young heart should be broken by the lesson,—be broken after the fashion in which human hearts are made to suffer? To Madame Staubach's mind a broken heart and a contrite spirit were pretty much the same thing. It was good that hearts should be broken, that all the inner humanities of the living being should be, as it were, crushed on a wheel and ground into fragments, so that nothing should be left capable of receiving pleasure from the delights of this world. Such, according to her theory of life, was the treatment to which young women should be subjected. The system needed for men might probably be different. It was necessary that they should go forth and work; and Madame Staubach conceived it to be possible that the work of the world could not be adequately done by men who had been subjected to the crushing process which was requisite for women. Therefore it was that she admitted Peter Steinmarc to her confidence as a worthy friend, though Peter was by no means a man enfranchised from the thralls of the earth. Of young women there was but one with whom she could herself deal; but in regard to that one Madame Staubach was resolved that no softness of heart should deter her from her duty. "Linda," she said, after pausing for a while, "I desire to know from you what Herr Molk has said to you!" Then there was a short period of silence. "Linda, did he sanction your love for Ludovic Valcarm?"

"No," said Linda, sullenly.

"I should think not, indeed! And, Linda, did he bid you be rebellious in that other matter?"

Linda paused again before she answered; but it was but for a moment, and then she replied, in the same voice, "No."

"Did he tell you that you had better take Peter Steinmarc for your husband?" Linda could not bring herself to answer this, but sat beating the floor with her foot, and with her face turned away and her eyes fixed upon the wall. She was no longer sobbing now, but was hardening herself against her aunt. She was resolving that she would be a castaway,—that she would have nothing more to do with godliness, or even with decency. She had found godliness and decency too heavy to be borne. In all her life, had not that moment in which Ludovic had held her tight bound by his arm round her waist been the happiest? Had it not been to her, her one single morsel of real bliss? She was thinking now whether she would fly round upon her aunt and astonish her tyrant by a declaration of principles that should be altogether new. Then came the question again in the same hard voice, "Did he not tell you that you had better take Peter Steinmarc for your husband?"

"I won't take Peter Steinmarc for my husband," said Linda; and she did in part effect that flying round of which she had been thinking. "I won't take Peter Steinmarc for my husband, let the man say what he may. How can I marry him if I hate him? He is a—beast."

Then Madame Staubach groaned. Linda had often heard her groan, but had never known her to groan as she groaned now. It was very deep and very low, and prolonged with a cadence that caused Linda to tremble in every limb. And Linda understood it thoroughly. It was as though her aunt had been told by an angel that Satan was coming to her house in person that day. And Linda did that which the reader also should do. She gave to her aunt full credit for pure sincerity in her feelings. Madame Staubach did believe that Satan was coming for her niece, if

not actually come ; he was close at hand, if not arrived. The crushing, if done at all, must be done instantly, so that Satan should find the spirit so broken and torn to paltry fragments as not to be worth his acceptance. She stretched forth her hand and took hold of her niece. "Linda," she said, "do you ever think of the bourne to which the wicked ones go ;—they who are wicked as you now are wicked ?"

"I cannot help it," said Linda.

"And did he not bid you take this man for your husband ?"

"I will not do his bidding, then ! It would kill me. Do you not know that I love Ludovic better than all the world ? He is in prison, but shall I cease to love him for that reason ? He came to me once up-stairs at night when you were sitting here with that—beast, and I swore to him then that I would never love another man,—that I should never marry anybody else !"

"Came to you once up-stairs at night ! To your own chamber ?"

"Yes, he did. You may know all about it, if you please. You may know everything. I don't want anything to be secret. He came to me, and when he had his arms round me I told him that I was his own,—his own,—his own. How can I be the wife of another man after that ?"

Madame Staubach was so truly horrified by what she had first heard, was so astonished, that she omitted even to groan. Valcarm had been with this wretched girl up in her own chamber ! She hardly even now believed that which it seemed to her that she was called upon to believe, having never as yet for a moment doubted the real purity of her niece even when she was most vehemently denouncing her as a reprobate, a castaway, and a child of Satan. The reader will know to what extent Linda had been imprudent, to what extent she had sinned. But Madame

Staubach did not know. She had nothing to guide her but the words of this poor girl who had been so driven to desperation by the misery which enveloped her, that she almost wished to be taken for worse than she was in order that she might escape the terrible doom from which she saw no other means of escape. Nobody, it is true, could have forced her to marry Peter Steinmarc. There was no law, no custom in Nuremberg, which would have assisted her aunt, or Peter, or even the much-esteemed and venerable Herr Molk himself, in compelling her to submit to such nuptials. She was free to exercise her own choice, if only she had had strength to assert her freedom. But youth, which rebels so often against the authority and wisdom of age, is also subject to much tyranny from age. Linda did not know the strength of her own position, had not learned to recognise the fact of her own individuality. She feared the power of her aunt over her, and through her aunt the power of the man whom she hated ; and she feared the now provoked authority of Herr Molk, who had been with her weak as a child is weak, counselling her to submit herself to a suitor unfitted for her, because another man who loved her was also unfit. And, moreover, Linda, though she was now willing in her desperation to cast aside all religious scruples of her own, still feared those with which her aunt was armed. Unless she did something, or at least said something, to separate herself entirely from her aunt, this terrible domestic tyrant would overcome her by the fear of denunciation, which would terrify her soul even though she had dared to declare to herself that in her stress of misery she would throw overboard all consideration of her soul's welfare. Though she intended no longer to live in accordance with her religious belief, she feared what religion could say

to her,—dreaded to the very marrow of her bones the threats of God's anger and of Satan's power with which her aunt would harass her. If only she could rid herself of it all! Therefore, though she perceived that the story which she had told of herself had filled her aunt's mind with a horrible and a false suspicion, she said nothing to correct the error. Therefore she said nothing further, though her aunt sat looking at her with open mouth, and eyes full of terror, and hands clasped, and pale cheeks.

"In this house,—in this very house!" said Madame Staubach, not knowing what it might best become her to say in such a strait as this.

"The house is as much mine as yours," said Linda, sullenly. And she too, in saying this, had not known what she meant to say, or what she ought to have said. Her aunt had alluded to the house, and there seemed to her, in her distress, to be something in that on which she could hang a word.

For a while her aunt sat in silence looking at Linda, and then she fell upon her knees, with her hands clasped to heaven. What was the matter of her prayers we may not here venture to surmise; but, such as they were, they were sincere. Then she arose and went slowly as far as the door, but she returned before she had reached the threshold. "Wretched child!" she said.

"Yes, you have made me wretched," said Linda.

"Listen to me, Linda, if so much grace is left to you. After what you have told me, I cannot but suppose that all hope of happiness or comfort in this world is over both for you and me."

"For myself, I wish I were dead," said Linda.

"Have you no thought of what will come after death? Oh, my child, repentance is still possible to you, and with repentance there will come at length grace and salvation. Mary Magdalene was

blessed,—was specially blessed among women."

"Pshaw!" said Linda, indignantly. What had she to do with Mary Magdalene? The reality of her position then came upon her, and not the facts of that position which she had for a moment almost endeavoured to simulate.

"Do you not hate yourself for what you have done?"

"No, no, no. But I hate Peter Steinmarc, and I hate Herr Molk, and if you are so cruel to me I shall hate you. I have done nothing wrong. I could not help it if he came up-stairs. He came because he loved me, and because you would not let him come in a proper way. Nobody else loves me, but he would do anything for me. And now they have thrown him into prison!"

The case was so singular in all its bearings, that Madame Staubach could make nothing of it. Linda seemed to have confessed her iniquity, and yet, after her confession, spoke of herself as though she were the injured person,—of herself and her lover as though they were both ill used. According to Madame Staubach's own ideas, Linda ought now to have been in the dust, dissolved in tears, wiping the floor with her hair, utterly subdued in spirit, hating herself as the vilest of God's creatures. But there was not even an outward sign of contrition. And then, in the midst of all this real tragedy, Tetchen brought in the dinner. The two women sat down together, but neither of them spoke a word. Linda did eat something,—a morsel or two; but Madame Staubach would not touch the food on the table. Then Tetchen was summoned to take away the all but unused plates. Tetchen, when she saw how it had been, said nothing, but looked from the face of one to the face of the other. "She has heard all about that scamp Ludovic," said Tetchen to herself, as she carried the dishes back into the kitchen.

It had been late when the dinner had been brought to them, and the dusk of the evening came upon them as soon as Tetchen's clatter with the crockery was done. Madame Staubach sat in her accustomed chair, with her eyes closed, and her hands clasped on her lap before her. A stranger might have thought that she was asleep, but Linda knew that her aunt was not sleeping. She also sat silent till she thought that the time was drawing near at which Steinmarc might probably enter the parlour. Then she arose to go, but could not leave her aunt without a word. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "I am ill,—very ill; my head is throbbing, and I will go to bed." Madame Staubach merely shook her head, and shook her hands, and remained silent, with her eyes still closed. She had not even yet resolved upon the words with which it would be expedient that she should address her niece. Then Linda left the room, and went to her own apartment.

Madame Staubach, when she was alone, sobbed and cried, and knelted and prayed, and walked the length and breadth of the room in an agony of despair and doubt. She also was in want of a counsellor to whom she could go in her present misery. And there was no such counsellor. It seemed to her to be impossible that she should confide everything to Peter Steinmarc. And yet it was no more than honest that Peter should be told before he was allowed to continue his courtship. Even now, though she had seen Linda's misery, Madame Staubach thought that the marriage which she had been so anxious to arrange would be the safest way out of all their troubles,—if only Peter might be brought to consent to it after hearing all the truth. And she fancied that those traits in Peter's character, appearance, and demeanour which were so revolting to Linda would be additional means of bringing Linda

back from the slough of despond,—if only such a marriage might still be possible. But the crushing must be more severe than had hitherto been intended, the weights imposed must be heavier, and the human atoms smaller and more like the dust.

While she was meditating on this there came the usual knock at the door, and Steinmarc entered the room. She greeted him, as was her wont, with but a word or two, and he sat down and lighted his pipe. An observant man might have known, even from the sound of her breathing, that something had stirred Madame Staubach more than usual. But Peter was not an observant man, and, having something on his own mind, paid but little attention to the widow. At last, having finished his first pipe and filled it again, he spoke. "Madame Staubach," he said, "I have been thinking about Linda Tressel."

"And so have I, Peter," said Madame Staubach.

"Yes,—of course; that is natural. She is your niece, and you and she have interests in common."

"What interests, Peter? Ah me! I wish we had."

"Of course it is all right that you should, and I say nothing about that. But, Madame Staubach, I do not like to be made a fool of;—I particularly object to be made a fool of. If Linda is to become my wife, there is not any time to be lost." Then Peter recommenced the smoking of his new-lighted pipe with great vigour.

Madame Staubach at this moment became a martyr to great scruples. Was it her duty, or was it not her duty, to tell Peter at this moment all that she had heard to-day? She rather thought that it was her duty to do so, and yet she was restrained by some feeling of feminine honour from disgracing her niece,—by some feeling of feminine honour for which she afterwards did penance with

many inward flagellations of the spirit.

"You must not be too hard upon her, Peter," said Madame Staubach with a trembling voice.

"It is all very well saying that, and I do not think that I am the man to be hard upon any one. But the fact is that this young woman has got a lover, which is a thing of which I do not approve. I do not approve of it at all, Madame Staubach. Some persons who stand very high indeed in the city,—indeed I may say that none in Nuremberg stand higher,—have asked me to-day whether I am engaged to marry Linda Tressel. What answer am I to make when I am so asked, Madame Staubach? One of our leading burgomasters was good enough to say that he hoped it was so for the young woman's sake." Madame Staubach, little as she knew of the world of Nuremberg, was well aware who was the burgomaster. "That is all very well, my friend; but if it be so that Linda will not renounce her lover,—who, by the by, is at this moment locked up in prison, so that he cannot do any harm just now,—why then, in that case, Madame Staubach, I must renounce her." Having uttered these terrible words, Peter Steinmarc smoked away again with all his fury.

A fortnight ago, had Peter Steinmarc ventured to speak to her in this strain, Madame Staubach would have answered him with some feminine pride, and would have told him that her niece was not a suppliant for his hand. This she did not dare to do now. She was all at fault as to facts, and did not know what the personages of Nuremberg might be saying in respect to Linda. Were she to quarrel altogether with Steinmarc, she thought that there would be left to her no means of bringing upon Linda that salutary crushing which alone might be efficacious for her salvation. She was therefore compelled to temporise. Let Peter

be silent for a week, and at the end of that week let him speak again. If things could not then be arranged to his satisfaction, Linda should be regarded as altogether a castaway.

"Very well, Madame Staubach. Then I will ask her for the last time this day week." In coarsest sackcloth, and with bitterest ashes, did Madame Staubach on that night do spiritual penance for her own sins and for those of Linda Tressel.

The week had nearly passed to the duration of which Peter Steinmarc had assented, and at the end of which it was to be settled whether Linda would renounce Ludovic Valcarm, or Peter himself would renounce Linda. With a manly propriety he omitted any spoken allusion to the subject during those smoking visits which he still paid on alternate days to the parlour of Madame Staubach. But, though he said nothing, his looks and features and the motions of his limbs were eloquent of his importance and his dignity during this period of waiting. He would salute Madame Staubach when he entered the chamber with a majesty of demeanour which he had not before affected, and would say a few words on subjects of public interest—such as the weather, the price of butter, and the adulteration of the city beer—in false notes, in tones which did not belong to him, and which in truth disgusted Madame Staubach, who was sincere in all things. But Madame Staubach, though she was disgusted, did not change her mind or abandon her purpose. Linda was to be made to marry Peter Steinmarc, not because he was a pleasant man, but because such a discipline would be for the good of her soul. Madame Staubach therefore listened, and said little or nothing; and when Peter on a certain Thursday evening remarked as he was leaving the parlour that the week would be

over on the following morning, and that he would do himself the honour of asking for the fraulein's decision on his return from the town-hall at five P.M. on the morrow, apologising at the same time for the fact that he would then be driven to intrude on an irregular day, Madame Staubach merely answered by an assenting motion of her head, and by the utterance of her usual benison, "God in His mercy be with you, Peter Steinmarc." "And with you too, Madame Staubach." Then Peter marched forth with great dignity, holding his pipe as high as his shoulder.

Linda Tressel had kept her bed during nearly the whole week, and had in truth been very ill. Hitherto it had been her aunt's scheme of life to intermit in some slight degree the acerbity of her usual demeanour in periods of illness. At such times she would be very constant with the reading of good books by the bedside and with much ghostly advice to the sufferer, but she would not take it amiss if the patient succumbed to sleep while she was thus employed, believing sleep to be pardonable at such times of bodily weakness, and perhaps salutary; and she would be softer in her general manner, and would sometimes descend to the saying of tender little words, and would administer things agreeable to the palate which might at the same time be profitable to the health. So thus there had been moments in which Linda had felt that it would be comfortable to be always ill. But now, during the whole of this week, Madame Staubach had been very doubtful as to her conduct. At first it had seemed to her that all tenderness must be misplaced in circumstances so terrible, till there had been an actual resolution of repentance, till the spirit had been made to pass seven times through the fire, till the heart had lost all its human cords and fibres. But gradually, and that before the

second day had elapsed, there came upon her a conviction that she had in some way mistaken the meaning of Linda's words, and that matters were not as she had supposed. She did not now in the least doubt Linda's truth. She was convinced that Linda had intentionally told no falsehood, and that she would tell none. But there were questions which she would not ask, which she could not ask at any rate except by slow degrees. Something, however, she learned from Tetchen, something from Linda herself, and thus there came upon her a conviction that there might be no frightful story to tell to Peter,—that in all probability there was no such story to be told. What she believed at this time was in fact about the truth.

But if it were as she believed, then was it the more incumbent on her to see that this marriage did not slip through her fingers. She became very busy, and in her eagerness she went to Herr Molk. Herr Molk had learned something further about Ludovic, and promised that he would himself come down and see "the child." He would see "the child," ill as she was, in bed, and perhaps say a word or two that might assist. Madame Staubach found that the burgo-master was quite prepared to advocate the Steinmarc marriage, being instigated thereto apparently by his civic horror at Valcarm's crimes. He would shake his head, and swing his whole body, and blow out the breath from behind his cheeks, knitting his eyebrows and assuming a look of terror when it was suggested to him that the daughter of his old friend, the undoubted owner of a house in Nuremberg, was anxious to give herself and her property to Ludovic Valcarm. "No, no, Madame Staubach, that mustn't be;—that must not be, my dear Madame. A rebel! a traitor! I don't know what the young man hasn't done. It would be confiscated;—confis-

cated! Dear, dear, only to think of Josef Tressel's daughter! Let her marry Peter Steinmarc, a good man,—a very good man! Followed her father, you know, and does his work very well. The city is not what it used to be, Madame Staubach, but still Peter does his work very well." Then Herr Molk promised to come down to the red house, and he did come down.

But Madame Staubach could not trust everything to Herr Molk. It was necessary that she should do much before he came, and much probably after he went. As her conception of the true state of things became strong, and as she was convinced also that Linda was really far from well, her manner became kinder, and she assumed that sickbed tenderness which admitted of sleep during the reading of a sermon. But it was essential that she should not forget her work for an hour. Gradually Linda was taught to understand that on such a day Steinmarc was to demand an answer. When Linda attempted to explain that the answer had been already given, and could not be altered, her aunt interrupted her, declaring that nothing need be said at the present moment. So that the question remained an open question, and Linda understood that it was so regarded. Then Madame Staubach spoke of Ludovic Valcarm, putting up her hands with dismay, and declaring what horrid things Herr Molk had told of him. It was at that moment that Linda was told that she was to be visited in a day or two by the burgomaster. Linda endeavoured to explain that though it might be necessary to give up Ludovic,—not saying that she would give him up,—still it was not on that account necessary also that she should marry Peter Steinmarc. Madame Staubach shook her head, and implied that the necessity did exist. Things had been said, and things had been done, and Herr Molk was decidedly of opinion that the marriage should

be solemnised without delay. Linda, of course, did not submit to this in silence; but gradually she became more and more silent as her aunt continued in a low tone to drone forth her wishes and her convictions, and at last Linda would almost sleep while the salutary position of Peter Steinmarc's wife was being explained to her.

The reader must understand that she was in truth ill, prostrated by misery, doubt, and agitation, and weak from the effects of her illness. In this condition Herr Molk paid his visit to her. He spoke, in the first place, of the civil honour which she had inherited from her respected father, and of all that she owed to Nuremberg on this account. Then he spoke also of that other inheritance, the red house, explaining to her that it was her duty as a citizen to see that this should not be placed by her in evil hands. After that he took up the subject of Peter Steinmarc's merits; and according to Herr Molk, as he now drew the picture, Peter was little short of a municipal demigod. Prudent he was, and confidential. A man deep in the city's trust, and with money laid out at interest. Strong and healthy he was,—indeed lusty for his age, if Herr Molk spoke the truth. Poor Linda gave a little kick beneath the clothes when this was said, but she spoke no word of reply. And then Peter was a man not given to scolding, of equal temper, who knew his place, and would not interfere with things that did not belong to him. Herr Molk produced a catalogue of nuptial virtues, and endowed Peter with them all. When this was completed, he came to the last head of his discourse,—the last head and the most important. Ludovic Valcarm was still in prison, and there was no knowing what might be done to him. To be imprisoned for life in some horrible place among the rats seemed to be the least of it. Linda, when she heard this, gave one

slight scream, but she said nothing. Because Herr Molk was a burgomaster, she need not on that account believe every word that fell from his mouth. But the cruellest blow of all was at the end. When Ludovic was taken, there had been—a young woman with him.

"What young woman?" said Linda, turning sharply upon the burgomaster.

"Not such a young woman as any young man ought to be seen with," said Herr Molk.

"What matters her name?" said Madame Staubach, who, during the whole discourse, had been sitting silent by the bedside.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Linda.

"I saw the young woman in his company, my dear. She had a felt hat and a blue frock. But, my child, you know nothing of the lives of such young men as this. It would not astonish me if he knew a dozen young women! You don't suppose that such a one as he ever means to be true?"

"I am sure he meant to be true to me," said Linda.

"T-sh, t-sh, t-sh! my dear child; you don't know the world, and how should you? If you want to marry a husband who will remain at home and live discreetly, and be true to you, you must take such a man as Peter Steinmarc."

"Of course she must," said Madame Staubach.

"Such a one as Ludovic Valcarm would only waste your property and drag you into the gutters."

"No more—no more," said Madame Staubach.

"She will think better of it, Madame Staubach. She will not be so foolish nor so wicked as that," said the burgomaster.

"May the Lord in His mercy give her light to see the right way," said Madame Staubach.

Then Herr Molk took his departure with Madame Staubach at his heels, and Linda was left to

her own considerations. Her first assertion to herself was that she did not believe a word of it. She knew what sort of a man she could love as her husband without having Herr Molk to come and teach her. She could not love Peter Steinmarc, let him be ever so much respected in Nuremberg. As to what Herr Molk said that she owed to the city, that was nothing to her. The city did not care for her, nor she for the city. If they wished to take the house from her, let them do it. She was quite sure that Ludovic Valcarm had not loved her because she was the owner of a paltry old house. As to Ludovic being in prison, the deeper was his dungeon, the more true it behoved her to be to him. If he were among the rats, she would willingly be there also. But when she tried to settle in her thoughts the matter of the young woman with the felt hat and the blue frock, then her mind became more doubtful.

She knew well enough that Herr Molk was wrong in the picture which he drew of Peter; but she was not so sure that he was wrong in that other picture about Ludovic. There was something very grand, that had gratified her spirit amazingly, in the manner in which her lover had disappeared among the rafters; but at the same time she acknowledged to herself that there was much in it that was dangerous. A young man who can disappear among the rafters so quickly must have had much experience. She knew that Ludovic was wild,—very wild, and that wild young men do not make good husbands. To have had his arm once round her waist was to her almost a joy for ever. But she had nearly come to believe that if she were to have his arm often round her waist, she must become a castaway. And then, to be a castaway, sharing her treasure with another! Who was this blue-frocked woman, with a felt hat, who seemed to have been

willing to do so much more for Ludovic than she had done,—who had gone with him into danger, and was sharing with him his perils?

But though she made a great fight against the wisdom of Herr Molk when she was first left to herself, the words of the burgo-master had their effect. Her enemies were becoming too strong for her. Her heart was weak within her. She had eaten little or nothing for the last few days, and the blood was running thinly through her veins. It was more difficult to reply to tenderness from her aunt than to harshness. And there came upon her a feeling that after all it signified but little. There was but a choice between one misery and another. The only really good thing would be to die and to have done with it all,—to die before she had utterly thrown away all hope, all chance of happiness in that future world in which she thoroughly believed. She was ill now, and if it might be that her illness would bring her to death; but would bring her slowly, so that she might yet repent, and all would be right.

Madame Staubach said nothing more to her about Peter till the morning of that day on which Peter was to come for his answer. A little before noon Madame Staubach brought to her niece some weak broth, as she had done once before, on that morning. But Linda, who was sick and faint at heart, would not take it.

"Try, my dear," said Madame Staubach.

"I cannot try," said Linda.

"I wish particularly to speak to you,—now,—at once; and this will give you strength to listen to me." But Linda declined to be made strong for such a purpose, and declared that she could listen very well as she was. Then Madame Staubach began her great argument. Linda had heard what the burgomaster had said. Linda

knew well what she, her aunt and guardian, thought about it. Linda could not but know that visits from a young man at her chamber door, such as that to which she herself had confessed, were things so horrible that they hardly admitted of being spoken of even between an aunt and her niece; and Madame Staubach's cheeks were hot and red as she spoke of this.

"If he had come to your door, aunt Charlotte, you could not have helped it."

"But he embraced you?"

"Yes, he did."

"Oh, my child, will you not let me save you from the evil days? Linda, you are all in all to me;—the only one that I love. Linda, Linda, your soul is precious to me, almost as my own. Oh, Linda, shall I pray for you in vain?" She sank upon her knees as she spoke, and prayed with all her might that God would turn the heart of this child, so that even yet she might be rescued from the burning. With arms extended, and loud voice, and dishevelled hair, and streaming tears, shrieking to Heaven in her agony, every now and again kissing the hand of the poor sinner, she besought the Lord her God that He would give to her the thing for which she asked;—and that thing prayed for with such agony of earnestness, was a consent from Linda to marry Peter Steinmarc! It was very strange, but the woman was as sincere in her prayer as is faith itself. She would have cut herself with knives, and have swallowed ashes whole, could she have believed that by doing so she could have been nearer her object. And she had no end of her own in view. That Peter, as master of the house, would be a thorn in her own side, she had learned to believe; but thorns in the sides of women were, she thought, good for them; and it was necessary to Linda that she should be stuck full of thorns, so that her base human desires might, as it were, fall from her bones and perish

out of the way. Once, twice, thrice, Linda besought her aunt to arise; but the half frantic woman had said to herself that she would remain on her knees, on the hard boards, till this thing was granted to her. Had it not been said by lips that could not lie, that faith would move a mountain? and would not faith, real faith, do for her this smaller thing? Then there came questions to her mind, whether the faith was there. Did she really believe that this thing would be done for her? If she believed it, then it would be done. Thinking of all this, with the girl's hands between her own, she renewed her prayers. Once and again she threw herself upon the floor, striking it with her forehead. "Oh, my child! my child, my child! If God would do this for me! my child, my child! Only for my sin and weakness this thing would be done for me."

For three hours Linda lay there, hearing this, mingling her screams with those of her aunt, half fainting, half dead, now and again dozing for a moment even amidst the screams, and then struggling up in bed, that she might embrace her aunt, and implore her to abandon her purpose. But the woman would only give herself with the greater vehemence to the work. "Now, if the Lord would see fit, now,—now; if the Lord would see fit!"

Linda had swooned, her aunt being all unconscious of it, had dozed afterwards, and had then risen and struggled up, and was seated in her bed. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "what is it—that—you want of me?"

"That you should obey the Lord, and take this man for your husband."

Linda stayed a while to think, not pausing that she might answer her aunt's sophistry, which she hardly noticed, but that she might consider, if it were possible, what it was that she was about to do;—that there might be left a moment

to her before she had surrendered herself for ever to her doom. And then she spoke. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "if you will get up I will do as you would have me."

Madame Staubach could not arise at once, as it was incumbent on her to return thanks for the mercy that had been vouchsafed to her; but her thanks were quickly rendered, and then she was on the bed, with Linda in her arms. She had succeeded, and her child was saved. Perhaps there was something of triumph that the earnestness of her prayer should have been efficacious. It was a great thing that she had done, and the Scriptures had proved themselves to be true to her. She lay for a while fondling her niece and kissing her, as she had not done for years. "Linda, dear Linda!" She almost promised to the girl earthly happiness, in spite of her creed as to the necessity for crushing. For the moment she petted her niece as one weak woman may pet another. She went down to the kitchen and made coffee for her,—though she herself was weak from want of food,—and toasted bread, and brought the food up with a china cup and a china plate, to show her gratitude to the niece who had been her convert. And yet, as she did so, she told herself that such gratitude was mean, vile, and mistaken. It had been the Lord's doing, and not Linda's.

Linda took the coffee and the toast, and tried to make herself passive in her aunt's hands. She returned Madame Staubach's kisses and the pressure of her hand, and made some semblance of joy, that peace should have been re-established between them two. But her heart was dead within her, and the reflection that this illness might even yet be an illness unto death was the only one in which she could find the slightest comfort. She had promised Ludovic that she would never become the wife of any one but him; and now, at the

first trial of her faith, she had promised to marry Peter Steinmarc. She was forsworn, and it would hardly be that the Lord would be satisfied with her, because she had perjured herself! When her aunt left her, which Madame Staubach did as the dusk came on, she endeavoured to promise herself that she would never get well. Was not the very thought that she would have to take Peter for her husband enough to keep her on her sickbed till she should be beyond all such perils as that?

Madame Staubach, before she left the room, asked Linda whether she would not be able to dress herself and come down, so that she might say one word to her affianced husband. It should be but one word, and then she should be allowed to return. Linda would have declined to do this,—was refusing utterly to do it,—when she found that if she did not go down Peter would be brought up to her bedroom, to receive her troth there, by her bedside. The former evil, she thought, would be less than the latter. Steinmarc as a lover at her bedside would be intolerable to her; and then if she descended, she might ascend again instantly. That was part of the bargain. But if Peter were to come up to her room, there was no knowing how long he might stay there. She promised therefore that she would dress and come down as soon as she knew that the man was in the parlour. We may say for her, that when left alone she was as firmly resolved as ever that she would never become the man's wife. If this illness did not kill her, she would escape from the wedding in some other way. She would never put her hand into that of Peter Steinmarc, and let the priest call him and her man and wife. She had lied to her aunt,—so she told herself,—but her aunt had forced the lie from her.

When Peter entered Madame Staubach's parlour he was again

dressed in his Sunday best, as he had been when he made his first overture to Linda. "Good evening, Madame Staubach," he said.

"Good evening, Peter Steinmarc."

"I hope you have good news for me, Madame Staubach, from the maiden up-stairs."

Madame Staubach took a moment or two for thought before she replied. "Peter Steinmarc, the Lord has been good to us, and has softened her heart, and has brought the child round to our way of thinking. She has consented, Peter, that you should be her husband."

Peter was not so grateful perhaps as he should have been at this good news,—or rather perhaps at the manner in which the result seemed to have been achieved. Of course he knew nothing of those terribly earnest petitions which Madame Staubach had preferred to the throne of heaven on behalf of his marriage, but he did not like being told at all of any interposition from above in such a matter. He would have preferred to be assured, even though he himself might not quite have believed the assurance, that Linda had yielded to a sense of his own merits. "I am glad she has thought better of it, Madame Staubach," he said; "she is only just in time."

Madame Staubach was very nearly angry, but she reminded herself that people cannot be crushed by rose-leaves. Peter Steinmarc was to be taken, because he was Peter Steinmarc, not because he was somebody very different, better mannered, and more agreeable.

"I don't know how that may be, Peter."

"Ah, but it is so;—only just in time, I can assure you. But 'a miss is as good as a mile;' so we will let that pass."

"She is now ready to come down and accept your troth, and give you hers. You will remember that she is ill and weak; and, indeed, I am

unwell myself. She can stay but a moment, and then, I am sure, you will leave us for to-night. The day has not been without its trouble and its toil to both of us."

"Surely," said Peter; "a word or two shall satisfy me to-night. But, Madame Staubach, I shall look to you to see that the period before our wedding is not protracted,—you will remember that." To this Madame Staubach made no answer, but slowly mounted to Linda's chamber.

Linda was already nearly dressed. She was not minded to keep her suitor waiting. Tetchen was with her, aiding her; but to Tetchen she had refused to say a single word respecting either Peter or Ludovic. Something Tetchen had heard from Madame Staubach, but from Linda she heard nothing. Linda intended to go down to the parlour, and therefore she must dress herself. As she was weak almost to fainting, she had allowed Tetchen to help her. Her aunt led her down, and there was nothing said between them as they went. At the door her aunt kissed her, and muttered some word of love. Then they entered the room together.

Peter was found standing in the middle of the chamber, with his left hand beneath his waistcoat, and his right hand free for the performance of some graceful salutation. "Linda," said he, as soon as he saw the two ladies standing a few feet away from him, "I am

glad to see you down-stairs again,—very glad. I hope you find yourself better." Linda muttered, or tried to mutter, some words of thanks; but nothing was audible. She stood hanging upon her aunt, with eyes turned down, and her limbs trembling beneath her. "Linda," continued Peter, "your aunt tells me that you have accepted my offer. I am very glad of it. I will be a good husband to you, and I hope you will be an obedient wife."

"Linda," said Madame Staubach, "put your hand in his." Linda put forth her little hand a few inches, and Peter took it within his own, looking the while into Madame Staubach's face, as though he were to repeat some form of words after her. "You are now betrothed in the sight of God, as man and wife," said Madame Staubach; "and may the married life of both of you be passed to His glory.—Amen."

"Amen," said Steinmarc, like the parish clerk. Linda pressed her lips close together, so that there should be no possibility of a chance sound passing from them.

"Now, I think we will go back again, Peter, as the poor child can hardly stand." Peter raised no objection, and then Linda was conducted back again to her bed. There was one comfort to her in the remembrance of the scene. She had escaped the dreaded contamination of a kiss.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

SOME THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

WHEN a clever writer in the 'Pall Mall' some days ago asked how many well-educated gentlemen could be found in England who understood the French system of weights and measures, or who could reduce them to equivalents in our own system, I could not help pushing the inquiry a little farther in my own mind, and asking, With what amount of accuracy do my countrymen read the intelligence of Continental newspapers, and to what extent are they acquainted with the views, characters, or conditions of the leading politicians of Europe?

A few may know perhaps the great cognate names of Rouher, Bismark, Beust, and Antonelli, and of these perhaps not much more than the fact of their being great leaders in their respective countries. But who knows anything of their political history, how they began in life, with what opinions, what associates, how their career became modified or decided, what incidents or accidents threw them with this or that party? And if such ignorance prevail as to the great pieces in the political chessboard, what must be the doubt that envelops every circumstance around the pawns! And yet, till we know something of these, any clear or definite understanding of a debate in a foreign Chamber is totally out of the question. To tell me what fractional part of the distance between the pole and the equator a metre amounts to, is to tell me nothing for all practical purposes; but if you tell me how many feet and inches of our own measure it will make, I may be able to compute how many of them I may need for a greatcoat.

To speak of an orator in a French

or Italian Chamber as belonging to the Centre Left or Middle Right is quite unintelligible—it's the old question of the pole and the equator over again; but if you tell me of something his equivalent, or nearly his equivalent, nearer home, I begin to appreciate the man, and I form a rough guess as to the amount of credit I should attach to his opinions.

Take, for instance, the late Count de Boissy, better known perhaps as the husband of the Countess de Guiccioli than as a politician. His speeches in the French Chamber, abounding as they did in the most violent attacks on England and all that was English, teeming with insult and glowing with invective, might well have puzzled an English reader, and led him to ask, Is this nobleman a fair representative of his class and order? Is it thus that men in France of a certain station regard us and our institutions? Does the old national antipathy survive so strongly that men of rank and fortune declare that they would gladly descend to the station of "drummer," to beat the charge of the first regiment that should land on the hated soil of Britain?

One might readily have felt alarmed if such were the sentiments of a class highly placed, and likely from influence and position to sway the opinions of their countrymen; but it would be an immense relief to learn that these were considered eccentric sentiments where they were uttered, and rather indicative of the peculiar views of him who spoke them than of the mind of the mass. It would, however, embarrass the perusal of a foreign debate were we to stop at the mention of each name and insist upon explaining who this or that person was.

We only want a clue to, not a history of, him; we want him in feet and inches of our measure. To give me a long narrative of Count de Boissy's life—how he first conceived this antipathy to England, how his opinions as a Legitimist got blended with sentiments of violent democracy, and so on—would be simply pole and equator over again; but if, after the mention of his name, you gave me some English equivalent, I could understand him at once, and either follow or abandon him, as taste dictated. Unite Marquis de Boissy with Mr Whalley in brackets, and I want no more.

Guerazzi, too, is a name not unfrequent in reports of the Italian Chamber. He was the dictator during the short period when the late Grand-Duke fled from Florence, and at that time occupied a position of some note in Europe. He is also a romance-writer, and a man of general literary ability. To understand what amount of acceptance he meets with his countrymen, how far his speeches in the Chamber weigh with any section or party, would not be easy for a stranger; but if we set him down as Sir John Gray, dashed with Mr Maguire for Cork, we have an equivalent sufficiently close for all ordinary purpose of appreciation. Deak, the leader of the Hungarian Liberals, is not easily conveyed to the appreciation of a hurried reader, but might be expressed by the formula = Bright + Gladstone. Just as Crespi in the Italian Chamber might be put down three parts the O'Donoghue and one part Bernal Osborne.

Mons. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, might be represented by something between the Bishop of Oxford and Father M'Hale, and so on.

Now, I ask, would not this mode of ready-reckoning with foreign notabilities be of great service to people at home, who have neither

the time nor the opportunity, if they had even the inclination, to go deeper? As it is the value of the indorsee's name stamps the credit of the bill, one attaches weight or insignificance to a statement by the measure of the man who utters it. And in this way a very tiresome speech of Ricasoli would have far greater weight with the reader than one of those florid displays of M. Massari.

An ingenious officer of the French navy has invented a system of signals applicable to all nations, by which people the most remote and dissimilar can communicate at sea with each other, and ask or offer those services which the vicissitudes of the sea are continually making necessary. Why not have something like this for the Parliamentary life of all people who have the supreme happiness of being constitutionally governed? America, to be sure, might present some difficulties. There are members of Congress for whom equivalents would not be easily found—at least in the public life of Europe; but we might for the present omit America, or admit her by "approximation." Nor should we lose much by the omission; for, after all, few of us care to follow American politics with the interest and attention we bestow on the discussions in a Continental Chamber, and we can afford to class the speakers amongst the things not generally known. What we really want to know is, Who are the responsible men in foreign Chambers? Who are they whose words re-echo on the Bourse, and affect the exchanges? An Italian general might declare, as one did some time back, that Malta belonged to Italy, without our adding one gunboat to the Mediterranean squadron. For the sake of our peace of mind; then—for our daily comfort and quiet, let us know which is the real lion, and which is only Billy Bottom.

As when we change a sovereign

into the coin of some foreign country the amount we receive will vary with the current rate of exchange, so must we remember that events will often increase or diminish the value of a particular statesman; so that, though there may be, so to say, a trifle to gain on Mr Gladstone to-day, he may be something below par to-morrow. A price-current of statesmen would therefore greatly assist us in following the course of events. How significant at this moment, for instance, to read, "Radicals

dull; Whigs looking down—even good samples showing a downward tendency. Tories steady, but not much sought for. A smart demand for nitro-glycerine, and several orders for Greek fire—some for France during the week. On the whole, any business doing of late has been among the revolutionists, and some very promising disturbances have simultaneously taken place at home and abroad. Hiberno-Yankees, lively; Bealeses—no purchasers at any price!"

ONLY AN IRISHMAN!

O'Connell used to tell of an altercation which he once had with a fishwoman. It was a duet of bad language and foul abuse, in which he owned that he got far worse than he gave. All the resources of his vocabulary, and they were not small, were as nothing to the torrent of vituperation his antagonist poured out upon him. At last, as, worsted and discomfited, he was retiring from the field, he turned upon her and declared, in the most solemn tone, that he believed she was no better than a "Hypothenuse." The woman, shocked by an epithet she could not measure or conceive, burst into tears, and was so overwhelmed by discomfiture that she fled vanquished and disgraced. It must have been some such sentiment as that of the worsted fishwife that overcame a barrister a few days ago, when a judge of the Central Criminal Court called him an Irishman.

The matter before the court was a question of whether a farmer had or had not obtained a certain quantity of eggs on false pretences, and at first blush might seem an occasion wherein it was not likely that any warmth of temper could have been evoked, or any strong language called forth. The result, however, proved the reverse. A difference

of opinion on the law of the case—in which, by the way, the counsel appeared more correct than the court—led to some sharp passages, and ultimately, as the newspapers said, "both parties lost their temper, and made use of expressions unbecoming their mutual positions." The judge, carried away by a violence little in keeping with the dignity of his station, was at last so forgetful of all the demands of decency and propriety, that he actually called the counsel—an Irishman! Of course, under the indignity the barrister was speechless; and although the court afterwards saw proper to retract the offensive expression, and explain how it had escaped in a moment of ungovernedness and anger, it was long before the injured advocate could recover self-possession enough to resume the cause.

Now, is this—I really ask for information—is this the Hypothenuse over again? Has the English nation become so shocked by late events, so terrified by perils against which they see no safeguards, and so bewildered by troubles that appear too complex to be unravelled, that the term Irishman sums up all that might be supposed to make the measure of whatever is odious and detestable?

Time was certainly when this was not the case, and I want to know how is it that the conduct of certain misguided men should be deemed sufficient to tarnish the fame and blacken the character of a whole people? why the Irish rebel, manufactured in America, should be taken as the symbolic Irishman; and why a people within a few hours' sail from England should be indiscriminately pronounced savages because a small fraction of them have taken to bloodshed for a livelihood, and made rapine a profession?

Surely no one thought of confounding the wretches who live by brigandage in Calabria with the Italian people—surely it never occurred to any to regard the atrocities of these miscreants who in Sicily, about a year since, ate human flesh from the bodies of their victims, as the types of Italian character. And is it more fair, I ask, or more just, to make Irishmen in general bear the stigma of crimes they abhor as heartily and repudiate as indignantly as yourselves?

Fenianism is not Irishism, though it may suit the views of certain men to say so. When these people declare that they care little what improvement you introduce into the laws, how kindly disposed you may show yourselves to redress this or that grievance of Ireland, or to make future legislation compensate for the wrongs or errors of the past, our demand is, or rather it ought to be, Who are ye who declare this? Stand forth, and let us see what place you hold amongst your countrymen! It is not necessary you should be rich, or titled, or conspicuous for worldly advantages, but what guarantees can you give us that you speak the wishes of the Irish people—that you are the truthful exponents of their wants and their desires? Let us hear what you have done to gain their confidence, by what in your lives and actions you have won that distinc-

tion by which you claim to be the spokesmen of a nation, and from what elevation, either of character or ability, you pretend to treat the cause of Ireland and England. Do your claims rest on the Manchester rescue or the Clerkenwell explosion alone, or have you really won your spurs as patriots by something you have done for or endured in the cause of Ireland?

At all events, we Irishmen who are not Fenians, but who are in no wise ashamed of our nationality, and who, even in certain soft moments, suffer ourselves to be foolishly vain of it, and credulously given to think that there are certain Irish traits singularly attractive and lovable—we Irishmen ask not to be confounded with you, and not to be classed with renegade Yankees or Hiberno-New Yorkers.

I for one will not give up my "Irishry" because some people have contrived to trail their green in the mire, and even bespattered it with blood, nor will I permit the term Irishman to be used towards me as a matter of insult. It is true I have lived a good deal out of my country; but I knew it very well before I left it, and I have never ceased to sympathise with it and to love it. It may be that I flatter myself, but I really believe I understand something of the nature of my countrymen—something about the motives that move and the sentiments that stir them. I am firmly convinced that the masses in Ireland are not rebels; that the great body of the people hear but one side of the question between them and England, and that it is your fault—ay, your fault, Englishmen—that they do not hear the other.

I don't want, either for myself or my countrymen, to be apologised for in the 'Times;' to have the faults of my nature explained on psychological principles, or have it shown that being a Celt constitutes an excuse for the absence of the qualities of industry, patience, and

perseverance, not to speak of certain other gifts of more consequence besides.

I protest as loudly as any Fenian that I don't think you are fair to us; that you suffer a number of unworthy prejudices—prejudices as regards our character for straightforwardness and probity—in a great measure based upon nothing stronger than certain peculiarities in our accent, and a certain rapidity in the way we arrive at our judgments—that you suffer these to influence you in your opinion of us. With a foregone conclusion that we must blunder in every situation of difficulty and emergency, you condemn us either as incapable, or you put down our mistakes to the score of an idiosyncrasy which has only to be deplored.

A short time back, the leading journal of England amused its readers by an article over our physical inferiority, and ingeniously went on to show that most of our intellectual deficiencies might be ascribed to this fact. I will not enter into this controversy. We may be, though I don't believe it, all that you say of us; but I am persuaded of one thing, which is, that without the alloy we contribute to the national character, you would be far less efficient at home, and much less liked abroad. It is a sore trial of a quick man's temper to be sneered at by a slow fellow; and this is what Ireland feels, and has long felt. You may be our superiors in skill, in industry, in aptitude for the mechanical arts, and in scores of things by which men make money; but somehow we have a habit of thinking that when we meet you on some neutral ground, of the Old World or the New, we are not afraid of the competition.

Of course it is utter nonsense to talk of Ireland as Poland, and to talk of our wrongs as comparable with those of an oppressed and enslaved people. I never met the

man who believed this. I have not seen many who were able to utter the sentiment without a laugh. But we certainly do not laugh at your wholesale censure of us as a disloyal people, and your not less wholesale sneer at us as an inferior race.

You are not always conscious of the affronts you pass upon us. You have been so long trained to regard us as beneath you, that you are rather vain than otherwise of the consideration you bestow upon us, though you do not always apply the phrase, *We are mere Irish* at this day, as we were four centuries ago.

If the insulting estimate you form of us were only to be found in your little-educated, little-civilised classes, it might be more supportable; but this is not the case. Your best written reviews and newspapers abound with it; and it is but a few years back your Bar protested against an Irishman being raised to the Mastership of the Rolls in England, though that Irishman was Lord Plunkett.

Now, for my own part, I'd rather you'd visit me with some piece of unjust legislation, refuse me some privilege, or deny me some right, than I'd be perpetually treated as a creature of an inferior order. I'd far rather be taxed than sneered at.

You are always talking of your Irish difficulty, but you forget how much of it is your own making. Begin the redress of our grievances by condescending to believe that only a portion of Ireland—and I believe a small portion—is Fenian. Discontent, I know, is broadcast; and Fenianism can count upon this discontent to swell its processions on field-days, just as Beales & Co. can count upon the unemployed ruffianism of London to muster strong in Hyde Park. Of all the easy things, the easiest is to get up a demonstration against the Government of any country where the

laws are mild enough to permit the indulgence; but it would be very rash to conclude that the people who assemble on these occasions carried their sympathies beyond the pleasure of being in a crowd and hearing their sweet voices in chorus with others of their species.

If to pacify Ireland, and make her governable, you must confiscate the property of the landlords, and beggar the gentry, as mildly suggested by the member for Lambeth, or insult the loyalty of Ulster, as hinted at by others, perhaps it would be not less politic, and something more humane, to give the country over to the Fenians at once, and leave what was wont to be well affected to England to make terms with the new rulers.

For my own part, I declare frankly I'd rather live under King O'Donoghue than I'd be legislated for by John Bright.

I do not believe a greater misfortune could befall Ireland than to become the battle-field between

contending parties in the State; and to this there is every likelihood the next session of Parliament will bring us—not to say that your present panic in England will scarcely enable you to weigh Irish questions with that equanimity justice demands, nor bestow on Irish questions that amount of kindness which in your calmer moments you have never denied them.

Up to this your system has been to think too much of concessions to the mutineers, and too little—far too little—of fair dealing with the men who preserved their discipline; and you are even now spurred on as you were by the language of Trades-Unions and Reform Leagues, and that auction spirit of “bidding” for office—even now you are not unlikely only to think of the disloyal, and frame all your legislation for the benefit of the traitor, and think little of the fealty that you well know has never wavered. This game may be played too far.

TAKING IT OUT IN MONEY.

It is told of Theodore Hook, that at some civic banquet, on the appearance of a fifth course of dainties, he laid down his knife and fork, and declared he would take the rest “out” in money.

It may not, at first blush, sound very courteous or very conventional, but there is the sentiment or sound good sense which ought certainly to appeal to a people practical as our own; for when we only come to think of it, this peculiar notion of a compensation is eminently British. When a man's friend—it is always his friend—runs away with his wife, after the advocate has melted the hearts of a crowded court by a picture of domestic happiness and connubial bliss blasted by treachery—after he has shown to the jury-box a bereaved and broken-hearted man

seated at a desolate hearth,—he addresses himself in the true spirit of an auctioneer to these gentlemen of the jury, and asks, “How much shall we say, gentlemen, for this case of unmerited affliction? I beseech you, be liberal. The lady was exceedingly beautiful; she played and sung divinely; and there were two little children also left motherless by this heartless desertion. Don't do the thing in a grudging spirit. My client would rather infinitely meet an adverse verdict than some award which would seem to depreciate his sufferings, and measure them by some low and pitiful recompense. As men rich in the blessings of happy homes and faithful helpmeets, you will scorn to visit him with the sarcasm of an inadequate reparation. Let us say five thousand, gentlemen—

handsome, perhaps, if we make it guineas. I think I heard a gentleman say guineas, and if I did, I know one who will sit at his hearth this evening with a happy and contented sense that he has done a noble action."

I will not presume to say this is a verbatim report of counsel's address, but it is the spirit and the sum of it. The whole question being, like that at the game of forfeits, What shall we say for this fine thing—this very fine thing?

In the same way does a magistrate adjudicate in an assault case; and five pounds are as well known to be the price for a kicking as a shilling is the cost of an ordinary monthly magazine. Strangely enough, though, we should estimate the provocation to fight as a costlier indulgence than a caning, and it is cheaper to break a man's bones than to tell him he is afraid to risk them. However, "honour" may be what tradesmen call a "fancy article," the price of which is entirely a matter of caprice. So essentially is the mercantile spirit the motive principle of the nation, that a man's redress for the seduction of his daughter is based on the value of her lost services. Our morality can take no higher ground than her useful qualities, nor ask for them anything but a moneyed reparation.

The great lesson we learn from this system is, that money is all-powerful, able to heal all wounds, allay all sorrows, reconcile all wrongs, and stifle all repinings. There was a time when certain injuries were regarded as only to be atoned by the blood of him who inflicted them, and that the man who should devolve upon the law what more properly lay with himself to avenge, was dishonoured for ever. We have outgrown that; we have become too enlightened, or too Christian, or too elevated in sentiment, for such barbarism; and all I would say is, let not our improve-

ment stop here; let us go one step further, and declare that we will not make a marketable affair of our honour, nor take it out in money.

If it be not base in him who gives nor him who takes, if the system of appraising everything in life—ticketing our affections, our sentiments, our very afflictions, with a price, like the objects in a furniture warehouse—be our rule, what, I would ask, is the meaning of all this cry about our prestige with regard to the Abyssinian expedition? When Mrs Mohen, some time back, that amiable lady whose husband had the injustice to address her as a *Crudelissima Moglie*, sent the heavy ransom the brigands demanded for Mr Mohen, she may have thought him dear at the money, but she certainly never felt any necessity to assert her prestige by refusing to pay, and preferring to fight the robbers. Nino Nanco, or Stoppa, or whatever his name was, like King Theodore, had got hold of a good thing, and put a high price on it; and the friends of Mr Mohen, who, fortunately for them, had no parliamentary debates to terrify, no Opposition to beard, no blue-books to bewilder them, took at once the plain common-sense view of the matter, and asked themselves, Shall we pay so much money for him? Any qualm they might have felt at the pusillanimity of their position, and the subserviency of yielding to such an unjustifiable extortion, could not have been of long continuance, and must have been soon obliterated in the greater dread of seeing Mr Mohen's ears or nose sent back in a registered letter.

Now, I would ask, is not the Mohen plan the better of the two? is it not, looking to the spirit of our age, the plan which most readily chimes in with our daily notions and actions? It may be said that King Theodore would not sell his captives; but have we tried him, or have we tried him in the

proper way? This savage king has his own notions of dignity—very absurd and ridiculous, if you like, but he has them, and has the power to indulge them—and it would surely be easier for us to concede to pretensions we might smile at, than to demands put forward by those our equals in knowledge and civilisation. A large sum offered in the shape of a present, and conveyed in a manner that might serve to flatter his vanity and exalt his position among his people, might have succeeded; and against our offering such there is but one objection—our loss of prestige.

And is it seriously come to this with us, that we are to be tested by our power to chastise a savage, whose chief strength is a mountain country and a rainy climate? Is this the England that fought from Torres Vedras to Toulouse, and but the other day suppressed the most formidable mutiny that ever menaced the existence of an army? Is our national character pitted against the black man, and is it necessary to our place in the world that we should show ourselves able to cope with him? I cannot—I will not believe this. Let us but remember that the odds are so overwhelmingly with us, that no success of ours—no matter how complete or how triumphant—could be matter of astonishment, or a subject of vain-glory. The difficulties we shall have to overcome are not those that redound to military fame. The Bom-baysappers may learn to make roads, and the 3d Dragoon Guards may become good pedestrians, for they will soon have no horses to carry them; but will these advantages repay us for the cost in men and money, and will any success of the expedition redound to our prestige in a higher degree than some inevitable disasters, some shortcomings, impossible to avoid, will detract from and diminish it?

Foreign journals are already reminding us of Crimean blunder-

ings, as they relate how our soldiers are landed without their kits, and how our mules are tethered with pack-thread. These taunts are poor tributes to our prestige.

We are generally candid enough in the avowal of our shortcomings. We confess only too openly how difficult we find it to conduct a military expedition—to equip, to victual, and to despatch an army anywhere; but our friends on the Continent are determined not to leave the task of chronicling our mistakes to ourselves this time, and Frenchmen and Germans have been commissioned to record our proceedings, and to comment upon them as only friends can comment. Will our prestige stand the test, or where will it be when the press of Europe rings with even the smallest disasters that may befall us? I have before me a curious pamphlet, if one can designate so flippantly a publication in quarto, written by a Greek named Cossika, in which all the possible, and some might say impossible, disasters that might befall us in Abyssinia are painfully enumerated.

M. Cossika sets out by declaring that fifty thousand men are the very least with which we could march on Abyssinia; and the cost of the expedition he sets down as considerably above that voted by Parliament. We are relieved, however, of some of the apprehensions these statements are calculated to produce, as we read on and discover that, by directing our march on Cassala, and availing ourselves of the resources of M. Cossika's establishments at that place, and his "well-known and well-proved friendship for the English," we may avoid many of the difficulties which beset the expedition.

At Cassala alone, he says, can the central depot of the army be established; here only can communication be kept up between Massowa and the theatre of the war—here only are stone houses

and stores to be found—here alone is the soil not so tempered by the rains as to become mud—and here only are not found a pestilence of a peculiar insect, which in a single night destroys every species of tissue, and exceeds in its ravages all that we hear of the white ant of India. Anywhere but here the troops cannot be “huted,” for wood is not to be found in the Soudan, and must be brought—at what cost may be imagined—from Egypt! In a word, there is nothing Cassala does not possess in climate, water, and picturesque beauty. Added to which, it is the residence of M. Cossika himself, who loves the English, and desires to be beloved by them. The house of Cossika has at Guelabat a commercial agent, who had formerly been a military chief in the Soudan—the Sheik Abdel-Cader of the tribe “Magarb.” This man used

to boast, that with fifty thousand European troops he could conquer all Abyssinia. Lately, however, he had made a journey in that country, on a commercial speculation, and he has changed his tone. He now says, “If you gave me the whole artillery of England, and all the infantry of Russia, I would not venture a step into Abyssinia.” Now, without yielding any more faith to the terrors of M. Cossika’s narrative than to the sincerity of his affection for Englishmen, but believing that each may be estimated at their proper worth without the pain of testing them, I would say once more, Will our prestige be really raised by the expedition? will it pay in any way? and would it not be the pleasantest news we could tell the British public some day, that Theodore had become reasonable, and agreed to “take it out in money”?

THE DEADLOCK AT ROME.

The great fact that we arrive at by reading the correspondence in the French and Italian blue-book is, that the Emperor was perfectly willing that the Italians should enter Rome and hold it, if they only would do it quietly. He could not repeat his phrase of “*frappez fort et frappez vite*,” but he only assured M. Negra that he was not going away for Biarritz for some days, and that, till he reached Paris and consulted with the Cabinet, he would make no move.

Less crafty men than Italians would probably have understood this intimation, and acted on it at once. The native subtlety, however, of the race led them to suspect a trick, and they set themselves to imagine every possible and impossible artifice that this wily antagonist might have in store for them.

He wants to commit us to an indiscretion; he means that we

should break the September Convention; he intends to catch us in flagrant delict, were the conclusions of the Florentine Cabinet. Rattazzi himself, I am assured, shared their suspicions, but still thought the move on Rome was the true policy. “I declare, now I think of it, I believe you revoked,” said a whist-player to his Yankee antagonist, who had just pocketed the stakes. “Yes, sir,” was the reply; “it was the only way to win the game.”

So was it here. Nothing but a revoke could succeed. The King, however, whose courage would not have flinched from any personal danger, could not brave this risk; he refused his consent, and Rattazzi retired from the government. To accuse Rattazzi of connivance with the volunteer movement, and in particular with the escape of Garibaldi, is absurd. The pretext of suppressing the Garibaldian in-

vasion was of course necessary, but beyond that, Garibaldi was an immense embarrassment to the Italian Premier; and to suppose that there was anything like a secret understanding between them, is to mistake the character of each. Distrust is too mild a word for Garibaldi's opinion of Rattazzi; and there is not, perhaps, in all Italy, a man who holds Garibaldi's influence or ability more cheaply than Rattazzi. Men say that Cavour would have been equal to the emergency, and that, had he been alive, and at the head of affairs, the Italian tricolor would now be waving on St Angelo. This is probably true; but not because Cavour would have seen more clearly than Rattazzi what action the moment called for, but because Cavour would have overborne the scruples of the King. He would have opposed him by argument; and failing to convince him, he would have acted without him. "Go and shoot in the Maremma, your Majesty," he was reported to have said to the King, when Victor Emmanuel once expressed his doubts about some question to be brought before the Council; and if the King would have taken to his fowling-piece a few days ago, perhaps he might have bagged the Pope.

And what is the situation of Italy now? Is there anything sure—anything certain—anything that to-morrow may not overthrow or contradict? Nothing except the deficit in the budget, which amounts to a whole year's revenue! A people without a Government, a Ministry without a policy, and a nation without an army! Nothing can exaggerate the deplorable condition of the country. Overwhelmed with taxation, the public works are suspended for want of funds. The functionaries of the Government are not paid; the most necessary labours of the State are arrested; and the unemployed masses are left to the violent appeals of Mazzinian

agitators and revolutionists. Who is to declare the state of these dangers? Who is to guide the nation through the shoals and quicksands that beset it on every hand? She cannot turn to France, for France has already detected the secret negotiation with Prussia; and more offended by this than interested for the fate of the Papacy, France is determined to pursue a policy based on a total indifference to the interests of Italy, or the fortunes of the dynasty that rules her. When, stung by the insolent declaration in the French Chamber, that Italy should never possess Rome, the Italian Minister appealed, by a document of singular moderation and mildness, to the well-proved sympathy of France, not to increase the difficulties of the King's Government by any unnecessary continuance of the occupation; the reply was, an order for the fleet to prepare to carry back 20,000 men to Civita Vecchia for the garrison of Rome.

Anything more friendless than Italy at this moment cannot be imagined. Broken with France, she has not concluded any alliance with Prussia. M. Bismark is too acute a politician to embarrass himself with an ally who is drawn to him only by her weakness. It is enough for his policy that there is a rupture of the friendship between Italy and France. To keep in a state of ill-feeling and bitterness; to perpetuate a state of things in which the press of each country, launching invectives and accusations against the other, shall make the breach irreparable between them; to give time to develop all the old grudges—and there were scores of them—that each country held against the other; to put French insolence and disdain against Italian jealousy and rancour;—these were infinitely more to the Prussian's heart than to exchange bonds of mutual support and assistance, and sign treaties of friendship and alliance, copies of

which would have been at the Tuileries before the original had got to Florence.

Russia, however, coquets with Italy—Russia, who knows all her friend Prussia's benevolent feelings for Italy, and who understands the delicate reserve which influences a Protestant State in dealing with what touches the Papacy! and therefore, while Count Usedom, the Prussian envoy at Florence, has "No instructions" as his reply to every pressing entreaty of the Italian Cabinet, M. Kessileff, the Russian, is full of encouragement and good wishes. He has no official authority to say that the Cossacks of the Don are coming down to assist the Bersaglieri, and drive the French out of the Capitol; but "stranger things have happened." "La situation est tendue," and "something must be done to relieve the excessive anxiety of men's minds, and the unnatural excitement which prevails through Europe." This is all the comfort Italy can extract from her friends; for although Austria bears her no ill-will, nor retains any bitter memories of the past, she has too much to do at home to waste sympathies on events outside of her frontier.

Complicated as the question between Italy and the Pope is, the embroglio goes beyond the interests which seem most engaged in the suit; and there is another issue, which mainly hangs on what turn events may take in the Peninsula. Hitherto, and for years past, the French Emperor has "transacted," as the phrase is, between the two rival powers in France and throughout Europe—the priests and the democracy—by giving small alternate successes to each; governing pretty much as certain Administrations used to rule Ireland long ago—by little triumphs of Papist over Protestant, or Protestant over Papist, which had a marvellous look of equal justice. This clever

game, however, could not be played for ever. Plon-Plon, who was the agent through whom the revolutionary party were "squared," became restive—he grew ambitious, and he grew troublesome, and the time arrived in which a choice must be made between condoning his acts or declaring them unpardonable. The Roman question hastened the decision; the Emperor must elect between the "Blacks" and the "Reds," and in the language of the croupier, "Noir gagne." Now, it is to be seen how the others will accept their defeat, and how that crafty politician who leads them—and there are few men in Europe who can rival him in astuteness—will deal with the situation. The world is no stranger to what his ambition aspires to, and France, at least, believes that he would stop at nothing to attain to it.

The cause of Italy *versus* the Pope has thus a collateral issue—Plon-Plon *versus* the Emperor; and many regard the latter suit as the more important of the two, and certainly, as regards the great question of the day, it is so.

Had Victor Emmanuel marched properly on Rome, the Emperor would have been relieved of a double embarrassment—the difficulty of dealing with the Pope and democracy too. The victory of the house of Savoy would have been no victory to the "Reds," and given no triumph to the party of the Prince Napoleon. The want of prompt action by Italy has embarrassed the Emperor not a little, and he would gladly have thrown upon a congress the duty of a decision which he shrank from with foreboding himself.

It was no part of the Imperial policy to give the priests a victory. Such triumphs are very dangerous temptations to men who of all mankind have the least moderation in victory. M. Dupanloup is no emblem of self-control or restricted ambition; nor is it to-day that

Louis Napoleon has to learn what priestly intolerance means.

By the threat of an indefinite occupation of Rome, the Emperor hoped to coerce foreign Courts to accept a congress. The measure has failed, and nothing remains to him but to sustain the Pope. Now, to sustain the Pope under an Italian convention is one thing, but it is a very different feat to sustain him in opposition to and in very defiance of Italy. This is a task which implies a very large garrison, and a state of things little short of actual war.

Wisely and well does Bismark prefer this condition to a formal treaty of alliance with Italy. Italy will do more for Germany by withdrawing thirty thousand men from the French army, than if she had carried her whole forces to meet France on the Rhine.

To maintain a strong garrison in Rome the French must have resources continually at hand to reinforce and supply it, and a con-

siderable fleet ready to keep up the communication with France.

While, then, Russia coquets with Italy, and nurtures all her ill-will to France, occasionally hinting at the great part she is to play as a maritime nation when "matters are redressed" in the East, Prussia affects to regard the Papal question with a bland indifference, or only to feel such interest in it as motives of humanity may prompt.

How pleasant all this must be for France! how agreeable! to see her enemies quietly making their "assiguation," and arranging the details of future proceedings, the only recompense for the coming peril being the satisfaction of protecting an old priest a few years—it may be months—longer, on a throne from which the public opinion of Europe has already deposed him. Between a Pope who will concede nothing and a people who desire all, a compromise is certainly no easy matter.

KRAHWINKEL.

Among Kotzebue's comedies there is one in which he ridicules the habits of provincial life in Germany—the narrow prejudices, the pretensions, the absurd notions of etiquette, and the ludicrous deference for the little local celebrities which prevail—and under the title of 'Krähwinkel' he describes a small town as the scene of all these ridiculous affectations, and sketches with a broad humour the character of the inhabitants.

Of course these absurdities are not peculiar to Germany. They exist in France, in Italy, in Spain, and very plentifully amongst ourselves. In Germany, however, manners are more homely, and customs more primitive than in most other countries, and there is in the German nature a certain ponderous gravity, a solemn dul-

ness, which lend a wonderful force to the description of a life passed in the most unmeaning observances, and with a code of ceremonial details which might do honour to China; and lastly, there is the language, as if made on purpose to envelop public functionaries with a garment of epithets, and to bewilder foreigners with a maze of complimentary requirements which would tax the most retentive of human memories.

'Krähwinkel' is capital fooling, and I have never witnessed its performance without hearty laughter. I am bound to say, however, that audiences generally do not so accept it. A few of the younger members of the community may indeed enjoy the jokes and the ridicule; but all of a maturer age maintain a gravity at once dignified

toward themselves and rebukeful as regards the piece before them. They wear in fact the aspect of people who, with strong religious convictions and a profound sense of morality, are listening to something not very far from blasphemy. In consequence, it is not very often that one enjoys the opportunity of seeing the comedy performed, and of late, except on the boards of some theatre in a capital—where of course its satire falls pointless—it is seldom, if ever, given. The Germans, on the whole, are no lovers of banter, and would not endure that light *persiflage* so popular in France, or that less refined “chaff” which goes on amongst ourselves. I don't know indeed if the language would admit of quizzing. It would be something like trying to nib a pen with a hatchet.

I cannot imagine a drearier thing than a German joke. There is a fat indigestibility about it that suggests the thought of a *soufflet* made of sausages: happily for them they can live and be very comfortable without any aid from those subtle analogies that men call wit. It is a condiment not needed to season their existence. Beer and bemuddlement suit them better, and with their assistance they grow wealthy and wise, and sententious and sleepy, as becomes them. As they do not permit their manners to be “quizzed”—as they will not suffer their ways to be made subject of banter, it is not to be supposed that their habits undergo much change. Ridicule, after all, is the great reformer. The absurdities that resist logic give way to sarcasm. Peter Plymley did more in his way to carry Catholic Emancipation than George Canning. The dignity of the German character, however, resists such teachings; and you could no more hope to extinguish a ridiculous solemnity by sarcasm than to laugh them out of sauerkraut. They are worthy people, they are excellent

people—they are industrious, trustworthy, and loyal; but they are socially the dullest in Christendom, and the Italian, who has not a tithe of their culture, nor a fragment of their knowledge, is far pleasanter company, and a hundred times more suggestive and amusing.

Hence Heine had to go to France to have the fine edge put on his sense of irony; to be sure the metal beneath was splendidly tempered and fit for anything. One swallow, however, will not make a summer, and Heine stands alone in his nation.

For some time back I have been puzzling myself to explain why it is that we Britishers, who have so many points of resemblance with Germans, who are, so to say, a sort of half-brothers in lineage and language, are still less able to adopt their ways and live with them on terms of intimacy, than we can with Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, and the whole of that Latin race, who are as unlike us as need be. Why can we not conform to German customs and usages as we do to those of France and Italy? After much thought over the matter I believe the reason to be this, that life in Germany generally is where life in England was a century and a half ago, or somewhat later, and we are naturally ashamed of going back to the usages and observances of our great-grandmothers.

A number of words and expressions which we had believed to be purely American, and of Yankee origin, have been lately discovered to be provincial English, disused and grown obsolete, but which in the new country had found a home and a permanence. So in Germany do we find habits which were ours in former days; and in fact society, in certain small capitals I could mention, is pretty much what it was in England in the time of the early Georges,—the same

etiquette, the same hours, the same amusements, and, very often, the same cookery.

The great capitals of Germany—Vienna itself—are provincial, and one is continually amazed to see the small observances and petty details of village life carried on in a great city. There is the same everlasting recurrence in all conversation to the rank and condition of the interlocutor—the perpetual reference to the authority his station may be supposed to confer upon any statement he makes. There is also a guardedness, born of the old days of police espionage, in every allusion to political events; and there is a self-satisfied air with all the quaint devices to carry on life, as though Germany were the last new thing in civilisation, instead of being, as she is, in the old flint-lock and brown-barrel stage of existence.

Amongst the *jeux innocents* which are played by young people, there is one in which, at every recurring multiple of a certain number, the person to whom it falls, instead of declaring the number, cries out "Buz." Thus, if seven be the number, each time that the count arrives at fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-eight, and so on, the person must exclaim, "Buz." It has often struck me that the practice of this game would be a great aid to conversation in Germany, where title must never be forgotten, and the game comes to an end if the symbol be omitted. Krähwinckel is then no mere village of Germany; it is Berlin, or Dresden, or Munich, just as much as it is Darmstadt or Erfurt: and if life could be only prolonged to the patriarchal period, these would not be such bad places to live in; for though the march of events is slow, the comments upon them are slower, and all action, in consequence, is slowest of all.

That the peace of Europe should now be troubled by this people, as it is at this moment, seems about the least credible thing in nature.

What stimulant has M. Bismark put into their beer to set them ranting and raving in this fashion? What has provoked the drowsy old rhinoceros to imagine itself a leopard?

And yet this is the nation which is now about to trouble the world, and, if events do not take a turn most improbable and unlikely, to give Europe the miseries of a great war. M. Bismark has begun to treat the small princes of Germany pretty much as certain landlords in a country we know of are accustomed to deal with tenants who are non-improving. He has said, "Either you have no capital or you will not spend it. In either case, you must go. I'll take the farm into my own hands, and see if I can't do better with it." This is a great shock to Krähwinckel. What is to become of Court Chamberlains and small Privy Councillors and smaller Commanders-in-Chief? What is to be done with Grand-ducal Stallmeisters, and Upper Grooms and Head Jägers, and the Master of the Mint that coined the little copper money lackered with bismuth? Who is to do the honour of Court ceremonials, and present Noodle to Doodle? Who is to carry the order of the Bear and Bagpipes to the friendly sovereign, who responds by the decoration of the Goose with Three Heads? What is the world to do for all those little unmeaning intrigues and small rogueries in which these small princes passed their lives—playing as it were *les jeux innocents* of politics, and having as good fun as their neighbours who were gambling for high stakes? M. Bismark, it is clear, will have none of them. He is all for "high farming" in statecraft, and will hear of nothing but steam-mowing and bone-crushing.

We talk of our "Falls of Niagara" in England, with household suffrage and ignorance to replace property and intelligence; but what is it all compared to what the

Germans are doing next door? Bowling down one after another of their old idols, they will have nothing that they have had before. Krähwinckel may well feel horrified, for after all, though progress is a very fine thing, prosperity is worth something too, and these little dull dukedoms had a great deal of that prosperity which consists in contentment and the enjoyment of humble tastes. Life was easy, taxation light. There was no crushing wealth to make poverty more painful, and the little peddling questions that touched them were not above the level of the lowest capacities. But when M. Bismark began to sing, "Wo ist das Deutsche Vaterland?" there was an end of all this.

There are some people—very advanced Liberals—who look on all these changes with a degree of complacency that is at least suspicious. "GERMANY FOR THE HOHENZOLLERN," which is the legend on Bismark's banner, would scarcely seem very pleasant tidings to men who want freedom of thought and of expression, and who aspire to a Parliamentary system that shall really reflect the nation. What can they mean, therefore, when they vote millions for increased armaments, and cry

God-speed to every measure that strengthens the power of the Crown? Are they really so sanguine as to believe that Bismark is only the pioneer of something greater and wiser, and that a time is coming when Prussia shall be regarded as obsolete, and Berlin itself Krähwinckel? Do they actually think that when the enlargements of the shop are completed they can change the name of the firm, and the inscription be, The German Republic, late Northern Confederation?

Now, next to withholding liberties from a people who are prepared to demand them, there is no greater peril than conferring political privileges on those who do not ask for them. A great part of Southern Germany is in this latter position. They really do not desire to have freedom at the cost of being Prussianised. A few, indeed, among them, see farther into the milestone than their neighbours, and hug themselves with the thought that, when Prussia has won the race, Germany will claim the stakes. "EINHEIT IST FREIHEIT"—"Unity is Liberty," they say; and any one who has watched the German emigrants in the United States can readily believe that there is a strong republican element in the people.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. I.—THE QUEEN.

THERE is something in the position of sovereign which seems to develop and call forth the qualities of a woman beyond that of any other occupation. The number of reigning women has no doubt been very limited, but it is curious to note how kindly the feminine mind takes to the trade of ruling whenever the opportunity occurs to it. It is, perhaps, the only branch of mental work in which it has attained a true and satisfactory greatness. The only queen regnant we know of who was nobody was our own placid Queen Anne. Such names as those of Isabella of Castile, of Elizabeth, and Maria Theresa, are very illustrious examples of this fact. The historian cannot regard those princely personages with the condescending approbation which critics in every other branch of science and art extend to women. They are great monarchs, figures that stand fully out against the background of history in the boldest and most forcible lines; and that in very absolute contradiction to all conventional theories. The name at the head of this page is not a historical personage of the first eminence; but it is that of a very remarkable woman, who holds no insignificant rank in the long line of English sovereigns. The period is called the reign of George II.; but so long as her life lasted, it was Caroline who was the Queen.

The Guelph family, at least in its beginning, does not furnish us with any very interesting or dramatic group. The first Georges are historical characters only because they cannot help themselves—fate and the Protestant succession having been too many for them. They would without doubt have been more honoured, more respectable, more at their ease in every way,

had the prickly circlet, of which the fifth Harry complained, never been placed upon their homely brows. It was no doubt a painful metamorphosis for the German "Lairdie," the obscure Elector, whom nobody expected to cope with a Grand Monarque, or take up the traditions of an imperial court, to emerge out of his jolly little uncleanly Teutonic paradise, and submit himself to the caustic inspection of Whig wits and Jacobite sneers. It was the greatest sacrifice of comfort to grandeur that has been made in modern times. These royal gentlemen have been weighed in a great many balances of late years, and the result has not been flattering to them, though it has not left them altogether without credit. We do not propose to reopen the record. The little monarch, with "his right leg well forward," and his "*eyes à fleur de la tête*," and the "dapper George" who succeeded him, have had more than their share of discussion. But from the year 1727 to 1737 there was another monarch in England whose name was not George—a woman not unfit to take her place among the reigning princesses. Queen Caroline is even a greater contradiction to every ordinary theory which ordinary men frame about women, than are the other sovereigns who have proved the art of government to be one of the arts within a woman's powers. Every ideal of a good wife which has ever been conceived by man makes out the model woman to be furiously jealous and vindictive over the mere suspicion of infidelity in her husband. Has not some one said that every wife is a Queen Eleanor in her heart?—and it is not only the good woman who is subject to this infirmity. The light-minded, the

careless, even the guilty, show the same ruling passion. She who sins herself is not made indulgent thereby to her partner's iniquity. It is the one fault which no woman forgives. And again, the popular imagination supposes that maternity destroys all power of discrimination in a mother. She may be wounded, injured, insulted by her children; she may see them do everything that is base and miserable; she may watch them sink into the lowest depths of degradation; but she will love and believe in them still. To these two fundamental principles of a woman's nature, there is scarce a creature in Christendom who would not seal his or her adhesion. They lie beyond or above all argument. They are proved, and over again proved, every day.

Queen Caroline gives a dead contradiction to both. She was an admirable wife; but her husband made her the confidante of his *amours*, and told her about his Rosamonds, and yet she never poisoned, nor thought of poisoning, one of them. She does not even seem to have been jealous. Her historians, moved by the utter impossibility, according to all preconceived notions, of such extraordinary philosophy, pick out here and there the faint little snub bestowed upon "my good Howard," to show that in her heart this instinct of nature existed warmly enough, though in constant control. But the examples do not bear out the suggestion; for it is hard if a lady, not to say a queen, may not snub her bedchamber-woman for her pleasure without any motive. And she despised and disliked her son. We are aware that to say these words is as much as to give her cause over before every domestic tribunal. Monster! does not every one say? Yet Caroline was no monster. She was a woman and a foreigner, and yet she was more actively and urgently Queen of England than any other except

Elizabeth: she was a wife, and yet she varied the form of conjugal wickedness by almost encouraging her husband in his infidelities: she was a mother, yet gave up, despised, and opposed her son. For the first of her contradictory qualities, that of power, she sins in company with other illustrious exceptions to the common theory; but in her other faults she stands alone, or almost alone.

It is a difficult task to apologise for or explain such wonderful incongruities. They contradict at once the conclusions of experience and those certainties which are intuitive and above discussion. If a woman in fiction had been created with such failings, even had she been the highest heroine of tragedy, she would have been flouted as an impossible creature. She would be false to nature. But the real woman is very true in fact, and takes no heed about being true to nature. It is the one great advantage which fact has over invention, and the historic over every other Muse. There are no unities, no consistencies, no rule of probability, to bind the free current of real life. What a poet dare not dream of, existence produces calmly, contradicting its own laws, setting aside the very principles on which its continuance and stability are founded. But the character in which such extraordinary contradictions exist cannot be a simple or superficial one. And the office of the historical student is not to defend, notwithstanding the general rage for rehabilitation, which has changed or attempted to change so many of our landmarks, but only to record, and if possible to explain.

Caroline was born the daughter of a Duke of Anspach, one of the cluster of little German houses to which, for so many generations, we have owed our royal wives and husbands. She was brought up under the care of a princess of the house of Brunswick, the mother of Frederick the Great, and the daughter of

the old Electress Sophia, of a stock to all appearance both sweeter and stronger in its feminine branches than it has ever been in its men. The first event in her life is as contradictory at the first glance to all its future tenor, as the strange qualities which distinguished her in after life are contradictory to her womanhood. It is said that she was chosen by the King of Spain as his bride, under condition of abandoning the Protestant faith and becoming a Catholic. Such a change was (and indeed we suspect is) no such dreadful matter in the German matrimonial market, where princesses are trained to bless the world. And Caroline, far from being a bigot, or disposed to exaggerate the importance of religious distinctions, shows few symptoms of any religious conviction whatever. She refused, however, this advantageous bargain. Her faith, such as it was, seems to have been more to her than the unlucky but then splendid crown which was laid at her feet. "She could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate," says Bishop Burnet. Perhaps at that early period of her existence some lingerings of childish devoutness might be in the mind of the young princess; but there can have been very little piety round her, and she showed small sign of any in her after life. The real cause of her resistance probably was that her mind, though not religious, was essentially Protestant, as a great many minds are, especially in Germany. The Protestant mind still exists and flourishes, though not always in distinct connection with a Protestant faith; and is a far less conquerable thing than any system of doctrine. In such a constitution, a determined dislike to submit to authority, to bind the spirit down to obedience, or even to profess subjection in matters with which the intellect has so much to do, is infinitely stronger than the faculty of belief. Caroline, we suspect, would have

been very vague in any confession of her faith; but it is easy to perceive how difficult the profession of Catholicism would be to a woman of such a character and mind.

"Her pious firmness," adds the bishop-historian, "is likely to be rewarded even in this life with a much better crown than that which she rejected."

It was to make Great Britain happy, as all the poets twittered, that the choice was made; and she married her George shortly after, and lived with him, in the most singular version of married life perhaps ever set before the world, for more than thirty years. To judge it or her by the rules current among ourselves at the present day would be both unjust and foolish; but happily the chroniclers of the time have left us in little doubt about the manners and customs of that babbling and talkative age. It is painful to think how little of the same kind of pleasure our descendants, a hundred years hence, will get out of us. Thanks to Sir Rowland Hill (and many thanks to him), we, as a nation, write letters no more. And somehow, notwithstanding the contradiction which statistics would throw in our face did we venture on such an assertion, there do not seem to be so many of us afloat in the world nowadays as there were in the period when Horace Walpole corresponded with his friends. There is no such hum as of a crowd breathing out of the mingled mass of society where fashion and politics rival and aid each other. In the days of the great Horace the buzz filled the air; quiet people heard it miles off, counties off; now a great *bourdonnement*, filling their ears like the sound of the waves of life in the City when you stand within the silent aisles of St Paul's, and listen—now scraps of distinct talk, like those you catch by intervals on the skirts of every assembly—now an opening of the crowd as some one comes or goes—now a gathering of

the countless mass, as some pageant forms within its enclosure. We are more listless now, and speak lower, and don't enjoy it. It is a polite whisper, or it is a slow funeral drawl, the words dropping dolefully and at intervals, like signal guns, which alone reaches us out of the crowd. And somehow there don't seem so many people about; they are climbing the Alps and crossing the seas, and lecturing at Mechanics' Institutes, and writing pretty books—perhaps; or perhaps they are only of a lower vitality, and make less noise, like the good children. When our great-grandsons write our history, they will feel the difference; for the newspapers, which none of us much believe in, will probably have made themselves utterly incredible by that time, and have ceased to be referred to. Let us hope that the New Zealander will bring over with him some old packets of yellow letters written to the first colonists. In these, and in the big mails that go to India, the budgets of news for the boys who are out in the world, lie our only hope of domestic records in the present silent age.

The Court of George II., however, lies open in a full flood of light. Not only do everybody's letters contribute towards its illumination, but the curious Memoirs of Lord Hervey, unique in history, present it before us with a remorseless and impartial distinctness. To say that we know it as well as if we had lived in it, is little. We know it infinitely better. We know what everybody said when the royal doors were closed, and minister or bishop discussed the most important of national affairs with king or queen. Had we but been about Court at the moment, the extent of our observation could not have gone further than to remark how Sir Robert looked when he left the royal presence, or if Bishop Hoadley was cheerful after his audience. And it is not a plea-

sant spectacle. The age was not one in which man believed in man, nor in woman either, for that matter. If wits were not sharper, the tongue at least was less under restraint. And morality, as we understand it nowadays, does not seem to have had any existence. Most people behaved badly, and nobody was ashamed of it. To be sure, a great many people behave badly at all times; but, at least, the grace of concealment, of decent hypocrisy, of outward decorum, is general in the world. There was no concealment in those days. The ruling classes lived coarsely, spoke coarsely, sinned coarsely, without any illusion on the subject. The innocent and virtuous were little less indecent than the gross and wicked. Good wives, and even spotless maidens, discussed, without any pretence of shame or attempt at secrecy, the nasty adventures going on around them. The age was depraved, but it was more than depraved—it was openly unclean. And yet many notable figures circulate in this wicked and gossiping and unsavoury crowd. The wickedness and unsavouriness have been largely discussed and set forth to the fullest vantage; yet there are higher matters to discuss, into which it is possible to enter without falling absolutely into the mire. It is hideous to hear the old King talking of his favourites to his wife's unoffended ears; but the story of their life together—of her rule, of her wisdom, her extraordinary stoicism and patience, her good sense and infinite reasonableness—is a very curious, almost unique, and often most touching tale.

There is one thing to be remarked to begin with, as a circumstance which explains much in the life of Caroline. It is only after she had attained the fullest maturity of mind that she takes her place in history. Such a hapless passionate existence as that of Mary Stuart is over and closed for ever before the

age at which Caroline begins to be fully apparent to us. Therefore, naturally, her virtues and her faults are both of a different kind from those which are likely to distinguish the earlier half of life. This of itself throws a certain light upon her wonderful conjugal tolerance. She was above forty when she came to the throne of Great Britain. Before a woman comes to that age she has learned much which seems impossible to youth. In a barren soil, it is true, cultivation can do but little, and there is many a woman who is as much a fool at forty as if she had still the excuse of being in her teens. But with the greater portion of reasoning creatures maturity makes a difference. It teaches patience first of all ; it teaches the absolute want of perfection that exists everywhere, even in one's self. It makes the human soul aware of its incapacity to enter altogether into another, and to be possessed of its most intimate motives ; and it exalts the great objects of family peace, honour, and union, of prosperity and general respect, of sober duty, above those enthusiasms of love and perfection which are natural and seemly in youth. A young woman who had been as tolerant as Caroline would have been simply a monster. But a royal soul, on the heights of middle age, having lived through all the frets and passions of youth, without becoming a whit less natural, separates itself from much that once seemed necessary to its existence. Far be it from us to say that love perishes in the growth and progress of the mind. But love changes. It demands less, it gives more. Its gifts are not always flattering to the receiver, because it is—alas !—impossible that it should always retain the fairy glamour in its eyes, and think all excellence centred in the object of its regard. It is a favourite theory with young people, and chiefly with women, though one to which common life gives the lie

daily, that when respect is gone love dies. Love, let us be thankful, is a much more hardy and vigorous principle ; it survives everything—even imbecility, even baseness. Its gifts, we repeat, are not always flattering to the receiver ; instead of the sweet thoughts, the sweet words, the tender caresses, and admiring enthusiasm of its earlier days, it often comes to be pity, indulgence, even endurance, which it gives ; and that with a terrible disinterestedness—"all for love, and nothing for reward," with no farther expectation of the recompense without which young love breaks its heart and dies. Old Love, by long and hard training, finds out that it cannot die ; it discovers that it can live on the smaller and ever smaller footing which experience leaves it. Like a drowning creature on its one span of rock, it lives and sees the remorseless tide rising round it. It survives ill-usage, hardship, injury of every kind, even—and this is a mystery and miracle, which few can understand—in some strange way it survives contempt. Men and women continue steadily—as the evidence of our own eyes and ears will tell us—to love women and men upon whom they cannot possibly look but with a certain scorn. They are disenchanted, their eyes are opened, no halo hangs any longer over the feeble or foolish head which once looked like that of a hero. His wife has to shield the man from other people's contempt, from blame, and the penalties of misdoing. She cannot, standing so near him, shield him from her own ; but her love, changed, transfigured, embittered, exists and warms him still.

The only distinct incident of Caroline's youth which has escaped oblivion is that about the offered crown which she would not buy with the sacrifice of her Protestant birthright. History is silent as to her early married life, and perhaps it is as well. How she may have

struggled against her fate we cannot tell ; and probably it would not be an edifying tale. She came to England in 1714, a young mother with her children, and not till some years after does she even appear as a centre of society in her new country. When the quarrel between her husband and his father broke out openly, the Princess of Wales began her individual career. The pair did what so many heirs-apparent have done — they set up their Court in avowed opposition to the elder Court, which rarely holds its own in such a struggle. In this case it had less than the usual chance. The elder Court was dull, and coarse, and wicked. It had no legitimate queen ; and no charm, either of wit or beauty, recommended its feminine oracles, who were destitute of any claim on the respect of the nation, and were openly sneered and jeered at by high and low. On the other hand, the Court of “the Waleses,” to quote the familiar phraseology of the nineteenth century, was young, gay, and bright, full of pretty women and clever men. The Princess herself was in the bloom of her age, handsome, accomplished, and agreeable. Among her attendants were some of the heroines of the time—the “fair Lepell,” the sweet Mary Bellenden, the “good Howard,” whose names are still as familiar as if they had been shining yesterday upon an admiring world. “The apartments of the bedchamber-woman in waiting,” says Walpole, “became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties.” Pleasure of every kind and complexion was the occupation of this royal household. It had little influence in public affairs, and no place in the national economy. It was free to enter into all the gaieties of a private house, with all the splendour of a palace. Such a position, unofficial, unrestrained, without the curb either of filial or public duty, is more pleasant than safe in most

cases. But the breach between the father and son was too desperate to give the Prince any power of mischief, so far as the affairs of the country were concerned. And he was not more depraved than it seems to have been considered his princely duty to be, as a man equal to the responsibilities of his position. He had a “favourite,” because, in the abominable code of the time, such an appendage was thought necessary ; and George’s dull sense of his duty in this respect would be whimsical if it was not vile. But, strangely enough, he was all the time a man under the most perfect domestic management. And more strange still, the woman who was his mistress gives even a prejudiced inquirer an impression of genuine goodness, sweetness, and truth, which it is hard to reconcile with her miserable position. For ten years a racket of pleasuring was kept up at Leicester Fields. The laughing Opposition jeered and jested, and made epigrams, and made love. The saucy maids of honour laughed at the little Prince to his face. They indulged in all kinds of obsolete merry-makings. They hated the King and his Dutch Queens, and his powerful Minister. When the old George ended, and the new George began, what change was to be in the universe ! Other laws, other policy, a different régime, with everybody in place who was out, and everybody out who was in, and a general reversal and delightful jumble of heaven and earth. So everybody believed, and so the Prince of Wales fully intended in his choleric soul. But master and servants alike reckoned without their Princess. While the racket went on around her, while her naughty little husband made love before her face, and his courtiers laughed in their sleeves, wise Caroline kept her bright eyes open—those eyes of which Walpole says, “that they expressed whatever she had a mind they should” —and looked on and pondered.

She was "*cette diabolasse Madame la Princesse*" to her charming father-in-law. She was in opposition, like the rest, naturally set against the powers that were. From her, even more than from her husband, might have been expected a desire to cross, and thwart, and run in the face of everything that had been before her. *Nous allons changer tout cela*. What other sentiment could be expected to rise in the breast of a clever and impatient woman, as she stood by for years and watched the Germans at St James's buying and selling, and the old King who had driven herself out of his palace, and kept her daughters as hostages, petting his favourite Minister? Could anybody doubt what her feelings must have been to the whole obnoxious group—King, Jezebels, Premier—who kept all influence out of her hands? And she was German, like all the others, and knew as little by nature what British policy ought to be. She must have sat still, impotent, and watched what they were about, as she ruled her little Court, and led its pleasures, for ten long years. And the country, and the Prince, and the expectant statesmen, and even the Prime Minister himself, felt in their hearts, when the end came, how it must be.

It would be curious to inquire how it was, that this woman knew better than all the people about her: how it was that she resisted the natural impulse of opposition, and all the temptations of vengeance and novel delights of power. There are various petty explanations suggested, as might have been expected. Sir Robert Walpole believed that it was his own cleverness in finding out from the first that her influence and not that of her rival was all-powerful with the King. Others considered it to be the direct court which his adversaries paid to Lady Suffolk. Caroline's conduct gives little warrant either to the one supposition or the other. A far more rational and obvious conclusion, as well as one infinitely

greater and more worthy, would be that the spectator thus standing aside so long to watch with the keen interest of a future ruler the course of affairs, honestly perceived that the most skilful hand in the country was already at the helm, and made up her mind to sacrifice her prepossessions to the good of the empire. Not Prince Hal when he rebuked his ancient ally more startled and amazed his expectant followers than did the new King when, sulky and unwilling, he took his father's Minister to his counsels, and turned the comforters of his humiliation away. How "he as *King* came to consult those whom he never would speak to as *Prince*, and to admit no farther than the drawing-room at St James's those favourites who had ever been of the *Cabinet* at Leicester House; in short, how he came to pursue the very same measures in his own reign which he had been constantly censuring and exploding in his father's," is, Lord Hervey concludes, a wonder which everybody will be curious to know the reason of. Curiosity on this point has much decreased, no doubt, since he wrote; but it is as striking a political event as any in our modern history. And at this distance, when all the figures are rounded by time, and the far-off beholder has a chance of arriving at a more correct judgment than the spectator who is on the spot and sees too much, the question is still interesting. George made this lame but wise conclusion as unwillingly as ever man did anything he could not help doing; and he did it because Caroline had been studying all the circumstances while he was amusing himself, and because she had the true wisdom, the supreme good sense, of putting her animosities in her pocket, and electing to do that which was best for the nation, as well as for the stability of her own family and throne.

When the news of the death of

George I. reached England, the first act of the new King was exactly what was expected of him. He referred Sir Robert Walpole, who brought him the news, at once and ungraciously to Sir Spencer Compton, who had been his treasurer as Prince, and acknowledged partisan. Sir Robert accepted the decision as the most likely and natural one. "It is what I, as well as the rest of the world, expected would be whenever this accident happened," he said, according to Lord Hervey's report, to the new authority. "My time has been : yours is beginning." Then there came an awful pause of fate. England, which needed wary steering in those days, found herself suddenly for a breathless moment in the hands of George and Sir Spencer Compton. There is a certain grim fun in the situation, as of a couple of astounded pigmies left suddenly all at once to do a giant's work. Perhaps the King, had he been his own man, and not under lawful rule and governance, would have had courage to try it ; and for a moment the crowding spectators who came to kiss hands, and those who made Leicester Fields ring with the sound of their applauses, expected it was to be so. But the second of the dwarfs was not so brave as his master. Either the joy of the triumph or the fear of responsibility overwhelmed the poor man. He had a speech to make for the King, and making King's speeches was not his *métier*. He turned abject and dismayed to the dismissed Minister, who had just asked and received the promise of his protection. He begged like a schoolboy over his verses that Sir Robert would do it for him this time, till he got into the way of it. It was pure imbecility, or fate ; for, as Lord Hervey remarks, "if this precedent-monger had only turned to the old Gazettes published at the beginning of former reigns, he might have copied full as good a declara-

tion from these records as any Sir Robert Walpole could give him." Such acts of folly mark the difference between the man who can and him who cannot. Sir Robert, no doubt, smiled as he retired into a room by himself, to do his rival's work. He had promised not to tell, "even to the people in the next room ;" but when the new Minister had taken the speech in his own handwriting to the King, a discussion arose about it, in which again Sir Spencer appealed to his predecessor. Queen Caroline, we are told,* "a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two men, who had silently watched for a proper moment to overturn the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the King how prejudicial it would be to his affairs to prefer a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute the office." She had already given a public proof that with her the late holders of office were not disgraced. On the very day after the accession, when "all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss hands ;" when the "common face of a Court was quite reversed," and "there was not a creature in office who had not the most sorrowful and dejected countenance of distress and disappointment," Caroline was the only woman in that servile crowd who took any notice of Lady Walpole—the wife of the Minister, whose "late devotees" kept her with "scornful backs and elbows" from approaching the royal presence ; "but no sooner was she descried by her Majesty," writes her son, with natural triumph, "than the Queen cried aloud, 'There, I am sure I see a friend !'" An inferior mind might well have taken that little bit of vengeance on the former Court which had expelled and tabooed herself. But Caroline was either altogether su-

* Horace Walpole's Reminiscences.

perior to the temptation, or too wise, even in the first moment of triumph, to avail herself of it. All the elaborate machinery by which she ruled was already in operation to keep the tried and trusty public servant who had already managed the country for so long, and knew its wants so well, at the head of affairs. She had the penetration to see that there was the friend and defender of whom her family stood in need.

It would be vain to attempt to say that the means by which Caroline procured her will were of the most dignified kind. They were such means as we see continually employed in private life, when a clever and sensible woman is linked (unfortunately, not a very uncommon circumstance) to an ill-tempered, headstrong, and shallow man. They are means to which a pure and elevated mind would find it very hard, even impossible, to stoop; but there can be little doubt that by their partial use many a family has been kept united and prosperous, and many a commonplace personage carried through the world with something like honour and credit, whose affairs would have fallen into hopeless loss and ruin had his wife suffered the natural disgust and impatience of a superior mind to move or be apparent in her. Queen Caroline, perhaps, as her stake was greater than most, carried those means of power to such a perfection as few have been able to reach.

"The Queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper," says Lord Henry, "knew how to instil her own sentiments, while she affected to receive his Majesty's. She could appear convinced while she was controverting, and obedient while she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case—that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion, and binding his

will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private."

Her labours were unremitting at this grand crisis of fate. And if it be remembered how very ticklish the position was, the immense importance at once to her family and to the country of an agent so judicious and unexcitable can scarcely be overcalculated. A young dispossessed legitimate heir was growing up with all those circumstances in his favour which naturally attend a new life. The old Pretender might have committed himself to many follies—the young Pretender was as yet unstained by any independent act. It might become at any moment the policy of one of the great Continental powers to take up the boy's cause, as indeed they were all well enough inclined to do. He had still a party in England, strong in rank, if not in much else, and a yet stronger in Scotland. The newly-imported German family, which scarcely pretended to love or sympathise with its new subjects, was totally unbeloved by them. Mere policy, and nothing else, an act of national necessity, desperation, so to speak, had brought them over. They had neither traditional loyalty nor personal affection in their favour, nor the powers of mind, or even attraction of manners and appearance, which win popularity. Caroline was as far sensible of this as any individual can be expected to be sensible of the disadvantages of her own immediate family. Though her life abounds in similar situations, there are none more expressive of the mingled tragedy and comedy, the curious junction of the greatest and pettiest interests, than this first scene in her life as queen. It is ludicrous, yet, if one but thinks what is involved, it becomes solemn. There

is the little King strutting and storming, "losing no opportunity to declare that the Queen never meddled with his business," and strong in the notion of inaugurating a new *régime*; and the faltering unprepared new Minister who stammers, and hesitates, and turns to his rival and predecessor for instruction what to do; and burly Sir Robert standing by, not without a humorous twinkle in his eye, aware that his own interests, as well as those of the country, are at stake, yet not quite able to resist the comic features of the scene; and Caroline behind, cautiously pulling the strings that move her royal puppet, anxiously watching the changes of his temper and his countenance. Not a noble method of managing imperial business; yet without it a deadlock must have ensued, and the business could not have been managed at all.

George had formed a very different idea, as Lord Hervey informs us, of his royal duties.

"His design at his first accession to the throne was certainly, as Boileau says of Louis XIV.,

'Soul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des Dieux,
Faire tout par sa main, et voir tout de ses yeux.'

"He intended to have all his ministers in the nature of clerks, not to give advice, but to receive orders; and proposed what by experiment he found impracticable, to receive applications and distribute favours through no principal channels, but to hear from all quarters, and employ indifferently in their several callings those who by their stations would come under the denomination of ministers. But it was very plain from what I have just related from the King's own lips, as well as from many other circumstances in his present conduct, that the Queen had subverted all his notions and schemes, and fully possessed his Majesty with an opinion that it was absolutely necessary, from the nature of the English government, that he should have but one Minister, and that it was equally necessary, from Sir Robert's superior abilities, that he should be that one. But this

work which she now (1733, five years after the accession) saw complete, had been the work of long time, much trouble, and great contrivance; for though, by a superiority of understanding, thorough knowledge of his temper, and much patience in her own, she could work him by degrees to any point where she had a mind to drive him, yet she was forced to do it often by slow degrees, and with great caution; for as he was infinitely jealous of being governed, he was never to be led but by invisible reins; neither was it ever possible for her to make him adopt her opinion but by instilling her sentiments in such a manner as made him think they rose originally from himself. She always at first gave in to all his notions, though never so extravagant, and made him imagine any change she wrought in them to be an afterthought of his own. To contradict his will directly was always the way to strengthen it; and to labour to convince was to confirm him. Besides all this he was excessively passionate, and his temper upon these occasions was a sort of iron reversed; for the hotter it was, the harder it was to bend, and if ever it was susceptible of any impression or capable of being turned, it was only when it was quite cool."

"The Queen's power was unrivalled and unbounded," Lord Hervey says at another period; and he adds, "How dearly she earned it will be the subject of future consideration in these papers." It is, indeed, the chief subject of his remarkable Memoirs, in which Caroline appears in all the intimacy of private friendship, enhanced as it is by the absolute want of privacy that attends a royal existence. The position, as we have said, is in many respects undignified. The real rulers of the kingdom, herself and Sir Robert Walpole, have to meet each other in long secret consultations, like two conspirators. The highest designs of State, when they have been decided on between the two, have to be artfully filtered into the intelligence of the King. He has to be prepared, screwed up and down to one pitch or another, tempered to the necessary heat or coolness; they watch him with the most minute

and anxious scrutiny—they propitiate him with little flatteries, with compliances and indulgences, which, as from the Queen at least, are at once unseemly and unnatural—they attend upon his humour with a servile obsequiousness that is simply bewildering. His naughty temper, his nasty ways, his wicked little tongue, are endured with steady patience. Worst of all, perhaps, poor Caroline has to submit to his company, seven or eight hours of it every day, which is evidently the greatest infliction she has to bear. The picture is miserable, dreadful, whimsical, absurd, and touching. For at the worst, when all is said, these two who have lived together so long, who have their children round them, who are not of different countries to make the manners of one repulsive to the other—two Germans, bred in the same ideas, in the same small Courts, who have come to this wonderful preferment together—must have, all errors notwithstanding, lived in such a union as few people ever attain to—a union which seems characteristic of the House of Hanover. No doubt, when it is the weakness of the woman which leans upon the man, the picture is more consistent with the arrangements of society, and more beautiful to behold as a matter of aesthetics. But when a strong, calm, enduring woman, unimpassioned yet tender, backs steadily with all her strength, all her life, the weak, unstable, and uncertain man, who, with all his imperfections, is her husband, it would be hard to refuse a certain admiration at the sight. His sacred Majesty was an intolerable little monster in many respects, yet for more than thirty years they clung to each other, shared each other's good and evil fortunes, were cast into the shade together, and together burst into power; discussed every public matter, every domestic incident, every inclination, wicked or otherwise, in that grand committee of two which is,

wherever it is to be found, the great consolation and strength of life. If the King brought little wisdom to this council, he yet brought himself, a malleable and shapeable being. The heart of the spectator melts to him a little as it becomes evident how very shapeable he was. The royal George was clay in the hands of the potter. He “strutted” out of doors; he strutted even and snubbed his wife when there was only Lord Hervey and some poor tedious German dependant looking on. But he never forsook her, or resisted the inevitable moulding which took place when they were alone. The extent of his “strutting” seems to have been extraordinary. He grew at once facetious and historical in his certainty of being master. In other reigns, he informed his courtiers, it had been otherwise. Charles I. had been governed by his wife; Charles II. by his mistresses; King William by his men—and Queen Anne by her women—favourites; his own father by anybody who could get at him. Then, “with a significant satisfied triumphant air,” the ridiculous little monarch turned to his auditors, “And who do they say governs now?” he said, swelling with royal pride and content. One can imagine how my lords bowed, and how the muscles twitched about their courtly mouths. But neither within doors nor without was there any echo of his Majesty's complacency. There are moments in our own time when the newspapers are impertinent, and ‘Punch’ ventures on a joke which is a little less than loyal. But speech was very free in the middle of the eighteenth century. “You may strut, dapper George, but ’twill all be in vain; We know ’tis Queen Caroline, not you, who reigns,”

sang boisterously the popular muse. It was the terror of her life that he should find out that he was ruled; it was the delight of his that he was unquestionably lord and master of all.

Sir Robert Walpole's authority, thus once established, lasted five years longer than the life of his royal mistress. The politics of the time, involved as they are with foreign affairs to an extent which seems strange in these days of non-intervention—though indeed non-intervention had already taken shape, and was a principle to which Walpole clung with much tenacity—are too elaborate to be here discussed. The greatest of all matters to England at the moment was the steady continuance of things as they were, and settlement of the new dynasty, with at least such additional power as the habit of seeing them there could give, on the throne. The country had no love to give them; but so long as it had no positive offence—so long as it was kept content, and things went on to the moderate satisfaction of the people—every day that passed safely over the heads of the new monarchs was an advantage to them. Nothing is more curious than the account of the relations between the Court, the Cabinet, and the Houses of Parliament, which is incidentally given in this narrative. Everything that was done in the country was done by Queen Caroline and Sir Robert Walpole, in private committee assembled. The complaisant Cabinet adopted their resolutions, signed their letters, and did whatever it was told to do. The Parliament, if not always so obedient, did its spiring very gently; and when a majority was not to be had otherwise, there were always means of getting it, according to the method adopted on the Prince of Wales's rebellious demand for more money. That majority cost the King only £900, Lord Hervey tells us; and it is evident that everybody thought it a great bargain. But the country out-of-doors made itself audible and visible now and then, as in the commotion about the Excise Bill, and in that marvellous mob-episode, the Porteous

Riot in Edinburgh. The one was a constitutional, the other an un-constitutional outbreak; but in both cases the people had their way, and the Court had to put up with the affront. On the whole, there seems to have been some resemblance between the blustering King and his people at this period. They were both given to illegitimate pleasures; they were both very foolish, hot-headed, and obstinate. Both of them would pull up short at a bit of a measure which a little while afterwards they would swallow whole without the least reluctance. Sir Robert managed the nation much as Caroline managed her husband. He gave in, or appeared to give in, to it by times. Then after the many-headed mass had forgotten a little, he would come back to his abandoned measure, and get it over easily. His was light work, however, in comparison with the unceasing diplomacy and weary unending strain which was made on the Queen's strength by her master. She had seven or eight hours of him every day. She had to keep on her mask, and never to forget herself or her object in her most private moments. Such martyrs there are in ordinary life, whom nobody suspects. And there are some scenes in the Queen's history, trivial and miserable and exasperating, which most people have seen reflected in little episodes of domestic history in households much less exalted than those of kings and queens.

There are several other particulars equally noticeable. We do not speak of the general coarseness of talk, though that seems to have been universal; and indeed the fact of its being universal takes to some extent the meaning out of it. It was an odious fashion, but it was a fashion. The sweet Mary Bellenden, whom Horace Walpole describes as a perfect creature, talks in her friendly letters to Lady Suffolk as we presume women of the very lowest class, short of infamy,

would be ashamed to talk now—and does it as a fast girl of the present day talks slang, from mere thoughtlessness apparently, and high spirits. We remember once to have walked for five minutes down a street in Glasgow behind a group of merry mill-girls, with bare feet and *coiffure* as elaborate as if each had employed a separate *artiste*; and their talk, which, after an interval of twenty years, still haunts the horrified ear, resembled the choice phrases with which Horace Walpole's "perfect creature" sprinkles her familiar epistles. Yet she was a woman against whom scandal had not a word to say. It would be vain, then, to expect from Queen Caroline and her Court the purity of tone which prevails in our own; nor have we any right to blame individuals for what was at once a fault and fashion of the age. We have no intention or desire to enter into that fossil nastiness. Thank heaven! the *mode* has changed.

But it is curious also to contrast the impartial attitude so strenuously maintained by the Sovereign in our own day with the complete absorption in politics and the cares of government which distinguishes Queen Caroline, and, in a lesser degree, her husband. It was her vocation—the work of her life. She enters into every detail as if she were a Lord of the Treasury. Probably no Lord of the Treasury nowadays gives himself up so entirely to the work of ruling. Nor was there any public pretence of constitutional indifference. The Ministerial party is called the Court party without disguise; the Opposition are his Majesty's enemies. And when anything goes wrong, an insubordinate Secretary or disappointed Chamberlain does not hesitate to give the Queen a bit of his mind. Fancy Lord Carnarvon or General Peel, when circumstances went against them, rushing into the presence of our liege Lady, and making speeches to her of a dozen pages, to the effect that she is de-

ceived in her trust, that her Prime Minister is a rogue, and that she will repent in the end! Such was the mission of Lord Stair on occasion of the famous Excise Bill, on which Sir Robert Walpole was defeated by the country in one of its wild, and to all appearance unreasonable, epidemics of resistance. The whole transaction is sufficiently interesting, if it can be got into our limited space, to be told in full.

The scheme itself was simple enough. It was an expedient to diminish the land-tax, which in the time of war had been as high as four shillings in the pound, by an excise duty upon tobacco and wine which, along with the salt duty, was to balance the subtraction of a shilling in the pound from the tax on land; and Sir Robert, we are told by Lord Hervey, expected nothing but increased popularity from the proposal. Instead of this it set the country in a blaze. "Everybody talked of the scheme as a general excise; they believed that food and raiment, and all the necessities of life, were to be taxed; that armies of excise-officers were to come into every house, and at any time they pleased; that our liberties were at an end, trade going to be ruined, Magna Charta overturned, all property destroyed, the Crown made absolute, and Parliament themselves no longer necessary to be called." To aid this hubbub, a small party of lords, all in office, sent a messenger in the person of Lord Stair to remonstrate with the Queen. He informed her Majesty that her Prime Minister was more universally odious than any minister in any country had ever been; that he was hated by the army, hated by the clergy, hated by the *city of London*, and hated by the Scotch to a man (the speaker himself, and half of the party he represented being Scots lords).

"That he absolutely governs your Majesty, nobody doubts," said

this astute and amiable messenger ; and he proceeded to inform Caroline that the scheme was so wicked, so dishonest, and so slavish, that his conscience would not permit him to vote for it. The Queen had listened to him calmly up to this point, but here her patience failed. "When Lord Stair talked of his conscience with such solemnity, she cried out, 'Ah, my lord, *ne me parlez point de conscience : vous me faites évanouir !*'" Such was the way in which deputations conducted themselves, and were received, in those days. When her visitor, however, went on to say that the profligacy of mankind could not be so great as that the House of Commons should pass a bill so opposite to the interests of their constituents, and so opposed to their wishes, Caroline answered with the following sharp retort :—

"Do you, my lord," she asks, with a certain fine scorn, "pretend to talk of the opinion of the electors having any influence on the elected? You have made so very free with me in this conference, my lord, that I hope you will think I am entitled to speak my mind with as little reserve to you. . . . I must therefore, once more, ask you, my lord, how you can have the assurance to talk to me of your thinking the sense of constituents, their interest or their instructions, any measure or rule for the conduct of their representatives in Parliament ; or if you believe I am so ignorant or so forgetful of all past proceedings in Parliament as not to know that in the only occasion when these considerations should have biassed you, you set them all at naught? Remember the Peerage Bill, my lord. Who then betrayed the interests of their constituents? Who deprived their constituents of all chance of ever taking their turn with those whom they then sent to Parliament? The English lords in passing that bill were only guilty of tyranny, but every Scotch lord was guilty of the last treachery ; and whether you were one of the sixteen traitors, your own memory, I believe, will serve to tell you without the assistance of mine."

This stormy interview concluded with the exit of Lord Stair in "a violent passion," exclaiming, "*Ma-*

dame, vous êtes trompée, et le Roi est trahi !"

The King was occupied, one does not know how, while this was going on—eating bread and honey, perhaps—while the Queen was in her parlour with this passionate peer. But he was roused to interest when the kingdom began to heave and give forth volcanic groans. On the night of the debate, "justices of the peace, constables, and civil magistrates, were all astir to preserve the public peace ; secret orders were given to the Horse and Foot Guards to be in readiness at a moment's warning." And "the mob came down to Westminster," crowding the lobby and the surrounding precincts, as we have seen it do in our own day. Notwithstanding all this commotion, the Bill was passed by a majority of sixty-one. Lord Hervey had to send word from the House how things were going, to satisfy the anxious couple at the Palace ; and when he got back to St James's, "was carried by the King into the Queen's bedchamber, and there kept without dinner (poor Chamberlain!) till near three in the morning, asking him ten thousand questions, relating not only to people's words and actions, but even to their looks."

Notwithstanding the majority, however, the Bill was finally given up, after various other incidents which we cannot enter into. The anxiety of the whole "Court party" seems to have been intense. Sir Robert Walpole offered his resignation, or rather, as it seems, suggested to their Majesties that perhaps it would be proper that he should resign. "The Queen chid him extremely for having so ill an opinion of her, as to think it possible for her to be so mean, so cowardly, and so ungrateful as to accept of such an offer ; and assured him that as long as she lived she would not abandon him. When Sir Robert made the same offer to the King, his Majesty (as the Queen told me) made the most kingly, the

most sensible, and the most resolute answer that it was possible for a wise, a just, and a great prince to make to the most able and the most meritorious servant. But whether she dictated the words before he spoke them or embellished them afterwards," says the sceptical Hervey, never very enthusiastic about his royal master, "I know not." She had been "weeping plentifully" when her faithful attendant and chronicler went up to the drawing-room. One wonders if Queens and Ministers, not to speak of Kings, are as much moved at the present day when a favourite measure has to be abandoned. "The King walked about the room in great anger and disorder," and ordered poor Lord Hervey to send bulletins from the House. Sir Robert "stood some time after the House was up leaning against the table, with his hat over his eyes, and some few friends with melancholy countenances round him." The Queen, when she said, "It is over, we must give way," had the tears running down her cheeks. It is strange to hear of so much emotion all about an abortive measure which, in its own essence, was not of fundamental importance, and which came to nothing. Sir Robert was very near paying for it dearly from the insults and assaults of the mob. To show, however, the latent fire always ready to burst forth which existed in the country, it may be added that in the rejoicings made at Oxford over the defeat of Ministers, the health of James III. was publicly drunk. This was a very gaseous and harmless sort of treason, as we know now; but it looked dangerous and alarming enough then.

During the ten years of Caroline's reign, her lord made repeated visits to Hanover, during which intervals she was Queen Regent, and was at liberty to act in her own person without the trouble of influencing him. He wrote to her constantly during these absences—letters of

forty or fifty pages each, Lord Hervey says; a long and close journal of all his proceedings, even of such proceedings as were unfit to be reported to any woman's ear, much less to his wife's. It was pretty Fanny's way, and there was apparently nothing to be done but to give in to it. We repeat, a high-spirited and pure-minded woman could not have given in to it; which, perhaps, only means, however, that no one could have done so who had lived into the nineteenth century and thought as we did. But Caroline was of the eighteenth century, and she did not think as we do. A mistress more or less did not matter in these days; it seemed to have been a thing taken for granted. And the Queen was a queen as much as she was a wife. She had come to her natural occupation when she ascended the new yet old throne upon which necessity and Protestantism had placed her race. She was necessary to the country—at least as much as any human creature can be said to be necessary to a world which, when they are removed, always finds it can get on reasonably well without them. The price of her high position, her unbounded influence, her reign, in short—for reign it was—was her continuance of the unswerving indulgence and support which she had always given to the King. She had borne Lady Suffolk very quietly. Nothing can be more visionary than the instances of trifling spite which she is alleged to have shown to that mild woman. Without doubt her own favourite, Mrs Clayton, could have produced parallel passages had anybody taken the trouble to look them up. She seems, on the contrary, to have been very good to her "good Howard," and remonstrated with her on her leaving Court, bidding her to recollect that she, like her Majesty's self, was no longer young, and that she must learn philosophy, and not to resent the failure of her royal lover's attention, of which

she had complained—an almost incredible conversation to take place between the man's wife and his "favourite," yet true. "The Queen was both glad and sorry" (of Lady Suffolk's retirement), says Lord Hervey. "Her pride was glad to have even this ghost of a rival removed; and she was *sorry to have so much more of her husband's time thrown on her hands*, when she had already enough to make her often feel heartily weary of his company." This is the point of view which seems to have struck the Princess Royal, who, with the frankness of the period, has also her word to say about the domestic incident. "I wish with all my heart," said this young lady, "that he would take somebody else, that mamma might be a little relieved from the *ennui* of seeing him always in her room." Few people perhaps would venture upon the same boldness of suggestion, but yet we do not doubt there is something in poor Queen Caroline's dismay in having more than her share of her husband's company, which will go to the hearts of many sympathetic women who know what it is. We may here quote a few instances of what the poor lady had to bear.

It was on his second visit to Hanover that George fixed his affections on Madame Walmoden, afterwards created by him Countess of Yarmouth. He had nobody to interfere with him in his nasty little Paradise; no Queen, no Minister to disturb his leisure with their projects, no House of Commons to worry him with doubtful majorities; and he enjoyed himself, it is evident, in his own refined way. He was very reluctant to return out of that Armida's garden to the realities of life in England. His people, such as they were, were fond of him in Hanover; his Ministers were obsequious, and he was free to take his pleasure according to his fancy. When he left that Eden it was under the promise of

returning some months later, a promise which he was careful to keep; and he came home possessed of such a demon of ill-temper as made the lives of the unfortunate inhabitants of St James's a burden to them. Nothing English pleased the King. "No English or even French cook could dress a dinner; no English confectioner set out a dessert; no English player could act; no English coachman could drive, or English jockey ride; no Englishman knew how to come into a room, nor any Englishwoman how to dress herself. Whereas at Hanover all these things were in the utmost perfection." He came into his splendid banishment like an east wind, biting and blighting everything; everything he saw was wrong. The Queen had caused some bad pictures to be removed out of the great drawing-room at Kensington and replaced them with good ones—an arrangement which his Majesty immediately countermanded; he snapped at his Ministers for going into the country "to torment a poor fox that was generally a much better beast than any of them that pursued him;" he behaved to his wife with the coarsest and most invariable ill-temper, and generally made himself disagreeable to everybody.

"One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting while the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's upon the Sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill-treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense and things she knew nothing about; adding, that if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense and disturbing the Government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, 'Sir, I only did

it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had intended.' 'A pretty fellow for a friend!' said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. 'Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait (and then the King acted the Bishop's lameness) or his nasty stinking breath—phaugh! or his silly laugh when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth?'—(and so on for a couple of pages.) . . .

"Lord Hervey, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a bishop of a very different stamp, . . . who had carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel. . . . Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, 'My lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a hundred plans and workmen.' Then turning to the Queen, he said, 'I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to Merlin's Cave to complete your nonsense there' (this Merlin's Cave was a little building so christened which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond). . . . 'Apropos,' said the Queen, 'I hear the *Craftsman** has abused Merlin's Cave.' 'I am very glad of it,' interrupted the King; 'you deserve to be abused for such childish silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel to be in the right.'

"This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation, I know not by what transition, fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer, to visit her friends even in town. 'That is your own fault,' said the King; 'for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money.' The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or

other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Hervey, whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in country. *He knew it was not, but said it was.* He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars (private persons), it would certainly be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, 'Then she may stay at home as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house to see his new chairs and stools; nor is it for you,' said he, addressing himself to the Queen, 'to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town to every fellow that will give you some bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no.' The Queen coloured and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she had done before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill-humour from her) said to the King, that as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. 'And what matter whether she saw a collection or not?' replied the King. 'The matter, sir, is that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honours with her presence.' 'Supposing,' said the King, 'she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her.' 'If the innkeepers,' replied Lord Hervey, 'were used to be well received by her Majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal.' The King then, instead of answering Lord Hervey, turned to the Queen, and with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text."

Perhaps the reader may some

* The Opposition newspaper, in which King, Queen, and Minister were very roughly handled.

time in his life have assisted at a similar scene. One can imagine the furious feeble little man strutting and raging about the room, twisting every new subject, painfully started in the hope of diverting his ill-humour, into a new channel for its outlet. And the Queen, at her table by the light of her candles, anxiously talkative at first, then silent, knotting ever faster and faster, with trembling hands and tangling thread; and the courtier standing by grieved for her, yet half amused in his own person, ready to tell any fib, or make any diversion of the master's wrath upon his own head—knowing it was not, but saying it was, and telling us so with a beautiful candour. It was for want of Herrenhausen and his German enchantress that the wicked little monarch was so cross. On other occasions, he would take up one of his wife's candles as she knotted, and show Lord Hervey the pictures of his Dutch delights, which with characteristic good taste he had had painted and hung in Caroline's sitting-room, dwelling upon the jovial incident which was the subject of each with mingled enthusiasm and regret. He had vowed to go back to his love in May, and all the winter was spent in those sweet recollections and fits of temper. Nor was this all the poor Queen had to bear. Her Minister assured her coarsely and calmly that nothing was more natural; that she was herself old and past the age of pleasing; and that, in fact, there was nothing else to be looked for. He had the incredible audacity to propose to her, at the same time, that she should send for a certain Lady Tanker-

ville, "a handsome, good-natured, simple woman," to make a balance on the side of England to the attractions at Hanover. We are not told that Lady Tankerville, whose recommendation was that she would be "a safe fool," had done anything to warrant the Minister's selection of her. Caroline laughed, Sir Robert said, "and took the proposal extremely well." But her laugh, Lord Hervey wisely remarks, was no sign of her satisfaction with so presumptuous and injurious an address.

Lord Hervey throughout the whole seems to have been her chief support and consolation. He was with her constantly, spent the mornings with her, brought her all the news of the town, the Parliament, and what people were saying. When the Court went hunting, which was a very common ceremony, Lord Hervey, not the kind of man to care for that simple excitement, rode on a hunter she had given him by the side of the Queen's chaise; and while the noisy crowd flew past them the two discussed every movement in the country—every project of State,—every measure projected or proposed for the rule of England, as well as the involved and tangled web of wars and negotiations abroad. There is an amusing little sketch, included in the Memoirs, written by Lord Hervey for the amusement of his royal mistress, and setting forth, under a dramatic form, the manner in which the news of his death would be received by the Court, which gives, perhaps, a more distinct view of that curious royal interior than anything else which has come to our hands.

THE DEATH OF LORD HERVEY; OR, A MORNING AT COURT.

A DRAMA.

ACT I.

Scene.—The Queen's Gallery. The time, nine in the morning.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS EMILY,

PRINCESS CAROLINE, followed by LORD LIFFORD (a Frenchman), and MRS PURCEL.

QUEEN. *Mon Dieu, quelle chaleur!*

en vérité on étouffe. Pray, open a little these windows.

LORD LIFFORD. Has-a your Majesty hear-a de news?

QUEEN. What news, my dear lord?

LORD L. Dat my Lord Hervey, as he was coming last night to *tone*, was rob and murdered by highwaymen, and tron in a ditch.

P. CAROLINE. *Eh, grand Dieu!*

QUEEN (*striking her hand upon her knee*). *Comment, est il veritablement mort!* Purcel, my angel, shall I not have a little breakfast?

MRS PURCEL. What would your Majesty please to have?

QUEEN. A little chocolate, my soul, if you give me leave; and a little sour cream and some fruit.

(*Exit MRS PURCEL.*)

QUEEN (*to Lord Lifford*). *Eh bien! my Lord Lifford, dites nous un peu comment cela est arrivée.* I cannot imagine what he had to do to be putting his nose there.

LORD L. *Madame, on sçait quelque chose de cela de Mon. Maran qui d'abord qu'il a vu de voleurs s'est enfui et venu à grand galoppe à Londres, and after dat a waggoner take up de body and put it in his cart.*

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*). Are you not ashamed, Amalie, to laugh?

P. EMILY. I only laughed at the cart, mamma.

QUEEN. Ah, that is a very *fade plaisanterie*.

P. EMILY. But if I may say it, mamma, I am not very sorry.

QUEEN. *Pi donc!* *Eh bien,* my Lord Lifford! My God, where is this chocolate, Purcel?

(*Re-enter MRS PURCEL, with the chocolate and fruit.*)

QUEEN (*to Mrs Purcel*). Well, I am sure Purcel now is very sorry for my Lord Hervey: have you heard it?

MRS P. Yes, madam; and I am always sorry when your Majesty loses anything that entertains you.

QUEEN. Look you there, now, Amalie; I swear now Purcel is a thousand times better as you.

P. EMILY. I did not say I was not sorry for mamma; but I am not sorry for him.

QUEEN. And why not?

P. EMILY. What, for that creature?

P. CAROLINE. I cannot imagine why one should not be sorry for him: I think it very *dure* not to be sorry for him. I

own he used to laugh malapropos sometimes, but he was mightily mended; and for people that were civil to him, he was always ready to do anything to oblige them; and for my part I am sorry, I assure.

P. EMILY. Mamma, Caroline is *duchtich*: for my part, I cannot *parottre*.

QUEEN. Ah, ah! You can *parottre* and be *duchtich* very well sometimes: but this is no *parottre*; and I think you are very great brutes. I swear now he was very good, poor my Lord Hervey; and with people's lives that is no jest. My dear Purcel, this is the nastiest fruit I have ever tasted; is there none of the Duke of Newcastle's? or that old fool Johnstone's? *Il était bien joli quelquefois*, my Lord Hervey, was he not, Lifford?

LORD L. (*taking snuff*). Fes, ended he vas ver pretty company sometimes.

P. EMILY (*shrugs her shoulders and laughs again*).

QUEEN (*to Princess Emily*). If you did not think him company, I am sorry for your taste. (*To Princess Caroline*) My God, Caroline, you will twist off the thumbs of your glove! *Mais, my Lord Lifford, qui vous a conté tout ça des voleurs, du ditch, et des waggoners!*

LORD L. I have hear it at St James's, et tout le monde en parla.

QUEEN (*to Mrs Purcel*). Have you sent, Purcel, to Vickers about my clothes?

MRS P. He is here, if your Majesty pleases to see the stuffs.

QUEEN. No, my angel, I must write now. Adieu, adieu, my Lord Lifford!

ACT II.

Scene.—The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mrs Purcel dressing her Majesty's head. The Princesses, Lady Burlington and Lady Pembroke, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.

1ST PARSON (*behind the scenes*). *From pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness—*

2D PARSON. *Good Lord, deliver us!**

QUEEN. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud one cannot hear one's self speak. (*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.*) So, so, not quite so much; leave it enough open for those parsons

* It was the pious custom of the period to read prayers in the anteroom, while the Queen dressed: thus saving at once time and appearances.

to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. (*To Lady Burlington*) What do you say, Lady Burlington, to poor Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

LADY P. (*sighing and lifting up her eyes*). I swear it is a terrible thing.

LADY B. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

QUEEN. How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

LADY B. Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

QUEEN. I am sure you have not forgiven him his jokes upon Chiswick.

Enter LORD GRANTHAM.

QUEEN. . . . But what news do you bring us, my Lord Grantham?

LORD G. Your Majesty has heard the news of poor my Lord Hervey?

QUEEN. Ah, *mon cher* my Lord, *c'est une vieilleie*: il y a cent ans qu'on le caoit.

LORD G. I have just been talking of him to Sir Robert. Sir Robert is prodigiously concerned; he has seen Monsieur—how you call!—*Marant*.

QUEEN. *Maran vous voudrez dire*. I pray, my good child, take away all these things, and let Sir Robert come in.

(LORD GRANTHAM brings in SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, and all but SIR ROBERT and the QUEEN go out.)

QUEEN. Come, come, my good Sir Robert, sit down. Well, how go matters?

SIR R. Everything very well, madam, pure and well. I have just had intelligence out of the city—all is very quiet there.

QUEEN. But we must hang some of these villains.

SIR R. We will if we can, madam. . . . But what news from Hanover, madam?

QUEEN. There is a letter of five-and-forty pages from the King; I have not time now, but there are some things in it that I must talk to you about.

SIR R. I have had a long letter, too, from Horace.

QUEEN. Oh! *mon Dieu*! not about his silly ladder-story again. My good Sir Robert, I am so tired and so sick of all that nonsense that I cannot bear to talk or think of it any more. Apropos poor my Lord Hervey, I swear I could cry!

SIR R. Your Majesty knows I had a great partiality for him; and really,

madam, whatever faults he might have, there was a great deal of good stuff in him. I shall want him, and your Majesty will miss him.

QUEEN. Oh! so I shall. . . . Adieu, my good Sir Robert, I believe it is late. I must go a moment into the drawing-room; do you know who is there?

SIR R. I saw the Duke of Argyle, madam.

QUEEN. Oh *mon Dieu*! I am so weary of that *Felt-Marshal* and his tottering head and his silly stories about the bishops, that I could cry whenever I am obliged to entertain him. And who is there more?

SIR R. There is my Lord President, madam.

QUEEN. Oh, that's very well. I shall talk to him about his fruit, and some silly council at the Cock-pit, and the Plantations; my Lord President loves the Plantations. . . . But who is there beside? Adieu, adieu, my good Sir Robert; I must go, though you are to-day excellent conversation.

ACT III.

Scene changes to great drawing-room. All the courtiers ranged in a circle.

Enter the QUEEN, led by LORD GRANTHAM, followed by the Princesses and all her train. QUEEN curtsies very slightly: Drawing-room bows and curtsies very low.

QUEEN (*to the Duke of Argyle*). Where have been, my lord? One has not had the pleasure to see you a great while, and one always misses you.

DUKE OF A. I have been in Oxfordshire, madam, and so long that I was asking my father, Lord Selkirk, how to behave. I know nobody that knows the ways of a Court so well, or that has known them so long.

LORD SELKIRK. By God! my lord, I know nobody knows them better than the Duke of Argyle.

DUKE OF A. All I know, father, is as your pupil; but I told you I was grown a country gentleman.

LORD S. You often tell me things I do not believe.

QUEEN (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha! you are always so good together, and my Lord Selkirk is always so lively. (*Turning to Lord President*) I think, my lord, you are a little of a country gentleman, too—you love Chiswick mightily; you have very good fruit there, and are very curious in it; you have very good plums.

LORD PRESIDENT. I like a plum, madam, mightily; it is a very pretty fruit.

QUEEN. The greengage, I think, is very good.

LORD PRES. There are three of that sort, madam; there is the true greengage, and there is the Drap d'Or, that has yellow spots; and there is the Reine Claude, that has red spots.

QUEEN. Ah, ah! One sees you are very curious, and that you understand these things perfectly well; upon my word, I did not know you was so deep in these things. You know the plums as Solomon did the plants, from the cedar to the hyssop.

QUEEN (to 1st Court Lady). I believe you found it very dusty?

1ST COURT LADY. Very dusty, madam.

QUEEN (to 2d Court Lady). Do you go soon into the country, madam?

2D COURT LADY. Very soon, madam.

QUEEN (to 3d Court Lady). The town is very empty, I believe, madam?

3D COURT LADY. Very empty, madam.

QUEEN (to 4th Court Lady). I hope all your family is very well, madam?

4TH COURT LADY. Very well, madam.

QUEEN (to 5th Court Lady). We have had the finest summer for walking in the world.

5TH COURT LADY. Very fine, madam.

(Enter LORD GRANTHAM, in a hurry.)

LORD GRANTHAM. Ah, dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty gallery; he is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in.

QUEEN. Mon Dieu! my Lord Grantham, you are mad!

LORD G. He is dere, all so live as he was; and has play de trick to see as we should all say.

QUEEN. Then he is mad. *Allons voir qu'est ce que c'est que tout ceci.*

(*Réclament omnes.*)

We are sorry that want of space compels us to cut out from this clever *jeu d'esprit* the conversation with Sir Robert Walpole, in which Caroline gives her opinion of the difficulties of English law and the disadvantages of English liberty. Enlightened as she was, an occasional gleam of understanding of the real blessings of the English Constitution, or at least of its comparative advantages as a thing unique in the world, now and then crossed her understanding; but it is scarcely to be supposed that a

woman brought up in a despotic little German Court, and brought up to reign, should have so entirely cast away prejudice and prepossession as to receive it, with its unquestionable imperfections, as the ideal government.

"I have heard her," says Lord Hervey, "at different times speak with great indignation against the asserters of the people's rights; have heard her call the King, not without some despatch, the humble servant of Parliament—the pensioner of his people—a puppet of sovereignty that was forced to go to them for every shilling he wanted, that was obliged to court them that were always abusing him, and could do nothing of himself. . . . At other times she was more on her guard; I have heard her say, she wondered how the English could imagine that any sensible prince would take away their liberty if he could. 'Mon Dieu!' she cried, 'what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government. It is its excellent free government that makes all its inhabitants industrious, as they know that what they get nobody can take from them—it is its free government, too, that makes foreigners send their money thither, because they know it is secure, and that the prince cannot touch it: and since it is its freedom to which this kingdom owes everything that makes it great, what prince who had his senses, and knew that his own greatness depended on the greatness of the country over which he reigned, would wish to take away what made both him and them considerable? I had as lief,' she added, 'be Elector of Hanover as King of England if the government was the same. *Quel diable*, that had anything else would take you all, or think you worth having, if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing in that case for Bridgeman and Kent to cut out into gardens; but for the figure it would make in Europe it would be of no more consequence here in the West than Madagascar in the East; and for this reason, as impudent and as insolent as you all are with your troublesome liberty, your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinencies than cure them—a way that would lessen their influence in Europe full as much as it would increase their power at home.'"

Her education and early ways of thinking made it also very difficult

for the Queen to sympathise in the insular policy which, in Sir Robert Walpole's hands, had already come into being. She was not convinced that it was for the interest of England to stand apart and take no share in the wars of the Continent—an opinion in which perhaps by this time many of us are again beginning to join. In respect to this a curious little circumstance is related to us, which proves oddly enough at once the Queen's faithfulness to her political adviser, even when she did not agree with him, and the powerful nature of her agency. "What is very surprising, yet what I know to be true," says Lord Hervey, referring to this question of non-intervention in the quarrels of the Continental nations—"the arguments of Sir Robert Walpole, conveyed through the Queen to the King, so wrought upon him that they quite changed the colour of his Majesty's sentiments, though they did not tinge the channel through which they flowed"—a singular instance surely of candid dealing, and that rarest of all forms of truthfulness, the perfectly honest transmission by one mind of the arguments of another. Partly in spite of his royal clients, partly with their consent, Sir Robert kept the peace, and achieved the position of peacemaker and final umpire for England, which had been the height of his hopes. His arbitration, it is true, was not for the moment successful, but that was a secondary matter. England and *Holland* were the maritime powers which literally, as well as figuratively, lay on their oars, and waited for the moment to propose terms of peace, which should bring France and Spain and the Holy Empire, and poor Italy, always dismembered and bleeding, once more to amicable terms. Curious junction! strange change!—though indeed there may be doubts whether England, shut up in her insularity, is not almost as little likely now to hold the

balance straight in a distracted world, or to act as umpire in an imperial quarrel, as *Holland* itself.

We have left untouched one of the very worst points in Caroline's life, her supposed hatred of, and certain estrangement from, her eldest son. She had seven children; and to all the others it is evident that she was a tender and judicious mother. But she was not the kind of woman with whom love is blind. There is not one trace of wilful unkindness to Prince Frederick throughout the close narrative of her life which we have been following. Though he conducted himself on every occasion with the most insolent disregard of his parents' wishes, and though it is evident that Caroline's heart was alienated from him, and that the weak and treacherous young profligate had forfeited every claim upon her affection, it is also clear that she treated him throughout with a great deal of the same almost unearthly tolerance which she showed to his father. Affairs came to an actual breach between them only after two acts of his which left no alternative possible between peace and war,—his application to Parliament for an increase of the income which came to him through his father's hands, and the unpardonable insult offered to both his parents on the occasion of the birth of his first child.

This inconceivable piece of folly, with all its revolting details, was enough to alienate and disgust the most patient of mothers. The Royal family and their attendants were at Hampton Court enjoying such country pleasures as were possible to them, "hunting twice a-week," no doubt, as usual, and spending their evenings over ombre, commerce, and quadrille, as was their custom. On one of these quiet, not to say dull, evenings, while the Royal party sat tranquil over their cards, the poor little Princess of Wales—a young submissive creature, with no will of her own—was dragged out of the palace by her

husband and carried off to London, while actually suffering from the acutest of human pangs. Her child was born about an hour after her arrival. When an express came from St James's in the middle of the night to intimate this unlooked-for birth, Caroline, confounded, called for her "night-gown" and her coach, and set off at half-past two in the morning to see into the incomprehensible affair. But neither at that exciting moment nor at any previous period does she seem to have either done or said anything unmotherly or unkind. On her second visit, her son and her son's wife, and all the parasites surrounding them, gave her to perceive that she was unwelcome; and after that, for the first time it is recorded that the Queen, following the example of her husband, who for years had never exchanged a word with his undutiful son, ceased to speak to him when they met on public occasions, or even when they dined together in public. There is nothing revolting, nothing unnatural in her behaviour. She was the medium of communication, such communication as there could be, between the King and the Prince, even after this supreme affront. But it is utterly impossible to conceive that even the affection of a mother could sustain such a stroke unmoved. Mothers can bear much—but it is the foolish youth, the prodigal, the young creature led astray, the child who still may return, and between whom and herself no chasm of natural separation has been made, for whom and from whom a woman endures everything. When the son is a mature man, with separate connections, separate interests, a standing in the world utterly distinct from hers, it is not in nature that the mother should continue as blind to his faults and as infatuated in his favour as in the days of his youth. Caroline's son had placed himself at the head of a faction against her; he had repudiated her influence, and set her

authority, her affection, herself, at naught; he was her political enemy, building his own hopes of success on the overthrow of hers. Under such changed relations, the maternal tie cannot but undergo some corresponding change.

During these later years of her life, the Queen and her favourite and affectionate child, Caroline, talk together with tears and indignation of the unmannerly and unmanly lout. There is nobody who approves of him, even among his own friends. The Princess Royal Anne marries, with a kind of fierce determination, the unlovely Prince of Orange, in order that she may not be left in her brother's power. The family is of one mind on the subject. And when, on his return from Germany, King George is supposed to have been shipwrecked and lost at sea, the anxiety of the Queen as to her son's treatment of her shows how entirely all faith in him either as son or man has left her. But yet Caroline makes no reprisals, nor even reproaches. She treats with a certain contemptuous kindness his poor little obedient wife, believing her entirely under his sway. She bids God bless the "little rat of a girl" who was painfully brought into a disagreeable world after the flight above recorded. There is nothing in her conduct to the rebel household which the spectator even at this long distance can find fault with. She is not an all-believing, all-hoping, all-enduring mother. Such a rôle was impossible to her. But even in the midst of her revolted affection, her indignation and displeasure, and inevitable contempt, she is always considerate and tolerant—never harsh or cruel.

In the year 1737 the quarrel came to a public climax when the dispute between the Prince of Wales and the King in the question of his income, was brought before Parliament. There seems little doubt

that, so far as simple justice went, he had right on his side. In the immense Civil List granted to the King, £100,000 had been tacitly allotted to the Prince as his share: it is true that no express stipulation had been made, but there appears no doubt that such was the understanding. And George II., while Prince of Wales, had himself enjoyed a similar income. He had, however, kept his son on an uncertain allowance—giving him £30,000 before his marriage, and £50,000 after it. The Prince's desire to get possession of the full income intended for him was not, certainly, an unnatural one, though, in times so ticklish, the attempt to extort it by Parliamentary interference, to humiliate the King, and force him into action contrary at once to his pride and his wishes, was as unwise as can be well conceived. It raised an extraordinary commotion in the agitated Court. "The King took the first notice of this business with more temper and calmness than anybody expected he would," says Hervey; "and the Queen, from the beginning of the affair to the end of it, was in much greater agitation and anxiety than I ever saw her on any other occasion." She had borne the riots, the opposition, and threats of rebellion steadily; she had borne her husband's amazing sins and confessions with self-command and true patience; but when the son, to whom she is said to have been so harsh a mother, thus ranged himself in hostile array against her, Caroline's strength gave way.

"Her concern was so great that more tears flowed on this occasion than I ever saw her shed on all other occasions put together. She said she had suffered a great deal from many disagreeable circumstances this last year: the King's staying abroad; the manner in which his stay had been received and talked of here; her daughter the Princess Royal's danger in lying-in; and the King's danger at sea: but that her grief and apprehension at present surpassed every-

thing she had ever felt before; that she looked on her family from this moment as distracted with divisions of which she could see or hope no end—divisions which would give the common enemies to her family such advantages as might one time or other enable them to get the better of it; and though she had spirits and resolution to struggle with most misfortunes and difficulties, this last, she owned, got the better of her—that it was too much for her to bear; that it not only got the better of her spirits and resolution, but of her appetite and rest, as she could neither eat nor sleep; and that she really feared it would kill her."

Poor Queen! this in her despondency no doubt seemed as if it would be the end of all; all her struggles to secure her family upon that tottering unsteady throne, all her heroic self-control, her humiliations, her tedious and lingering labour, the thousand hard endeavours to which she bent her spirit. She had supported the father's uncertain steps, and turned him, unwilling but submissive, at such cost to herself as no one but herself could reckon, into the safe way. And her struggle was all to be made of no avail by the stubborn folly of her son. She had never been seen so sad. He had not at any time been her best-beloved, and for years she had been alienated from him; but still it was for him and his children she had toiled so hardly. And here was to be an end of it all. Caroline was not alone in thinking so. The Prince had moved heaven and earth to get a majority, and everybody believed he had secured it. The day before the debate was to come on, Sir Robert Walpole managed to move the King and Queen to send a proposal for a compromise, offering that the £50,000 should be settled on the Prince without possibility of withdrawal, and that a jointure of £50,000 should be given to the Princess. The proposal was rejected, not without additional stings to Caroline, and the debate came on accordingly. It does not seem, notwithstanding the excite-

ment that preceded it, to have been a remarkable debate, and the Prince, contrary to all expectations, lost by a majority of thirty. "Most people," says Lord Hervey, calmly, "thought it (the majority) cost a great deal of money; but Sir Robert Walpole and the Queen both told me separately that it cost the King but £900—£500 to one man and £400 to another." In short, it was an unprecedented bargain. At a later period Sir Robert indignantly bade his master reflect how cheap it had been. "£900 was all this great question cost him." When victories were going at such a ruinous sacrifice, how could a King have the audacity to complain?

This was the last year of Caroline's life; it was distracted and embittered by ceaseless re-openings of the quarrel with her son, carried on on his part by a succession of hypocritical letters of apology, in which his utter innocence of any intention to offend is repeated with sickening plausibility. The Queen on her side was no doubt driven to use language which sounds both harsh and coarse to our ears, though it was the usual style of speech in those days. She wishes with angry tears that Lady Bristol, Lord Hervey's mother, a violent and foolish woman, could but have the Prince, whose friend she was, for her son, and leave to poor Caroline the man whose almost filial duty was her own chief comfort. This bitter quarrel, however, in the course of which their own early history was raked up, seems to have brought the Queen and King together. There is not a word of Hanover or its goddess as the autumn falls. No public affairs seem to have been in hand of importance enough to distract to other things the painful and exaggerated feeling which a household engaged in a family struggle always fixes upon that point. A few *tracasseries*, and nothing more—questions whether Sir Robert Walpole is as much in

favour as before, and if the Duke of Newcastle is to be kept in office—fit like shadows across the scene which is beginning to be darkened by a more awful shadow. Caroline was not old. She was but fifty-two, scarcely arrived at the boundary of middle age; but her course was very nearly over. No doubt the pangs of that hard year had told upon her, and for ten years her life had been spent in a mixture of great and little cares which were enough to have worn out any constitution. But it was not the custom of the House of Hanover to be ill or take care of health. She had taken no care of hers. Horace Walpole tells us, though he does not give his authority, that in her determination "never to refuse a desire of the King's," she had risked her very existence in the wildest way. In order to be able to walk, "more than once, when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water, to be able to attend him," he says. And besides all these imprudences, she had a serious disease, a rupture, which she concealed jealously, giving her biographers the trouble to make many wondering excuses for her on the score that she would not make herself disagreeable to the King. The King, however, was the only, or almost the only, person in her painful secret; and no doubt the real reason was, a certain proud and *farouche* modesty in all personal matters, which was very common among women of former generations, however plain-spoken or even light-minded they might be. She was taken ill one November day, but got up, and "saw the company as usual." Making some half-playful half-plaintive grumbles to Lord Hervey, as she passed him, she went, as was her wont, from one to another, and talked and did her painful duty.

"Coming back again to Lord Hervey, she said, 'I am not able to entertain people.' 'Would to God,' replied Lord Hervey, 'the King would have done talk-

ing of the Dragon of Wantley and release you." (This was a new silly farce which everybody at this time went to see.) "At last the King went away, telling the Queen, as he went by, that she had overlooked the Duchess of Norfolk. The Queen made her excuse for having done so to the Duchess of Norfolk, the last person she ever spoke to in public, and then retired, going immediately to bed, where she grew worse every moment."

Thus began the awful story of a deathbed so extraordinary in some points that it seems almost an unnecessary undertaking to tell it over again. Nobody can have glanced at it in the barest record and ever forget the scene. Caroline in harness to the last, after her excuse to the overlooked Duchess, lay for eleven days fighting with death, undaunted and resolute as ever. The only thing that seems to have discomposed her, was the revelation of her secret, and the consequent measures that were taken. She turned her face to the wall and shed tears when she could no longer conceal it—the only tears she shed for herself. But she did not hesitate to give herself over to the painful and useless operations with which doctors of every age and degree of enlightenment torture people who are past help. She knew it was of no use. She would look at the Princesses and shake her head, when the King told her how much better she was. When the hour of her torture came, she turned wistfully to ask him if he approved what the surgeons proposed to do; and on receiving his assurance that it was thought necessary, submitted with that resolution which had never failed her. Her two daughters were by her bedside night and day;—the poor tender Caroline, a little helpless and hysterical; the Princess Amelia, useful but somewhat hard in her kindness. As for the King, he was heartbroken, but he was himself. He could not leave her in peace at that last moment. By way of

watching over her, "he lay on the Queen's bed all night in his nightgown, where he could not sleep, nor she turn about easily." He went out and in continually, telling everybody, with tears, of her great qualities. But he could not restrain the old habit of scolding when he was by her side. "How the devil should you sleep when you will never lie still a moment!" he cried, with an impatience which those who have watched by deathbeds will at least understand. "You want to rest, and the doctors tell you nothing can do you so much good, and yet you always move about. Nobody can sleep in that manner, and that is always your way; you never take the proper method to get what you want, and then you wonder you have it not." When her weary eyes, weary of watching the troubled comings and goings about her, fixed upon one spot, the alarmed, excited, hasty spectator cried out, "with a loud and quick voice," "*Mon Dieu, qu'est ce que vous regardez? Comment peut-on fixer ces yeux comme ça?*" he cried. He tortured her to eat, as many a healthful watcher does with cruel kindness. "How is it possible you should not know whether you like a thing or not?" he said. He was half crazed with sorrow and love, and a kind of panic. And he was garrulous, and talked without intermission of her and of himself, with a vague historical sense, as if talking of a life that had come to an end.

When the Queen had been given over, and was no longer teased with false hopes, she gave her children her last advice and blessing. The eldest son, the Esau, who had sold his birthright, was not there. He was at his own house in town, flattering himself that "*we shall soon have good news; she cannot hold out much longer.*" Nor was Anne, the Princess Royal, at her mother's bedside. But she had her boy, William, he whom in this solemn domestic scene one

grudges to think of as Cumberland, and her younger daughters. She enjoined her son to stand by the King, but never to do anything against his brother. She committed to her daughter, Caroline, the charge of her two little girls, Mary and Louisa. "Poor Caroline, it is a fine legacy I leave you," she said. She was the one calm and tearless amid her weeping family. Then she turned to the King. It is here that the scene rises to a horrible power, half-grotesque, almost half-comic, amid the tragedy. She counselled him to marry again, as he sat sobbing by her bedside. Poor man, he was hysterical, too, with grief and excitement. "Wiping his eyes and sobbing between every word, with much ado he got out this answer: "*Non—j'aurai des maîtresses.*" To which the Queen made no other reply than, "*Ah, mon Dieu! cela n'empêche pas!*" Criticism stands confounded before such an incident. Perhaps it is possible poor Caroline, sick and weary, did not wish for the successor she suggested a life more perfect than her own had been; and we all know by experience, though we will never allow in theory, that the near approach of death has as little moral effect upon the mind as that of any other familiar accident of life.

Then her Minister, the man whom she had made and kept supreme in England, came to say his farewell. Perhaps Caroline by that time had slid beyond the power of those arts which she had practised all her life. She spoke to Sir Robert, having little breath to spare, barely what she meant, without considering the King, his temper and his pride. "My good Sir Robert," she said, to the kneeling and alarmed Minister who dropped some tears by her

bedside, "you see me in a very indifferent situation. I have nothing to say to you but to recommend the King, my children, and the kingdom to your care." Even in the presence of the dying, Sir Robert's heart gave a throb of terror as he scrambled up plethoric from his knees. Where was the Queen's usual prudence and *ménagement*? Caroline had come to the bare elements, and could now *ménager* no more.

Then she had the Archbishop of Canterbury brought to her by Walpole's coarse suggestion; but we have no record of what passed during the prayers, which were no longer said outside her room. She desired him to take care of Dr Butler, the clerk of her closet, the famous author of the 'Analogy.' On the Sunday, weary of her suffering, she asked the doctor how long it could last. It lasted only till the evening. "I have now got an asthma," she said, with what almost seems a last faint playfulness. "Open the window"—and then after an interval—"Pray."

This was her last word: with it the shadows fall around one of the most remarkable lives that has ever been lived in England. "Her Grace was in a heavenly disposition," the prudent Archbishop said, as he stole through the questioning crowd. Even her warmest panegyrist would scarcely venture to affirm so much now of Caroline. Her life was little spiritual, but it was very human. Her heart was most stout, resolute, and faithful; and she had that quality which Queen Catherine adds as a crowning grace to the excellences of the good woman—she had a great patience. Never, perhaps, was there such a wife, and seldom such a queen.

FENIANISM; AND THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE recent atrocities of Fenianism have not only outraged the moral sense of the whole community, and drawn upon the perpetrators an amount of disgust seldom bestowed in this or any other country upon political offenders; but they have retarded the progress of Ireland, done more mischief in one year than fifty years will remedy, and created an anti-Irish feeling in every part of the Empire. These last results are greatly to be deplored. We may hang every Fenian legally convicted of murder, and in other respects adopt measures to stamp out the accursed thing, as we would any other plague; but we cannot restore lost confidence in the security of life and property—in the absence of which, capital which Ireland so greatly needs for the development of her natural resources, and the employment of her population, will avoid her shores as naturally as the capitalist himself would avoid thrusting his head into a lion's jaws, or walking into a fiery furnace. The crimes of Fenianism against the unoffending people of Great Britain are idiotic as well as loathsome and detestable, but not fatal. The crimes of Fenianism against Ireland amount to parricide.

"Irishman" and "Fenian" must not, however, be considered as convertible terms. At a time when so much exasperation is felt against the wretched desperadoes who murdered Police-sergeant Brett and the poor people of Clerkenwell, who throw jars of "Greek fire" and other combustibles into our houses and public buildings, who talk of the abduction of the Queen, and who endeavour systematically to create the greatest amount of public inquietude at the least possible risk of danger to their own miserable carcasses, it is desirable that all who write or speak upon the

subject should recognise the difference. The discontent of the Irish is, unfortunately, no new thing; but is, fortunately, susceptible of easy severance from the discontent of the Fenians, which is not only new, but foreign. Irish discontent, however reasonable or unreasonable, is not necessarily inconsistent with loyalty to the British Crown, or with peaceable partnership in British liberty—a fact of which the career of Daniel O'Connell, who was discontented, but not disloyal, affords an illustrious example. But Fenian discontent is altogether of a different character, and means the instigation of native treason and rebellion by foreign agency, and aims at objects which, were they undertaken by the Government to which these foreign emissaries owe, or affect to owe, allegiance, would lead to a more dreadful and unnatural war than history has yet recorded.

In the remarks we propose to make—firstly, upon the condition of the Irish at home and abroad; and, secondly, upon the objects of Fenianism, and its aiders and abettors—we shall endeavour to keep this distinction steadily in view. For the Irish people, however much we may disagree with some of the notions that have been instilled into their minds, and some of the objects on which they appear to have set their hearts, we have no desire to speak but with respect. They are a brave, warm-hearted, and generous race, whom it would be the pleasure, as it is obviously the interest, of their British fellow-subjects to see happy and prosperous. For the Fenians, high and low, who come from America to stir up strife in Great Britain, and in the land of their forefathers, respect is impossible. They seem to court public abhorrence. They undoubtedly succeed in obtaining

it. Most people feel towards them as the backwoodsman in America feels towards the skunk, or the Englishman towards a garrotter; and begin to doubt whether treason is not too great and high a name to bestow upon the stupid crimes of such poor creatures, and whether the gallows, as an instrument of punishment and deterrance, might not be advantageously preceded by the cat-o'-nine-tails.

An immense amount both of sense and nonsense has been said and written, and will continue to be said and written, about the wrongs and miseries, real or supposed, of the Irish people—notably of the Celtic and Milesian, or pure Irish of the south and west, as distinguished from the mixed or Anglo-Saxon Irish of the north. Quite as much or more has been said, and will continue to be said, of the remedies for these wrongs—if wrongs they be—and of the proper measures to be adopted for the alleviation of hardships and sufferings which are but too real and indisputable. The Irish assert that their miseries flow from political, and therefore remediable, causes. The English, for the most part, deny the fact or the assumption; and assert, on the contrary, that the miseries and privations of the Irish people on their own soil, though greater than those of the English and Scotch in their respective sections of the Empire, are almost wholly the results of physical and natural causes—such as over-population, the great prevalence of bog-lands, and the absence of coal and iron—which legislation can neither prevent nor remedy; and that such political grievances as do exist—the Irish Protestant Church Establishment among the number—would, if removed by legislative action from the category of Irish complaint, leave the real sources of Irish misery exactly where they were. Who are right in this never-ending controversy—the Irish or the English? The Irish, by dint of the most obstin-

ate reiteration through the mouths of oratorical demagogues who love to hear the sound of their own voices, and through the pens of literary demagogues who think that the fine flavour of sedition adds grace to the style, pungency to the wit, and cogency to the argument, have succeeded in persuading foreigners, especially the French and Americans, that Ireland is a kind of British Poland, governed by the bayonet and the cannon-ball; that Irishmen have no political, and scarcely any social, rights; that they are mere pariahs in our aristocratic civilisation; that their religion is under ban and excommunication; and that if Ireland were but left to itself, to be governed by Irishmen, and released from the "odious thralldom" of the Saxon, all the miseries of the people would disappear as rapidly as the shades of night at the rising of the sun. Were this end accomplished, they think that the country would immediately start on a race of improvement, and become, as nature meant, and as British connection alone forbids, "great, glorious, and free, first flower of the earth," and all the rest that poets have predicted; a country in which every peasant would live on beef, bread, and beer, instead of on potatoes and water; in which he would cultivate his own freehold, and sit, when his labour was done, in the shadow of his own oak-tree, with no harsh landlord or tax-collector, no merciless tithe-proctor, and no brutal Sassenach to make him afraid. This is the notion which the imaginative agitators of the Green Isle, and such of them as leave Ireland for their own and Ireland's good, though not perhaps to that of the new lands to which they betake themselves, endeavour to instil into the minds of all who will listen, and which they persuade a good many inconsiderate and credulous people to believe.

The English version of the story is very different. Ireland, say such

Englishmen and Scotchmen as have travelled in it, and such political and social economists as have studied the subject of the chronic poverty and discontent of the people, is a small and mainly agricultural country, with a very large population. Its climate is moist; and many districts are better adapted for pasturage, employing but few persons, than for the raising of cereal or other crops for the support of a greater number of families. There is neither coal nor iron in the country for the profitable establishment of manufactures, such as have enriched Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lanarkshire. The people are not only very poor, but they are very prolific; and have little taste or inclination for manufactures, even if these could be successfully established—for the fisheries, which invite their energies in vain—or for any pursuits but those of agriculture and trade. The chief good, the *summum bonum* of happiness in the mind of the Irish peasant, is the possession of a piece of land; and if every Irish peasant could gratify this darling wish, Ireland would be divided and subdivided into as many agricultural holdings as there are heads of families. Political economy, as well as experience, teaches that if this could be done, and the system maintained, a further subdivision would become imperative in the next generation, and in the next again after that; and that if the people continued to be as prolific under these altered circumstances as they are at present, and they all remained upon the land, instead of emigrating to America or elsewhere, there might be increased production; but that the production, however great, would not keep pace with the wants of the population, and that the standard of living would be lowered to the starvation-point, or little above it.

It is not, however, because political economists condemn the system of a too minute subdivision of the agricultural lands of any

country that the experiment cannot be tried in Ireland, but because the lands of Ireland are not the property of the State, like the unoccupied lands of America, but the property of individuals, like the settled lands of New York and Canada, as well as of England and Scotland; and that the owners of these lands claim the right to hold them in their own families if they please, to sell them if so disposed, or to let them for such rental as they can get. Under these circumstances every Irish peasant cannot be accommodated with the little farm which he covets, unless by an act of confiscation and social revolution, opposed alike to the honesty and the common sense of mankind. The Irish peasantry know this very well; and those among them who possess energy, enterprise, and the few pounds necessary to carry them across the Atlantic, very often contrive to become the owners of farms in America hundreds of times larger, and thrice as fertile, as any farm that, under the most fortunate circumstances, they could purchase or become tenants of in their own country. Those among them who have not sufficient energy or means to emigrate remain at home, and compete with each other for the possession of land, often paying for it a much higher rental than it is fairly worth; and only gaining by the hardest of hard work a very miserable sustenance out of it. They are poor, because the land is more limited than their numbers; they are discontented, because they are poor; and disaffected towards the Government, because they are discontented with their physical condition. They are taught by charlatans and demagogues that it is the Law which causes their misery, and they set themselves against the Law as a natural consequence. The Legislature, which Irish agitators assert to be anti-Irish, is as freely open to Irishmen as to Englishmen and Scotchmen. No political,

social, or religious disabilities prevent the Irishman from taking his share in the government not merely of Ireland, but of England and Scotland, and of the British Colonies in every part of the world. An Irishman can sit for an English or Scottish borough or county, if he can persuade a constituency to elect him; and Ireland herself returns to Parliament nearly twice as many members as Scotland—more, in fact, than her equitable share in the representation, if representation were based upon property as well as upon numbers. Whatever grievances may affect Ireland, any Irish or other member can discuss in Parliament and in the press; and there is not wanting a large class of English members, as well as of English politicians out of Parliament, who take the greatest possible interest in Irish affairs, and who would aid in the repeal of any law proved to work injuriously to the Irish people, socially, politically, industrially, commercially, or religiously. The only Irish grievance over which the British Parliament has any control is a religious one, and consists in the existence of the Protestant Church Establishment, and in the partial disability still affecting the Roman Catholics, which forbids any person holding that religious faith from exercising the functions of Lord High Chancellor, or sitting upon the throne of Great Britain. But it is not at all clear to the mind of any reasonable person that Ireland would be sensibly the better by the disendowment of the Protestant Church, or the nomination of a Papist Lord Chancellor; unless, indeed, the fact that the Parliament of the United Kingdom had conceded these points should put the Irish people in better humour, and eliminate from their chronic discontent that element which is poetical and sentimental, rather than real and practical.

Irishmen are not naturally a thriftless and discontented people.

There is nothing in their character which should produce an antagonism of race between them and the English. Their grievances, political and religious, real and ideal, practical and sentimental, historical or contemporaneous, past and present, are mainly traceable to their poverty, their fecundity, their preference of the agricultural to every other mode of life, and the impossibility under which they labour in their own little country of making its limited and not over-fertile soil sustain them in comfort, or sustain them at all, except by their reduction to the very lowest and least nutritious diet on which it is possible to maintain human life—the potato. The civilised world remembers with horror the calamities that befell the Irish from 1846 to 1848, when that staple food of millions suddenly failed, when the awful famine was succeeded by a still more awful pestilence, when the two combined carried to untimely graves about one-fourth of the whole population, and when all the young and strong who had a few pounds in their pockets rushed out of the country as if the curse of God was upon it, and sought a refuge in America. There were not wanting agitators in those days, mad or wicked enough to tell the Irish that the famine and the plague were the necessary results of the British connection, and fools in abundance were found to believe them. How noble was the charity or the beneficence of Great Britain and the British people on that occasion, and what wholesome results were the speedy consequence of the liberation of much of the Irish soil from the ownership of a bankrupt proprietary, mostly Irishmen, no one has forgotten except the Irish. The people of the Western Isles and Highlands of Scotland have suffered, and still suffer, from the same causes which produce the poverty of Ireland; but as among them there are no political agitators or theological malcontents to stir up

hatred, there never comes from their mouths a murmur of disloyalty or of rebellion ; and if they follow the example of the Irish by emigrating, they do not carry away in their hearts any bitter feelings towards England and the British Government, or cease to treasure the thought of "the old country" as the brightest jewel of their memories. Why it is not the same with the Irish is the problem of our time, which statesmanship has long been endeavouring, but hitherto in vain, to solve in a manner satisfactory to Ireland or to Great Britain, to political or to economical science. The passion for land, and the cravings of empty stomachs,—these lie at the very foundation of Irish disaffection in Ireland. Compared with these, the questions of race and religion, and the memories of bygone conquest, would exercise but little influence, if left alone by professional demagogues. That this is the true state of the case receives timely and very effectual corroboration from the recently published volume of Mr John Francis Maguire, M.P. for Cork, entitled 'The Irish in America,' in which the author details the results of a tour in the British American Provinces and the United States, undertaken in the year 1867, for the specific purpose of ascertaining by personal observation what the Irish—"thousands of whom," to use his own words, "were constantly emigrating from his very door (the city of Cork)—were doing in America, and of understanding practically the true value of man's labour and industry, as applied to the cultivation of the soil and the development of a country." Another motive was, to ascertain the strength or the intensity of the sentiment which he had reason to believe was entertained by the Irish in the United States towards the British Government, as he considered "that the existence of a strong sentiment of hostility was a far more serious cause of danger, in case of future

misunderstanding or complication, than any organisation, however apparently extensive or formidable."

Mr Maguire devoted his first attention to his countrymen in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, and Canada. We do not gather, from anything that he says in his book, that he found any disaffection existing amongst them against the British Government, or that Fenianism had taken any root in these colonies. We can state of our own knowledge and from recent personal experience that, although these noble colonies positively swarm with Irishmen, Fenianism is scarcely known, except through the newspapers, which narrate its doings in the United States and in England and Ireland ; and that if any invasion of the territories by the American Fenians were to be attempted, every man's hand would be against them, and that people of English, Scottish, Irish, and French descent would with one unanimous purpose turn out *en masse* to repel and punish the aggression. The reason of this satisfaction with the Government under which they live is, that every honest, sober, industrious man who desires to possess a farm can gratify his wish at a very small cost of money, and in a very small space of time ; and that, when he possesses his farm, he can feed upon beef and mutton, game and fish, and treat the potato as he would pepper and salt—merely as an addendum and relish to his meal ; and that, if he be ordinarily frugal, he can save money with which to purchase farms for his children as well as for himself. If, however—as Mr Maguire takes repeated occasion to remind them—the Irish, on arriving in America—whether in the British Colonies or in the United States—persist in remaining in the great towns and cities, where their unskilled labour is but in small request, instead of striking out into the wilderness, to clear the

forest, build their log shanties, and till the fertile soil, their condition remains as miserable as it was in Ireland. They consort together in filthy back-slums and alleys, as they do in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow; and fall into the evil habit of drunkenness, when all chance of their progress in life is destroyed for ever. "All the Irish who come here can do well," said a gentleman of long and varied experience to Mr Maguire when in Halifax, Nova Scotia, "if they abstain from drink, or will only drink in moderation. Drink is the ruin of men here, just as it is in the old country. No matter how a man starts—though he may not have a cent in his pocket, he can make money, provided he is well conducted and does not drink." Mr Maguire quotes, as a striking proof of the comfortable condition of his countrymen in Nova Scotia, to which the great majority had emigrated under the most unfavourable circumstances, the fact that, of the two thousand Roman Catholic voters in the city and county of Halifax, all, or nearly all, owned above £50 worth of real estate, and voted as proprietors, not as tenants. Of Prince Edward Island—in which there had been a long dispute about the land-tenure, now happily concluded to the satisfaction of all the parties interested—Mr Maguire reports as favourably as of Nova Scotia. He particularly describes the Irish settlement of Monaghan as a specimen of what the Irish can do with freehold land if they can purchase it at a small price.

"The Monaghan settlers, to use the expression of one who knew them well, had not a sixpence in their pockets when they landed. But they took greenwood farms, or tracts of land entirely covered with forest, not a rood of which was cleared when they entered into their occupation. Selecting the most convenient position for his future home, the adventurous settler erected his little log-cabin, and having secured that shelter

for himself and his family, he began to chop away at the trees which overshadowed his lonely dwelling, until the semblance of a field—rather an opening in the forest—studded with tree-stumps, rewarded his industry, and stimulated him to greater efforts. By working occasionally for the nearest farmers, the settlers were enabled to purchase provisions and other necessaries during the first months of their arduous struggle. The next year they burned the timber which they had previously cut down, and used the ashes for manure; and round the stumps of what had previously been 'monarchs of the forest' they planted their first crop of potatoes. The following year wheat was added to their harvest, and in a few years they began to have a farm—not, it is true, without hard work, and occasionally bitter privations. But the prize—glorious independence—was well worth contending for. These same men, who, as a rule, began without a sixpence in their pockets, were" (at the time of Mr Maguire's visit) "in the possession of a hundred acres of land each, with from fifty to seventy acres cleared; much of the land not exhibiting the faintest trace of a tree ever having grown upon it. The settlers had long passed the log-cabin stage, and were occupying substantial and commodious farmhouses; and most of them could drive to church on Sunday in a well-appointed waggon, with a good horse, or a pair of good horses; and probably had what they would call 'a little money laid by in the bank.' As a rule, admitting only of a rare exception, I did not for the entire day, during a circuit of nearly sixty miles, see a single habitation that was not decent in appearance, or that did not evince an air of neatness and comfort. All were constructed of timber, but they were well glazed, well roofed, and kept as white and clean as lime and paint could render them. We must have seen hundreds of farmhouses during our ten hours' tour, but I can safely assert that I did not see more than half-a-dozen which betrayed poverty or indicated an appearance of squalor; and these, I am happy to say, were *not* occupied by the Irish." "While I was on the island," adds Mr Maguire, "an Irishman, who had come out as a labourer not many years previously, sold a farm for £1000, retaining another worth double that amount. 'I came out here with little in my pocket,' said another from Munster, on the borders of Cork and Tipperary; 'and, I thank God, I am now worth over

£2000. I had nothing to depend upon but God and my four bones!"

Prince Edward Island does not in this respect stand better than other British colonies. Mr Maguire tells the same story of the success of his poor countrymen in New Brunswick, and quotes, as a prominent example, the career of one Mr and Mrs Crehan, to show what pluck can do for the Irish peasantry in all countries where land is cheap and labour is dear—which, unfortunately for the Irish, is a condition not attainable in their native land, whatever the Law may do or omit to do for them.

"Mr and Mrs Crehan of Galway had been tenants on a certain property in that county; and this property having, in some way respecting which Mrs Crehan was a little bewildering in her explanation, come into the possession of a gentleman with a fine old Galwegian name, the tribulations of the Crehans commenced. The first thing done by the new landlord was to raise the rent on his tenants, the second to deprive them of their mountain pasture, the third to cut off the shore and its seaweed from their free use, and the fourth to persecute a cherished pig with degrading pound, and its indignant owners with harassing fines. It is the last drop that causes the glass to overflow; and possibly the wrongs inflicted on the friend of the family and traditional rentpayer filled to overflowing the brimming measure of their woes; for the Crehans made up their minds to go somewhere—anywhere—to the end of the world—rather than remain in a state of abject vassalage, dependent on the caprice or avarice of the gentleman with the fine old Galwegian name, 'and a holy Roman too, if you please,' as Mrs Crehan scoffingly assured me. The parish priest was consulted by the afflicted pair; and he, having seen the letters of the Bishop of St John, which had been published in the Irish papers, advised them to proceed at once to New Brunswick, and take land for themselves and their children in the Johnville settlement, 'where no man or no law can take it from you or them,' added their counsellor. The advice was instantly adopted by the Crehans, to whom the now wiser landlord would have been glad to let a much larger

farm than that whose rent he had so arbitrarily raised. But it was too late; and so, after paying, 'to the last farthing, everything they owed in the world,' they took ship for St John with their large family of children, their hard-earned savings, and, what they prized scarcely less, a letter from their parish priest to the bishop. On their arrival in St John they lost no time in seeking the bishop, to whom they presented their only credential, the letter that was to make 'a landlord of Denny.' The wife at that time spoke English imperfectly, while the husband understood no other language than that which is the sweetest to the ear and the softest to the tongue of the Connaught peasant; and clustering round this seemingly helpless couple was a swarm of young children, some little more than toddling infants. As the bishop heard their story, and glanced at the group of young creatures, he looked upon the case as almost desperate: the husband, who had to rely on his wife's somewhat questionable powers as an interpreter, might not be able to make himself understood, and probably the struggle would be too severe for the children. Therefore he sought to dissuade them from the attempt which they were so anxious to make. But to go into the forest they were determined, and go into it they did—with a result which is pleasant to narrate. Their entire worldly means consisted of £20, with which they had to provide every necessary for a large family until the first crop could be reaped and gathered in. There was, however, the right stuff in the poor Galway immigrants, although they were of the purest type of that Celtic race of whose capacity your self-complacent Anglo-Saxon stupidly affects to despair. In an incredibly short space of time the Crehans had a sufficient quantity of land cleared, fenced, and cropped; a spacious log-house and ample barn constructed; a horse, and cows, and hogs, and sheep were purchased or raised on this farm in the wilderness; and when the bishop and I walked through their property, and inspected their wealth in barn and field, these despised and persecuted peasants were in possession of 200 acres of land, and such independence as they never dreamed of in Galway."

There is no necessity to follow Mr Maguire to Upper and Lower Canada (or, as they are now called, under the Act for the Confederation

of the Provinces, "Ontario" and "Quebec") for further exemplification of the fact with which all Americans, and every British traveller who has eyes to see and ears to hear, are perfectly familiar—that not only comfort but prosperity may be attained by all settlers upon the land who are not afraid of a little privation and hard work at the outset; and who, by the mere circumstance of a life in the wilderness, are removed from those temptations of the whisky-bottle which so sorely beset the same class of people when they loiter and dawdle about the towns in the chance of obtaining employment as porters and drivers of hackney carriages. It would be but a repetition of the story of the Crehans, and of thousands of others that are untold in books, though well known in all the towns and townships where the hardy English, Scotch, and Irish have acquired the ownership of the soil. Mr Maguire, as we have already remarked, says nothing (and here is the weak point of his book—the *suppressio veri*, that proclaims some degree of sympathy with the long-standing discontent of his countrymen, if not with Fenianism itself) of the almost utter absence of Fenianism among the Irish of these thriving settlements. Fenianism has no hold whatever upon their minds. The ground is cut from under its feet by the contentedness of the people with their new country, and the substantial rewards that attend upon their industry and thriftiness.

If thoroughly impartial and unbiassed, Mr Maguire ought to have brought this fact prominently before the notice of his readers, British and American, as well as Irish, that they might have drawn their own deductions from a fact so remarkable. That Fenianism should flourish in the United States, and have powerful ramifications in Ireland, without having any existence in British colonies, where the Irish

form either a large majority or a very powerful minority of the population, is a fact that is, to say the least of it, very singular, and one that, if traced to its remote roots and predisposing causes, might throw no inconsiderable light upon the vexed question of Irish wrongs, and the equally vexed question of their remedies. Mr Maguire, without mentioning Fenianism, states that one great cause of the satisfaction of the Irish in Nova Scotia with British rule—which is, however, but another name for the rule of the people of Nova Scotia—is the perfect religious equality which has been established. "No one," he says, "who has been in Nova Scotia but must, if not utterly blinded by prejudice, be convinced that the non-existence of a State Church and a dominant religion is attended with the most beneficial consequences to that colony. There is no cause, no *legalised* cause, of hostility and ill-blood—no provocation to anger—no *grievance*." In another place he says it is the dissatisfaction of the Protestants, or Orange English, and not of the Roman Catholic Irish, which is the only drawback to the prosperity of Canada—a fact which, whatever else it may prove, tends to show that Irishman and Fenian, as we remarked at the outset, are not convertible terms; and that, if the ordinary Irishman could but get a comfortable freehold at a cheap rate, he would be as loyal to the British connection as any Englishman or Scotsman, and as little inclined to rebellion. It may be doubted, however, whether the Church question in Ireland, if settled, as it has been settled in Nova Scotia and throughout all America, would remove the discontent either of the Protestants or the Roman Catholics at home. Land—freehold land—which in Ireland the peasant can never obtain, and which, even if he could obtain, he could not continue to hold without constant subdivision,

—that is the remedy for the dissatisfaction of the Celtic Irish in the old country. If it were not for the blessed chances afforded to the emigrant, this knotty problem would be insoluble.

In the United States, as everybody knows, and as Mr Maguire's book superabundantly proves, the Irish prosper as greatly as they do in the British Provinces. There are, as he informs us, no obstacles whatever to their worldly welfare, except such as proceed from intemperance, and the lazy habits of such of them as prefer to earn wages in towns to the rougher life that leads to independence and a farm in the Western States.

"Were I asked," he says, "what I believed to be the most serious obstacle to the advancement of the Irish in America, I would unhesitatingly answer, Drink. I believe this fatal tendency to excessive indulgence to be the main cause of all the evils and miseries and disappointments that have strewn the great cities of America with those wrecks of Irish honour, Irish virtue, and Irish promise, which every lover of Ireland has had, one time or other, bitter cause to deplore. Differences of race and religion are but as a feather's weight in the balance; indeed, these differences tend rather to add interest to the steady and self-respecting citizen. Were this belief as to the tendency of the Irish to excess in the use of stimulants based on the testimony of the Americans, who might probably be somewhat prejudiced, and therefore inclined to judge unfavourably, or pronounce unsparingly, I should not venture to record it; but it was impressed upon me by Irishmen of every rank, class, and condition of life, wherever I went, north or south, east or west. It was openly deplored, or it was reluctantly admitted. I rarely heard an Irishman say that his country or his religion was an effectual barrier to his progress in the United States. On the contrary, the universal admission was this: 'Any man, no matter who he is, what country he comes from, or what religion he professes, can get on here if he is determined to do so; and he will be respected by Americans if he will only respect himself. If the Irishman is a sober man, there is no fear of him—he cannot fail of success; but if he is too

fond of the drink, it is all up with him—he is sure to fail.' Expressed in these simple words, this is the matured and deliberate verdict of every experienced or observant Irishman, from the most exalted dignitary of the Catholic Church to the humblest workman who maintains his family in comfort by his honest toil."

How it comes that the Irishman who betters his condition in British America should bear no hostility towards the British Government, or his English and Scotch fellow-subjects, and that the Irishman who betters his condition in the United States should, on the contrary, bear a very violent and never-to-be-appeased animosity, not only against the British Government, but against Englishmen generally, is a point that Mr Maguire might, with great advantage to his countrymen, and to the Legislature of which he is a member, have endeavoured to explain. He has not done so, however, although it might be thought that the subject was sufficiently remarkable, as well as important, to attract the attention of a political and philosophic traveller. Mr Maguire, while he cites few of the reasons for Irish content and loyalty in British America, cites some of the reasons for the very opposite feelings which possess the minds of his countrymen in the States. Among the number is one by no means creditable to the logical faculties of the lower Irish—their obstinate persistence in laying at the door of Parliament and the Government the responsibility for the wrongs done by individuals, "with the sanction of Law, and the passive assent of the Legislature." In other words, if an Irishman refuses—as he often does, from sheer poverty rather than from want of will—to pay his rent, and is evicted by his landlord, who may be, and most often is, an Irishman, it is the fault of "the base, brutal, and bloody British Government." An Englishman, if evicted from his dwelling or his farm for a similar reason, and by the very same agency,

never dreams of blaming the Government, or asserting to be a legal wrong that which is nothing more than an individual hardship, for which his own bad management or bad fortune is to blame. As in Ireland, so also in Scotland there have been systematic and wholesale evictions ; but the Scottish Highlander, if he have any wrath to nourish under the circumstances, is far too sensible a person to vent it upon the Law or upon the Government, or upon anything or anybody, except upon the agent or the landlord who has dispossessed him. If he emigrates, as he generally does when reduced to this extremity—and very often by the aid of the landlord, who required his land for more profitable purposes than his poverty and bad farming could ever have fulfilled—he does not carry away with him any treason in his heart towards the Government of his native land. On this subject Mr Maguire speaks as if evictions were not known out of Ireland ; and takes no pains to show that, even if this were the case, the law of landlord and tenant is the same in every part of the British Isles :—

“ Visiting,” he says, “ a farmhouse in a Western State, I found the owner, a man verging on sixty, in the midst of his family, sons and daughters, fine specimens of the Irish race, with the glow of health on their cheeks, and vigour and life in every movement. A quarter of a century before, the owner of that house and farm was evicted under circumstances of singularly painful severity,—his cottage had been assailed by the ‘crowbar brigade,’ and he and his wife had barely time to snatch their children from the crashing ruins of what had been their home ; and in his heart he cherished a feeling of hatred and vengeance, not so much against the individual by whom the wrong was perpetrated, as against the Government by which it was sanctioned, and under whose authority it was inflicted. He had not the least objection to tell of his difficulties in the new country, for he had every reason to be proud of his sturdy energy, and his hard struggles for the first few years ;

but, whatever the subject of which he spoke, he would invariably contrive to wander back to the memorable day of his eviction, when, as he said, he and his were ‘turned out like dogs—worse than dogs—on the roadside.’ ‘See, sir !’ he exclaimed, ‘I tell you what it is, and you may believe me when I say it, though I love the old country—and God knows I do that same—I would not take a present of 200 acres of the finest land in my own country, and have to live under the British Government.’ ‘Not if the British Government had anything to do with it, I suppose,’ said the wife, as if explaining her husband’s assertion, which she seemed to regard as reasonable and natural. ‘I’ll never forgive that Government the longest day I live.’ ‘Why then, indeed, Daniel, it’s time to forgive them and everybody now,’ put in the wife ; ‘for sure if that same didn’t happen, you would not be here this blessed day with your 400 acres of fine land, and plenty for all of us, and the schooling for the children, and no one to say “boo” to us, and all our own ! May the Lord make us thankful for His mercies !’ ‘Well, Mary, no thanks to the British Government for that,—’twasn’t for my good the blackguards done it,—and if you and the children didn’t perish that day, ’twas the Lord’s will, not theirs.’ ‘Why then, Daniel, I can’t say again that,—and the wife gave in. The sons, one of whom had fought for the Union, sympathised more with the vengeful feeling of their father than with the Christian spirit of their mother.”

Mr Maguire is evidently of opinion that this particular Irishman and all who share his wrath and his prejudices are wrong ; but he does not explain how it is that such feelings die out in British America, and are perpetuated and inflamed in the United States. The reason seems to be, that the susceptible, impulsive, and emotional Irishman very speedily takes his political and social bias from the people around him. On arriving in British America, he finds everybody well disposed to the British Government, and hostile to no Government in the world, except it be to that of the United States, which is supposed, rightly or wrongly, to meditate the annexation of the British Provinces, with

or without the consent of the inhabitants; and he learns to think with the people amongst whom his lot is cast.

To be of a different opinion from everybody else is not pleasant to the mass of mankind, whatever be their nationality; and an Irishman in British America, hostile to British rule and connection, if any such settles down in the place, finding no sympathy with his peculiar opinion, and receiving no encouragement for its manifestation, soon conforms himself to the predominant ideas which are established around him—takes the tone and colour of his opinions from the people with whom business or pleasure brings him into contact, and forgets the bitterness of his early struggles in the old country, in the enjoyment of the ease and comfort which he has acquired in the new. He learns to hate the aggressive “Yankees,” who threaten him with “annexation,” and either to speak kindly of the British Government, or altogether to forget its existence, as a thing of no account to him in his altered circumstances. In the United States, the same causes are at work to produce the same result of sympathy with the prevalent opinion of the majority. The Irish, on settling in the States, find a feeling of hostility to the British Government in full play, not only among their countrymen, but, to some extent, among the natives also. They find an anti-British press, to a large extent edited and conducted by their countrymen; and every day, week, or month, when an election occurs (and there is always somebody to be elected for some office or other—for president, or governor, or member of the Legislature, or judge, or coroner, or justice of the peace, or commissioner of education, or parish constable), some flaming appeal is always certain to be made by the candidate for the support of the Irish. These appeals are never so

likely to be successful as when well spiced with denunciations of the tyranny of which Great Britain is alleged to be guilty against Ireland. Anti-English feeling in the United States of America would lose more than half of its pabulum, and the flame of Irish hostility would burn low for want of the wind from the electoral bellows, if Congress, like our Parliament, were elected for seven years, and there were no periodical contest for the chief-magistracy to stir up ill-blood among the native Americans, and cause the too evenly balanced factions of the Democrats and Republicans to court, each in its own way, and for its own purposes, the votes of the Irish, generally sufficient in number to turn the scale in favour of the side it may be prevailed upon to support. In fact, it may be said that if the native Americans did not, for their own party purposes, consider it expedient to foster and encourage the anti-British tendencies of the Irish, Fenianism never would have assumed a hundredth part of its present proportions, either in America or in Ireland. Many Americans who ought to know better believe that a Republican Government in Ireland would render Ireland as prosperous as any State of the Union; but, for the most part, the native Americans are well aware that the woes of Ireland are not political but social, and that the labouring Irish in the cities of America exist in as degraded a position as they did at home. They use them, nevertheless, and flatter while they despise them.

Mr Maguire not only confesses as much, but asserts, as a thing capable of proof, that some at least of the grievances about which both Irish and Americans bellow so lustily, are imaginary. Towards the conclusion of his book he says:—

“The thorough-going Fenians, whether leaders, orators, or rank and file, would, if anything, prefer that the admitted causes of Irish discontent should not be removed;

for they naturally argue, 'If our hopes of regenerating Ireland be based upon revolution, it is better for our purpose that the various causes and sources of discontent and disaffection should be allowed to exist, and by their prolonged existence irritate and gall the public mind more and more, and thus keep the people in a condition most favourable to revolutionary teaching. Let the sources of discontent be dried up, the causes of anger and irritation be removed, and what can be hoped for then?' If half-a-dozen new grievances could be improvised to-morrow, their announcement would be hailed with gladness by those who desire to keep alive the Fenian organisation, and impart a more vengeful spirit to the feeling against England. A grievance redressed is a weapon broken. I remember the look of genuine annoyance with which a high-pressure Fenian, who introduced himself to me in a Northern State, received information on a subject having reference to Irish trade and manufactures. He desired to learn—for an oration, as I afterwards understood—what were the special restrictions which the jealousy of England still imposed on the industry and trade of Ireland. He was filled with the memory of the 'discouragement' of the Irish woollens by that same William respecting whose memory so much nonsense is uttered on certain anniversaries; and he glowed as he thought of the indignant oratory of the Irish House of Commons. But he knew little—indeed, he did not desire to know it—of the actual state of things at the present hour; and when I assured him that, so far as the law stood, the merchants, manufacturers, and business men of Ireland were on a complete equality with their brethren in England, he could scarcely bring himself to believe what I said. He was literally disgusted. If he could only have told his eager audience that, at the moment he stood on that platform, Queen Victoria was imitating the example of 'the glorious, pious, and immortal William of Orange,' and 'discouraging' the linen trade of Ireland, as her predecessor had discouraged the woollen trade, what a stroke for the orator! And if he could have added, that the burning words of Grattan had been in vain, and the labelled cannons of College Green without their significance, and that the jealousy of the Saxon monopolist was as strong in the Senate of England that day as when a monarch basely listened to the selfish churls who were afraid of Irish competition, he would have con-

vinced his audience that revolution was the only remedy for such oppression. He cherished the belief that the injustice had only grown more venerable; and I almost sympathised with his distress as I rudely demolished the raw material of his glowing eloquence. Would to Heaven that apathy and folly, timidity and prejudice, had not left so many real grievances still unredressed!"

It is evident from this passage, and others which might be cited on Mr Maguire's testimony, that there is no pleasing the anti-British Irishmen of the United States, and the factious Americans who abet them. In the South, as in the North, the same unreasonable feeling exists. The great Civil War not only did much to embitter the animosity of the Irish in the North, but in the South. The Northern Irishmen were indignant because the sympathy of the British people inclined rather more strongly to the South than to the North; and when the Americans began to complain of the depredations of the Alabama, the Irish began to yell and howl in chorus, "outheroding herod" in their virulent animosity. In the South, the Irish were indignant that the sympathy of the British people for the cause of Southern independence did not extend to the Government, and indulged in the most violent vituperation because Great Britain did not officially recognise the Confederacy. Though the great Powers of Europe, and the United States themselves, had acknowledged the belligerency of the South, and thereby brought the operations of the war within the limits recognisable by civilisation, the United States always affected to consider that in this respect injury was done them by Great Britain, though they never brought a similar charge against France, or the other Powers that united in the act. It was, in fact, impossible for the British Government to satisfy either of the combatants. The North complained of Great Britain for doing too much; the South was angry be-

cause Great Britain did too little. So unreasonable was the North, that in the height of the war, when its great issues were undecided, and when it seemed probable that victory would ultimately perch on the banners of the South, there came a half-despairing cry from Washington, that found audible expression in the speech of no less a person than Mr Seward, alleging, that perhaps the best means of cementing the broken friendship of the two sections, and restoring the Union, would be a declaration of war against Great Britain. Mr Maguire relates an anecdote to prove that this idea was not without its charms for the Northern Irish, though it does not appear that the Southern Irish were equally enamoured of it.

"While the contending armies," he says, "lay in front of each other in the neighbourhood of Chattanooga, a flag of truce brought together several distinguished officers on both sides, amongst them General Cleburne and General Sweeney—the former fittingly representing the gallantry of the Southern Irish, the latter as fittingly representing the gallantry of the Northern Irish. Friendly greetings and compliments were interchanged; flasks were emptied, and healths were drunk with great cordiality by those who a few hours after were to meet in deadly strife. On that occasion General Sweeney, addressing himself to General Cleburne, expressed his regret that his countrymen should be found opposed to each other, and fighting on both sides during the war; but he hoped the time would come when they would all be found united, standing side by side, to recover the independence of their native land."

It would appear that General Cleburne, one of the most remarkable of the Southern soldiers whom the war produced, was a better logician than General Sweeney; for Mr Maguire tells us that he replied, "that to assist in destroying the independence of one people, was rather a poor preparation for the work of restoring the independence of another."

Had it not been for the Civil

War, there would, of course, have been the usual amount of Irish hostility in America towards Great Britain, and the usual pampering of that sentiment by the Americans for their own party purposes; but there certainly would not have been what is now called Fenianism, the very name of which was unknown until the summer of 1862. And the British Government and people may be quite certain that had it not been for the bad feelings engendered towards this country during the war, and notably by the injuries inflicted on American commerce by the Alabama, which to this day ninety-nine Americans out of every hundred persist in calling a "British pirate," the Fenians would never have had sufficient support from American party politicians to have carried their organisation to the height it has assumed, or been emboldened to undertake such wicked enterprises as the invasion of Canada, or the elevation of the standard of rebellion either in Ireland or Clerkenwell. The Americans, as a rule, neither admire the Fenians, nor regard their objects with satisfaction; though we can scarcely disguise the fact, that they look with grim satisfaction on what the Fenians are attempting, and will perhaps continue to indulge the sentiment as long as Fenianism does not involve the two nations in war.

It has been asserted, and believed by many, that Roman Catholicism, or, as some prefer to call it, "Popery," is at the root and foundation of Fenianism. This is not the fact. The Roman Catholic priesthood, both in the United States and British America, as well as in Ireland, are all but unanimous in discouraging, and, when occasion calls, in denouncing, Fenianism and its objects, none of which are of a nature to win the favour of the Church. The Fenians, though for the most part Roman Catholics, do not appeal to religion to aid them in their efforts, nor are they individually

very devout believers in the faith to which they nominally belong. Head-Centre O'Mahoney, the inventor of Fenianism, as described in *Maga* in May 1867, is a Roman Catholic; but Head-Centre Stephens, who was, and perhaps still is, a more important person in the conspiracy, is a Protestant. Irish rebellions have never been exclusively the work of Roman Catholic leaders—*teste* Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr Smith O'Brien. Irish disaffection under Mr O'Connell's guidance was Roman Catholic, and had the support, if not the blessing, of the Romish clergy; but disaffection is not treason and rebellion—a distinction which the Romish hierarchy in Ireland as well as the United States keep steadily before their eyes. Fenianism has a threefold origin. Hatred to England, Communistic or Red Republicanism, and the Independence of Ireland, are the three leaves of this particular shamrock; and serve instead of the "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" of the old French revolutionists, as cries to arouse the Irish multitude. Both O'Mahoney and Stephens, who severally and conjointly have done so much to make Fenianism what it is, were involved in Smith O'Brien's abortive and very unrespectable rebellion, and took refuge in Paris in 1848, when the principles of Red Republicanism, Socialism, and Communism were in the ascendant. They both became converts to these views, or more correctly speaking, to that particular form of Communism which found its most consistent advocate and exponent in the eccentric M. Proudhon, the gentleman who first declared that "property was theft;" and based their hopes for the regeneration of Ireland in the establishment of a Republic, which should dispossess the whole of the landed proprietary, and parcel out their estates in small farms among the peasantry. Yet though the Irish Roman Catholic priesthood do not

participate in these philosophic and revolutionary crotchets, and although they dislike both Agranism and Fenianism, it would be a great mistake to suppose that they are well-affected towards Great Britain, or that they would not as gladly support the "Repeal of the Union," as a panacea for Irish ills, in 1868, as they did in the dreary years from 1827 to 1846, when Daniel O'Connell was their obedient slave, and took no step without their concurrence. In the present crisis of their country—of which, in view of the state of feeling on the other side of the Atlantic, it would be in the highest degree unwise to deny the importance—a portion of them, speaking, as they would make it appear, with the tacit authority of the whole body, have deemed it their duty to come before the public with a manifesto declaratory of their views on the present condition of the Irish people, and of the means to be adopted to put an end to their misery and to the disaffection which grows out of it. The document, which is signed by the Rev. Dr R. B. O'Brien, Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick, its reputed author, and eighteen other priests, is a very mischievous one, and well calculated to make every British friend of Ireland despair of a country that has such men for the guides of the people—men who are not Fenians, and who do not approve of the Fenian rebellion, or of Fenianism in any shape, and who yet put forward projects as utterly impracticable as those of Stephens and O'Mahoney, and their American tools; and do their best to convince all who are not Irishmen, that the best thing which could happen to the Celtic Irish would be the transplantation of the whole race to the prairies of the Far West, or the wildernesses of Nebraska and Dacotah. These gentlemen state that they belong to no party in the State, within or without the Constitution; that they have no alli-

ance with Whig, Tory, or Radical ; that they have laboured, many of them, and some of them incurred considerable odium in their endeavours to preserve public order, and thus have given a pledge that they are devoted to the interests of peace. In reflecting upon the present position of the nation, and offering their honest counsel, they add that "they have no impulse to embarrass or to patronise any party, and no object but to perform their duty to religion and the people, with whom they are, and have ever been, identified." They emphatically assert their belief

"That it would be an error and a crime to say that the disaffection of the country is not deep-seated and extensive. Deplorable as such a fact may be, no one who knows the country can truthfully deny it. Generally a black hopelessness pervades the mind of the population, a dark brooding all the worse because every day growing in intelligence. This hopelessness operates in two or three directions, and in every one of them is equally dangerous. Taking the form of emigration, it becomes a longing and resolve to 'come back ;' taking the form of conspiracy, it is ever on the watch for its opportunity ; and taking the form of Fenianism, it becomes reckless very often and regardless of consequences, making danger at home and inviting evil from abroad."

These reverend gentlemen explain the causes which seem to their minds to have produced such a deplorable result, which, if we could accept them as the plain truth, would prove the Irish to be, what they certainly are not, the most impracticable and unprogressive race in the world. In stating that the evils of Ireland flow from ignorance, poverty, and degradation, the Dean of Limerick and his co-subscribers lay down a proposition which few will be found to contest ; but when they go on to assert that the misgovernment of Great Britain is the sole and only cause of that poverty, and the consequent ignorance and degradation of the people, and present no proofs except such as date from the year 1698, they make a

demand on our powers of belief which cannot be conceded. That there were formerly bad laws in Ireland, everybody knows ; but these reverend gentlemen, in recapitulating them, omit to mention that these bad laws have been repealed by the Government which imposed them. That there have been bad, and very bad laws in England, which have also been repealed with great advantage to the English people, they do not care to state, even although they may remember. They pay their countrymen the sorry compliment of believing that bad laws, in operation from 1698 to 1782, and repealed eighty-six years ago, and eighteen years previous to the legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, had such an injurious and demoralising effect upon the minds of the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of the existing race of Irishmen, as to have kept not only them, but their descendants at this day, in a state of ignorance, poverty, and degradation. In other words, they assert that the Irish were so brutalised and degraded under the operation of bad laws for a period of eighty-four years, that they have never been able to recover themselves during eighty-six years that have elapsed since these laws were repealed. We hold this to be a far greater libel upon the Irish people than upon the British Government. The laws of Great Britain and Ireland are essentially the same. The bad laws that may have existed in Great Britain prior to the year 1782 did not impede the subsequent progress of the British people ; and the Irish, as soon as they manage to get out of their native country, and settle in other countries where land is cheap, fertile, and easily attainable, are neither hopelessly ignorant when they go to such new lands, nor very poor after their arrival. This alone is sufficient to show how greatly their anti-British zeal has blinded the eyes of Dr O'Brien and

his co-signatories. If there be anything in the existing laws, imposed upon Ireland by the consent of a Parliament in which Ireland is fully represented, which prevents the people from doing as well at home as they are capable of doing in America, it is surely incumbent upon Irish patriots and Irish priests, as well as upon Irish statesmen and philosophers, to point it out. Is it the absence of what is called Tenant-right that prevents the profitable cultivation of the soil? Some great authorities assert that this is truly the case; but we have yet to learn that there is any law in existence which prevents an Irish tenant from demanding, or an Irish landlord from conceding, such right; or that the same freedom of action between the two parties to such a bargain as the letting and the renting of land, does not exist as perfectly in Ireland as in England and Scotland. Dr O'Brien and his colleagues do not, however, seem to attach much importance to an improved tenure of land as a cure for the evils of Ireland; in short, they see no perfect cure in anything that the Imperial Parliament can do, or recommend to be done, or that it can leave undone. There are many grievances—the land-tenure among the number—which they deplore; but they see no particular benefit to be derived from the removal of all or any of them. That Ireland be left to herself, is their sole remedy—their specific—the only panacea. All else is of little or no account in the treatment of her inveterate disorder:—

“A land-tenure,” they say, “will accomplish something; removal of the Protestant ascendancy, by placing the Protestant Church in the same position before the State as the Catholic Church, will accomplish much; equality in education and the removal of the anomaly of giving a freedom of education on the condition of people giving up freedom, will do its share, and we will hail any and all of them with thankfulness; but we feel bound to say that, when all of

them have been granted, safety from foreign danger, perfect development of home resources, and we repeat, above all, the heart of this country, will require Nationality.

“Give Ireland her own Legislature, and the government of her own resources—Nationality, and her federal amity will be a tower of strength to the Empire. The country and people will have nothing to complain of any more—they will be themselves responsible for their own condition; conspiracies at home will have nothing to plot about, and conspiracies abroad can promise nothing which Ireland would not be ready to reject and resist. England will then be united to us by our best interests, and will be the protector of our most valued privileges, and the miserable conflicts of centuries shall have an end.”

The Roman Catholic Dean of Limerick and the clergy who sign his manifesto are, it will be seen, no Fenians. They do not desire an Irish Republic, or the partition of the lands of the rich among the poor. They do not even desire the complete severance of the tie that binds Ireland in political partnership with Great Britain, and would by no means renounce their allegiance to the Queen—for such, we suppose, is the meaning of the phrase, that “England” (under the new *régime* of Repeal) “would be the protector of our best interests;” or, in other words, that England would protect Ireland by means of her army and navy against all aggression, without calling upon Ireland to pay any portion of the cost! They also desire, it appears, to repudiate the duty of contributing towards payment of the interest on the National Debt, inasmuch as they speak of what they call “the *singular* arrangement by which Ireland pays an interest on 600 millions of debt which she never contracted;” and which, we may say with equal relevancy and propriety, Yorkshire and the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Man never contracted! The Fenians may possibly share the Dean’s views as to the debt, and are no doubt prepared to repudiate it alto-

gether, but in other respects their craze differs from that of Dr O'Brien. And perhaps—who knows?—if Repeal were conceded, and the Irish Parliament should again meet on College Green, the party—whom we will suppose to be represented by the Romish clergy of Limerick—still faithful to Queen Victoria, might find itself in deadly antagonism with the party represented by Head-Centres O'Mahoney and Stephens, determined to depose the Queen in favour of the Red or Green Republic, or, it may be, to proclaim annexation to the United States; while a third or Protestant party in the north, opposed to both of them, might arm its hardy population—far harder than the population of the south—and re-enact, on a smaller scale, the Civil War between North and South in America, and, in the event of victory, abolish the Irish Parliament, and claim readmission to the United Kingdom. But it is useless to waste further criticism upon a production that is of no value, except to prove what everybody knew before, that the Irish are both miserable and discontented; and that the clergy, any more than the laity, can suggest no remedy that would satisfy either the Irish or the English, or that, if carried into effect, would not be as bad as or worse than the disease.

Mr Maguire—who, at all events, does not seem to entertain so very bad an opinion of the permanently injurious effects of the bad laws enacted in 1698, and repealed in 1782, as Dr O'Brien, and who knows what fine fellows the Irish become when they get possession of farms of a hundred or a couple of hundred of acres in America—thinks the British Parliament to be quite competent to deal with Irish discontent. He admits the problem to be difficult, but will not allow it to be hopeless. Summing up the whole argument at the conclusion of his volume, he says:—

"The profound belief, which lies at the very root of this hostility [of Ireland to England], and gives life to every anti-British organisation—that Ireland is oppressed and impoverished by England—that England hates the Irish race, and would exterminate them were it in her power,—this profound belief can only be conquered by the conviction of the justice and wisdom of England, as exhibited not only in her government and in her legislation, but in the prosperity and contentment of Ireland. Let Ireland be dealt with in the same spirit, liberal and confiding, with which England has dealt with her colonies—respecting the rights of conscience through the most complete religious equality, and the utmost freedom of education. Let her legislate for a country almost wholly agricultural, and which from many causes, natural as well as from the growth of circumstances, stands in relation to other portions of the United Kingdom in an entirely exceptional position, in *somewhat the same spirit* which has characterised her policy in reference to the tenure of land in Lower Canada, where she sanctioned the abolition of the Seigniorial Rights; in Prince Edward Island, where, while suppressing an illegal association, the representative of the British Crown proclaimed the wisdom of converting tenure by lease into tenure by freehold, and the determination of the local government to effect that change by the purchase of large estates, principally belonging to absenters, and selling them at low terms to existing occupiers and new settlers; or in India, by affording security of tenure—that most potent of all incentives to human industry—to a race who had been previously trampled upon and oppressed. Let a generous, kindly, and sympathetic spirit breathe in the language of her statesmen and her orators, and mark the writings of her journalists. Let there be an end, not to say of abuse or denunciation, but of that tone of offensive superiority, and still more offensive toleration and condescension, which too often characterises British references to Ireland and things Irish. Let it be the honest, earnest desire of the English people to lift Ireland up to their own level of prosperity and contentment, and obliterate, by generous consideration for the wants of her people, the bitter memories and lurking hate which the wrongs of centuries have left in the Irish heart, and which the apathy or neglect of recent times has taken little trouble to

recognise. Let statesmen and party-leaders regard this ever-present and still unsettled 'Irish Question' as one of the gravest and most solemn that could engage the attention and employ the energies of a wise and patriotic Government and Parliament. To a grander task or a more exalted duty than the solution of this difficulty—the removal of that great scandal which the state of Ireland, political and material, presents to the civilised world—neither minister nor representative could devote his brain and heart. And to a new Parliament, yet to spring, as it were, from the generous impulses of an enfranchised nation, may we hope for an energy and an enthusiasm equal to an emergency whose importance no language can fully represent, much less exaggerate. How this is to be done—whether by and through the action of the Imperial Legislature, or by intrusting to Ireland a certain local power by which she might relieve the Parliament of England of serious inconvenience, and usefully manage much of her affairs—it is for the wisdom of statesmen, inspired by a noble sense of duty, to determine. But faltering and hesitation and delay will not answer; neither will the old system of wilful blindness and wanton self-delusion suffice in the face of actual and increasing danger. The result, if successful, would be worth any effort or any trouble; for once allow the Irish in America to believe that a brighter day has dawned for their brethren in the old country, and that it is for their advantage rather to be linked in affection as in interest with Great Britain, than, by violent effort and tremendous sacrifices, desperately seek to effect a separation of the lesser from the greater country; and the feeling of bitter, rancorous, vengeful hate may gradually soften and die out, and eventually fade into oblivion like a dream of the past. But, on the other hand, let continued wails of distress waft their mournful accents across the ocean, stirring to its depths the heart of a passionate and impulsive race; and though Fenian leaders may quarrel or betray, and Fenian organisations may wither or collapse, there must be perpetual danger to the peace, the honour, if not the safety of England, from a power which it is impossible to ignore, and madness to despise—the Irish in America."

We do not incline so much as Mr Maguire does, to attach importance to the hostile action or the

hostile spirit of the Irish in America. We have said already that there would have been no such thing as Fenianism if it had not been for the encouragement afforded to it in the United States, by nearly all the Irish, and by a great number of Americans, more or less influential; and that even such support as these have actually afforded would not have been given except for the accidental exasperations which grew out of the Civil War. But Great Britain is strong enough to deal with Fenianism, whether it be of native or of foreign origin, and will assuredly, and at any cost, trample it out. In this age, as perhaps it has been in all others, everybody admires and worships success. The Americans of both the great parties—who look upon the Irish with as little favour as they do upon the negro, except when their votes are wanted—have already begun to acknowledge that Fenianism will be sternly put down, and indicate in a thousand ways that they are beginning to be rather sick of the Fenians. They like well enough to see a thorn planted in the side of Great Britain; but in the main they have a steady, though possibly not a passionate, love for the land of their forefathers, and would certainly not be dragged into a war with this country on account of the sentimental grievances of such crack-brained enthusiasts as lead the Fenian movement, or of such priests as Father O'Brien, who are but little if any wiser than the rowdy colonels who think to revolutionise a great empire with a few kegs of gunpowder or nitro-glycerine, and the murder of women and children. The British nation has got this trouble of Fenianism upon its hands, and let the Irish-Americans, or their poor dupes at home, believe what they will, the great bulk of the American people would fifty times rather that it should be crushed out with fire and sword, than that Great Britain and the United States should be involved in war on ac-

count of it. They know what such a war would be—how sanguinary and how perilous for both combatants, and not the least so to themselves, still reeling as they are under the weight of the debt incurred for the subjugation of the South, and with the South itself as little contented with Federal rule as the Irish are with the rule of Great Britain. As the 'Anglo-American Times' well says, in commenting upon Mr Maguire's work :—

"The United States could gain nothing by a war with Great Britain. Americans firmly believe that the North American possessions of England will, in time, of their own accord, enter the Union, and if England regarded America as a steadfast ally, instead of an avowed foe, she would consider that the sooner this happened the better. But it will be an evil day for the United States when Canada is coerced into the Union; and how such a conquest could compensate Ireland for her centuries of misrule, we are at a loss to understand. If the Fenians could have their way, the country north of the St Lawrence would be desolated as was the country south of the Potomac, and the Northern States would have on both borders conquered territories of fellow-citizens who hated them. This would be the result of a successful war; and the wiser it is known and thoughtfully considered, the less chance the Irish-Americans will have of bringing on the country in which they have received so generous a welcome, this fatal calamity."

The sentiments expressed in this extract are those of the most intelligent and really governing men of both of the great parties in the United States. All appearances tend to prove that the native Americans are strongly inclined to the belief that there has been something too much of Fenianism; and that the domestic affairs of the Union are quite critical enough to demand the attention of all true patriots, without any unnecessary complications of foreign politics, or extraneous sources of war and discord. In addition to this, the Americans are by no means enamoured of the Irish, and would rather thrust

them out of the circle of American politics, than cherish them within it—a fact of which Mr Maguire became painfully convinced during his tour, and which he discusses in the 24th chapter of his book. The true policy of all nations is peace, unless their honour, their dignity, or their national life be attacked. No power in the world wishes to pick a quarrel with the United States; and the Americans are by no means likely to pick a quarrel with England for the sake of the Fenians, though, as we have said before, they are not unwilling to see England kept in perturbation by Fenianism. But between this state of feeling and war there is a mighty difference; and were war ever likely to result from their machinations, the Fenians would have as few friends and as many enemies in the United States as they have at this moment in England.

The great question remains—What is to be done for Ireland? She is sick, and very sick, and has never been so sick before except in the melancholy years of the Famine and the Plague, and has, moreover, been poisoned by the introduction of a foreign virus into her blood. As in the life of individuals, so in that of nations,—the physician sometimes gets the credit of a cure which is due to nature, and not to the physician. Nature points out one great remedy for Irish suffering; and the Irish, as instinctively as the swallows that fly from the wintry north to the sunny south at the appointed season, betake themselves from the soil and the climate where they cannot live except in sorrow and suffering, to the soil and the climate where they can not only live with comfort, but in prosperity. Emigration is nature's remedy for over-population—a remedy which the political physician, and the clerical physician also, may not prescribe and have no faith in, but which operates, nevertheless, beneficially and unerringly, like all the

remedies of nature. The well-conducted and energetic Irishman who emigrates to new countries where land is cheap and labour dear, is certain to better his condition. It is good for himself that he should go; it is good for those he leaves behind him that he should go; it is good for the new country that he should come into it; and it would only be bad for anybody if the emigration should be carried to such an extent as to deplete Ireland of all its best blood. If it were possible for the British or the Colonial Governments to divert the main portion of this living stream into British America or Australia, so that it might be incorporated with a population in no sense hostile, but, on the contrary, affectionately attached, to British rule, it would be a great blessing. But as this is not possible, seeing the advantages which the United States offer, and the attraction which an already settled and prosperous multitude of necessity exerts upon the friends and relatives they have left behind, the stream of emigration must be left to take its own course—the course of nature—all whose acts and operations are wise and right, even when they seem to our limited faculties, or to our prejudices, to be wrong or disagreeable. Nature wrought one very sharp and painful remedy in Ireland in 1846, '47, and '48. Compared with the miseries of that time, emigration, however much the short-sighted may deplore its persistency, is not a blessing in the guise of evil, but a blessing plain and palpable, that does not remove the pauper into the hospitable grave as his best abiding-place, but transplants him living to a new soil, where every child that is born to him is a help instead of an encumbrance, and where no man with a pair of hands need be afraid, when

he rises in the morning, that he shall earn no bread before the evening. What the British Government has to do is to put down Fenianism as summarily and as effectually as may be; to keep the peace of Ireland; to consider the question of the Irish Protestant Church fairly, in the interest of all the people of Ireland, without distinction of creed or sect; to promote rather than to discourage emigration, or, at all events, to let it alone if it cannot be diverted into the friendly channel of the British colonies; to show to the Irish, in spite of priests and agitators, Repealers and Red Republicans, that there is no difference before the British Law between the Englishman and the Irishman. If the office of Lord-Lieutenant or Viceroy—an office of which the very title savours of a quasi-political separation between the countries (there is no viceroy in Scotland or Wales)—could be at the same time abolished, an unnecessary and irritating distinction—pleasant only to the shopkeepers of Dublin—would be removed, and the task of statesmanship to some small extent might be simplified. Perhaps, if all these things were done, and well done, the Royal Family might be induced to spend some months of every year in Ireland. And so loyal and so affectionate by nature are the Irish people, that it is highly probable, if not certain, that the Irish who would emigrate then, as they do now, would not carry away with them the feelings of hatred which misery and the sense of injustice have engendered in their minds; and that the Irish who remained at home would be as warmly attached to the monarchy and to British rule, as the poor, but worthy and peaceable, Celtic people of the Highlands of Scotland.

THE QUEEN OF THE HIGHLANDS.

'Tis sixty years since, or thereabouts, that Walter Scott threw open the Highlands of Scotland to an enthusiastic following over all the world. They had been as little known as the wilds of Kamtchatka. Now and then a quaint half-frightened traveller, or a lordly philosophical one, had found himself amid those savage wastes, and made such observations upon them as might be made in any savage country. Sir Walter rolled back the misty gates, and made the land of brown heath and shaggy wood familiar, we may say, to Europe. He called up the dwellers on the hills out of the silence as Roderick Dhu called up his ambushed men. And had Sir Walter lived till now, here is a book* about the Highlands that would have brought tears to his loyal and kindly eyes. In the days of which he wrote our glens and mountains were faithful to a fallen race; they were as turbulent and as troublesome to the lawful authorities as Ireland at its most rebellious period has ever been. The clans poured down from their cloudy strongholds to fight a desperate and hopeless battle for Prince Charlie. Apart from that fatal link of loyalty, the hand of each name and each man was against his neighbour. The scene has changed. It is no story of rash adventure in a wild half-civilised country which now lies before us. It is the simple record of some bright days in a life—very bright days, and many of them—during which a little party of cheerful people went roaming through the dark ravines and up the rugged hills. Wherever they went, blessings and kindly looks and tender courtesies attended them. The people came out from the Highland huts, dazzled and joyful, to see the Queen

go by. The Highland gentlemen woke up to gather their men about them, and bethought themselves of the old forms of honour with which Highlanders once, in days when civilisation was unknown, received a royal stranger. A thrill of astonishment, delight, and grateful pride ran through the country. The tenacious North, long hostile, long indifferent, at length roused itself by degrees into a loyalty something resembling the sentiment of old Queen Victoria is, as we have all known since we learned our letters, supreme over an empire upon which the sun never sets; but there is one corner of her dominions which holds her by a closer claim. The Queen of the Highlands has no ungrateful subjects. If the men of Aberdeenshire do not lose their heads over this record, it will be because these heads are very steady and not given to undue excitement; and we can but hope that her Majesty's book will not impair the royal solitude she loves, by tempting yet another and another flood of tourists to follow her footsteps among the hills.

The story of this little volume is as simple as can be imagined. There is not a word from beginning to end about the solemn matters of State that might be supposed to occupy a queen. Her Majesty, like the rest of us, puts the cares of her splendid profession by when she makes holiday. There is a Minister in waiting to imply that work is not given up entirely, even during these days of relaxation; but the work is put aside from this record of simple enjoyment. In this, as in other matters, her readers can go with her in that perfect sympathy which springs from common habits and likings. The pleas-

* 'Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.' 1868.

ant bustle of starting—the joyful recognition of all familiar objects about the Highland home—the delight of quietness, of the blue mountain air, the heather under one's foot, the extending landscape, hills and mists and waters widening and unfolding under one's eye,—in these delights we have all a share with our Sovereign. It is a national taste, and has been growing on us for centuries. There can be little doubt that in family hoards all over the country at this present moment similar records abound. The Queen's Journal takes a natural precedence, because, in the case of an ordinary individual, the chronicle would be interesting only to a small private circle; while her Majesty is of herself interesting to everybody. Therefore there is a charm in her utterance of the common tale; it comes home to us by the two great claims of our interest in the author, and our similarity of experience. And the points in which our experience differs—the quaint delight and sense of fun with which the royal party finds itself unrecognised—the charms of the *incognito*—the intense relief of freedom from the ceremonials of State—but give an edge to the interest. Besides this self-evident attraction, there are a hundred touches of reality in the book which reveal to the spectator the centre of all human interest—an individual mind and heart. It is not too much to say that when we lay down the simple chronicle, we have an acquaintance the more in the world. We have looked into another interior, where the fire burns on the sacred hearth, lighting up the children's faces, and the father who sits apart. And we know what thoughts went and came in the candid soul which is the centre of all, what kindly impulses, what pleasant fancies, how deep and tender a love! We repeat we have an acquaintance the more in the world. And her Majesty cannot doubt that she has

gained, what is the only possible recompense of such a revelation, a host of unknown friends.

The first excursion recorded in these pages is one made in the autumn of 1842, her Majesty's first visit to Scotland. It is a royal progress, full of shouting crowds and gorgeous receptions—less interesting because more public than the later visits, but made pathetic by a note which we quote. We may say, by the way, that it is hard upon the critic who comes after the newspapers have had their will of a book, and knows that his quotations must be familiar to everybody; notwithstanding, we cannot but direct the attention of our readers to the special features in which we find its great charm. It is a description of the splendid reception given to the royal pair by Lord Breadalbane in his princely house at Taymouth—where the kilted Campbells, firing salutes, cheering till all the echoes rang, lighting up the darkness with the glare of torches, and making night hideous (but this her Majesty does not say) with the shriek of pibrochs, dazzled and startled the visitors—which calls from the Queen's maturer pen the following most touching note:—

“I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3d of October, from Dunkeld (*incognita*), with Louise, the Dowager-Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were.

“We got out and looked from this height upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then, unknown, quite in private, I gazed, not without deep emotion, on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane in a princely style—not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect.

"Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then !

"I was very thankful to have seen it again.—1866."

Nothing that could be said could add to the pathos of these words, "Albert and I were then only twenty-three !" A few bright years behind them, a long happy life before. Now one of the two stood alone, looking on the sad house from which both the pleasant hosts were long gone, with another widow by her side, and the years darkened, and the sun of life gone down. Such moments of poignant recollection and contrast stand out like monuments in the long blank of years.

The second journey is a chapter of romance in the setting of real life. It is true that the two have become three, that there is a small personage carried on board the yacht, bowing from the royal carriage with the intense gravity of a child, to add another feature to the journey. The mother is stirred with a young mother's tender admiration, amusement, and half-surprise, as she considers the little figure thus brought into her own always triumphal progress. "I said to Albert, I could hardly believe our child was travelling with us. It put me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess,' Albert observed," adds the tender historian, "that it was always said that parents lived their lives over again in their children, which is a very pleasant feeling." But it was not necessary just then to begin that life by proxy. The country was so bright, the hills so clear, and life so sweet ! At Blair there was a little Arcadia for a few weeks—such an Arcadia as few people in the world are blessed with. The usual attendants—ladies and gentlemen and Ministers—vanish from the scene, and the two climb the hills together in that solitude which, when there are two, is the best of company.

"We took a delightful walk of two hours," writes her Majesty, "... through some neglected pleasure-grounds, and then through the wood, along a steep winding path overhanging the rapid stream. These Scotch streams, full of stones and clear as glass, are most beautiful. The peeps between the trees, the depths of the shadows, the mossy stones mixed with slate, &c., which cover the banks, are lovely. At every turn you have a picture. We were up high, but could not get to the top; Albert in such delight; it is a happiness to see him, he is in such spirits. . . . We walked on to a corn-field where a number of women were cutting and reaping the oats (shearing, as they call it in Scotland), with a splendid view of the hills before us, so rural and romantic, so unlike our daily Windsor walk, delightful as that is."

A few days afterwards the happy young pair climbed their first hill together :—

"At nine o'clock we set off on ponies, . . . attended only by Lord Glenlyon's excellent servant Sandy M' Ara, in his Highland dress. We went out by the back way across the road, and to the left through the ford, Sandy leading my pony, and Albert following closely, the water reaching up above Sandy's knees. We then went up the Hill of Tulloch, . . . to the very highest top, which cannot be seen from the house or from below; and from here the view is like a panorama; you see the Falls of the Bruar, Ben-y-chat, Ben Vrachie, Ben-y-Ghlo, the Killiecrankie Pass, and a whole range of distant hills on the other side, which one cannot at all see from below. . . . Blair itself and the houses in the village looked like little toys from the great height we were on. It was quite romantic. Here we were, with only this Highlander behind us holding the ponies (for we got off twice and walked about)—not a house, not a creature near us but the pretty Highland sheep, with their horns and black faces—up at the top of Tulloch, surrounded by beautiful mountains, . . . the most delightful, most romantic ride and walk I ever had. I had never been up such a mountain, and then the day was so fine. The Hill of Tulloch was covered with grass, and is so delightfully soft to walk upon."

"Oh the dear hills, it made me very sad to leave them behind !"

sighs the young journal-writer, as Arcadia comes to an end, and the golden gates close upon the tender holiday. It is "the quiet, the liberty," which charms them above all; and their happiness, brighter than all the rays of fairy glamour, throws the light that never was on sea or shore, upon all those quiet hills.

A year or two later, they are in the lovely Western Highlands, flitting from loch to loch, up to noble Inverary, through the Kyles of Bute, down all the glorious breadths of Clyde to the vexed Hebridean Sea. It is a kind of comfort to ordinary mortals (much as a loyal subject regrets the suffering involved) to perceive that her Majesty is not, as common report used to go, insensible to those commotions of the seas which have so melancholy an effect upon most of her lieges. We feel sure that it could be only the painful vicissitudes of life on board a yacht, even a royal yacht, which determined her choice of the steady *terra firma* of Aberdeenshire, instead of what we cannot help thinking the more unique and lovely scenery of the west. That magical mingling of mountain and wood and sea, of which no other scenery, however glorious, ever impairs the effect, seems to our own mind much more attractive than the northern Highlands, which suggest Switzerland without reaching its magnitude and glory. Not Switzerland, not the sweet Italian lakes, nothing that has come within our range of vision, detracts from the characteristic glory of those wonderful links of far-withdrawing water, searching into the long hollows of the hills. We are glad that her Majesty appreciates Loch Long; but still it is not without a wound to our national pride that we find she has not even seen Loch Lomond, queen of lakes. Fortune pointed far away to the stormy moors and dark hills of the north, where lay in embryo the Highland home destined to become so important in the life of the family. No doubt the very dis-

tance of the place, its lack of railways—though railways did not abound so much anywhere twenty years ago—and general inaccessibility, were in its favour. Glasgow, too loyal, within reach, or any other abounding and enthusiastic town, would speedily have put an end to the quiet and privacy which, it is evident, had so great a charm.

Balmoral was a little Highland castle lying still and grey on the low land, all girdled about with hills, when it first met the eyes of the royal travellers. There was and is nothing bigger than a village for miles and miles around it. A little church upon a little knoll looks over the breadth of the valley; behind and about on every side, folding over each other in that endless succession of varied outlines in which our hills are so rich, the mountains close in mysterious, sheltering the spot on every side. Yet the shelter does not soften those keen breezes which come from the hill-tops touched with snow, and quicken the blood in the wayfarer's veins and the colour on his cheek. The air is full of that curious elasticity and exhilarating power that belongs to the mountains. The silence is musical with that low sighing of trees, that tinkle of unseen burns, the crackle of the gorse in the brief but brilliant sunshine, the murmur of wild bees upon the heather, which makes the stillness itself more deep. An indistinguishable fragrance from the firs, from the birches, from the sweet bog-myrtle which you crush under foot, from the far-off peat-fires in the distant cottages, is in the air. All around the hills open up into wistful revelations of unseen sanctuaries of nature. And while the earth lies so still the heavens are never at rest. White mists float about the hill-sides like sprites, folding and unfolding their snowy veils; the clouds roll into thunderous masses, disperse, and heap themselves up again with endless caprice.

Such is the scenery of Balmoral. To this solitude the Queen and her husband came with a delight which perhaps only those who know what it is to be persecuted by the cares and publicity of greatness could fully appreciate. They cannot sufficiently congratulate themselves upon the quiet, the freedom, the soft sounds, and primitive glories about them; they are no longer Queen and Prince, encumbered with a heavy weight of splendour, but Laird and Lady of their glen. Never was a more pleasant picture of sweet leisure and kindness and family union; for unconsciously the canvass has widened and the picture grown. It is no longer the two who, all alone in the glory of their youth, climbed the soft Perthshire hills. The tender note of romance steals away into the mountain echoes, now and then thrilling back with a sweet refrain; but the strain of the story has expanded, as life and nature demand. The children grow under our eyes; one day it is the little Princess bowing with amusing solemnity to the people out of the window—so good a traveller, “sleeping in the carriage at her usual times, not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds.” Another, and the enchanted Prince is by her side, as in the perennial story, pulling for her the bells of white heather, the emblem of good luck, and speaking of his hopes and wishes. So the tale flows on. A simple, cordial family tale, weaving together, without art or pretence, those strands of natural life which are common to us all.

It is difficult to quote individual scenes from a record which is so even and equal in its flow of quiet enthusiasm and happiness; all the more that our readers are probably as well acquainted by this time with the original as ourselves. But there are some characteristic sketches to which we may recall their attention. Here is one little bit of deer-stalking, for example, in which her Majesty takes part:—

“We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box made of hurdles, and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie [the Prince of Wales], Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching, and quite concealed; some had gone round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and in a few minutes Macdonald whispered that he saw stag, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming fast. Albert did not look over the box but through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had hit a stag. . . . I waited for a bit, but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help, and Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, a ‘royal,’ which had dropped soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted—Macdonald and the keepers in particular; the former saying, ‘that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck.’ I was supposed to have a ‘lucky foot,’ of which the Highlanders ‘think a great deal.’”

On a later occasion, when the new Castle of Balmoral was complete, and the family with delight had taken possession of the house, which was doubly delightful from being “my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out,” the news came of the taking of Sebastopol, and the whole royal colony brightened into excitement in celebration of the great event.

“The new house seems to be lucky indeed,” writes her Majesty; “for from the first moment of our arrival we have had good news. In a few minutes Albert and all the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village—keepers, gillies, workmen—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it [a bonfire which

had been prepared some time before], accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it, some dancing, all shouting, Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three-quarters of an hour after Albert came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond everything. . . . The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were with difficulty awakened; but when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn."

Our next extract represents the kindly Chatelaine, with her loftier dignities laid aside, among her poor neighbours, visiting the old Highland women over their peat-fires. It is clear that only in such a solitude could the Queen of England fulfil such a homely office of charity. She could not visit the poor with a train of shouting roughs behind her, or still more inquisitive staring ranks of gentility to dog her steps wherever she goes. The village people might come to their doors, but they would do as much for any stranger; and the sympathetic simple curiosity of households which might themselves look for a similar honour, never reaches the point of obtrusive vulgarity to which a lively British crowd, wherever gathered, attains so naturally. There is no crowding upon her steps as she passes from door to door. One old woman of eighty-eight, to whom the lady makes her simple gift, "shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me, with the tears rolling down her old cheeks," says her Majesty. Probably the poor old soul had but a dim idea who her visitor was.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her also a warm petticoat. She said, 'May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here

and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage, formerly Jean Gordon's, to visit old Widow Symons, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings. 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation 'that she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear. . . . Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."

The only other extracts we shall attempt to make will refer to the little tours of a few days' extent, playfully entitled *Grand Expeditions*. The title awakens vague imaginations of great raids of conquest, or magnificent triumphal marches; but it means only a series of pleasant excursions, quaint escapades of royalty in disguise, travelling, feasting, and lodging like the ordinary British tourist in the Highlands. We are bound to say that the ordinary tourist looks doubly a bear by the side of the well-conditioned, good-tempered gentlefolks who express no dissatisfaction with the accommodation afforded them in the inn at Grantown. Probably, had they been a commonplace party, everything provided for them would have excited their contempt; the rooms, the fare, the service, and the weather, would have come in each for its share of British vituperation. But as it was only the Highlands' Queen, she and her companions found everything very pleasant. As they pass the villages and huts unrecognised, a sense of the fun of the situation seizes upon the party. When they

have ridden as far as the way will permit, they get into "two shabby vehicles," each "with a pair of small and rather miserable horses," the kind of vehicles which we humble travellers know by heart. When the servants forget the incognito, and say "your Majesty," and "your Royal Highness," the gay party falls a-laughing, and is doubly amused to see that the unsuspicious people round do not even observe the slip. This is how the "Great Expedition" proceeds :—

"We had a long three hours' drive; it was six o'clock when we got into the carriage. We were soon out of the wood, and came upon the Badenoch road. . . . It was very beautiful—fine wooded hills; the high Cairngorm range and Ben Muich Dhui unfortunately much obscured by the mist on the top, and the broad Spey flowing in the valley, with cultivated fields and fine trees below. Most striking, however, on our whole long journey, was the utter and to me very refreshing solitude—hardly a habitation, and hardly meeting a soul. It gradually grew dark. We stopped at a small half-way house for the horses to take some water, and the few people about stared vacantly at the two simple vehicles.

"The mountains gradually disappeared,—the evening was mild, with a few drops of rain. On and on we went, till at length we saw lights, and drove through a long and straggling 'toun,' and turned down a small court to the door of the inn. Here we got out quickly—Lady Churchill and General Grey not waiting for us. We went up a small staircase and were shown to our bedroom at the top of it; very small, but clean. Opposite was the drawing and dining room in one—very tidy and well-sized. . . . Made ourselves 'clean and tidy,' and then sat down to our dinner. Grant and Brown were to have waited on us, but were 'bashful,' and did not. A ringleted woman did everything, and when dinner was over removed the cloth and placed the bottle of wine (our own which we had brought) on the table with the glasses, which was the old

English fashion. The dinner was very fair, and all very clean. Soup, hodge-podge,* mutton-broth with vegetables, which I did not much relish; fowl with white sauce, good roast lamb, very good potatoes, besides one or two other dishes which I did not taste, ending with a good tart of cranberries. . . . We got up rather early, and sat working and reading in the drawing-room till the breakfast was ready, for which we had to wait some little time,—good tea, and bread and butter, and some excellent porridge. Jane Shackle [a maid] said that they had all supped together—namely, the two maids, and Grant, Brown, Stewart, and Walker—and were very merry in the 'commercial room.' The people were very amusing about us. The woman came in while they were at their dinner, and said to Grant, 'Dr Grey wants you,' which nearly upset the gravity of all the others. Then they told Jane, 'Your lady gives no trouble.' . . . One could look on the street—which is a very long, wide one, with detached houses—from our window. It was perfectly quiet; no one stirring, except here and there a man driving a cart, or a boy going along on his errand. General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2!" . . . After looking at Castle Grant (Lord Seafield's place), "we drove back, having to pass through Grantown again; when evidently 'the murder was out,' for all the people were in the street, and the landlady waved her pocket-handkerchief, and the ringleted maid, who had curl-papers in the morning, waved a flag from the window. . . . What a delightful, successful expedition! Dear Lady Churchill was, as usual, thoroughly amiable, cheerful, and ready to do everything. Both she and the General seemed entirely to enjoy it, and enter into it; and so I am sure did our people. To my dear Albert do we owe it, for he always thought it would be delightful, having gone on many similar expeditions in former days himself. He enjoyed it very much. We heard since that the secret came out through a man recognising Albert in the street yesterday morning; then the crown on the dog-cart made them think that it was some one from Balmoral, though they never suspected it could be ourselves. 'The lady must

* With humble apologies for contradicting her Majesty, not hodge-podge, or *hotch-potch*, but simple *broth*; the other being a lordly soup, made of youthful lamb and the earliest dainty vegetables,—something like soup à la *Julienne*, but much better, of course.

be terrible rich,' the woman observed, as I had so many gold rings on my fingers. I told Lady Churchill she had on many more than I had. When they heard who it was, they were ready to drop with astonishment and fright. I fear I have but poorly recounted this very amusing and never-to-be-forgotten expedition, which will always be remembered with delight."

Three other "Great Expeditions" followed these, with equal results of enjoyment to the happy and good-humoured party. They had "a very nice clean good dinner" at Fettercairn on the next excursion. And "the evening being bright and moonlight, and very still, we all went out and walked through the whole village, where not a creature moved—through the principal little square, in the middle of which was a sort of pillar or town-cross on steps; and Louis read by the light of the moon a proclamation for collections of charities that was stuck on it." The third time the strangers were discovered, and "the fat old landlady put on a black satin dress, with white ribbons and orange flowers!" in honour of her royal guests. Evidently the delight of these frolicsome rambles increased, for another followed almost immediately, of which it is playfully and prettily said that "Helena was so delighted, for this was the only really great expedition in which she had accompanied us!"

This was in October 1861. When the happy tourist ends her pleasant journal, she laments that, alas! it was likely to be the last *great* one. "It was our last," she adds, with pathetic brevity, in 1867. The very last. No more gay roamings over moor and heather; no more laughing plans and merry rambles. We do not agree with the poet, great as is his authority, when he says that the recollection of past happiness in misery is the *maggior infelice*. To have had it one time or other is always a strength to the heart, and saves it

from that barren poverty of recollection which is the worst of all destitutions. But yet a past joy is a pathetic thing to look back on. In its way it is like the face of the dead. Beautiful—more beautiful perhaps than when life was there; but full of that poignant sting of contrast, which of all the various moods of grief gives the sharpest pang. "Ah, the difference to me!" Perhaps it is because her Majesty does not express this in one word that the reader will feel it the more. It is the tender grace of a day that is dead that makes all those old innocent joyous sketches so touching in their suggestiveness. A bright youth, a happy reign, a throne undisturbed when all the thrones of Europe were shattered—a people with, so far as their Queen is concerned, but one heart; and sweet peace and leisure, and one who planned out a hundred delights for her, and, Queen as she was, with everything, as people say, that heart could desire, yet found out new pleasure, new content daily, to brighten her life—Shut the door softly on the gladness that is over—nothing can touch or impair it; no change, no decay, no chill of age settle upon the happy hours. They are perfect, being past.

But now we have fallen on darker days. The lives are few and rare to which it does not so happen to cloud over and alter, and, as it were, die, one time or other. England, too, has somehow clouded over like her Queen. It is not with us as it was in the old days. Uneasy thoughts—fears that probably are vain, yet perhaps true; apprehensions of we know not what—stealthy footsteps in the dark, the awful imbecility of ignorance and presumption—stir in the country. Many a generous illusion and dream of peace and gladness has melted and faded away from our skies. We have serious work before us—how serious no one can tell. All the sadder, yet all the tenderer, all the sweeter, comes

upon minds that have felt the influences of the time, the story of those cheerful family holidays, bright as love and happiness and purity can make them, which now are over and gone.

We cannot quite agree, however, with Mr Helps when he says that her Majesty's confidences to her people disclose "the aspect of the Court in these our times." There is no Court in this sunny and tender picture. There is a family, most genial, healthful, and sweet-hearted, with its faithful servants, and by times an equally faithful friend. The future historian will find such details of Queen Victoria's private life as probably will make him an enthusiast for her very name. But he will find the Court singularly wanting in the stainless record. Either it is because the principal figures absorb all our interest, or because the fashion of the times has changed; but whatever the cause may be, that gay, brilliant, talkative, gossiping crowd, which

buzzes about the sovereigns of a hundred or even fifty years back, has been softly eliminated from this tale. There is no hum of voices about the antechambers, no encounter of wits, or flutter of fine company. There is the silence that dwells among the hills, the cheerful outdoor peasant voices, the crack of the sportsman's rifle in the woods, the deep bay of a dog here and there, the homely patter of the ponies' hoofs. The poor folk say their blessings, the stalwart gillies cheer, the sweet young voices of the children chime in with the tones of the father and the mother. Yet we hear no echo of the Court, however we may strain our ears.

But in those regions where once the white rose bloomed on rebel bonnets, the fine flower of loyalty, rare blossom of the elder ages, has come to full perfection again. This book will put a climax to the enthusiasm with which every Highlander, gentle and simple, regards his Highland Queen.



SCIENCE IN SCHOOLS.

TEXT-BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Geology.

SEVENTH EDITION OF INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D. F.R.S.E. 2s.

FOURTH EDITION OF ADVANCED TEXT-BOOK OF GEOLOGY. By the SAME. 7s. 6d.

SECOND EDITION OF HANDBOOK OF TERMS IN GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By the SAME. 7s. 6d.

SECOND EDITION OF GEOLOGY FOR GENERAL READERS. By the SAME. 5s.

Physical Geography.

SECOND EDITION OF INTRODUCTORY TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D. F.R.S.E. 2s.

ADVANCED TEXT-BOOK OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By the SAME. 6s.

COMPARATIVE GEOGRAPHY. By Carl Ritter. Translated by W. L. GAGE. 3s. 6d.

Geography.

FOURTH EDITION OF DR MACKAY'S ELEMENTS OF GEOGRAPHY. 2s.

THIRD EDITION OF OUTLINES OF GEOGRAPHY. By the SAME. 1s.

SECOND EDITION OF FIRST STEPS IN GEOGRAPHY. By the SAME. 4d.

FORTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND OF KEITH JOHNSTON'S SCHOOL ATLAS OF GENERAL GEOGRAPHY. 12s. 6d.

TENTH THOUSAND OF SCHOOL ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By the SAME. 12s. 6d.

Meteorology.

HANDY BOOK OF METEOROLOGY. By Alexander Buchan, Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. 4s. 6d.

Chemistry and Agriculture.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S CATECHISM OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. 6th Thousand. 1s.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. 8th Edition. 6s. 6d.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE. 2 vols., 12s. 6d.

MR HENRY STEPHENS'S CATECHISM OF AGRICULTURE. 1s.

Physiology.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE. By George Henry Lewes. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 12s.

MARCH MDCCCLXVIII.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

N^o. DCXXIX.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
43 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
Agents for Ireland,
HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN.

PRICE 2/6.

Printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXIX.

MARCH 1868.

VOL. CIII.

CONTENTS.

THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY AND NAVY,	251
LINDA TRESSEL.—PART VI.,	275
THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE PAPACY,	289
A FENIAN ALARM,	308
THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE OLD ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES,	326
LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN EXPE- DITION,	349
OPPOSITION TACTICS,	367

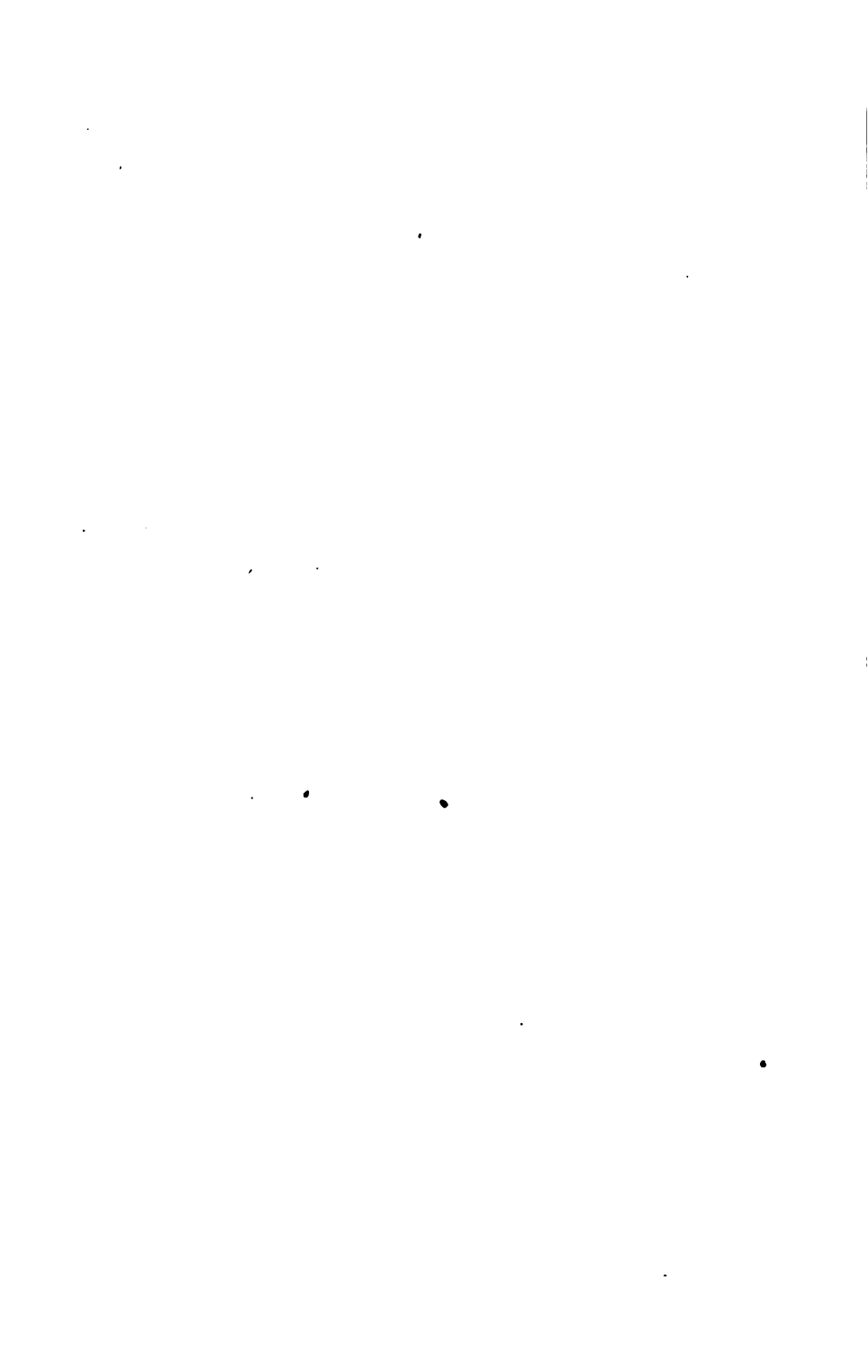
EDINBURGH:

. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET.
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXIX.

MARCH 1868.

VOL. CIII.

THE CHURCH IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THERE was tried last summer in the Provincial Court of the Archbishop of Dublin, in Dublin, a case which, on account both of the novelty of the issue raised and of the effect of the decision given, will probably take its place among the *causes célèbres* of the nineteenth century.

The Reverend Herbert Tudor Craig, one of the chaplains of her Majesty's land forces, was sent in his tour of duty to Dublin, and in 1866 took charge of Richmond Barracks, on the outskirts of that city, and of the troops stationed therein. He succeeded some other chaplain whom the exigencies of the service had carried elsewhere; and, like his predecessor, and in obedience to orders issued on the spot, he officiated regularly in the barrack chapel. Besides officiating in the chapel he placed himself towards the officers and soldiers and their families in the relation of a parish priest, administering the sacraments, visiting the sick, catechising the children, and preparing the young of both sexes for confirmation. He had no authority whatever so to act, either from the

incumbent of the parish or from the bishop of the diocese. It was believed, both at the Horse Guards and in the War Office, that such authority was not necessary to a chaplain holding her Majesty's commission; and the opinion thus entertained rested itself upon two grounds: 1st, that as of old fortresses were supplied with chaplains, the same being exempt from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, so barracks in general, and this particular barrack among the rest, had taken in law the place of fortresses; and, next, that in the independent status of the chapels of the royal dockyards, and of the chaplains officiating therein, a precedent existed establishing, apart from episcopal authority, the validity in things sacred of the Queen's commission.

Till the arrival of Mr Craig, the military chaplains doing duty in Richmond Barracks had never been called in question for any act performed by them. This arose partly from the circumstance that former incumbents of St Jude's (the parish within the limits of which Richmond Barracks are situated) appear to have arrived at the conclusion,

that in ignoring their existence and the authority of the bishop, the Government must, of course, have the law upon its side; and partly through the forbearance of Mr Mills, the present incumbent, who succeeded to his benefice so recently as 1861. This gentleman, on arriving at his parish, found a military chaplain established there, and was not forward to disturb existing arrangements, though he lost no time in protesting against the intrusion. As soon, however, as it was ascertained that a change in the person of the military chaplain was about to take place, Mr Mills took more decided steps in the matter. He not only remonstrated against persistence in what he considered to be a perfectly unjustifiable course of action, but threatened legal proceedings in case the action were persevered in. At last, finding that the military authorities paid no attention to his remonstrances, he engaged counsel and fought the battle out before the proper tribunal. The question was ably argued on both sides, and the results are before us. Dr Battersby, the Judge of the Provincial Court, set forth, in summing up, all that had been advanced for and against the claims of the prerogative, and tried it calmly and learnedly by the test of law. His judgment is clear enough—it runs thus:—

“That the Reverend Herbert Tudor Craig be admonished and inhibited to abstain from performing divine service, or administering the sacraments, or preaching in the chapel or barracks or buildings in or attached to Richmond Barracks, mentioned or referred to in the petition of this case, or elsewhere in the parish of St Jude’s, without the consent of the Reverend Thomas Mills, incumbent of said parish, and licence of the Archbishop of Dublin; and let the said Reverend Herbert Tudor Craig pay to the said Reverend Thomas Mills the costs of this suit, when taxed by the Registrar of this Court.”

This decree of Court, sharp and decisive as it is, can hardly be said to

have taken anyone quite by surprise. For some time previously, doubts had arisen as to the strict legality of much that was doing with and for the Church in the Army; and spasmodic efforts were made to obtain for the subject the consideration which its importance deserved. But the *vis inertia* which seems to be inherent in all our public offices, the disinclination to deviate from accepted usage, or to set things right which are going wrong, if set right they must be by ever so partial a disruption of red-tapism, always came in the way. The machinery had worked satisfactorily enough heretofore. The system could not be changed without changing, at the same time, the relations in which certain functionaries stood towards one another. It was the very irregularity—the illegality, if you please—pointed out in matters of detail which rendered collision between independent jurisdictions impossible. Besides, the opinions given by successive law officers, Queen’s advocates, and suchlike, were understood to confirm, rather than shake, the belief that the Government was not certainly *extra leges*. Better, therefore, leave things as they were, though they might expose a blot, which, as no one had hit it heretofore, was little likely to be hit at all. So argued all who were either unable or unwilling to look at more than one side of a great question; and, their reasoning being accepted, there has actually come to pass what others foresaw and predicted. The blot is hit at last—a castle of cards which cost the expenditure of many years and much money to erect, topples over; and the necessity of trying to do legally what has heretofore been done without law, forces itself upon the authorities. A bill, we understand, is about to be brought into Parliament for the twofold purpose of condoning past irregularities, and placing the future of the Church in the Army and Navy on a sound footing—a wise, not to

say a necessary arrangement, as our readers will, we think, acknowledge, after they shall have mastered the brief narrative of facts which we propose, in the present article, to lay before them.

Standing armies, and, we may add, a standing navy, are institutions of comparatively modern growth in this country. In the times of the Plantagenets, and even of the Tudors, the kings of England, when they went to war, hired merchant vessels to fight their battles on the ocean. Their armies were composed of the feudal array, supplemented by levies raised for each separate occasion, which levies, equally with the barons and their retainers, were disbanded and sent back to their own homes as soon as the occasion ceased. The few royal forts and castles which existed, whether in England or in France, they garrisoned with mercenaries, paid out of the produce of the crown lands; and a body-guard, represented still by the beef-eaters (the *buffétiers*), they maintained about their own persons as much for purposes of show as for use. But armies in time of peace they had none—using that term in the sense now universally applied to it—any more than they had regular fleets, with establishments on shore erected and maintained for the purpose of keeping these fleets effective.

The first national ship-of-war ever built in this country was built in the reign of Henry VII. The first army embodied, regimented, and kept in peace, as well as in war, with its colours, was embodied by Oliver Cromwell. No doubt the Irish garrison had been in existence long before Cromwell's day, just as the garrison of Calais was kept up till Calais ceased to be an English dependency. But till Cromwell found it necessary to maintain order in England, as he did in Scotland and Ireland, by keeping his regiments together, neither England nor Scotland had any practical acquaintance

whatever with standing armies. On the other hand, the constitutional law of England, as it affects both Church and State, was in all its essential principles determined long anterior to Cromwell's assumption of power or the accession of Henry VII. It is beyond the reach of legal memory since the realm was portioned off into dioceses and parishes; and the rights, both of diocesans and incumbents, were clearly defined. The Courts, likewise, wherein cases affecting these rights may be adjudicated upon, are of older growth than perhaps any other legal tribunals now existing; and the very forms which time out of mind have been used, are still observed. There is, indeed, but one change effected—and this change came in at the Reformation—not in the law itself, but in the process by which it is affirmed. Appeals which lie from Provincial Courts to the Court of Arches, are now carried to the Committee of Privy Council, the judgment of which, as representing the Crown, is final. Prior to the Reformation, the final appeal was to Rome—a usurpation which, to their honour be it said, our old nobility bore with impatience, and to the practical operation of which they presented, on all occasions, the greatest obstacles possible.

As we have just said, the English fleet, speaking of it as a national institution, cannot be said to have come into existence earlier than the reign of Henry VII. It consisted then, and in the beginning of his son's reign, of one vessel only—the Great Harry—unless we regard as king's ships the craft which the Cinque Ports and other maritime districts were required, in time of war, to turn out for the king's service. And its growth under Henry VIII. was slow. Elizabeth's reign of maritime adventure and discovery gave to it a prodigious impulse; and under the first of the Stuarts it had become a formidable power. It

was then, or, to be more accurate in our dates, it was in the time of the Commonwealth, when war-ships kept the sea in peace as well as in war, that the religious feelings of the nation constrained the Government to appoint a chaplain to each ship. While the Commonwealth lasted, nobody stopped to inquire by what authority his neighbour took it upon him to preach, either ashore or afloat. But after the Restoration, when the affairs of the realm fell back, so to speak, in form at least, into their old order, even this matter of the appointment of chaplains to the king's ships was taken account of and arranged. The law, both of the Church and of the State, has determined that only by licence from the bishop can an ordained clergyman of the Church of England undertake the cure of souls; and only to ordained clergymen of the Church of England, subsequently to the Restoration, could the cure of souls on board of the king's ships be committed. But in what bishop was the right vested of licensing to the performance of ecclesiastical functions at sea? A little casuistry appears to have settled this point. All children born at sea are registered as belonging to the parish of Greenwich. But the Bishop of London is the ordinary of the parish of Greenwich, therefore the Bishop of London is to be accounted the ordinary over all persons "occupying their business in the great waters." Wherefore, with the Bishop of London's sanction, and by virtue of his licence, naval chaplains henceforth executed their functions on board of king's ships; and the conscience, if not the law, both of Church and State was satisfied.

How long this arrangement continued in force, there is nothing on record to show. It had certainly fallen into desuetude so early as the Revolution of 1688; and it has never since been revived. The practice at the present mo-

ment is what it has been for years past; that the First Lord of the Admiralty nominates clergymen—who by virtue of commissions from the Crown become naval chaplains; and that in making his selections he is assisted by one of his private secretaries. Hence one of the private secretaries of the First Lord is known at the Admiralty by the soubriquet of the Naval Bishop.

When the Navy became a great national institution, the necessity of providing building and repairing yards, docks, arsenals, hospitals, and other appliances for keeping the fleet effective, was felt and admitted. One by one these establishments arose. With a view to render them complete in all respects a chapel was erected in each, and a chaplain appointed. We never heard that in order to legalise this arrangement, either the consent of the incumbent thereto, or the licence of the bishop, was applied for or obtained. As chaplains afloat act independently of the Canon Law, so the Lords of the Admiralty came naturally to the conclusion that a like exemption from the law's requirements might be claimed for them on shore. They therefore planted in the dockyards their own clerical officers, giving them instructions how to act; and there for a century or more some of them have remained, executing, one after another, the offices of a parish priest, in absolute disregard of the rights of incumbents, and entirely exempt from episcopal supervision.

The history of the Church in the Army is a good deal more complicated, and abounds in anomalies even more extraordinary than these. The Lords of the Admiralty have at least this to say for themselves, that till very recently indeed they kept one end in view; and that, however objectionable their mode of arriving at it might be, they suffered neither clamour nor re-

monstrance to turn them into any other course. With them it was an article of faith, that in the king's fleet there can be but one religion, and that the religion of the king must be the religion of all who serve him afloat, whether they be seaman or marines. Hence the very existence of Roman Catholics, and Presbyterians, and sectaries of all descriptions, is ignored in our ships-of-war. As often as the hands are piped to Divine worship it is on Divine worship performed as the Church of England requires, that they attend, without any questions put as to whether the form of worship be or be not agreeable to their consciences. Hence, too, in dockyards and other establishments ashore, it is at the service of the Church of England that all must be present who take advantage of the chapel which is built for their use, and of the services of the chaplain who ministers therein; for the Lords of the Admiralty recognise no chaplains except such as are in the orders of the Church of England. Of late, we understand, this good old rule has so far been relaxed that when seamen and marines do duty on shore, they are permitted to choose their own places of worship. And wherever they attend Dissenting chapels exceeding a minimum in numbers, the ministers of such chapels, without any regard to their denominational peculiarities, receive payment from the Admiralty at a fixed rate per man. But not yet have the Lords of the Admiralty gone so far as to bring rival chaplains into the same vessel, or to open their dockyard chapels for other worship than that which the Church authorises. We shall see, by-and-by, that in these respects the conduct of the War Office and of the Horse Guards has been less discreet; and that a praiseworthy desire to act with absolute impartiality has led them into open and,

as the event proves, very inconvenient breaches of the law.

The kings of England seem never to have put armies in the field, at all events since the Norman Conquest, without carrying chaplains in their train. We read in the Chronicles, of priests, and even of bishops, attending the English forces to Palestine and elsewhere; and the amount of remuneration made to chaplains in the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth is on more than one occasion specified.* But being called out, like the troops, for particular service only, they returned, when the service ended, to civil life, and we hear no more of them till a fresh expedition is set on foot. Doubtless all was done in ante-Reformation times with the strictest attention to ecclesiastical law and custom; for in whatever other respects the Church of Rome may come short of the Reformed Church of England, it is certainly not in encouraging her sons and daughters to think light of Church ordinances and Church authority.

During the great civil war there seem to have been chaplains on both sides, attached for the most part to particular regiments. Among the Royalists the King's chaplains did such duty as was assigned to them, without let or hindrance. But Cromwell's lams dealt in this as in other matters pretty much according to the movements of what they called "the spirit." The scene in 'Woodstock,' where the regular minister is thrust aside by a more zealous prophet from the ranks, is probably no caricature. As to the order of appointment, or any regard paid to ecclesiastical law or usage, that, in the case of the Puritans, was of course out of the question. Nor, on the other side, amid the confusion incident to so great a strife, is it probable that men were heedful of abstract right. Military law has been described by

* See Harleian Collection in the British Museum, No. 4685.

high legal authority to be the absence of all law; and war, especially civil war, overrides, while it lasts, all law, all custom, all usage.

Charles II., as is well known, transferred to his own service, at the Restoration, a considerable portion of the army of the Commonwealth. He attached a chaplain to every regiment; and it is curious to observe how closely the terms of a commission issued two hundred years ago resemble the phraseology still employed in such documents. In the reign of Charles II. the chaplain was called on to execute all that was required of him, either in a garrison or with a regiment specially named. He is now appointed for general service with her Majesty's land forces all over the world. In this single particular the two warrants of service differ.

The first mention made of chaplains in the military code of this country occurs in the Articles of War bearing date 1673. After directing that attendance on public worship shall be enforced, article five of the code in question declares that, "if any officer or soldier shall abuse or profane any place dedicated to the worship of God, or shall offer violence to any chaplain of the army, or any other minister of God's word, he shall suffer such punishment as shall be inflicted on him by a court-martial." So things appear to have remained till 1748; the chaplains being guarded from insult and outrage without any allusion whatever to possible irregularities on their part. But at the date just specified, fresh articles were inserted into the code, which seem to point at the fallibility, not to say the actual misconduct, of some among the body of military chaplains then existing. The articles run thus:—

"No. 5. No chaplain who is commissioned to a regiment, company, troop, or garrison, shall absent himself from the said regiment, company, troop, or garrison (excepting in case of sickness or

leave of absence), upon pain of being brought to a court-martial, and punished as their judgment and the circumstances of his offence may require.

"No. 6. Whatever chaplain to a regiment, troop, or garrison shall be guilty of drunkenness, or of other scandalous or vicious behaviour derogating from the sacred character with which he is invested, shall, upon due proof before a court-martial, be discharged from his said office."

In 1748, society in England had reached, perhaps, so far as morals and religion are concerned, the lowest depth of degradation to which, in times comparatively modern, it ever sank. A Court, not vicious only, but brutal in its vices, set an example to the nation which the nation too readily followed; till profaneness and debauchery became, in all circles, the index of high spirit. We speak of days when the heir-apparent attended bull-baiting at Hockley in the Hole, and the orgies of Midmenham Abbey operated, not as a deterrent, but rather as a social recommendation, of those who joined in them. To restrain these excesses, and others like them, the clergy had no influence, nor deserved to have any. From the prelate who owed his advancement to considerations of political expediency, down to the curate who smoked his pipe and drank his ale with the farmer and the exciseman in the village tavern, the pastors of the Church were, with few and brilliant exceptions, just as indifferent to the religion which they professed to teach as the worst livers among their flocks; and as in every depth there is a place lower still, so the very refuse of the clergy appear to have sought and found employment with the king's troops. If the reader be curious to find a specimen of the genus "military chaplain," as it flourished then and for many years afterwards, we refer him to a work recently published, 'The Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis,' by Mr Parkes and Mr Merivale. Francis, writing from Paris in 1772, thus.

describes the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, his former chum at St Paul's School, and, at the date of his letter, the chaplain of a regiment, from which he appears to have absented himself, with or without leave: "On the 30th November I met Mr Rosenhagen, *en frac*, hat and feather, by much the most important person we have met with in our travels; hand and glove with the first people in the kingdom; a thorough Frenchman, professing a contempt for everything that belongs to the country." Another person, writing also from Paris, says of Mr Rosenhagen: "He was not unacquainted with finesses at play, and availed himself of them on every occasion. However, as this commerce is not the most certain in the world, he found it expedient to extend his credit upon paper to a considerable extent, but when the bills became due, he sought refuge in the verge of the court." "Rosenhagen and I," says a third correspondent of Francis, "calmly drank two bottles of champagne and four of burgundy;" they then quarrelled with the landlady, whom Rosenhagen addressed in a long speech, concluding thus: "'Madame, j'ai l'honneur de vous dire que vous êtes gueuse, que vos filles sont —, et que monsieur votre mari est bête et cocu.' I never laughed more in my life, nor he; he was really inspired."

Rosenhagen was a scamp in every sense of the term; but he was at the same time a scholar, and a man of considerable ability. The mass of army chaplains between 1748 and a date too recent to admit of direct reference to it, appear to have been partakers in his scampishness without possessing any share of his talents or his scholarship.

It is worthy of remark that all this while the chaplains of the army were subjected to no spiritual control whatever. The bishops

took no note of them; they were in the Church of England, but certainly not of her. The colonels of regiments enjoyed the patronage, which they sold, as they did other perquisites; and the clergyman purchasing his place claimed and exercised the right of selling it again whenever it suited his convenience so to do. But the chaplain did more: he stipulated with the colonel on receiving his appointment that, so long as the duties were performed, no constraint should be laid upon him to perform them in person; and not to perform these duties in person, but to keep the place as other pluralities were kept, became by degrees, in defiance of the Articles of War, the custom of the service. "At what period a relaxation in the attendance of chaplains with their regiments first began to prevail, it may be difficult, and perhaps useless, to ascertain; the indulgence to receive leave of absence seems to have gained ground insensibly, till at length, notwithstanding the Articles of War on that head, the appointment became apparently a sinecure. For a long time before the new system was adopted, the duty of chaplain was usually performed by deputy, who was paid by his employer, according to no certain rule: sometimes he received two shillings and sixpence per diem; but generally his remuneration depended upon agreement, and not unfrequently upon the discretion of the commanding officer."*

Whatever may be thought of the late Duke of York as an officer capable of commanding in the field, there cannot be two opinions in regard to the earnestness with which he strove to advance the best interests of the British army. The wretched system which he found in practice of giving commissions to children still in the nursery, he set aside; and being horrified at the

* Report of Military Inquiry, page 24.

scandal which attached to the condition of the Church in the army, he bent himself with characteristic energy to remove it. Had the heads of the Church been as much alive seventy years ago as they are now to their duties—had they cared to inquire at all into the constitution of that body, to the chief management of which they were called—it seems impossible that they could have stood by and seen the Commander-in-Chief labour to undo the errors which his predecessors had committed, without showing him how alone his object could be achieved. Unfortunately, however, it occurred no more to the bishops in 1796 than it had done to their predecessors in 1748, that the work to which the Royal Duke was setting his hand was their work, not his. Accordingly, to the Duke of York it was left to construct, in co-operation with the Secretary at War—for in 1796 we had a Secretary at War as well as a Secretary of State for War and the Colonies—just such a machine as they considered to be expedient, and the machine, as was to be expected, assumed as little as possible of an ecclesiastical, and as large a measure as circumstances would allow of a military, character.

On the 21st of September 1796, a royal warrant was issued creating a new office; and the same day the Rev. John Gamble became by commission Chaplain-General to the Forces. The terms of the commission deserve special notice. They run thus:—

“George III., &c., to our trusty and well-beloved John Gamble, Clerk, greeting.—We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your piety, learning, and prudence, do, by these presents, constitute and appoint you to be Chaplain-General of our land forces, raised, and to be raised, for our service. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Chaplain-General, by doing and performing all and all manner of things thereunto belonging; and you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you

shall receive from us, or any your superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war. Given at our Court at St James's, the 21st September 1796, &c. By his Majesty's command.—PORTLAND.”

If this be not a strictly military commission, no military commission ever was drawn up. Not a word is set down, be it observed, not so much as a reference made, either to the particular duties which the Chaplain-General is expected to perform, or to the source from which alone, according to the constitution of the Church of England, authority to exercise spiritual functions can emanate. Neither is it shown who the superior officers of the Chaplain-General may be, nor how far the orders of such superior officer are to be regarded as obligatory in the event of their crossing the canons, the rubrics, or the recognised usages of the Church. The will of the Sovereign, conveyed through it does not appear whom to the individual holding this commission, is to be treated by him as supreme; no matter how far, in acting as he is required to do, he may contravene Common law, Canon law, or Statute law. But the anomaly did not end there. On the 23d of this same September 1796, another royal warrant was issued for the reorganisation of the Clerical department in the army, which, always excepting the palpable outrage offered by it both to the constitution of the Church as a Church, and to the Constitution as by law established, in Church and State, introduced changes not more important than, in theory, they were beneficial. What these changes were, the following extract from the Chaplain's Regulations will show:—

“No chaplain shall hereafter be allowed to appoint a deputy; no chaplaincy (regimental) which may become vacant by death or resignation shall be again filled up; no sale, exchange, or transfer of commission, by the present chaplains, shall be permitted after the 25th Dec. 1796, unless the application

for that purpose shall have been made previous to that day; and in the interval preceding it no chaplaincy shall be sold for more than was given for it by its present possessor; nor shall the purchaser have any claim to sell the same again. And in order to provide for the regular performance of religious duties in future among the regiments whose chaplains may retire in consequence of these our Regulations, our further will and pleasure is, that wherever an army is formed, or a body of troops ordered to be assembled, for service abroad, and in all stations and garrisons where several regiments are near together, chaplains shall be appointed according to the number of corps, in the proportion of one to each brigade, or to every three or four regiments. For such regiments on foreign service as are in separate stations, or not more than two in one place, or near together, an efficient chaplain shall be appointed at each station."

Thus the warrant provided, as far as any written document could provide, that thenceforth no army should take the field without having chaplains attached to it, and that in foreign garrisons the offices of the Church should be dispensed by garrison chaplains. The arrangements for the religious care of the troops at home were less satisfactory. Without entirely superseding the order of military chaplains, it was proposed, as much as possible, to throw upon the parochial clergy the spiritual care of the soldiers. The following sentences will show how light this burden was assumed to be, and how trivial the remuneration assigned to such as might be willing to bear it:—

"For every barrack in the British dominions a neighbouring clergyman is to be employed as the curate, to perform Divine service every Sunday, and to be paid twenty-five pounds per annum.

"The commanding officer of every separate regiment in quarters will attend with his regiment at some parish church, or employ a neighbouring clergyman to perform Divine service to the men; and he will empower the clergyman whose parish church he may attend, or who has done the duty of the regiment, to draw on the agent of the regiment."

In these arrangements, defective

as in numberless essential points we know them to have been, the best evidence is afforded of the desire of the Commander-in-Chief to provide for the army over which he presided Church privileges in the fullest attainable measure. He was but grudgingly met by the Secretary at War, who held the public purse, and sought, as much as possible, to keep it closed. The army was not connected, as it ought to have been, with the Episcopate. The parochial clergy were hired—not appealed to through their human sympathy—to tell their fellow-men—armed and regimented for the defence of the country—the things pertaining to their peace. And here and there, where regiments were massed, as in camps and fortified places, brigade-chaplains continued to do duty as the duties of chaplains had been done time out of mind. The results were not different from what might have been anticipated. The parochial clergy could never be brought to understand that the men and officers of the army and their families formed any part of their legitimate charge. They gave them what they were paid for giving, and nothing more. The pay issued was niggardly, and the services rendered in exchange were niggardly also. How this wretched bargain came to be so worthless to both the parties to it, will be better understood if we stop for a moment in our narrative of events, to describe some of the contingencies which gave rise to them.

In former years the return of this country from a state of war to a state of peace was followed—even more immediately and to a greater extent than now—by the rapid disbandment of seamen and soldiers, and the breaking up of naval and military establishments. More causes than one, so far as the army was concerned, operated to produce this effect. Among others, the billeting of men and officers upon private families, not easy to bear

when danger threatened, became intolerable when danger passed away. And up to the year 1793, men and officers, unless they were encamped, or held such fortresses as Dover, Portsmouth, the citadel of Plymouth, &c., were of necessity billeted upon the inhabitants of our English towns and villages. For there were not then, as there are now, barracks in or near most of our populous places wherein to lodge the troops. The troops were literally quartered upon the people; and the people had nothing for it but to make the most of them.

While the troops lay scattered thus through the towns and villages of England, they came naturally as much under the supervision of the parochial clergy as if they had been regular parishioners. As often as the clergyman chose to visit a civilian family, he was sure to find one or more soldiers living in the domestic circle, whom he almost again at church, to which from their billets they were marched, if marched at all, more frequently by companies than by battalions. One effect of these connections was that the presence of soldiers in any district added very little to the population of parishes, and therefore to the work of the clergy; for between the close of the American war and the breaking out of the war of the French Revolution, the numerical strength of the British army was only 27,280 men. Between 1793 and 1805, however, these numbers rose to 134,472, to which must be added the militia, as it was called out and embodied, numbering about 50,000 men. As soon as this increase of force began, and more strenuously still after the war threatened to become chronic, the Government proposed to build barracks for the troops, and carried their point, though not without fierce opposition from Mr Fox and the Whig or Opposition party in the House of Commons. And then, by degrees, as one barrack after another sprang up, came into opera-

tion that process of marching the men by whole battalions to the nearest and most convenient church, or having what was called a special service performed in the open air. The process was this:—

At some given hour, weather permitting, the inmates of the barrack, one, two, or even three battalions, as the case might be, were formed into three sides of a square of close columns. The big drum stood where the fourth side of the square might have been, and all being ready, the clergyman, either a brigade-chaplain or the incumbent or curate of some neighbouring church, took his station beside the drum, arrayed in surplice and stole. The prayers occupied perhaps ten minutes. There were neither responses nor psalmody. The sermon never exceeded a quarter of an hour, and was sometimes compressed within half that space of time; and the whole being galloped through, the minister unrobed and departed. Not a man on the parade, except such as stood in the front ranks, ever heard a word of what was spoken. Not a man cared one straw whether he heard or not; and as this was positively all the acquaintance which the garrison formed with the individual considered to be their chaplain, the weight of his influence for good upon the faith and practice of the men was *nil*. He never visited the sick—he never catechised the children—he never comforted the dying—he never so much as conversed with a soldier or his wife;—he was truly the hireling, and the wretchedly paid hireling too, who had no other thought, so far as his flock was concerned, than to see as little of them as possible.

Matters were not much mended—in the public opinion of the army and of the parish they were, on the contrary, made worse—as often as regiments were marched to attend divine service in a church. In the first place, the parishioners hated the operation, because a

regiment marching through the streets with its band playing collects all the blackguards of the town, who follow it to the church-door, and there stop till it shall come out again. In the next place, the men hate a service which is long, and in which they find it impossible to join. For any place in a parish church is good enough for soldiers—up in galleries and in the back seats of galleries, where they can neither hear nor see, or far away behind pillars, which cut them off from all chance of profiting either from the prayers or the sermon.

It was the combined operation of these two causes—the concentration of the troops in barracks, and the total neglect of them in a spiritual point of view—which led to that change in the constitution of the Chaplains' Department of which we spoke not long ago. In 1796 the office of Chaplain-General was created. At the same time the orders of brigade-chaplain and garrison-chaplain were suppressed, and in lieu of these offices the army was furnished with staff-chaplains, in sufficient numbers to attend, as was supposed, to the camps and larger stations at home, and to furnish at the same time chaplains sufficient for the many foreign expeditions which were then and subsequently equipped for service in the field abroad. It would be unfair to the memory of the late Duke of York were we not to state that, in effecting these changes, he paid as much attention as he was allowed or encouraged to do to the laws and usages of the Church. He did not arrange, certainly, that his chaplains should go to their work sustained by the special licence of any episcopal head, but he compromised matters in some degree by causing a regulation to be framed which provided that, for the future, clergymen should be appointed to chaplaincies in the army only on the recommendation and with the concurrence of the Archbishops of Can-

terbury and York, and of the Bishop of London. Military chaplains took, by these means, or appeared to take, the status of colonial clergy, and the Chaplain-General stood between them and the three prelates by whom they were recommended much as an archdeacon stands between the clergy of his archdeaconry and the bishop of the diocese. But plausible as the arrangement seemed in theory to be, it offered, in reality, as much violence to the law as that which had been superseded by it, and the machine constructed upon it proved, when put upon its trial, to be utterly worthless. Sufficient inducements were not held out to tempt able and earnest men into the service. The Secretary at War would not consent to give to the army a competent staff of chaplains. The troops at home were still thrown, as before, on the parochial clergy, and, as before, they went abroad taking no clergymen with them, or next to none. The following extracts from letters addressed by his Royal Highness to the Secretary at War and to the Lords of the Treasury will show how deeply he felt the disappointment:—

“His Royal Highness observes, with much concern, that very inadequate provision was made for the branch of the service now under consideration, in reference to the various embarkations which took place in the course of the year 1805—viz., the armaments under the commands of Lieutenant-General Sir James Craig and Lord Cathcart and Sir David Baird, then a Major-General.”

“Sir James Craig embarked in the month of April in command of a corps consisting of about 4000 men . . . with one chaplain.”

“Lord Cathcart embarked in October with a corps of 14,000 men, with one chaplain; and it appears that Sir David Baird's corps, consisting of nearly 4600 men, was actually unattended by any clerical officer of any description.”

After expressing the regret and chagrin of his Royal Highness at finding the remonstrances which he made, first in 1806, and by-and-by

in June 1808, unattended to, the letter continues:—

“With the corps assembled (in 1807) in South America, being the united commands of the Brigadier-Generals Sir Samuel Achmuty and R. Crawford, consisting of upwards of 8000 men, there does not appear to have been any chaplain.

“With Major-General Fraser’s corps, which landed in Egypt in the month of April 1807, consisting of 6000 men, there does not appear to have been any chaplain.

“With the corps which embarked in the month of August on the expedition against Zealand, under the command of Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart, of which the portion of British amounted to 14,000 men, there appears to have been one British chaplain.”

In the same strain the letter notices the embarkation, in October, of 3400, under General Beresford, and in November of 7000, under Sir John Moore, equally destitute of chaplains. In 1808 the same negligence continues. Sir Brent Spencer sails in February having 4000 men under his command without a single chaplain. In April Sir John Moore goes forth to the Baltic with 5500—no chaplain goes with him; and finally, Sir Arthur Wellesley proceeds for Portugal, at the head of 8800 men, not one chaplain being attached to the corps.

“The above circumstances,” proceeds Sir Harry Calvert’s letter, “and a very serious consideration as to the situation of our troops in India, in which country there appear to be no chaplains belonging to his Majesty’s army, induced the Commander-in-Chief to direct me to address the letter of the 13th of June to the Secretary at War. And his Royal Highness, while adverting to the want of provision which so notoriously exists for the performance of the clerical duties with our forces when employed on foreign service, commanded me at the same time to animadvert and to give his sentiments on the system on which they are conducted with reference to our troops at home, which the Commander-in-Chief considers inadequate to the proposed object, inasmuch as his Royal Highness cannot conceive that troops in regular garrisons, or when assembled in considerable bodies, should depend on

the casual attendance of the parochial clergy, though those means may with propriety be resorted to in the instances of small detached corps; nor does his Royal Highness consider that the clerical duties of the army can be performed with efficacy, and in a mode calculated to produce the greatest and most beneficial effect on the mind of the soldiers, except by chaplains personally connected with them; and in recommending a liberal provision for the chaplains of the army, the Commander-in-Chief has not been less influenced by considerations founded on the good of the service, which would be materially promoted by the respectability of the persons so employed, than by a due attention to the pretensions of those gentlemen, with reference to the great expenses of scholastic education, and other preparations for their situations in life, and to the importance of the duties which they are required to discharge.”

This strong remonstrance, coming from so high a quarter, produced an effect. The Secretary at War did his best indeed to curtail the proportions of the necessary reform, because the reform cost money. But the staff of chaplains was increased, both at home and abroad, and the office itself rendered worth the attention of educated gentlemen, by annexing to it the relative rank of Major, and fixing the pay and allowances, as well as the retirement after a given number of years’ service, on a not illiberal scale.

Throughout the remainder of the great war, and for four-and-twenty years after the peace of 1815, the Chaplains’ Department of the army remained on the footing to which the Warrant of 1808 had advanced it. In this interval three clergymen were appointed in succession to the office of Chaplain-General. On the retirement of Mr Gamble, Archdeacon Owen took his place; and on the demise of Archdeacon Owen, Dr Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle, and Rector of St George’s, Hanover Square, became Chaplain-General to the Forces. But peace brought with it, as it invariably does in this country, an entire for-

getfulness of the requirements of war, and men were discharged, and officers placed on half-pay, and establishments of every kind cut down, till they ceased to be of the smallest practical utility. Among other departments destined to come under the pruning-knife of the economist was the Chaplains' Department. At first the Government contented itself by allowing chaplains to die out. Vacancies on the staff, as they occurred, were not filled up; and year by year the department became more and more attenuated. At last it was determined to extinguish the class of Staff-Chaplains altogether, and to begin that process by cashiering their head. In 1830 the Dean of Carlisle was invited to resign his office, and he did so. To the senior chaplain then on the active list a portion of the duties, with scarce a remnant of the authority of the abolished office, was transferred; and Dr Dakins became, and for fourteen years continued to be, the most anomalous of all public functionaries, and to bear the most unmeaning of all titles, that of Principal Chaplain to the Forces.

Matters had gone on but indifferently between 1796 and 1830. Their course went even more awry between 1830 and 1844. Staff-chaplains disappeared one by one, till at last the only names to be found in the Army List were those of Dr Dakins himself, in London, of a Dr Curties in Chatham, and of the Rev. Mr Lemesurier, Chaplain to the Forces at Malta. The spiritual care of the large garrisons of Portsmouth and Plymouth was intrusted to two clergymen respectively, without commissions from the Crown, or any licence from the Bishop of either diocese. Similar provision was made for the garrisons of Corfu and Gibraltar in Europe, of Quebec and Halifax in North America, and for the island of St Helena. Everywhere else, at home and abroad, the parochial or district clergy were

burdened with the pastoral charge of whatever troops happened to be quartered near them, and this without an inquiry made as to whether the barracks lay inside or outside the boundaries of the parish of which the officiating minister might be the incumbent. The whole arrangements set completely at nought not merely the spiritual requirements of an important section of her Majesty's subjects, but the law of the land; and the remuneration assigned to the parochial clergy for such services as they were assumed to perform was ludicrous in its meanness. For example, the Regulations ran, that the officer commanding was to seek out some neighbouring church, no matter whether the parish church or not, wherein his men could be accommodated at the ordinary hour of public worship—how accommodated no human being cared to inquire. It was the old practice, described a few pages ago; and the forms of public worship being observed, the conscience of the Government (if Governments have any conscience) was the more appeased that it paid nothing for the accommodation afforded. In case no church could be found large enough to contain the troops, then a separate service, as it was called, became necessary, for performing which to his military congregation the clergyman received one guinea. But he could not depend upon adding a guinea a-week to his settled income from this source; not at all. As often as a few drops of rain fell, and, not unfrequently, if a shower threatened, Church Parade, as the assembling of the corps for public worship was called, dispersed, and the clergyman, whether at his post or not, went for that week without his guinea. Was he then entirely deprived of remuneration for a whole week? Not quite so. The Government, in its generosity, made him an allowance for visiting the hospitals, which it doled out in shillings, and even in

sixpences, proportioned to the distance which he was obliged to walk when passing from his own house to the place where the sick men lay. The hospital allowance ranged from 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a-week, and was paid only on the production of a certificate from the commanding officer that the hospital had been regularly visited, and that it was distant so many miles or yards from the residence of the clergyman.

With regulations drawn up for their guidance in this spirit, it could hardly be expected that the parochial clergy should look upon the soldiers and their requirements in almost any other light than that of a nuisance. Few among them took the smallest interest in their work. They knew nothing of the officers, or of the men, or of their families. They took no charge of the Regimental Schools, which in truth were at that time worth nobody's attending to, and to which nobody did attend. The soldier was an outcast, a sort of Pariah in his native country, and the knowledge that his countrymen so regarded him operated, as was natural, most injuriously upon his moral conduct. Yet the elements of good were all this while lying dormant in the army, and the hearts of the men yearned for that sympathy, and especially for that religious sympathy, which they could nowhere find. Of this there is the best proof in the gratitude which they experienced and expressed towards any clergyman who so far forgot himself as to be even moderately kind to them. Poor fellows! it was seldom their lot to find such kindness. Let us not, however, be understood as passing upon the parochial clergy of England a sentence of sweeping condemnation. In almost every instance the individual upon whom the troops were imposed had a populous parish of his own to attend to. He could not be expected to neglect his proper duties in order to aim at work-

ing miracles among birds of passage, the very atmosphere which surrounded whom was one of less than indifference to religion and its requirements. The truth is that the whole matter was a mockery and a sham. Church parade was hated by the men; it was for reasons assigned elsewhere hated by the parishioners; and the clergyman himself engaged to perform a separate service esteemed or abhorred it according to the state of the weather, and the influence which it exercised over his own finances.

In 1844, Dr Dakins resigned, and the gentleman who now holds the office of Chaplain-General to the Forces became Principal Chaplain in his room. He had the good fortune to find himself connected with the late Lord Herbert, then Mr Sidney Herbert, one who fully understood both the constitution of the Church and the crying moral, religious, and sanitary wants of the army. It would be impertinent in us, and distasteful to the survivor of these two, were we to speak otherwise than in the most general terms of the results brought about by their combined exertions. We may say of both that they honestly desired to raise, as much as possible, the moral and religious tone of the troops. Their first efforts were directed towards a thorough reform in the educational system of the army. The Royal Military Asylum at Chelsea entirely changed its nature; it became at once a training college for schoolmasters, and the model school after which the schools of regiments were constructed. Meanwhile attention was paid to the condition of the Chaplains' Department, and changes were gradually introduced, with a view to raise it out of the mud into which it had fallen. The wretched practice of paying for sermons actually preached, and a sort of mileage upon walks to and from the hospital, was got rid of, and the troops were thrown upon

the general superintendence of the parochial clergy, the latter being remunerated for all services rendered by a sort of capitation payment calculated upon the numbers of their military congregations. By-and-by a move was made to resuscitate the order of Staff-Chaplains, a process which began when the camp was formed at Chobham, and other changes followed. In 1846 the office of Chaplain-General was re-created ; and the Chaplain-General being appointed at the same time Inspector-General of Military Schools, the educational progress of the army kept pace with the care which was bestowed upon the moral and religious training of the men. By-and-by came the Crimean war, which, if it somewhat threw back the work of the schools, gave a decided impulse to Church work in the army. We need not specify one by one the various alterations which were introduced till they landed us where we now are. There are at the present moment between sixty and seventy clergymen of the Church of England set apart and commissioned by the Crown for work exclusively among the troops. These take charge of the larger military stations in time of peace, and are ready, should hostilities break out, to follow their brigades into the field. London with its garrison gives employment to three chaplains. Portsmouth and Gosport united command the services of four. In Plymouth and Devonport two are stationed ; in the camp at Aldershot, six ; and so on. These are to the soldiers their own veritable pastors, officiating to them, not at parade services only, but in the afternoons and evenings of Sundays and holidays when attendance is voluntary ; visiting their households, looking after their sick, giving to their children, and to the drummers and lads of regiments, religious instruction at stated hours three times a-week ; preparing men, women, and young persons for

confirmation ; comforting and improving prisoners in their cells,—being of the soldiers in short, living among them, and living for them. Once a-year the Chaplain-General visits each military station in England, and as often as circumstances will allow, in Ireland also ; when, besides examining the young people under religious instruction, he looks closely into the general work, as it is performed, and receives every quarter, from all parts of the world, returns setting forth the work done by chaplains, and vouched for by the certificate of commanding officers. But this is not all.

In order to benefit by the educational arrangements which made their first start in 1848, it was found necessary to provide school-rooms in all the barracks at home and abroad—a great work, which was well begun while the present Lord Dalhousie held office as Secretary at War, and went forward gradually as schoolmasters were trained and qualified to be attached to regiments. Heretofore any hole or corner was considered spacious enough for a schoolroom ; just as the most inefficient non-commissioned officer in the regiment, provided he could read and write, was considered good enough to be the schoolmaster. Now spacious and airy apartments were required, an incident which was taken advantage of to supply another great want in the economy of barracks. We have elsewhere shown how, fifty years ago, Divine service was performed to troops as often as it was found impossible to provide them with accommodation in a neighbouring church. It was now proposed so to construct these new schoolrooms that, being used for purposes of general education during the week, they might be available on Sundays and holidays for public worship, as well as for evening services, lectures, and other rational and improving occupations. The proposal was a startling one,

as all novelties are when first broached in our public offices; and in order to get it accepted at all, considerations of architectural fitness were, not without a pang, surrendered. Hence the chapel-schools first erected for the use of soldiers are simply hideous, as any one will see who looks into the barracks at Winchester. But a beginning once made, and its good effects demonstrated, the Government became by degrees more willing to go forward.* Neat edifices sprang up one after another in our barracks; and in the same church-like apartment, where on week-days the men assemble by fifties at a time to learn reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and even history,—officers and men, their wives and children, meet together on Sunday to hear God's Holy Word read and preached, and to receive the Sacrament. There is not a thoughtful officer or man in the service but will testify to the good effect produced by Church and School upon the conduct of our soldiers. Nor is it the least beneficial of the consequences of this move, that it has advanced the cause of libraries and places of rational recreation in camps and barracks. For all these point in one direction; it is the same good spirit which leads men to become religious and educated, and to find pleasant occupation for hours, otherwise not unlikely to be misspent, in pursuits which relax without degrading the mind, if they do not positively raise it.

There was a time within the memory of men still alive when all soldiers and all sailors were considered to be members of the Church of England. To the services of that Church, performed

as we have elsewhere described, Roman Catholics and Dissenters, equally with Churchmen, were marched; the Highland regiments themselves, we believe, worshipping in a rude way, and without one word of remonstrance, in the terms of the Liturgy, as often as they came to England or took the field. The true liberality of modern times has rectified this wrong. For many years back soldiers have been free to attend public worship wherever they chose, so long as they did attend somewhere, and were marched under proper authority to and from the place where such worship was performed. Of late a great advance has been made upon this liberality. As soon as the Chaplains' Department assumed order and consistency, the Scotch Presbyterians and the Church of Rome claimed to participate in the advantage, and the claim was, after a little hesitation, admitted. In our opinion the concession—if a concession it ought to be called—was perfectly just. Presbyterianism is the established religion of Scotland, and partakes at least of the character of a semi-establishment in Ireland. The Roman Catholic soldiers in the army compose perhaps one-third part of its total strength. We make this latter statement hesitatingly, because Ireland has not, of late, contributed so many recruits to the ranks as it used to do; but we know that our computation was a just one at and before the period of the Crimean war. When, therefore, the piece-work process for services rendered went out of fashion, and a payment by capitation grant took its place, Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers were put upon the same footing with the parochial

* It is much to be regretted that of late years, when so much has been done to improve the sanitary condition of barracks, the requirements both of Church and School—certainly of Church—have suffered neglect. There are many important stations, some of them of quite recent creation, where the worst features of the old system are beginning to show themselves, because decent places in which to meet for public worship are refused to the troops.

clergy. It was not, to be sure, very easy to find in England Presbyterian ministers, in the proper sense of the term. But in almost all Dissenting chapels the forms of worship are the same which we find in the kirks of Scotland, and Dissenting ministers, able and willing to receive the troops, received the pay which the Government awarded. About Roman Catholics there could be no doubt. They belong to a Church which is at unity with itself. Their worship is everywhere the same.

On the breaking out of the Crimean war, Roman Catholics and Presbyterians applied and were allowed to send out ministers of their respective persuasions with the army. To them the same rate of pay and allowances was made as to the clergy of the Church of England. They did their duty well, and on the return of peace their services were not forgotten. A calculation was made of the relative numbers in the ranks belonging to the three recognised religious bodies, and to each body its own proportion of chaplains was allowed. The arrangement is very liberal, but in our opinion it is also perfectly just. Long ago, when regimental chaplains were in existence, the Scottish regiments had their Presbyterian chaplains; and though at first sight it may appear difficult to assign a reason upon abstract principles why Romish priests should become commissioned officers in the Queen's army, every thinking man will acknowledge to himself that the State is sometimes justified in making arrangements which can be defended on the plea of their utility alone—and this seems to be a case in point. For as Romanism stands quite apart from every other form of Christianity, so it seems unreasonable that a constitutional Government should enlist Roman Catholic soldiers into its service, yet refuse to provide for them means of attending to their re-

ligious duties. The case is different in regard to Protestant Dissenters. Between one sect of Nonconformists and another the shades of difference are so minute, that more than the amount of casuistry appertaining to laymen, in or out of office, is needed to discover wherein these differences lie. And in the ranks themselves, Dissenters are not only few in number, but they are so split up into units among the different arms and regiments that you can rarely find in any one corps above a dozen, if so many, professing exactly the same faith. To appoint chaplains for these, or even to take account of them at all, when estimating for the cost of Divine service, would be clearly impossible. Wherefore the Government contents itself by commissioning, or paying for their services if uncommissioned, first the clergy of the Established Church; next, priests of the Church of Rome; and, thirdly, Presbyterian ministers—the last of whom take, to a great extent, all the Dissenters belonging to their respective brigades and regiments into their charge.

With the acceptance of this last arrangement the ecclesiastical system in the army may be said to have become complete. The Church, comprising within her communion nine-tenths at least of the officers, and about two-thirds (at all events more than one-half) of the non-commissioned officers and men, demands and receives the greatest share of the State's largess. Her chaplains exceed in number those of the other two persuasions put together, to an extent which is the more remarkable because the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland positively refuse to receive any Queen's chaplains among them. The Church of Rome likewise asserts a right, which is denied to the Church of England, that her clergy honoured by the Queen's commission shall derive their authority to execute the functions of

a priest from a spiritual head in episcopal orders. A licence from Bishop Grant, of Southwark, accepted and endorsed by the bishops in whose dioceses they officiate, gives them their spiritual power. The withdrawal of that licence would at once incapacitate them from performing any religious services to the army. The chaplains of the Church of England have the Chaplain-General to look up to. But he is not in episcopal orders, and whatever powers he can pretend to exercise are dependent entirely upon the measure of support afforded to him by the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief. But in a great public establishment like the War Office, it is not with the supreme head, the Secretary of State himself, that any merely departmental officer is allowed to deal. His propositions, when he has any to make, his system of administering the department over which he presides, are all, down to the minutest details, subject to be revised, commented upon, disarranged, or entirely minuted away by clerks and under-secretaries before they reach the head of the office at all. And as it would be unfair to expect in gentlemen filling the station of clerks or Under-Secretaries of State, especially if the latter be soldiers, any acquaintance whatever with canon, or even with common law, so both common and canon law are liable to be thrown over, if their requirements involve, or appear to involve, incidents which are either new or inconvenient. We are not, however, called upon to enter into such details as these; the subject is an extremely delicate one, and so far as we are concerned it shall be left for the present under that veil of mystery which shrouds both in Church and State so many absurdities.

When the Department first attained its consistency, and for a good many years afterwards, the chaplains of the Presbyterian per-

suation were, equally with those of the Church of England, subject in matters of routine to the jurisdiction of the Chaplain-General. We never heard that the arrangement proved distasteful to either section of the body. We believe, on the contrary, that it tended to keep up a good understanding between them, because a common authority settled their differences when any such arose, and both parties bowed to his decision. But there was stirred up at last, in what is called the London Presbytery, a mistaken idea that the Presbyterian Church was outraged by this official subordination of some half-dozen of its ministers to an Episcopalian chief. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was accordingly moved to enter a protest against the arrangement. The consequence has been that the Presbyterians and their chaplains, whether belonging to the Established Church of Scotland or the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, are now exempt from all supervision by the Chaplain-General, and do their work and make their returns, responsible, as far as we can understand, to no spiritual head whatever. The chaplains are Presbyterians without a Presbytery either to assign them their work or to see that it is executed.

We come now to consider the special provision which the Government has made for the decent celebration of public worship in camps and garrisons at home and abroad.

In camps, such as those at Aldershot, on the Curragh of Kildare, and at Shornecliffe, huge unshapely wooden huts have been erected, of which the original purpose was that they should be used in common by the three persuasions. In most of the larger barracks there are chapel-schools, accessible alike, because unconsecrated, to Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Presbyterians. In six or eight stations, such as Dover Cas-

tle, Woolwich, in the south camp at Aldershot, in the citadel at Plymouth, in the royal barracks in Dublin, and in one or two other places besides, there are churches which, having been consecrated either recently or long ago, are set apart exclusively for the worship of troops and chaplains belonging to the Church of England. Now no arrangements could at first sight appear to be either more liberal or more just than these. Huts and chapel-schools, being alike unconsecrated, are open to be applied even to secular purposes; far more reasonable, therefore, it might be thought, would be their application to purposes of public worship, by the three different religious bodies of which the British army is composed. Some inconvenience, and possibly a little scandal, might at the outset be created. The smell of incense is distasteful to the olfactory nerves of extreme Protestants. The removal of one altar and the bringing in of another, reminds the profane of scene-shifting at the theatre; and the decorations in which Churchmen delight at the seasons of Easter and Christmas are abominable in the eyes of the rigid disciples of John Knox. Custom and use will, however, in the end reconcile men to most things, and custom and use led both the troops and their chaplains to understand one another, and to be content with what the Government gave them. But just as matters reached this point, doubts which had long been floating about received their confirmation. We may build as many chapels and chapel-schools as we please for our troops, leave them unconsecrated, and use them in common in Scotland, and possibly in the Colonies. We can do nothing of the sort in England and in Ireland, except by bidding defiance to the law. Indeed, our whole ecclesiastical fabric, not in the army only, but in the navy also, including our right to administer

the sacraments, the validity of our registers, and every spiritual act which we perform, has been struck at of late so fiercely, that unless immediate steps are taken to avert the calamity, it must come to the ground. "The Sovereign," said Dr Battersby in his memorable decision, "is supreme ordinary, but bound to act according to ecclesiastical law in the Church, as according to the temporal law in other things." But the ecclesiastical and temporal law are clear upon two points. First, that a priest of the Church of England shall not officiate within any parish in England or Ireland, except with the leave of the incumbent and the licence of the bishop; and next, that public worship shall not be celebrated by a Dissenting minister in any building which has not been duly registered for that purpose. Both of these laws the customs of the army have violated—one of them the customs of the navy violate in like manner. The chaplain of the dockyard at Portsmouth, for example, unless he can produce the licence of the Bishop of Winchester, covering and founded upon the written sanction of the Vicar, is liable at any moment to be admonished and inhibited, and condemned in the costs of the suit which the Vicar may bring against him. So likewise military chaplains, having neither leave nor licence to show, violate the law both at Portsmouth and elsewhere, as often as they celebrate public worship, whether such celebration take place in a consecrated church or in an unconsecrated hut or chapel-school. In like manner Roman Catholic priests and Presbyterian ministers, being in the eye of the law as much Dissenters in England and Ireland as Wesleyan and Baptist preachers, commit a statutable offence as often as they celebrate mass or perform public worship in any structure which has not been registered as a Dissenting chapel. Now, no mili-

tary chapel or chapel-school, unconsecrated though it be, has been, or can be, registered as a Dissenting chapel, so long as the service of the Church of England is performed therein; and therefore every time public worship is performed in such chapel-school by a Presbyterian or a Roman Catholic chaplain, the law suffers outrage at the hands of the Government, which exists for the purpose of enforcing obedience to what the law requires.

Such are the facts which Dr Battersby's decision in the case of *Mills v. Craig* has brought to light; and very startling, not to say embarrassing, they must be admitted to be. They show that two great departments of the State have, through inadvertence, and misled by the legal advice rendered to them, acted for years back in violation of the laws of the land, and they force upon the Government the necessity of either altering the law, or making the customs of the two services coincide with the law as it exists. In other words, they render imperative the course—which is not now for the first time recommended—viz., that a Bill be prepared and brought into Parliament with as little delay as possible—first, for legalising transactions which are proved to have been illegal, and next, for settling the Church in the navy and army on a regular and constitutional footing.

Towards the attainment of these objects four lines of action seem to be open to the Government: First, their Bill may go no further than to condone past irregularities, and, by declaring naval and military districts and naval and military persons exempt in certain particulars from the requirements of common and canon law, get rid of the restrictions which have heretofore kept naval and military chaplains in the discreditable position in which they now stand. But the objections to this course are so obvious and so insurmountable that

no Government, unless it be bent on revolutionising the constitution of the country, would think of adopting it. It is the law not of the Church only but of the land also, that authority to undertake the cure of souls can emanate only from a spiritual source. You cannot find that source in the Secretary of State for War, in the Commander-in-Chief, in the Lords of the Admiralty, or even in the Crown. The Bishop, as he alone can ordain in England, so he grants induction to benefices and licences to curates. The Church of Scotland ordains to benefices by its Presbyteries, and by its Presbyteries grants a licence to preach. Any law which should authorise clergymen to officiate, independently of the episcopal licence, to the Queen's fleets and armies in England and Ireland, would separate both army and navy from the Church of England, and hand them over to the spiritual care of a body of independent ministers. We cannot imagine that a Conservative Government, or any Government, would make such a wild proposal to the Legislature; we cannot doubt that the proposal if made would be summarily rejected.

Or, second, the Government may bring in a Bill to legalise past irregularities, and to place for the future naval and military stations and naval and military persons under the special jurisdiction of some particular bishop, say the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of London. But, in the first place, is it probable that either of these prelates, or any other member of a hierarchy which complains already of being over-worked, would consent to have such an enormous increase of responsibility and labour heaped upon him? and if so brave and energetic a bishop could be found, what is there that should lead us to believe that the other bishops would consent to an arrangement so derogatory to their rights and privileges? No bishop

would willingly allow the bishop of another diocese to intrude into his diocese and interfere with his proper work. No archbishop of a province would tolerate such intrusion if attempted by the suffragan of another archbishop, or by that archbishop himself. We doubt whether any Government would propose to Parliament that the law which establishes the independence of diocesan bishops should be overridden. We are confident that whatever the House of Commons might do, the House of Lords would reject such proposal.

A third scheme may be proposed to which, when carelessly looked at, no grave objections might appear to lie. The Bill legalising past irregularities might provide that for the future every naval and military chaplain should be required, before executing the functions of his office, to take out a licence from the bishop into whose diocese he may from time to time enter. But, unless the law be made compulsory upon bishops, it would leave us pretty much where we are at this moment; and if it be made compulsory, what is that but a violation of Church principles quite as serious as that under which we now suffer? A bishop claims at this moment, and has a right to claim, that before licensing a clergyman to a cure of souls he shall be satisfied of his fitness for the work in every respect. The bishop also requires proof that the nominee to a benefice is, both as regards doctrine and morals, worthy of his station before he will grant induction to the benefice. Are we going to force upon the bishop all such persons as happen to be commissioned by the Crown? and to say that, with or without proof of their fitness to minister at the altar, he must grant to them his episcopal licence, and recognise them as belonging to his clergy? Besides, what becomes all this while of the rights of incumbents? Are they to be set aside entirely, or will it

rest with rectors and vicars to stay the purposes of the Crown and of the bishops, by refusing to hand over to the Queen's commissioned chaplains the spiritual charge of persons in their respective parishes? Nor must another objection be overlooked. Place naval and military chaplains under the jurisdiction of the diocesan bishops, and you put an end for ever to all authority over this class of officers by their military superiors, and even by the War Office and Admiralty themselves. It will no longer rest with any one at headquarters to say how public worship is to be performed in naval and military chapels, and what services shall otherwise be rendered to seamen and soldiers. Each of the 28 English and each of the 12 Irish bishops will take his own view of these matters, and instead of one uniform system all over the empire, we shall have as many different modes of action in full force as there may happen to be differences of tastes and fancies among the members of the episcopate. We doubt whether any government would propose a course of legislation so open to objection; we are very sure that no parliament would be got to favour the project.

It remains now to choose between one or other of two alternatives. We may abolish altogether the order of military and naval chaplains, throwing our seamen and soldiers in Great Britain and Ireland on the parochial clergy, and re-establishing acting chaplains for the garrisons abroad, and for service on board of ships. This may undoubtedly be done. But—not to dwell too much upon the fact that, unless the scale of payment be raised, the parochial clergy will probably object to minister to soldiers, and seamen on shore, as if they were parishioners—our experience of the past, and let us add of the present likewise, teaches, that as often as these birds of passage, whether soldiers

or sailors, come under the care of ministers having nothing in common with them, they are cruelly neglected. How indeed can the case be otherwise? Take an example in point. The garrison, we believe, of Manchester, is handed over to the pastoral charge of two of the incumbents of that town. One of these takes charge of the infantry, consisting of never less than one entire battalion. The population of his parish is set down at 11,415 souls. His income is £300 a-year. He has one curate. How can he afford, out of £300 a-year, to pay for such clerical assistance as shall enable him to perform in person, or by one of his curates, more than the merest routine duties which the troops expect from him? Who is to instruct the young in the principles of the Church and her religion? Who is to invite young and old to voluntary services, Bible classes, lectures, and amusing as well as instructive readings? Yet the regulations of the army require, that, besides his Sunday-school, every clergyman connected with troops shall, for one hour on two days in each week, give religious instruction to the young people and children of the corps among whom his duties lie. As to the families of the soldiers, and the sick, they are left to shift for themselves, except when once a-week the weary and dispirited clergyman pays a hurried visit to the hospital, and reads prayers—if indeed he do even that—to as many patients as are willing to listen to them. And let us not forget to add, that the clergyman who officiates to the troops in Salford is not incumbent of the parish in which the barracks stand!! We say nothing of a place like Aldershot, where in summer as many as 20,000 souls are generally brought together by the filling of the camp, or of Shorncliffe, or Colchester, or Chatham, or Woolwich, or London. What would the over-wrought clergy of

these localities do if the masses of troops assembled at each were thrown upon their hands? What amount of pay would compensate for the additional labour, or operate as a link binding them in sympathy with persons who come and go so rapidly that to recognise them even by face-mark is next to impossible? Whatever may be done or attempted in the present emergency, we trust that no thought will be harboured of falling back upon customs, the noxious results of which led, only twenty years ago, to their abandonment. The army and navy are well worth all the care that can be given, all the expense that may be incurred, with a view to render the members of those noble professions moral, truthful, religious men. And this can be hoped for, even in part, only by permanently attaching to them their own clergy, who, living among them, and showing that they live for them in time of peace, are ready to take the field with them when war comes—to share their hardships, minister to their necessities, soothe their anguish, and prepare them for death, whether it be the result of wounds received in battle, or close the long and weary sickness which is inseparable from the progress of the most skilfully conducted campaign.

We dismiss, then, the idle thought of throwing the army and naval stations ashore on the parochial clergy. The thing could not be done except at a moral sacrifice which the country would never endure; and so far as the navy afloat is concerned, it is obviously impossible. There remains, then, but to consider how far it may be possible, without doing violence to the Constitution, so to regulate the affairs of the Church in the army and navy as to bring them into harmony with the recognised laws of all Churches in all parts of the world.

Four or five years ago, when doubts of the legality of the proceedings of the War Office began

to be entertained, inquiries were instituted, not alone into the customs of other countries in regard to this matter, but into what the Church in this country has recognised as lawful from time immemorial. It was found, as the result of the latter of these inquiries, that in England, not less than in France, Italy, and Germany, there are many parishes which, from the peculiarity of their original settlement, had never been subject to the jurisdiction of the particular bishops within the limits of whose diocese they were situated. Such, we believe, was the condition of the parish of Bocking, which, while Essex formed part of the diocese of London, looked to the Archbishop of Canterbury as its ordinary. Such, also, was Rochdale, which, standing of old within the diocese of Chester, came under the direct jurisdiction of the Primate. These, with others like them, were called *Peculiars* — a designation equivalent to that which parishes similarly circumstanced in France, in Italy, and in Roman Catholic Germany, retain to this day.

The effect of this arrangement undoubtedly was to withdraw the parishes called *peculiars* practically from all episcopal supervision. The bishops having the right to visit and control them never came near them, and the bishop of the diocese, though he confirmed the young among the parishioners, did so as a matter of courtesy only. A few years ago the circumstance attracted public attention, and an Act of Parliament was passed doing away with these special jurisdictions, and connecting all *peculiars*, by law as well as by custom, with the prelates in whose diocese they happened to stand. But this law neither confirmed nor innovated upon the constitution of the Church. It merely rectified a practical inconvenience—the bishops from whose jurisdiction the *peculiars* were withdrawn assenting to the arrangement.

Having had their attention drawn to this point, the Government proceeded next to inquire, through the British ministers resident at various Continental Courts, how the affairs of the Church in the army and navy were managed abroad. The answers to these inquiries are open to inspection, and they show that in Austria, Italy, France, and elsewhere, naval and military stations, and naval and military men, are *peculiars*, having their own chaplains, rising one above another in rank and authority, and at the head of all a bishop, with precisely the same jurisdiction over naval and military persons as the bishop of a diocese has over the lay and clerical inhabitants of his diocese. To this arrangement the Church of Rome, the most rigid observer of the Canon law in existence, makes no opposition. Neither is it resisted in Prussia, where the semi-episcopal constitution of superintendency prevails. The chaplain-general to the Prussian forces by sea and land is a Superintendent, just as the same officer in the service of Austria and of Italy and of France (certainly as France was before the Revolution and under the Restoration) is a bishop.

We see no escape from the difficulty by which the Church in the army and navy is surrounded, except in following the example set us by countries far more military in their organisation than our own. So far as the laws of the Church are concerned, the erection of a military episcopate, with canonical jurisdiction over all naval and military persons, and in all naval and military stations, so long as they are used for naval and military purposes, would simply give us back, under peculiar and pressing circumstances, that order of things on an enlarged scale which was abolished on a small scale so recently as 1842. No diocesan bishop could object to the entrance within his territory of a bishop hav-

ing authority only over a certain number of *peculiar*s. No parochial clergyman would have a right to complain, seeing that a practice would thereby be legalised which has held for many years, and against which, except on the score of its illegality, he can advance no moral objection. And as the instances must always be comparatively rare in which the rights of the parochial clergy are set aside (for only in camps and large military stations need commissioned chaplains officiate), so the lesser evil of invading the rights of the few must be preferred, either to perseverance in customs which are shown to be illegal, or to such an invasion of episcopal authority everywhere as would amount to a revolution in the Church. Nor, with the precedent of the great military Powers before them, need the chiefs of the British army and navy fear that between their legitimate jurisdiction and that of the military bishop any collision can occur. If differences anywhere arise now, it is because neither combatant officers nor chaplains exactly understand where the line which interposes between their respective privileges runs. There could be no such obscurity were the Church settled in the two services on its legitimate foundation. The military power must always be supreme in disposing of chaplains, as of other officers, for their work, and in appointing the times and places most convenient, in camps and quarters, for the performance of duties strictly ecclesiastical. The ecclesiastical authority must alone decide how such duties are to be performed. The Queen's commission gives access to her chaplains into ships, dockyards, camps, forts, and quarters. The bishop's licence authorises the chaplain so introduced to discharge his spiritual functions. The Crown can, at any time, for proper cause shown, cancel the commission of a chaplain as of any other officer. The bishop

alone is the judge, through his proper court, as to the soundness of the doctrine preached, and the general decorum of life and manners in the preacher. It is impossible that between officials wielding powers so distinct collision should ever occur. Whereas, at present, War Office, Horse Guards, and Admiralty also, are liable to be harassed with complaints, now from a chaplain, that his liberty as a minister of the Church is interfered with—now from some over-zealous officer, who conceives that he is expected to care for the souls of his men as well as for their bodies, and that his idea as to how their souls can best be profited is the only one worthy of attention.

With respect to the performance by Roman Catholic and Presbyterian chaplains of their more public duties to their respective congregations, it is perhaps easier to show what ought not than what ought to be brought about by legislation. One thing is very certain, that you cannot any longer do as you have heretofore done. But you have a remedy at hand. Either the law must be so modified as to render unconsecrated buildings in naval and military stations common property, subject to proper limitations, to the three persuasions, or you must everywhere build chapels, or set apart rooms, and get them registered in England and Ireland for the performance of other services than those of the Church. We will not stop to try the relative value of these two proposals. Our paper has grown upon our hands to an extent far beyond what we proposed to ourselves when we sat down to write. Let us hope that the exceeding importance of the subject will be accepted as a sufficient reason for the fulness with which it has been discussed, and that the Government and the Legislature will lose no time in rendering any recurrence to the subject unnecessary.

LINDA TRESSEL.—PART VI.

CHAPTER X.

PETER STEINMARC, now that he was an engaged man, affianced to a young bride, was urgent from day to day with Madame Staubach that the date of his wedding should be fixed. He soon found that all Nuremberg knew that he was to be married. Perhaps Herr Molk had not been so silent and discreet as would have been becoming in a man so highly placed, and perhaps Peter himself had let slip a word to some confidential friend who had betrayed him. Be this as it might, all Nuremberg knew of Peter's good fortune, and he soon found that he should have no peace till the thing was completed. "She is quite well enough, I am sure," said Peter to Madame Staubach, "and if there is anything amiss she can finish getting well afterwards." Madame Staubach was sufficiently eager herself that Linda should be married without delay; but, nevertheless, she was angry at being so pressed, and used rather sharp language in explaining to Peter that he would not be allowed to dictate on such a subject. "Ah! well; if it isn't this year it won't be next," said Peter, on one occasion when he had determined to show his power. Madame Staubach did not believe the threat, but she did begin to fear that, perhaps, after all, there might be fresh obstacles. It was now near the end of November, and though Linda still kept her room, her aunt could not see that she was suffering from any real illness. When, however, a word was said to press the poor girl, Linda would declare that she was weak and sick—unable to walk; in short, that at present she would not leave her room. Madame Staubach was beginning to be angered

at this; but, for all that, Linda had not left her room.

It was now two weeks since she had suffered herself to be betrothed, and Peter had twice been up to her chamber, creaking with his shoes along the passages. Twice she had passed a terrible half-hour, while he had sat, for the most part silent, in an old wicker chair by her bedside. Her aunt had, of course, been present, and had spoken most of the words that had been uttered during these visits; and these words had nearly altogether referred to Linda's ailments. Linda was still not quite well, she had said, but would soon be better, and then all would be properly settled. Such was the purport of the words which Madame Staubach would speak on those occasions.

"Before Christmas?" Peter had once asked.

"No," Linda had replied, very sharply.

"It must be as the Lord shall will it," said Madame Staubach. That had been so true that neither Linda nor Peter had found it necessary to express dissent. On both these occasions Linda's energy had been chiefly used to guard herself from any sign of a caress. Peter had thought of it, but Linda lay far away upon the bed, and the lover did not see how it was to be managed. He was not sure, moreover, whether Madame Staubach would not have been shocked at any proposal in reference to an antenuptial embrace. On these considerations he abstained.

It was now near the end of November, and Linda knew that she was well. Her aunt had proposed some day in January for the marriage, and Linda, though she had never assented, could not on the

moment find any plea for refusing altogether to have a day fixed. All she could do was to endeavour to stave off the evil. Madame Staubach seemed to think that it was indispensable that a day in January should be named; therefore, at last, the thirtieth of that month was after some fashion fixed for the wedding. Linda never actually assented, but after many discourses it seemed to be decided that it should be so. Peter was so told, and with some grumbling expressed himself as satisfied; but when would Linda come down to him? He was sure that Linda was well enough to come down if she would. At last a day was fixed for that also. It was arranged that the three should go to church together on the first Sunday in December. It would be safer so than in any other way. He could not make love to her in church.

On the Saturday evening Linda was down-stairs with her aunt. Peter, as she knew well, was at the Rothe Rosse on that evening, and would not be home till past ten. Tetchen was out, and Linda had gone down to take her supper with her aunt. The meal had been eaten almost in silence, for Linda was very sad, and Madame Staubach herself was beginning to feel that the task before her was almost too much for her strength. Had it not been that she was carried on by the conviction that things stern and hard and cruel would in the long-run be comforting to the soul, she would have given way. But she was a woman not prone to give way when she thought that the soul's welfare was concerned. She had seen the shrinking, retreating horror with which Linda had almost involuntarily contrived to keep her distance from her future husband. She had listened to the girl's voice, and knew that there had been no one light-hearted tone from it since that consent had been wrung from the sufferer by the vehemence of

her own bedside prayers. She was aware that Linda from day to day was becoming thinner and thinner, paler and still paler. But she knew, or thought that she knew, that it was God's will; and so she went on. It was not a happy time even for Madame Staubach, but it was a time in which to Linda it seemed that hell had come to her beforehand with all its terrors. There was, however, one thing certain to her yet. She would never put her hand into that of Peter Steinmarc in God's house after such a fashion that any priest should be able to say that they two were man and wife in the sight of God.

On this Saturday evening Tetchen was out, as was the habit with her on alternate Saturday evenings. On such occasions Linda would usually do what household work was necessary in the kitchen, preparatory to the coming Sabbath. But on this evening Madame Staubach herself was employed in the kitchen, as Linda was not considered to be well enough to perform the task. Linda was sitting alone, between the fire and the window, with no work in her hand, with no book before her, thinking of her fate, when there came upon the panes of the window sundry small, sharp, quickly-repeated rappings, as though gravel had been thrown upon them. She knew at once that the noise was not accidental, and jumped upon her feet. If it was some mode of escape, let it be what it might, she would accept it. She jumped up, and with short hurried steps placed herself close to the window. The quick, sharp, little blows upon the glass were heard again, and then there was a voice. "Linda, Linda." Heavens and earth! it was his voice. There was no mistaking it. Had she heard but a single syllable in the faintest whisper, she would have known it. It was Ludovic Valcarm, and he had come for her, even out of his prison. He should find that he had not

come in vain. Then the word was repeated—"Linda, are you there?" "I am here," she said, speaking very faintly, and trembling at the sound of her own voice. Then the iron pin was withdrawn from the wooden shutter on the outside, as it could not have been withdrawn had not some traitor within the house prepared the way for it, and the heavy Venetian blinds were folded back, and Linda could see the outlines of the man's head and shoulders, in the dark, close to the panes of the window. It was raining at the time, and the night was very dark, but still she could see the outline. She stood and watched him; for, though she was willing to be with him, she felt that she could do nothing. In a moment the frame of the window was raised, and his head was within the room, within her aunt's parlour, where her aunt might now have been for all that he could have known;—were it not that Tetchen was watching at the corner, and knew to the scraping of a carrot how long it would be before Madame Staubach had made the soup for to-morrow's dinner.

"Linda," he said, "how is it with you?"

"Oh, Ludovic!"

"Linda, will you go with me now?"

"What, now, this instant?"

"To-night. Listen, dearest, for she will be back. Go to her in ten minutes from now, and tell her that you are weary and would be in bed. She will see you to your room perhaps, and there may be delay. But when you can, come down silently, with your thickest cloak and your strongest hat, and any little thing you can carry easily. Come without a candle, and creep to the passage window. I will be there. If she will let you go up-stairs alone, you may be there in half-an-hour. It is our only chance." Then the window was closed, and after that the shutter, and then the pin was pushed back,

and Linda was again alone in her aunt's chamber.

To be there in half-an-hour! To commence such a job as this at once! To go to her aunt with a premeditated lie that would require perfect acting, and to have to do this in ten minutes, in five minutes, while the minutes were flying from her like sparks of fire! It was impossible. If it had been enjoined upon her for the morrow, so that there should have been time for thought, she might have done it. But this call upon her for instant action almost paralysed her. And yet what other hope was there? She had told herself that she would do anything, however wicked, however dreadful, that would save her from the proposed marriage. She had sworn to herself that she would do something; for that Steinmarc's wife she would never be. And here had come to her a possibility of escape,—of escape too which had in it so much of sweetness! She must lie to her aunt. Was not every hour of life a separate lie? And as for acting a lie, what was the difference between that and telling it, except in the capability of the liar. Her aunt had forced her to lie. No truth was any longer possible to her. Would it not be better to lie for Ludovic Valcarm than to lie for Peter Steinmarc? She looked at the upright clock which stood in the corner of the room, and, seeing that the ten minutes was already passed, she crossed at once over into the kitchen. Her aunt was standing there, and Tetchen, with her bonnet on, was standing by. Tetchen, as soon as she saw Linda, explained that she must be off again at once. She had only returned to fetch some article for a little niece of hers which Madame Staubach had given her.

"Aunt Charlotte," said Linda, "I am very weary. You will not be angry, will you, if I go to bed?"

"It is not yet nine o'clock, my dear."

"But I am tired, and I fear that I shall lack strength for to-morrow." Oh, Linda, Linda! But, indeed, had you foreseen the future, you might have truly said that you would want strength on the morrow.

"Then go, my dear;" and Madame Staubach kissed her niece and blessed her, and after that, with careful hand, threw some salt into the pot that was simmering on the stove. Peter Steinmarc was to dine with them on the morrow, and he was a man who cared that his soup should be well seasoned. Linda, terribly smitten by the consciousness of her own duplicity, went forth, and crept up-stairs to her room. She had now, as she calculated, a quarter of an hour, and she would wish, if possible, to be punctual. She looked out for a moment from the window, and could only see that it was very dark, and could hear that it was raining hard. She took her thickest cloak and her strongest hat. She would do in all things as he bade her; and then she tried to think what else she would take. She was going forth,—whither she knew not. Then came upon her a thought that on the morrow,—for many morrows afterwards, perhaps for all morrows to come,—there would be no comfortable wardrobe to which she could go for such decent changes of raiment as she required. She looked at her frock, and having one darker and thicker than that she wore, she changed it instantly. And then it was not only her garments that she was leaving behind her. For ever afterwards,—for ever and ever and ever,—she must be a castaway. The die had been thrown now, and everything was over. She was leaving behind her all decency, all feminine respect, all the clean ways of her pure young life, all modest thoughts, all honest, serviceable daily tasks, all godliness, all hope of heaven! The silent, quick-running tears streamed down her face as she moved rapidly about the

room. The thing must be done, must be done,—must be done, even though earth and heaven were to fail her for ever afterwards. Earth and heaven would fail her for ever afterwards, but still the thing must be done. All should be endured, if by that all she could escape from the man she loathed.

She collected a few things, what little store of money she had,—four or five gulden, perhaps,—and a pair of light shoes and clean stockings, and a fresh handkerchief or two, and a little collar, and then she started. He had told her to bring what she could carry easily. She must not disobey him, but she would fain have brought more had she dared. At the last moment she returned, and took a small hair-brush and a comb. Then she looked round the room with a hurried glance, put out her candle, and crept silently down the stairs. On the first landing she paused, for it was possible that Peter might be returning. She listened, and then remembered that she would have heard Peter's feet even on the walk outside. Very quickly, but still more gently than ever, she went down the last stairs. From the foot of the stairs into the passage there was a moment in which she must be within sight of the kitchen door. She flew by, and felt that she must have been seen. But she was not seen. In an instant she was at the open window, and in another instant she was standing beside her lover on the gravel path. What he said to her she did not hear; what he did she did not know. She had completed her task now; she had done her part, and had committed herself entirely into his hands. She would ask no question. She would trust him entirely. She only knew that at the moment his arm was round her, and that she was being lifted off the bank into the river.

"Dearest girl! can you see? No; nothing, of course, as yet. Step down. There is a boat here. There

are two boats. Lean upon me, and we can walk over. There. Do not mind treading softly. They cannot hear because of the rain. We shall be out of it in a minute. I am so sorry you should be wet, but yet it is better for us."

She hardly understood him, but yet she did as he told her, and in a few minutes she was standing on the other bank of the river, in the Ruden Platz. Here Linda perceived that there was a man awaiting them, to whom Ludovic gave certain orders about the boats. Then Ludovic took her by the hand and ran with her across the Platz, till they stood beneath the archway of the brewery warehouse where she had so often watched him as he went in and out. "Here we are safe," he said, stooping down and kissing her, and brushing away the drops of rain from the edges of her hair. Oh, what safety! To be there, in the middle of the night, with him, and not know whither she was to go, where she was to lie, whether she would ever again know that feeling of security which had been given to her throughout her whole life by her aunt's presence and the walls of her own house. Safe! Was ever peril equal to hers? "Linda, say that you love me. Say that you are my own."

"I do love you," she said; "otherwise how should I be here?"

"And you had promised to marry that man!"

"I should never have married him. I should have died."

"Dearest Linda! But come; you must not stand here." Then he took her up, up the warehouse stairs into a gloomy chamber, from which there was a window looking on to the Ruden Platz, and there, with many caresses, he explained to her his plans. The caresses she endeavoured to avoid, and, when she could not avoid them, to moderate. "Would he remember," she asked, "just for the present,

all that she had gone through, and spare her for a while, because she was so weak?" She made her little appeal with swimming eyes and low voice, looking into his face, holding his great hand the while between her own. He swore that she was his queen, and should have her way in everything. But would she not give him one kiss? He reminded her that she had never kissed him. She did as he asked her, just touching his lips with hers, and then she stood by him, leaning on him, while he explained to her something of his plans. He kept close to the window, as it was necessary that he should keep his eyes upon the red house.

His plan was this. There was a train which passed by the Nuremberg station on its way to Augsburg at three o'clock in the morning. By this train he proposed that they should travel to that city. He had, he said, the means of providing accommodation for her there, and no one would know whither they had gone. He did not anticipate that any one in the house opposite would learn that Linda had escaped till the next morning; but should any suspicion have been aroused, and should the fact be ascertained, there would certainly be lights moving in the house, and light would be seen from the window of Linda's own chamber. Therefore he proposed, during the long hours that they must yet wait, to stand in his present spot and watch, so that he might know at the first moment whether there was any commotion among the inmates of the red house. "There goes old Peter to bed," said he; "he won't be the first to find out, I'll bet a florin." And afterwards he signified the fact that Madame Staubach had gone to her chamber. This was the moment of danger, as it might be very possible that Madame Staubach would go into Linda's room. In that case, as he said, he had a little carriage outside the walls

which would take them to the first town on the route to Augsburg. Had a light been seen but for a moment in Linda's room they were to start; and would certainly reach the spot where the carriage stood before any followers could be on their heels. But Madame Staubach went to her own room without noticing that of her niece, and then the red house was all dark and all still. They would have made the best of their way to Augsburg before their flight would be discovered.

During the minutes in which they were watching the lights Linda stood close to her lover, leaning on his shoulder, and supported by his arm. But this was over by ten, and then there remained nearly five hours, during which they must stay in their present hiding-place. Up to this time Linda's strength had supported her under the excitement of her escape, but now she was like to faint, and it was necessary at any rate that she should be allowed to lie down. He got sacks for her from some part of the building, and with these constructed for her a bed on the floor, near to the spot which he must occupy himself in still keeping his eye upon the red house. He laid her down and covered her feet with sacking, and put sacks under her head for a pillow. He was very gentle with her, and she thanked him over and over again, and endeavoured to think that her escape had been fortunate, and that her position was happy. Had she not succeeded in flying from Peter Steinmarc? And after such a flight would not all idea of a marriage with him be out of the question? For some little time she was cheered by talking to him. She asked him about his imprisonment. "Ah!" said he; "if I cannot be one too many for such an old fogey as Herr Molk, I'll let out my brains to an ass, and take to grazing on thistles." His offence had been political, and had been committed in conjunction with others. And

he and they were sure of success ultimately,—were sure of success very speedily. Linda could understand nothing of the subject. But she could hope that her lover might prosper in his undertaking, and she could admire and love him for encountering the dangers of such an enterprise. And then, half sportively, half in earnest, she taxed him with that matter which was next her heart. Who had been the young woman with the blue frock and the felt hat who had been with him when he was brought before the magistrates?

"Young woman;—with blue frock! who told you of the young woman, Linda?" He came and knelt beside her as he asked the question, leaving his watch for the moment; and she could see by the dim light of the lamp outside that there was a smile upon his face,—almost joyous, full of mirth.

"Who told me? The magistrate you were taken to; Herr Molk told me himself," said Linda, almost happily. That smile upon his face had in some way vanquished her feeling of jealousy.

"Then he is a greater scoundrel than I took him to be, or else a more utter fool. The girl in the blue frock, Linda, was one of our young men, who was to get out of the city in that disguise. And I believe Herr Molk knew it when he tried to set you against me, by telling you the story."

Whether Herr Molk had known this, or whether he had simply been fool enough to be taken in by the blue frock and the felt hat, it is not for us to inquire here. But Ludovic was greatly amused at the story, and Linda was charmed at the explanation she had received. It was only an extra feather in her lover's cap that he should have been connected with a blue frock and felt hat under such circumstances as those now explained to her. Then he went back to the window, and she turned on her side and attempted to sleep.

To be in all respects a castaway, —a woman to whom other women would not speak! She knew that such was her position now. She had done a deed which would separate her for ever from those who were respectable, and decent, and good. Peter Steinmarc would utterly despise her. It was very well that something should have occurred which would make it impossible that he should any longer wish to marry her; but it would be very bitter to her to be rejected even by him because she was unfit to be an honest man's wife. And then she asked herself questions about her young lover, who was so handsome, so bold, so tender to her; who was in all outward respects just what a lover should be. Would he wish to marry her after she had thus consented to fly with him, alone, at night: or would he wish that she should be his light-of-love, as her aunt had been once cruel enough to call her? There would be no cruelty, at any rate no injustice, in so calling her now. And should there be any hesitation on his part, would she ask him to make her his wife? It was very terrible to her to think that it might come to pass that she should have on her knees to implore this man to marry her. He had called her his queen, but he had never said that she should be his wife. And would any pastor marry them, coming to him, as they must come, as two runaways? She knew that certain preliminaries were necessary,—certain bidding of banns, and processes before the magistrates. Her own banns and those of her betrothed, Peter Steinmarc, had been asked once in the church of St Lawrence, as she had heard with infinite disgust. She

did not see that it was possible that Ludovic should marry her, even if he were willing to do so. But it was too late to think of all this now; and she could only moisten the rough sacking with her tears.

"You had better get up now, dearest," said Ludovic, again bending over her.

"Has the time come?"

"Yes; the time has come, and we must be moving. The rain is over, which is a comfort. It is as dark as pitch, too. Cling close to me. I should know my way if I were blindfold."

She did cling close to him, and he conducted her through narrow streets and passages out to the city gate, which led to the railway station. Nuremberg has still gates like a fortified town, and there are, I believe, porters at the gates with huge keys. Nuremberg delights to perpetuate the memories of things that are gone. But ingress and egress are free to everybody, by night as well as by day, as it must be when railway trains arrive and start at three in the morning; and the burgomaster and warders, and sentinels and porters, though they still carry the keys, know that the glory of their house has gone.

Railway tickets for two were given to Linda without a question,—for to her was intrusted the duty of procuring them,—and they were soon hurrying away towards Augsburg through the dark night. At any rate they had been successful in escaping. "After to-morrow we will be as happy as the day is long," said Ludovic, as he pressed his companion close to his side. Linda told herself, but did not tell him, that she never could be happy again.

CHAPTER XI.

They were whirled away through the dark cold night with the noise of the rattling train ever in their ears. Though there had been a

railway running close by Nuremberg now for many years, Linda was not herself so well accustomed to travelling as will probably be most

of those who will read this tale of her sufferings. Now and again in the day-time, and generally in fair weather, she had gone as far as Fürth, and on one occasion even as far as Würzburg with her aunt when there had been a great gathering of German Anabaptists at that town; but she had never before travelled at night, and she had certainly never before travelled in such circumstances as those which now enveloped her. When she entered the carriage, she was glad to see that there were other persons present. There was a woman, though the woman was so closely muffled and so fast asleep that Linda, throughout the whole morning, did not know whether her fellow-traveller was young or old. Nevertheless, the presence of the woman was in some sort a comfort to her, and there were two men in the carriage, and a little boy. She hardly understood why, but she felt that it was better for her to have fellow-travellers. Neither of them, however, spoke above a word or two either to her or to her lover. At first she sat at a little distance from Ludovic,—or rather induced him to allow that there should be some space between them; but gradually she suffered him to come closer to her, and she dozed with her head upon his shoulder. Very little was said between them. He whispered to her from time to time sundry little words of love, calling her his queen, his own one, his life, and the joy of his eyes. But he told her little or nothing of his future plans, as she would have wished that he should do. She asked him, however, no questions;—none at least till their journey was nearly over. The more that his conduct warranted her want of trust, the more unwilling did she become to express any diffidence or suspicion.

After a while she became very cold;—so cold that that now became for the moment her greatest cause of suffering. It was mid-winter,

and though the cloak she had brought was the warmest garment that she possessed, it was very insufficient for such work as the present night had brought upon her. Besides her cloak, she had nothing wherewith to wrap herself. Her feet became like ice, and then the chill crept up her body; and though she clung very close to her lover, she could not keep herself from shivering as though in an ague fit. She had no hesitation now in striving to obtain some warmth by his close proximity. It seemed to her as though the cold would kill her before she could reach Augsburg. The train would not be due there till nine in the morning, and it was still dark night as she thought that it would be impossible for her to sustain such an agony of pain much longer. It was still dark night, and the violent rain was pattering against the glass, and the damp came in through the crevices, and the wind blew bitterly upon her; and then as she turned a little to ask her lover to find some comfort for her, some mitigation of her pain, she perceived that he was asleep. Then the tears began to run down her cheeks, and she told herself that it would be well if she could die.

After all, what did she know of this man who was now sleeping by her side,—this man to whom she had intrusted everything, more than her happiness, her very soul? How many words had she ever spoken to him? What assurance had she even of his heart? Why was he asleep, while her sufferings were so very cruel to her? She had encountered the evils of this elopement to escape what had appeared to her the greater evils of a detested marriage. Steinmarc was very much to be hated. But might it not be that even that would have been better than this? Poor girl! the illusion even of her love was being frozen cold within her during the agony of that morning. All the while the train went thun-

dering on through the night, now rushing into a tunnel, now crossing a river, and at every change in the sounds of the carriages she almost hoped that something might be amiss. Oh, the cold! She had gathered her feet up and was trying to sit on them. For a moment or two she had hoped that her movement would waken Ludovic, so that she might have had the comfort of a word; but he had only tumbled with his head hither and thither, and had finally settled himself in a position in which he leaned heavily upon her. She thought that he was heartless to sleep while she was suffering; but she forgot that he had watched at the window while she had slumbered upon the sacks in the warehouse. At length, however, she could bear his weight no longer, and she was forced to rouse him. "You are so heavy," she said; "I cannot bear it;" when at last she succeeded in inducing him to sit upright.

"Dear me! oh, ah, yes. How cold it is! I think I have been asleep."

"The cold is killing me," she said.

"My poor darling! What shall I do? Let me see. Where do you feel it most?"

"All over. Do you not feel how I shiver? Oh, Ludovic, could we get out at the next station?"

"Impossible, Linda. What should we do there?"

"And what shall we do at Augsburg? Oh dear, I wish I had not come. I am so cold. It is killing me." Then she burst out into floods of sobbing, so that the old man opposite to her was aroused. The old man had brandy in his basket and made her drink a little. Then after a while she was quieted, and was taken by station after station without demanding of Ludovic that he should bring this weary journey to an end.

Gradually the day dawned and the two could look at each other in the grey light of the morning.

But Linda thought of her own appearance rather than that of her lover. She had been taught that it was required of a woman that she should be neat, and she felt now that she was dirty, foul inside and out,—a thing to be scorned. As their companions also bestirred themselves in the daylight she was afraid to meet their eyes, and strove to conceal her face. The sacks in the warehouse had, in lieu of a better bed, been acceptable; but she was aware now, as she could see the skirts of her own dress and her shoes, and as she glanced her eyes gradually round upon her shoulders, that the stains of the place were upon her, and she knew herself to be unclean. That sense of killing cold had passed off from her, having grown to a numbness which did not amount to present pain, though it would hardly leave her without some return of the agony; but the misery of her disreputable appearance was almost as bad to her as the cold had been. It was not only that she was untidy and dishevelled, but it was that her condition should have been such without the company of any elder female friend whose presence would have said, "This young woman is respectable, even though her dress be soiled with dust and meal." As it was, the friend by her side was one who by his very appearance would condemn her. No one would suppose her to be his wife. And then the worst of it was that he also would judge her as others judged her. He also would say to himself that no one would suppose such a woman to be his wife. And if once he should learn so to think of her, how could she expect that he would ever persuade himself to become her husband? How she wished that she had remained beneath her aunt's roof! It now occurred to her, as though for the first time, that no one could have forced her to go to church on that thirtieth of January and become Peter Steinmarc's wife. Why

had she not remained at home and simply told her aunt that the thing was impossible?

At last they were within an hour of Augsburg, and even yet she knew nothing as to his future plans. It was very odd that he should not have told her what they were to do at Augsburg. He said that she should be his queen, that she should be as happy as the day was long, that everything would be right as soon as they reached Augsburg; but now they were all but at Augsburg, and she did not as yet know what first step they were to take when they reached the town. She had much wished that he would speak without being questioned, but at last she thought that she was bound to question him. "Ludovic, where are we going to at Augsburg?"

"To the Black Bear first. That will be best at first."

"Is it an inn?"

"Yes, dear; not a great big house like the Rothe Ross at Nuremberg, but very quiet and retired, in a back street."

"Do they expect us?"

"Well, no; not exactly. But that won't matter."

"And how long shall we stay there?"

"Ah! that must depend on tidings from Berlin and Munich. It may be that we shall be compelled to get away from Bavaria altogether." Then he paused for a moment, while she was thinking what other question she could ask. "By the by," he said, "my father is in Augsburg."

She had heard of his father as a man altogether worthless, one ever in difficulties, who would never work, who had never seemed to wish to be respectable. When the great sins of Ludovic's father had been magnified to her by Madame Staubach and by Peter, with certain wise hints that swans never came out of the eggs of geese, Linda would declare with some pride of spirit that the son was not like the father; that the son had never

been known to be idle. She had not attempted to defend the father, of whom it seemed to be acknowledged by the common consent of all Nuremberg that he was utterly worthless, and a disgrace to the city which had produced him. But Linda now felt very thankful for the assurance of even his presence. Had it been Ludovic's mother, how much better would it have been! But that she should be received even by his father,—by such a father,—was much to her in her desolate condition.

"Will he be at the station?" Linda asked.

"Oh, no."

"Does he expect us?"

"Well, no. You see, Linda, I only got out of prison yesterday morning."

"Does your father live in Augsburg?"

"He hardly lives anywhere. He goes and comes at present as he is wanted by the cause. It is quite on the cards that we should find that the police have nabbed him. But I hope not. I think not. When I have seen you made comfortable, and when we have had something to eat and drink, I shall know where to seek him. While I am doing so, you had better lie down."

She was afraid to ask him whether his father knew, or would suspect, aught as to his bringing a companion, or whether the old man would welcome such a companion for his son. Indeed, she hardly knew how to frame any question that had application to herself. She merely assented to his proposition that she should go to bed at the Black Bear, and then waited for the end of their journey. Early in the morning their fellow-passengers had left them, and they were now alone. But Ludovic distressed her no more by the vehemence of his caresses. He also was tired and fagged and cold and jaded. It is not improbable that he had been meditating whether he, in his present walk of life, had

done well to encumber himself with the burden of a young woman.

At last they were at the platform at Augsburg. "Don't move quite yet," he said. "One has to be a little careful." When she attempted to raise herself she found herself to be so numb that all quickness of motion was out of the question. Ludovic, paying no attention to her, sat back in the carriage, with his cap before his face, looking with eager eyes over the cap on to the platform.

"May we not go now?" said Linda, when she saw that the other passengers had alighted.

"Don't be in a hurry, my girl. By God, there are those ruffians, the gendarmerie. It's all up. By Jove! yes, it's all up. That is hard, after all I did at Nuremberg."

"Ludovic!"

"Look here, Linda. Get out at once and take these letters. Make your way to the Black Bear, and wait for me."

"And you?"

"Never mind me, but do as you're told. In a moment it will be too late. If we are noticed to be together it will be too late."

"But how am I to get to the Black Bear?"

"Heaven and earth! haven't you a tongue? But here they are, and it's all up." And so it was. A railway porter opened the door, and behind the railway porter were two policemen. Linda, in her dismay, had not even taken the papers which had been offered to her, and Valcarm, as soon as he was sure that the police were upon him, had stuffed them down the receptacle made in the door for the fall of the window.

But the fate of Valcarm and of his papers is at the present moment not of so much moment to us as is that of Linda Tressel. Valcarm was carried off, with or without the papers, and she, after some hurried words, which were unintelligible to her in her dismay, found herself upon the platform amidst the porters. A message had come from Nuremberg by the wires to Augsburg, requiring the arrest of Ludovic Valcarm, but the wires had said nothing of any companion that might be with him. Therefore Linda was left standing amidst the porters on the platform. She asked one of the men about the Black Bear. He shook his head, and told her that it was a house of a very bad sort,—of a very bad sort indeed.

CHAPTER XII.

A dozen times during the night Linda had remembered that her old friend Fanny Heisse, now the wife of Max Bogen, lived at Augsburg, and as she remembered it, she had asked herself what she would do were she to meet Fanny in the streets. Would Fanny condescend to speak to her, or would Fanny's husband allow his wife to hold any communion with such a castaway? How might she dare to hope that her old friend would do other than shun her, or, at the very least, scorn her, and pass her as a thing unseen? And yet, through all the days of their life, there had been in Linda's world a supposition that Linda was the good young woman, and that

Fanny Heisse was, if not a castaway, one who had made the frivolities of the world so dear to her that she could be accounted as little better than a castaway. Linda's conclusion, as she thought of all this, had been, that it would be better that she should keep out of the way of the wife of an honest man who knew her. All fellowship hereafter with the wives and daughters of honest men must be denied to her. She had felt this very strongly when she had first seen herself in the dawn of the morning.

But now there had fallen upon her a trouble of another kind, which almost crushed her,—in

which she was not as yet able to see that, by God's mercy, salvation from utter ruin might yet be extended to her. What should she do now,—now, at this moment? The Black Bear, to which her lover had directed her, was so spoken of that she did not dare to ask to be directed thither. When a compassionate railway porter pressed her to say whither she would go, she could only totter to a seat against the wall, and there lay herself down and sob. She had no friends, she said; no home; no protector except him who had just been carried away to prison. The porter asked her whether the man were her husband, and then again she was nearly choked with sobs. Even the manner of the porter was changed to her when he perceived that she was not the wife of him who had been her companion. He handed her over to an old woman who looked after the station, and the old woman at last learned from Linda the fact that the wife of Max Bogen the lawyer had once been her friend. About two hours after that she was sent with Max Bogen himself in a small close carriage, and was being taken home to the lawyer's house. Max Bogen asked her hardly a question. He only said that Fanny would be so glad to have her;—Fanny, he said, was so soft, so good, and so clever, and so wise, and always knew exactly what ought to be done. Linda heard it all, marvelling in her dumb half-consciousness. This was the Fanny Heisse of whom her aunt had so often told her that one so given to the vanities of the world could never come to any good!

Max Bogen handed Linda over to his wife, and then disappeared. "Oh, Linda, what is it? Why are you here? Dear Linda." And then her old friend kissed her, and within half an hour the whole story had been told.

"Do you mean that she eloped with him from her aunt's house in

the middle of the night?" asked Max, as soon as he was alone with his wife. "Of course she did," said Fanny; "and so would I, had I been treated as she has been. It has all been the fault of that wicked old saint, her aunt." Then they put their heads together as to the steps that must be taken. Fanny proposed that a letter should be at once sent to Madame Staubach, explaining plainly that Linda had run away from her marriage with Steinmarc, and stating that for the present she was safe and comfortable with her old friend. It could hardly be said that Linda assented to this, because she accepted all that was done for her as a child might accept it. But she knelt upon the floor with her head upon her friend's lap, kissing Fanny's hands, and striving to murmur thanks. Oh, if they would leave her there for three days, so that she might recover something of her strength! "They shall leave you for three weeks, Linda," said the other. "Madame Staubach is not the Emperor, that she is to have her own way in everything. And as for Peter—"

"Pray, don't talk of him;—pray, do not," said Linda, shuddering.

But all this comfort was at an end about seven o'clock on that evening. The second train in the day from Nuremberg was due at Augsburg at six, and Max Bogen, though he said nothing on the subject to Linda, had thought it probable that some messenger from the former town might arrive in quest of Linda by that train. At seven there came another little carriage up to the door, and before her name could be announced Madame Staubach was standing in Fanny Bogen's parlour. "Oh, my child!" she said. "Oh, my child, may God in His mercy forgive my child!" Linda cowered in a corner of the sofa and did not speak.

"She hasn't done anything in the least wrong," said Fanny; "nothing on earth. You were

going to make her marry a man she hated, and so she came away. If father had done the same to me, I wouldn't have stayed an hour." Linda still cowered on the sofa, and was still speechless.

Madame Staubach, when she heard this defence of her niece, was hardly pushed to know in what way it was her duty to answer it. It would be very expedient, of course, that some story should be told for Linda which might save her from the ill report of all the world,—that some excuse should be made which might now, instantly, remove from Linda's name the blight which would make her otherwise to be a thing scorned, defamed, useless, and hideous; but the truth was the truth, and even to save her child from infamy Madame Staubach would not listen to a lie without refuting it. The punishment of Linda's infamy had been deserved, and it was right that it should be endured. Hereafter, as facts came to disclose themselves, it would be for Peter Steinmarc to say whether he would take such a woman for his wife; but whether he took her or whether he rejected her, it could not be well that Linda should be screened by a lie from any part of the punishment which she had deserved. Let her go seven times seven through the fire, if by such suffering there might yet be a chance for her poor desolate half-withered soul.

"Done nothing wrong, Fanny Heisse!" said Madame Staubach, who, in spite of her great fatigue, was still standing in the middle of the room. "Do you say so, who have become the wife of an honest God-fearing man?"

But Fanny was determined that she would not be put down in her own house by Madame Staubach. "It doesn't matter whose wife I am," she said, "and I am sure Max will say the same as I do. She hasn't done anything wrong. She made up her mind to come away because she wouldn't marry

Peter Steinmarc. She came here in company with her own young man, as I used to come with Max. And as soon as she got here she sent word up to us, and here she is. If there's anything very wicked in that, I'm not religious enough to understand it. But I tell you what I can understand, Madame Staubach,—there is nothing on earth so horribly wicked as trying to make a girl marry a man whom she loathes, and hates, and detests, and abominates. There, Madame Staubach; that's what I've got to say; and now I hope you'll stop and have supper with Max and Linda and me."

Linda felt herself to be blushing in the darkness of her corner as she heard this excuse for her conduct. No; she had not made the journey to Augsburg with Ludovic in such fashion as Fanny had, perhaps more than once, travelled the same route with her present husband. Fanny had not come by night, without her father's knowledge, had not escaped out of a window; nor had Fanny come with any such purpose as had been hers. There was no salve to her conscience in all this, though she felt very grateful to her friend, who was fighting her battle for her.

"It is not right that I should argue the matter with you," said Madame Staubach, with some touch of true dignity. "Alas, I know that which I know. Perhaps you will allow me to say a word in privacy to this unfortunate child."

But Max Bogen had not paid his wife a false compliment for cleverness. She perceived at once that the longer this interview between the aunt and her niece could be delayed,—the longer that it could be delayed, now that they were in each other's company,—the lighter would be the storm on Linda's head when it did come. "After supper, Madame Staubach; Linda wants her supper; don't you, my pet?" Linda answered nothing. She could not even look up, so as

to meet the glance of her aunt's eyes. But Fanny Bogen succeeded in arranging things after her own fashion. She would not leave the room, though in sooth her presence at the preparation of the supper might have been useful. It came to be understood that Madame Staubach was to sleep at the lawyer's house, and great changes were made in order that the aunt and niece might not be put in the same room. Early in the morning they were to return together to Nuremberg, and then Linda's short hour of comfort would be over.

She had hardly as yet spoken a word to her aunt when Fanny left them in the carriage together. "There were three or four others there," said Fanny to her husband, "and she won't have much said to her before she gets home."

"But when she is at home!" Fanny only shrugged her shoulders. "The truth is, you know," said Max, "that it was not at all the proper sort of thing to do!"

"And who does the proper sort of thing?"

"You do, my dear."

"And wouldn't you have run away with me if father had wanted me to marry some nasty old fellow who cares for nothing but his pipe and his beer? If you hadn't, I'd never have spoken to you again."

"All the same," said Max, "it won't do her any good."

The journey home to Nuremberg was made almost in silence, and things had been so managed by Fanny's craft that when the two women entered the red house hardly a word between them had been spoken as to the affairs of the previous day. Tetchen, as she saw them enter, cast a guilty glance on her young mistress, but said not a word. Linda herself, with a veil over her face which she had borrowed from her friend Fanny, hurried up-stairs towards her own room. "Go into my chamber, Linda," said Madame Staubach, who followed her. Linda did as

she was bid, went in, and stood by the side of her aunt's bed. "Kneel down with me, Linda, and let us pray that the great gift of repentance may be given to us," said Madame Staubach. Then Linda knelt down, and hid her face upon the counterpane.

All her sins were recapitulated to her during that prayer. The whole heinousness of the thing which she had done was given in its full details, and the details were repeated more than once. It was acknowledged in that prayer that though God's grace might effect absolute pardon in the world to come, such a deed as that which had been done by this young woman was beyond the pale of pardon in this world. And the Giver of all mercy was specially asked so to make things clear to that poor sinful creature, that she might not be deluded into any idea that the thing which she had done could be justified. She was told in that prayer that she was impure, vile, unclean, and infamous. And yet she probably did not suffer from the prayer half so much as she would have suffered had the same things been said to her face to face across the table. And she recognised the truth of the prayer, and she was thankful that no allusion was made in it to Peter Steinmarc, and she endeavoured to acknowledge that her conduct was that which her aunt represented it to be in her strong language. When the prayer was over Madame Staubach stood before Linda for a while, and put her two hands on the girl's arms, and lightly kissed her brow. "Linda," she said, "with the Lord nothing is impossible; with the Lord it is never too late; with the Lord the punishment need never be unto death!" Linda, though she could utter no articulate word, acknowledged to herself that her aunt had been good to her, and almost forgot the evil things that her aunt had worked for her.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE PAPACY.

THE case of a selfish landlord, who had an eccentric taste for peacocks, commanding by a clause in a lease a tenant, who was under obligations to him, to keep one of these showy but deleterious fowls in his fruit-garden that he might occasionally admire it, would illustrate the present position of France as regards Italy and the Pope. The selfish landlord will at no price have the peacock in his own garden, on account of the mischief he does to the peaches; and France, though greatly admiring the Pope, is not ready to offer him Provence as a residence, though she insists on his being quartered for her delectation in the heart of Italy. And yet the Pope's title to the territory of Avignon is just as indefeasible, historically, as that by which he holds the remnant of the estate of the Church in Italy. But it was necessary for the unification of France that the Papal domain should be incorporated in the kingdom, therefore it was incorporated. It is equally necessary for the unification of Italy that the Pope should cease to be a king in her midst, but he continues to be so, because, as M. Thiers avows with cynical frankness, it is the will of France, and France is strong while Italy is weak. And M. Thiers doubtless represents a considerable class of Frenchmen, who do not in their hearts care a straw about the Pope or the Catholic Church, but look upon religion, in general, as on the whole a bore, yet, while claiming the utmost freedom of thought and practice for themselves, have no objection to the women and children who belong to them believing in an infallible authority, even at the expense of marital and parental influence, for, after all, the arrangement saves trouble. By the zealous adoption of the view of M. Thiers the majority of the French

Chamber has entirely thrown off the mask as regards the Papacy, and put the case in such a form, that their peculiar views will find little sympathy beyond the limits of the French Empire. It is not because she "loves Rome more," but Italy less, that France makes herself the champion of the temporal power. She cannot bear, as M. Thiers admits, to see an independent state of 25,000,000 of inhabitants consolidated in her neighbourhood. A dependent state of the same population ready to follow her leadership would have been another matter. But Italy has become to a certain degree independent of France, through the awkward fact that another nation of 40,000,000 inhabitants has, for aggressive and defensive purposes, organised itself on the French frontier. France is thoroughly angry with Prussianised Germany, and especially on account of Bismark's alliance with Italy, which she looks upon, not altogether without reason, as her own creation; and Italy, as the weaker power, must be made to feel her anger. Though there is doubtless a substratum of sincere Catholic belief in the party that supports the Pope, yet to the majority of the friends of intervention it would seem to be a matter of indifference what principle the Pope represented; and were the Dalai Llama installed at Rome, he would serve equally well as an excuse for planting a sword in the soil of Italy, pointing in the direction of her heart, upon which the first trip in policy would cause her to fall. In all this we see the triumph of the selfish patriotism of democracy over the intentions of the French Emperor. No doubt the Emperor was sincere when he said that he wished to see Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic; but in insisting on exacting a *quid*

pro quo for Solferino he showed that France would allow him to do nothing for Italy gratuitously. The French nation would not suffer that he should spend its blood and treasure on an idea, and, above all, in giving to another nation that freedom which its own government denies it at home.

The Roman question has been, and is, the main difficulty of the French Empire, and unless Louis Napoleon can find some solution that will set it finally at rest, the rule of his dynasty is likely enough to end with his life, if not before. He is placed in the dilemma of either alienating from him all the intelligent classes of France, or of offending the still more powerful majority whose votes raised him to power, and who are mainly composed of a peasantry as completely priest-ridden as any in the world. He is like a coachman who has the misfortune of driving a pair of horses of untoward temper, one given to bolting, and the other to rearing and jibbing. He cannot rein in the one, Revolution by name, without throwing the other, called Reaction, into some viciously chosen position that hinders the progress of the carriage; he cannot use the whip and slacken the rein to Reaction without setting Revolution into a hand-gallop. To have driven the pair so long without accident is the greatest imaginable credit to him. If he snubs the Liberals, and persecutes the Press, M. Veuillot at once begins to sing pæans to the advent of a new era of clerical supremacy; if he favours the Italians, and shows a disposition to curb the arrogance of the bishops, the Red Spectre begins to lift its crest once more. If the Emperor's only object had been to make himself a great name in history, he might easily have done so by suppressing the Pope, but it would have been at the risk of the suppression of his own dynasty by some suddenly executed plot; perhaps by assassination, for

the Pope's last Encyclica shows that time has had no effect on the policy of the Vatican, and that only the power and not the will is wanting to re-enact St Bartholomew in every country tainted by Protestantism. The Emperor, though a man of undeniable personal courage, is not a Garibaldi, and when he makes war for an idea, always takes care to have his communications open behind him. He has certainly chosen now the immediately safer but ignoble part of making the vainest and most sensitive nation on earth the guardian angel of the Holy See—a part of which France must inevitably be ashamed, when her moral isolation grows upon her, and the sneers of intellectual Europe have fretted her self-love to the quick. And when France is once thoroughly angry with herself, her rage will be turned against the government that has caused her to lose her prestige. There will be only one way of obviating such a danger, if the present position is adhered to too strongly, and that is a general war, where France may indemnify herself by arms for what she has lost in reputation as a civilised power. The Emperor will doubtless do all in his power to save himself, France, and Europe from such an extremity, for to submit to it would be to belie all his antecedents, and place him on a level with those vulgar tyrants who have made mankind miserable. He will propose conferences, and make all kinds of efforts to induce the Court of Rome to modify the "non possumus" policy, which has now less chance than ever of being effectual that M. Rouher has naïvely promised the unconditional support of France. A general war, it would thus seem, is finally inevitable, unless France finds herself bound over to keep the peace by a combination of European forces which she could have little hope of successfully resisting; for no one dreams now of attacking her, and as she

would not have to fight for her own existence, the hope of healing the wounds of vanity would hardly seem a sufficient reason for running so great a risk. It is the interest of all Protestant states, and, indeed, of all Catholic states whose ruling powers would preserve the shadow of independence, to set their faces steadily against those temporal pretensions of the Vatican, which France has now taken under her sole guardianship. For it is in his quality of Priest-king that the Pope claims to be supreme over all the monarchies of the world.

The temporal power is not, as might appear on the surface, a simple expression, but has a dual significance. The less important aspect to the world at large, though not perhaps to Italy, is that of the sovereignty of the Pope in the so-called State of the Church, or what is left of it; the more important consists in that precedency which the Pope, in virtue of his being at once a king and a priest, claims not only over all the priests, but all the kings, of the earth. We know, from the famous Encyclica, that the diminution of his territory has in no degree abated this pretension. As a king, he may be a very small one; but the fact of his being the premier bishop of the Catholic world surrounds his triple tiara with a halo which, in the imaginations of the faithful, causes it to eclipse all other crowns; and this more than ever since those elective German kings, who, as successors of Charles the Great, and heirs of the Roman Empire, generally wielded the cosmopolitan, as opposed to the provincial, temporal power, have ceased to exist. That ideal temporal power would still remain as long as the Pope retained a vestige of princely independence, if it were only the Vatican with its garden, and a free strip of territory to the coast; for supposing him to be no longer master of communication with the outer world, the Ital-

ian Government would have the power of stopping his bulls from publication. But if he ever became a subject, the œcumenical spiritual power, with its everlasting claim to wield that temporal sword which strangely enough St Peter was ordered to sheathe, would become a mere name, and the Pope would be no more than the Archbishops of Paris or of Canterbury. Hence all true Catholics are consistent in asserting to the last the regal character of the Papacy, just as all Protestants, and all civil Governments merely professing Catholicism, have a direct interest in repudiating it.

The one Catholic power in Europe which, from its position and resources, was formerly most able to oppose a successful resistance to Papal pretension, was France in the seventeenth century. Then the French clergy were closely connected with the aristocracy, and the majority of them had a Gallican bias—that is, they were Frenchmen first, and Catholics afterwards. Protestantism, also, was strong in the upper classes, and its influence indirectly affected the society outside it. When Louis XIV., under the baneful influence of confessors and pious mistresses, took the fatal step of revoking the Edict of Nantes, he sealed the doom of the monarchy, because he drove into exile the most thoughtful and earnest of the French nobility and gentry, who would have supported the throne against the anarchical party, and he sealed the doom of the French national Church. From that time forward the struggle for the possession of the mind and heart of France was between the Pope and Voltaire. Voltaire, as we all know, triumphed: the Gallican Church was swept away, and its beggared clergy emigrated with the beggared nobility. When Napoleon I. found it necessary to restore the Church, the old gentlemanly class of abbés had disappeared. If, like Jeroboam, he was not quite obliged to make priests of the lowest of the

people, he was obliged to take them from an inferior class to that which had furnished them before. This class was naturally more devoted to the interests of the Holy See, as having less stake through family connection in the mother-country, and ever since that time the French clergy have probably been descending in social position, and becoming more and more purely Ultramontane. The profession, though exercising an immense influence on the masses, has been becoming more and more unfashionable, and except, perhaps, in fanatical Brittany, no young man of good family would enter the Church if any other career were open to him.

Things have come to this pass now in France that the clergy may be said to form a compact body, quite as devoted to the interests of the Vatican as the Society of Jesuits, and systematically hostile to the civil power, which they set at defiance whenever they can do so with impunity. At the same time their teaching departs more and more from the broader theology of Christianity, and concentrates itself chiefly on those points which Protestants regard as the most glaring errors of the Catholic teaching. The most solemn rite of worship appears to be the adoration of the Host in the procession on Corpus Christi Day; and as the writer of this article has witnessed, in a provincial town where he resided, the whole system appears to culminate in the deification of the Virgin Mary. Doubtless this is a more respectable form of paganism than the worship of Isis or Aphrodite, but it is just as foreign to the spirit of Christianity. However, doctrine is irrelevant to our present subject. The doctrine might be perfectly apostolical, but the assumption of temporal power by a spiritual body would be equally objectionable, as was well proved during the so-called Reign of the Saints in the English Commonwealth. Among all the

subjects of the Emperor Napoleon the only body who are thoroughly loyal are perhaps the Protestant communities. There are no more devoted adherents of the present dynasty than the Alsacians, who are in great part Protestant, and who amongst them, from their industrial pursuits, have become possessed of much wealth and influence. The Emperor may spend men and money in defending the Papal Chair, may pet the Catholic and snub the Protestant as he pleases, but he will never appease the irreconcilable enmity of the priests till he violates the present tolerant constitution of France, and makes himself the mere creature of their will. So that in steering between the priests and revolution, he is steering between Scylla and Charybdis, and we must repeat our admiration that he has so long held the helm without being either driven on the rock or sucked into the gulf.

Presuming that the Emperor himself has no Ultramontane sympathies, whatever other members of his family may feel, it may have been a matter of wonder to some superficial observers, that being absolute, he has never tried to do what Henry VIII. effected in England. He would doubtless have done so ere this if he had been Garibaldi instead of Louis Napoleon; but the state of the case would have been far different. The clergy and people of England at the time of the Reformation cared something for their religion, but very little for the Pope, and the Reformation began with the mere abrogation of the Papal supremacy. Catholic England was at no time Ultramontane, and those members of the old Catholic families who have become so lately, have entirely departed from the traditions of their ancestors. It is the characteristic of Ultramontanism that it makes religion a secondary consideration, and the recognition of the Papal infallibility the first duty of the faithful. If the unhappy French

Revolution had never been, the Napoleons, if they had still come to the throne by any accident, might have done what Henry VIII. did, and what Louis XIV. might have done, and saved France and the monarchy; but the time for such a bold measure ended with the Revolution. The present Catholic Church of France cannot be rendered loyal, and must remain a power antagonistic to the State; the only sure way of paralysing its antagonism being to destroy the temporal power of the Pope in Rome itself, which the Emperor has doubtless the will, but, as we have lately seen, not the power to do. It would doubtless have been the greatest possible relief to the Emperor personally if the Italian army had outmarched Garibaldi to the Holy City, and anticipated the arrival of the French. He would have been strong enough to make the French nation accept the accomplished fact, but the hesitation of the Italians enabled the Papal party to force his hand.

It is the same change for the worse which has taken place of late years from other causes in the character of Roman Catholicism in the United Kingdom that makes it so difficult for any British Government to deal with the Irish priesthood. If they were a loyal and patriotic body, no presumable errors in doctrine would be a just excuse for not establishing the Church of the great majority of the Irish people. But they are notoriously the contrary; and although the daring programme of the Fenians at first frightened the Roman Catholic clergy, a certain number of them in the diocese of Limerick have now thrown off the mask, and declared that nothing will satisfy them short of the dismemberment of the British Empire. It was always the unanswerable argument of those who opposed Catholic Emancipation in 1829, that Rome did not only represent a religion but a political system, which was inimical

to all governments but her own, and incompatible with all true loyalty. It was certainly argued, on the other hand, that words often expressed more than they meant, that men were better than their creeds, &c.; and such arguments were allowed to prevail, added to that of the Duke of Wellington, founded on political expediency, that emancipation was the only method of avoiding civil war. It may even be a question now with some pessimists whether civil war would not have been the better alternative, and whether Cromwell's management of Ireland had not something to be said for it. The Vatican has not been convicted of any direct complicity with the Fenians. But the suspicion may not be so very groundless that a large proportion of the Peter's pence which flow so abundantly from all parts of the world to Rome (*e.g.*, three millions of francs in three months from France, alone), and which do not ever seem to mend the Papal finances, are in fact employed as the secret-service money of the Church. This much we do know, that the atmosphere of Ireland is charged with disaffection, or Fenianism would not live in it, and that this disaffection is owing to the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, almost always exerted in exciting animosity against the civil power. The case of Ireland has often been compared to that of Scotland, but the comparison is historically incorrect. The King of Scotland first inherited England, and then the countries were united by a voluntary compact; but Ireland, like first England and then Wales, was conquered by the Normans in the course of time. It would be just as absurd to excite to national independence the Saxons of Wessex or the ancient British of the Principality, as it is to stir up rebellion in Ireland on the same grounds. Wales furnishes almost an exact parallel to Ireland. Wales has a Celtic population, differing in lan-

guage from England; the Church of England, though established, is, we believe, in the minority. But Welsh patriotism is quite content to assert itself in Eisteddfods and musical festivals. Never has Wales displayed a particle of disloyalty to Queen Victoria. Where is the difference to be sought for but in the fact that Wesleyan Methodists are good subjects and Roman Catholics are not always so, and never will be as long as the head of their religion is a prince claiming supremacy over all princes? What makes the state of the case in Ireland so bad is, that the majority is Catholic. A minority is naturally less powerful for harm, and more cautious in concealing its real sentiments. This is seen in the present condition of the Grand-Duchy of Baden. The Government is so pestered by the priests, and so hampered in its civil action, that the Grand-Duke is said to be most anxious to absorb himself in Prussia as an escape from his domestic difficulties. In America the Roman Catholic Church is perhaps the most numerous of the denominations, though vastly outnumbered by all the rest together. Yet we know how important the Irish element is, and to what basenesses politicians stoop who wish to conciliate the Irish vote. In Switzerland, though the Catholics are in the minority, and obliged to bow to the Federal laws, yet we know that their mischievous propaganda stirred up the civil war of 1847, and that, as far as the cantons are independent states, the Jesuits, real or potential, are doing their best to ruin morally, intellectually, and materially, the cantons where they are paramount. It would not be safe to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, unless we could radically alter the character of the priesthood. It might have succeeded once perhaps, but the time is long past. Another course would be to put all the confessions of Ireland on a voluntary footing, and apply the

revenues of the Protestant Church to purposes of education; but unless we made that education compulsory, the priests would manage to paralyse it by religious terrorism; and, except with the hope of conciliating them, it is difficult to see the use of taking any measure of the kind. We have to consider justice to England, and the general weal of the empire, before justice to Ireland; and, in fact, it is a modified Irish bull to use the expression, justice to Ireland, as apart from the general interests of the United Kingdom, of which Ireland forms an integral part, and will continue to do so till some foreign power, coming in aid of native disaffection, shall have swept our armies from the land and our fleets from the sea. Ireland never has been, and never will be, an independent monarchy or republic; but she may well, when our glory is departed, become the dependency of some foreign power whose yoke will be far less endurable than the easy rule of England. It is one advantage of the present toleration of the Ritualistic sect in the Established Church of England, that a Roman Catholic priest, were he so minded, has little to do but to renounce the Pope to become one of the Anglo-Catholic clergy. But our Government may offer them the full use of their ceremonial, church temporalities, and leave to marry—they will never accept these boons, for their souls have been poisoned with Ultramontaniam from earliest infancy, and the brand of slavery is too deeply burnt into them to be effaced. Every celibate priest is a traitor to his manhood—he has sold his birthright of natural liberty for a mess of pottage in the shape of power over weak minds. As far as we can see, there is only one thing to be done for Ireland, and that is to hold her with a strong hand till Protestant immigration and Catholic emigration have gradually left the Celtic population in the mino-

rity, and so by degrees improved the priests off the face of the land. For to act as though we had peaceful relations with those who are avowedly at war with us is nothing but childish folly.

The question as to which shall be master between Rome and the civil power in all lands has remarkably simplified itself of late years. Formerly it used to be a question between Protestantism and Catholicism, between the Articles of the Church of England or the Confession of Augsburg and those of the Council of Trent,—between, that is, rival forms of religious dogmatism. This led to endless disputation, and endless refinements of doctrinal differences, and so to no practical results. Now it is all plain sailing. Rome throws down the gauntlet to every government on earth. Her watchword is, “No surrender,” and she will admit of no compromises,—she will have nothing short of unconditional submission. A party of amiable zealots in the Church of England have lately been instituting prayers for the union of all Christian Churches, by which they mean all Churches that are blessed with bishops, and no others, hoping to meet Rome half-way, and get the Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledged as a peer of the Pope, only yielding deference to the Pope’s spiritual seniority. But the Vatican laughs these amiable zealots to scorn; the Pope receives their overtures blandly, and bows them out with a “non possumus,” and the titular Archbishop of Westminster hurls his anathema at home against their lame imitations of Catholic ceremonial, and faint attempts at monasticism. The very appointment of Dr Manning was enough, if this infatuated party had had the sense to take “No” from the Vatican. If conciliation had been the policy of the Holy See, surely not Dr Manning, but Dr Newman, the leading intellect among the Oxford converts, would have been selected as the intrusive Primate. But it is

the misfortune of that excellent man but eccentric thinker, in a worldly point of view, that he has never forgotten that he was an English gentleman before he was a Catholic, and that he has always retained a strong affection for that University of which he was so distinguished a member. He could not even be trusted to superintend the formation of a Roman Catholic College in Oxford. The influence of old associations on him was more feared than any advantageous result from his zeal was hoped for. He is stamped with the brand of honesty, which in the eyes of the Vatican is nearly the same thing as heresy. It may even be doubted whether he would have accepted an honour which implied disloyalty to his Sovereign. So Dr Manning was called Archbishop of Westminster, and Dr Newman was left out in the cold. Another prelate of Cardinal Wiseman’s stamp might have been chosen had the Holy See meant anything less than open war against the Crown and Constitution of England. Dr Wiseman was too genial and popular a character. He mixed too much in London society, and his general friendliness induced some to think that, after all, there was no great harm in the Papal aggression of 1851, whereas it was one of the grossest insults ever offered by one independent Sovereign to another. There appears to have been no mistake made in the appointment of Dr Manning. Any government, whether it be Tory, Whig, or Radical, which holds for the time being the Imperial interests in its hands, now knows what it has to expect from Rome, and would be blind indeed if it did not profit by the lesson.

Wherever the majority of the population is Catholic, it would be impossible for any civil government to exist with a shadow of authority, were it not fortunately true that most masculine Catholics are only so in name. This only makes government in France pos-

sible, and from the nature of the case the Government is necessitated to be strong—that is, to uphold order at the expense of liberty. It is a fortunate circumstance for France that universal suffrage has not yet included women. As the female population outnumbers the male, the usual case in all old countries, France completely under petticoat government, which some surmise she suffers from in a certain degree at present, would soon become a mere outlying estate of the Holy See. And what her condition would be under such circumstances may be seen from looking over the Pyrenees, where the despotic rule of an imbecile female is nearly equivalent to universal suffrage in the hands of a majority of women under priestly influence. Spain, a country second in natural resources to none in Europe, once almost the mistress of the world, has been degraded under a long course of sacerdotal misgovernment into the laughing-stock and by-word of European nations. Her credit is gone, her manufactures are at a standstill, her literature is nowhere, her art and her science are asleep, her people are sunk in sloth, ignorance, and dirt. To counterbalance these worldly disadvantages, she earns the Papal blessing as the one dutiful child of Mother Church, and the only country where the Pope would feel himself thoroughly at home. Austria has been saved by the skin of her teeth from sharing a similar fate, if she is even yet saved. Francis Joseph has become, under repeated blows of adverse fortune, a sadder and a wiser man. Had it not been for the fatal Concordat, he might have been before now, as his fathers were, Emperor of all Germany. But that chance is gone for ever. That well-meaning and conscientious prince was the victim of early priestly education. It required a Solferino and a Sadowa to open his eyes; but by all accounts he sees his way now, and is equally determined with his

subjects to get rid of the pestilent influence of the Ultramontane clergy, as a preliminary step to giving better government to his dominions. Nor is it to be expected that he will ever move a finger to join France in upholding the temporal power at Rome, for he knows now that it is just that Power and no other to which he owes all his troubles. The case of Austria naturally suggests that of unhappy Poland—a land which the Pope so touchingly commiserates in his recent whining Allocution, dwelling especially on the persecutions which the Roman Church, which never persecuted herself, has at present to endure. It was the opinion of a distinguished Polish statesman, Count Wielopolsky, we believe, that if Poland had been contented to acquiesce in the dominion of Russia as an inevitable necessity, though gained in the first instance by very foul means, his countrymen, by the force of their natural superiority over the Muscovite race, would have risen to such influence in the councils of the Czar as to effect the same sort of moral conquest of the conqueror, which ancient Greece effected over ancient Rome. The Poles, he thought, though never able to govern themselves, might have been able by tact and judgment to govern to a great extent the Russian Empire. This was only the dream of one man, who could not make his countrymen what he wished them to be. The Poles, however intellectually gifted, are, unfortunately for themselves, sincere and devout Catholics. As good Catholics they recognise the supremacy of a foreign sovereign; and this feeling, added to that of strong nationality, makes it impossible for them to accept the rule of Russia. So the Russian Emperor, though in the main a liberal prince, to prevent his dominions being dislocated, is instinctively led to expunge Poland and the Poles, and to stamp out the Roman Catholic Church, which

he sees to be the focus of disaffection. This, no doubt, is a high-handed proceeding, though the Pope, if he possessed a particle of modesty, should be the last person to complain of it. Persecution is odious; but what is to be done with a society the main principle of whose life is the persecution of all other societies till its supremacy is undisputed? And we do not find that the Czar, though he believes in the sole orthodoxy of the Greek Church, is accused of persecuting his Protestant or Jewish subjects. The reason is, that he finds that their religions, though he may think them the wrong roads to heaven, are not in their nature calculated to lead them astray in their allegiance to an earthly sovereign. Poland and Ireland have been often compared, and with considerable injustice as to the action of the English Government; but the comparison holds good so far as the great difficulty is the same in both countries—namely, disaffection to their own Governments through agitation proceeding from abroad.

The death of the unfortunate Maximilian is a pregnant lesson to all rulers who think that it is possible to steer a middle course with the clerical party. Maximilian might perhaps have been Emperor of Mexico now, had he submitted to be the vassal of Rome; but he was too high-minded to care for a crown on such a condition. It was not the Emperor Napoleon who abandoned him, but his priestly supporters. The Emperor Napoleon had a full right to withdraw his troops, when he found from the opposition of the United States that the Mexican expedition was a bad speculation for France. Maximilian, if he had been wise, would have gone away with the French army. He chose to remain and take his chance, and the priests betrayed him to his political enemies, choosing rather to fish in the troubled waters of anarchy

than to live as the subjects of an orderly Government. Maximilian, like Henry IV. of France, may be counted among the martyrs of toleration. The significance of the tragedy is enhanced, if it is true that the Empress Charlotte owed her mental affliction in great measure to a shock she received from the unfeeling bigotry of the Vatican. An old man of mild presence sits in the chair of St Peter, but his mildness must not be suffered to lull the world to sleep. Who rewarded the Swiss officer that commanded in the butchery of Perugia? who is the abettor of Italian brigandage, and indirectly of Irish Fenianism? Who finds his own rule impossible without the aid of a body-guard of foreign cut-throats, half-mercenary, half-fanatic, with a great European military power behind them? and who is the persistent enemy of all rule but his own? None other than that old man of mild presence, who calls himself the Vicar of Christ, but is more like the Vicar of that "Anarch Old" who is the enemy of all order, human and divine. Is our verdict not justified, if we appeal to the history of the rise and progress of the temporal power?

Possession, it is commonly said, is equivalent to nine points in law; and the long-continued existence of an institution is undoubtedly in many cases a just title to reverence, since, unless it contained some principles of truth, such vitality would be impossible. Hence the advocates of the temporal power claim for it a divine sanction. Its origin and progress, they say, is as miraculous as that of Christianity itself. But nothing can be more certain than that it is to be accounted for on perfectly mundane principles, and that the operation of the common laws of cause and effect is as traceable here as in the clearest pages of profane history. We cannot for a moment assert that the Roman Church has ever entirely ceased to teach what is good and

true, or to exercise its power in enforcing right and promoting wrong in cases where its own interests have not been concerned. But, on the other hand, it has always conciliated the weaknesses of vulgar humanity as the reward of obedience, and thus enlisted the multitude on its side, instead of endeavouring to promote that victory of the higher over the lower man, which is the true principle of the religion it professes to expound. In this respect the secret of its hold on the heart is the same as that of Islamism. But we must avoid trespassing on purely religious ground.

Though doubtless the growth of the temporal power of the Roman Church, like every other event, belongs to the scheme of Providence, it cannot be called miraculous in any special sense, unless the miracle began with the rise of pagan Rome to world-wide dominion. The prestige of this world-wide dominion still survived the taking of Rome by the barbarians, and was kept up in the fiction of the Holy Roman Empire, assumed to have been inherited through conquests and elections by Charles the Great and his successors. For reasons of their own, these potentates were not always unwilling that the same metropolitan character should attach to the Bishops of Rome as the spiritual heads of the universe, although the spheres of their separate jurisdictions were constantly clashing, and endless disputes arose in defining the provinces of the Christian Mikado and Tycoon. With unreasoning passion and brute force on one side, and calm intellect and patient craft on the other, it was no miracle that in time the spiritual power should usurp nearly all the prerogatives of the temporal, that the Pope should become the real Emperor of Christendom, with all its kings for vassals, and leave the German king the barren honour of his iron crown. This work was completed

by the gradually diminishing importance of the Eastern Empire under the pressure of the Saracens and the Turks, and the final conquest of Constantinople, while those more ancient Eastern Churches, whose bishops might have disputed the precedency with the See of Rome, were swallowed up in the Ottoman dominion. But long before the final catastrophe of the monarchy of Byzantium, the Bishop of Rome had been able to obtain a formal recognition of his claim to universal dominion. In 601 A.D., the Emperor Mauritius with his family was murdered by Phocas, the captain of his guard, who then usurped his throne. Boniface III., Bishop of Rome, finding that Cyriacus the Patriarch of Constantinople had fallen into disgrace, through disapproval of these acts of "Zimri, who slew his master," hastened to congratulate the usurper in the most fulsome terms. He was rewarded by being acknowledged by him as Œcumenical Bishop, and thenceforward the Bishops of Rome appear to have arrogated to themselves exclusively the title of Pope, or Spiritual Father, which had been formerly given to all bishops, even by the Bishops of Rome themselves, and in fact seems to have been almost as general in its application as the title "Reverend" is now. The progress of the temporal power has been forwarded by a multitude of other concurring causes, and most remarkably at three distinct epochs, respectively by statecraft, fanaticism, and accident. The first of these was when Hildebrand succeeded in effecting that masterstroke of policy, the compulsory celibacy of the whole of the clergy; the second, when the zeal of Loyola, recoiling with horror from the success of the Reformation, founded the Order of Jesuits; the third, when the French Revolution, by destroying the aristocratic character of the clergy, gave birth to a caste of proletariat priests in France and Europe gene-

rally, whose allegiance to the central power was not disturbed by local patriotism, and who in the present day have become in all Catholic countries Jesuits in nature, if not in name—the members, as it were, of a secret society devoted body and soul to the Papal Propaganda.

It is well known that until Christianity became the religion of the Roman State by the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, the bishops who professed to be the successors of St Peter were poor and unassuming, and even many of their names have been forgotten. They certainly never claimed or exercised a pre-eminence over other bishops, still less did they ever indulge in dreams of temporal sovereignty. Late in the middle ages a story was fabricated that Constantine, as a fee for his baptism, gave to Bishop Sylvester I. the whole of Italy and a portion of the East as his own territory; but the story was too absurd to allow of its defence by the more able controversialists of the Church, and could only have gained currency in times when historical studies were at their lowest ebb, for no sovereigns were ever more jealous of their rights than Constantine and his successors. But it is equally certain that these monarchs, who in the latter days of the Empire had to contend with a host of pretenders who hoisted the flag of still popular paganism, found it their interest, on the one hand, to conciliate the lower classes in the towns, and more especially in the country—the villagers or “pagani” *par excellence*—by assimilating as much as possible the rites of Christianity to those of the old polytheism; and, on the other hand, to make the Christian clergy their partisans by endowing them richly with lands and revenues, so that they attained at once a sort of independence of the State, and began thus early to found an empire within an empire, possessing

a capacity for indefinite aggrandisement. Thus the adoption of Christianity by the State was fatal at once to its purity and its poverty. While the Christian churches were hardly distinguishable externally from the heathen temples which they utilised, their landed property had increased in the fourth century to such an extent that in Italy at least it was estimated as a tenth part of the whole soil, and in pecuniary matters the clergy were entirely independent of the laity. The richest prince of the Church was, as was natural, the Bishop of Rome, whose dominions in the eighth century not only comprised large spaces in Rome and its neighbourhood, but outlying estates in Northern and Southern Italy, and even in Corsica, Sicily, Dalmatia, Gaul, and on the coast of Africa. By the same policy the Frank Emperor Clovis, when he embraced Christianity, found it his interest to vastly increase the estates of the Church; and, moreover, he conferred on the Roman Bishop a crown set with jewels, thus acknowledging his rank in the brotherhood of earthly kings.

Notwithstanding all this, the Bishop was not considered to hold his estates in fee-simple, but only as a vassal of the Roman Empire, to whose honours the Frankish kings were supposed to succeed. His absolute and independent sovereignty took a long time to establish, and was the fruit of the most patient and adroit manœuvring through successive generations that the world has ever witnessed. Some may even question whether it ever has been perfectly established, for the Papacy has generally flourished most under the wing of some great protector, who was at once its master and its slave, which position, ignominious according to some, and honourable according to others, is at present held by his Majesty Napoleon III.

Every schoolboy who has dabbled in natural history knows that

there lives in the sea a curious little creature called the soldier-crab. This humorous animal is armed in front like other crabs, and furnished with very aggressive claws; but its hinder parts are naked, and so it is obliged to look for some spiral shell whose native mollusc has vacated it, into which it may wriggle its weak latter end for protection, before it can proceed on its devious forages. If ousted from this shell by any accident, it passes through a phase of fear and discomfort, and straightway proceeds to find another. The Papacy may be likened to a soldier-crab on a vast scale. Its courses are anything but straightforward, and constantly aggressive; but it is conscious of a weakness about the tail, and so has the habit of ensconcing itself under the shelter of the strongest power it can find, and then dragging that power after it in its unscrupulous foragings for the means of growth. The natural way for England to have replied to the Papal aggression of 1851, would have been to have sent a couple of frigates to Civita Vecchia; but we knew that France was behind the Pope, and so Lord Russell was obliged to content himself with the *brutum fulmen* of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The campaign of 1859, whether Napoleon really meant it so or not, has chiefly signified a complete shifting of the tutelage of the Papacy from Austria to France. And it will not be long before the French Emperor discovers that he has taken the "old man of the sea" on his shoulders, while Austria is now at length congratulating herself on being rid of the burden. But to return to our historical sketch.

Rome, in the serpent wisdom which has always through evil report and good report distinguished her, has ever known how to turn to her advantage circumstances apparently the most disadvantageous. This, again, is no miracle; for in ages when everybody else was

fighting, she alone had leisure to think. Nothing could seem at first sight less advantageous than the division of the Roman Empire into Western and Eastern. And no doubt, had the division been strictly observed for many ages, the primacy of the Roman Bishop would scarcely have been established. But with the fall of Augustulus and the Western Empire came inextricable confusion. Still it was strange that the humiliation of Rome, while Constantinople still remained erect, should lead to the aggrandisement of the Roman Bishop. But so it was. And it was an equally strange fact that the irruption of a victorious horde of heathen should have made the West rather than the East the stronghold of Christianity. In the East the feminine virtues of Christianity were neutralised by the feminine vices of the now degenerate Romans. In the West they easily gained a gentle supremacy over the rugged but pure-minded worshippers of Odin. Doubtless the conquerors were to a great extent converted by Christian wives, who had become their spoil after the men belonging to them had perished by the edge of the sword. We know that at certain periods of the fifth and sixth centuries the population of the city of Rome, which had once emulated that of modern London, had dwindled to 35,000 inhabitants. It is to be taken for granted that during these times of tribulation the life of the Church was eminently respectable, or the truth-loving barbarians would never have been conciliated. The wisdom of the serpent for the nonce was fain to associate itself with the harmlessness of the dove, and wait its opportunity to throw off the mask. The opportunity soon came. Italy was split up into independent sovereignties, and Rome took care that the division should continue—a game which has been successfully kept up till

the present time. In this matter her policy resembles that of the East India Company, who managed to establish their dominion by setting one native prince against another with the profound worldly wisdom of a mercantile body. In the north of Italy, after many successive washings of the barbarian inundation, the Lombards had at length succeeded in planting themselves so firmly as to found a monarchy, with Pavia as its capital. By the victories of Belisarius and Narses, the middle of Italy, and Sicily before its Saracen conquest, had been recovered by the Emperor at Constantinople, who claimed the sovereignty over the West as well as the East after the extirpation of the rival dynasty. But Rome was so reduced that he chose Ravenna as his Italian capital, and the land about Ravenna, the present Romagna, was called the Exarchate, and its ruler the Exarch or Governor-General. His subordinates were called Dukes, and the provinces they governed Duchies. Only the five coast towns of Ancona, Sinigaglia, Fano, Pesaro, and Rimini formed the so-called Pentapolis, governed by a stadtholder, who also owed obedience to the Governor-General. From the well-known weakness of the successors of Justinian, it may easily be believed that the Exarchs of Ravenna had great difficulty in holding their own against the powerful and aggressive Lombards. Scanty succour was sent them from Constantinople, and thus they were obliged mainly to depend on the resources of the land itself, and the support of the minor princes, their vassals.

The Bishop of Rome, in virtue of the lands which he had held through all revolutions, was, though not so strictly localised as the rest, the most powerful of these. The weakness of the Exarchate was the opportunity of the Papacy. The Emperor could not resist the encroachments of the Bishop, because he wanted his help against the

Lombard king. And as it was a great advantage to the Bishop that his sovereign should live at a distance, he left no stone unturned to prevent the whole of Italy from falling under the Lombard domination. The wealth of the Church stood in good stead here, and enabled the Pope to hire an effective body of mercenaries, or to pay the soldiers of the Emperor, who thus came to belong to him more really than to their titular master. This policy was eminently successful in the hands of Gregory the Great (590 to 604 A.D.), who gained great immunities from the Emperor in return for signal services, and went farther towards the establishment of the temporal power than any of his predecessors. The Papacy gained another great windfall of luck in the time of Gregory II. (715 to 735 A.D.) This was the rise of that great image controversy in the Christian Church, on which it is well known, after seas of blood had been shed, the Western and Eastern Churches eventually split. Doubtless the worship of images was adopted from the original paganism, for the sake of making Christianity easy to the converts; but Gregory the Great had pronounced his anathema against the practice, with impolitic shortsightedness, as it turned out. He had probably been impelled to that step by the scandal it created, and perhaps in a measure by the ridicule of Jews and other unbelievers. The Emperor Leo the Isaurian, a man of great energy for an Eastern regent, came to the conclusion that it was time to prohibit altogether the worship of images. But the measure was extremely unpopular, and of this Pope Gregory II. was perfectly aware. So when the Exarch of Ravenna endeavoured to carry out his master's iconoclastic orders in Italy, he found a sudden opponent in the person of the Pope, who, with the usual infallible consistency of the Holy See, adopted the

patronage of a practice which his predecessor had laid under the ban. So the Duke of Rome, the Exarch's subordinate, having set to work to break the idols in the Roman churches, was summarily expelled the city by an insurrection of the populace, whom the Pope had further conciliated by his opposition to some new taxes which the central government had tried to lay upon them. Here was a distinct act of rebellion on the part of the Bishop of Rome against his feudal suzerain. The Duke was driven out, and the Pope at once elected temporal ruler of Rome by popular acclamation, which was the form that Universal Suffrage took in those days. Thus in the year of grace 727 the Bishop of Rome at length grasped the terrestrial diadem for which his heart had so long panted. It was a bold stroke, and within an ace of being unsuccessful. For the Exarch at once proceeded to confiscate all the Pope's outlying estates in Italy where the populations had remained true to the Emperor, and Luitprand the King of the Lombards, a sagacious warrior, took the opportunity of starting on a career of conquest in Italy, and took Ravenna and five other cities. It certainly seemed at first as if he made common cause with the Pope, for he not only declared himself in favour of image-worship, but made a present to the Roman Bishop of the town of Sutri in the province of Viterbo, besides dealing with him as with another independent sovereign. The Pope, however, was not to be deceived. He saw that in time he should become a Lombard vassal, which would have been a worse position than that in which he formerly stood as a subject of Constantinople. So he turned to the Venetians, who had been able alone of the Northern Italians to preserve their independence as a duchy, and conjured them to help the Exarch against the "accursed people of

the Lombards." Managing at the same time to stir up a revolt among the vassals of Luitprand, he at length reduced him to such straits that he was obliged to evacuate his conquests and quit the Exarchate. The next Pope, Gregory III. (731-741), felt himself firm enough in the saddle, not only to set his liege-lord at defiance in the image business, but to excommunicate the Exarch as a heretic. Luitprand having now sufficiently recovered to try another fall with the Pope, the latter set up against him his vassal Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento. This time, however, there was a change of fortune. The Dukes were beaten, and Luitprand chased them into Rome itself, to which he proceeded to lay siege. It seemed now as if the last hour of the Papacy had sounded. But history has shown that it is an institution whose vitality knows no parallel. The Pope in his need looked to the Venetians again for help, but now they declined to measure themselves a second time with Luitprand, whose power they had felt to their cost. There was certainly a power beyond the Alps, but could it be appealed to, so as to aid in time? Charles Martel, the major-domo of the Frank King, was the most conspicuous hero of the time. He had saved Europe from the flood of Saracen invasion by the victory of Tours, and was now the virtual ruler of Gaul and Southern Germany. This prince had been brought into close relations with Rome through Boniface the Apostle of the Germans. So the Pope made a desperate appeal to Charles Martel in three successive embassies (739 and 740 A.D.) One of these brought with other presents some filings from the chains of St Peter, but the last was empowered to make Charles the more attractive offer of a transfer of allegiance on the part of the Pope from the Emperor of Byzantium to the King of the Franks. But Charles Martel was now too weak and infirm to undertake a

distant campaign, and too closely connected with Luitprand to at once take arms against him; he contented himself with thanking the Pope, and sending an embassy to Luitprand to induce him to withdraw his army. Immediately afterwards he died (27th Nov. 741), and Gregory likewise; and the last hours of the Pope were embittered by seeing the Lombards still at the gates of Rome. His successor, Zacharias, because a more wily man, was still worthier of the Papacy. He saw that nothing could at present be done with the sons of Charles Martel, who were involved in distant wars, so he at once adopted with similar success the resolution of the mother of Coriolanus. He went to the camp of his angry enemy, and soothed and flattered him to that degree that he not only concluded a peace for twenty years, and gave up again all the possessions that he had conquered from the Holy See, but even gave the Pope a number of additional towns that he had won from the Exarchate. The only condition imposed on him in return was, that he should tear up the treaties (to which he had sworn as well as his predecessor) with the Dukes of Benevento and Spoleto, and join his own troops to those of Luitprand in marching against the latter town. Thus the clouds which threatened the Papacy from the side of the Lombard monarchy were for the present conjured, and that with additional advantage to the Holy See. Still the acute Pope did not lose sight of the fact that the Frank monarchy, because farther off, as well as more mighty, was a more convenient harbour of refuge than the Lombard. And as Pepin, the brother and successor of Charles Martel as major-domo of the Franks, happened to see that his own advantage lay in the same direction, it naturally was not long before that which both sides wished for came to pass. For a vassal to dethrone his sovereign, after having

sworn allegiance to him, and usurp his place, was even in those days a strong measure; but of course, if the fountain of all Right, the Church, could be gained, the wrong became right according to the mediæval conscience. And it had entered into the ambitious heart of Pepin to wish to take the place of his weak sovereign Childeric III., and he saw in Zacharias

“A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed to do a deed of
shame;”

so he put to Zacharias by secret envoys in guarded language the question, whether it was lawful to substitute a sovereign capable of governing for one incapable. To this general question he got, as he expected, an affirmative answer, and proceeded, as was expected on the other side, to apply it to the particular case. The secular Faust got the necessary power to carry out his unprincipled project, giving over in requital his soul to the clerical Mephistophiles. Safe in this alliance, the Papacy ran no great risks, though the Lombards under Aistulph were again at the gates of the Vatican. But Pope Stephen II., when in a similar strait with his predecessor, first tried the expedient of conciliating the Constantinopolitan Emperor, by promising obedience for the future if he would help him. Finding him unable to do so, he then turned to his friend Pepin, whom he solemnly anointed King of the Franks, having come to France at his request for the purpose. In return for this condescension, Pepin promised to make war on the Lombards till he had thoroughly rescued and put under the sovereignty of the Pope the patrimony of St Peter. Pepin passed the Alps with his troops in the summer of 754, and forced the Lombard King to sue for peace by besieging Pavia. Peace was concluded on condition of the Lombard ceding his Italian conquests to the Pope under the Frank King

as suzerain. The Pope had, however, to appeal to Pepin a second time, as Aistulph, as soon as the Franks were gone, came back to take his revenge at his leisure. To back this appeal, the Pope's envoys presented to the King a letter in *St Peter's own handwriting*, urging him by every possible promise and threat to rescue the town of Rome from the Lombards. The alleged intervention of Heaven was quite successful. A second expedition more decisive than the first took place, Aistulph's power was thoroughly broken, and the temporal power of the Papacy placed on a satisfactory footing. It was not likely that an embassy from Constantine V., the Greek Emperor, which came to Pepin immediately after his victory, would gain his ear to any purpose. He told the envoys that he had undertaken his campaign not in the interest of the Greek Emperor, but for the honour of St Peter, and therefore he should maintain the supremacy of the Pope in the former estates of the Emperor of the East. He reserved to himself only the title of Patrician of Rome, and a nominal sovereignty; but becoming involved in distant wars and troubles, he finally left the Holy Father the real master of the situation.

After his death in 768, when Charlemagne ascended the throne, matters changed to the disadvantage of the Papacy. He deposed Desiderius the King of the Lombards, and set the iron crown on his own head. He afterwards proceeded to annex the rest of Italy, assumed the title of Roman Emperor, and obliged the Pope, Leo III., to crown him. Thus the Pope, though still a temporal prince, became again a vassal, and the Roman took the place of the Greek Emperor as his liege-lord. At the decease of the Emperor the Pope became again an independent prince, in the same way as those German princes who were also for-

merly vassals of the Holy Roman Empire. But in the mean time he made use of the spiritual power to wrest as far as possible the eccumenical temporal sword out of the hands of his suzerain, and by every available means sought to add to his estates at home, and bring them within a ring-fence as much as possible.

In the middle of the eleventh century the Margrave Boniface of Tuscany possessed by inheritance or imperial gift an almost regal dominion in the heart of Italy. At his death in 1052 A.D., his daughter Matilda became sole heiress of his domains at the age of nine, under the guardianship of her mother Beatrix. The young heiress was betrothed to Duke Godfrey of Lorraine, whose father also married her mother. But the younger lady, as she grew up, displayed a will of her own, and refused to solemnise her marriage till 1069, and even then to live with her husband, alleging that she had given him her hand only that the Emperor, his friend, might confirm her in her estates.

Here was a famous opportunity for the Holy See. Ever since the temporal and spiritual powers had been brought, as it were, under the same roof by the creation of the Holy Roman Empire, they had been at war, and each had its partisans in Italy and Germany, who called themselves respectively Ghibellines and Guelphs in process of time. At this period the temporal power was represented by the impulsive Emperor Henry IV., and the spiritual by Hildebrand or Gregory VII., a man of immense energy, and a veritable Jupiter in wielding the bolts of the Vatican. Duke Godfrey supported the Emperor; but as he and his wife were not one flesh, it was the policy of the Pope to secure the latter for his own cause. And this he did most effectually, it matters not by what means. Whether the talented and beautiful Margravine played

the part of Aspasia to the Pericles of medieval Rome, or whether their intimacy was only of a Platonic nature, it is certain that Matilda and Hildebrand became inseparable companions in court, camp, and grove. When this lady was staying with Gregory at his castle of Canossa, before whose gates poor Henry IV. was obliged to sit, barefoot and famished, in the snow till the Pope relieved him from the interdict, he persuaded her to make over by will (1077 A.D.) the whole of her property to the Apostolic See. After the death of Gregory, however, Matilda, who had solemnly promised her friend never to marry again, married in 1089 the young Duke Welf of Bavaria, who might well have been her son, if not grandson. In the face of this proceeding, Pope Urban II. naturally became very anxious for the inheritance of the Church, and induced the unhappy Matilda to send her boy-husband home again. His father, however, was not so easily disposed of; he came in high wrath into Italy at the head of an army, and kindled a war which lasted nearly two hundred years. The first will of Matilda having been lost, Urban had forced from her another which was still more advantageous to the Holy See; for the second gave away not only her private estates, but those lands which she held in fee of the Emperor. The Pope had not quite sufficient impudence to take immediate possession of the latter; for when Matilda died in 1115 A.D., Pascal II. not only took no measures for administering, but did not even dare to produce the will; and when Henry V. endowed with the lands in question certain of his adherents, allowed him to do so without protest. When Calixtus II., seven years later, made peace with the Emperor by the so-called Concordat of Worms, no mention whatever was made of the Matilda legacies, so that a suspicion arose, which many historians

believe to be well founded, that the famous will was nothing more than a posthumous fabrication of the Church. Be this as it may, it was not till after the death of Henry V., that scourge of the Papacy, in 1125, that Honorius II. dared to bring forward his claims. Henry's successor, Lothaire, Duke of Saxony, was not so strong a monarch, and he had owed his election to the three Prince-Bishops of Germany and the influence of the Pope's legates. Still the Pope could not succeed with him as far as he wished. By a treaty between Innocent II. and the Emperor, the allodial lands of the Margravine Matilda were adjudged to the Pope, while the Emperor was confirmed in the feudal lands. But these were so much mixed up together, that an attempt to divide them renewed the strife. It was at last agreed that the Emperor should rent the allodial possessions of the Pope for a hundred silver marks per annum, with a kind of entail on the Emperor's son-in-law, after whose death they should revert to the Holy See, and a new lease be made. Thus the house of Welf or Guelph possessed these much-contested estates till the death of Duke Henry of Bavaria and Saxony. To his son Henry, surnamed the Lion, Frederic Barbarossa was much indebted for his election to the monarchy in 1152, as also to the Lion's brother called Welf VI. So he gave back Saxony and Bavaria, which had been taken away from his father, to the former, and endowed the latter with the Margravate of Tuscany, the Duchy of Spoleto, and all the allodial possessions of the late Matilda. Against this adjudication Pope Hadrian IV. most energetically protested, but his death immediately ensuing (1159), Alexander III. settled the matter for the present by allowing Welf VI. to hold the allodial lands in fee of him. However, through the extravagance and indebtedness of

this prince, they soon became mortgaged to the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa; and thus, in the year 1168, this precious bone of contention was clutched by the mighty house of Hohenstaufen, who were not likely to let it slip too readily. Under the Hohenstaufen emperors, a line of men singularly distinguished by every kingly quality, the Pope had in general to hide his diminished head, though he could still sting them from time to time with his ban, the virus of which has now been worn out by time, but which in a superstitious age had the inflaming qualities of an adder's bite in August. Even that precocious freethinker Frederic II. (who must not be confounded with the Prussian friend of Voltaire) had to quail under it at last. And there is something grotesque in those pages of history which show the doughty German emperors overrunning the Roman States, and literally riding rough-shod with their mailed chivalry over the Vatican and its inmates, and yet in the end as invariably brought to cry for mercy, as some unmanly man who lifts his fist against an unprotected but eloquent female. Even so in some ghost-stories the hero summons courage to make a pass at the vision, but a shudder of terror comes over him when he finds he is piercing air, and the ghost is avenged for the assault.

No sooner was there some confusion in the affairs of the Hohenstaufens, consequent on the Empire devolving on Frederic II. as a minor, than the then Pope Innocent III. began again to assert his claim to the Matilda estates. As it happened that most of these were for the present held by Germans, his cue was now to raise the nationality cry. And in fact he was able to excite so formidable a revolutionary movement, that it seemed as if all the foreigners would be expelled Italy.

But this expedient did not exhaust the Papal armoury. An opportunity presented itself of carrying the war into the enemy's country. As Frederic was still a minor, his uncle Philip put himself forward as a candidate for the Empire until his nephew should attain his majority, but he was opposed by the Welf party in the person of Otho of Saxony. The secular princes took the part of the former, the ecclesiastical of the latter. The Pope promised his support to Otho, on condition that he would take part with the Church in Italy, threatening to support his rival in case of his not agreeing. A solemn covenant was the result, by which the Pope promised to secure Otho's election, and he to restore all the Matilda estates to the Church, as well as everything that had been secured to her by Louis the Pious, son of Charlemagne. It was the first time that this grant was ever heard of, but the claim was supported by a document bearing the date of 817 A.D. Its purport was that Louis gave the Papal See the whole of Southern Italy, with Naples and Sicily, and many territories which then belonged to the Eastern Empire. The last addition to the list proved too much, for it proved that the document was forged, as Louis could not have given what was not his own to give. But Otho was innocent of history, and so Pope Innocent easily imposed on him; and so, on the principle of the justification of the means by the end, by setting subjects against their sovereigns, and falsification of documents, the temporal power was at length established in Italy on a firm basis, and the most wretched rule was inaugurated that the world has ever seen. Many times in history have the Romans risen against the Pope, but their revolutions have always been neutralised by foreign interventions. And apparently they must still wait patiently till the fruit is ripe, and drops of its own accord.

Our gallant but injudicious friend Garibaldi, as a polite prelate might call him, has attempted to hasten the consummation, with what result we know. His harebrained dash at Rome, rash as that of the bull who charged the express train, has prolonged for a season the birththroes of Italian freedom. If Germany had been sufficiently organised to allow of Prussia supporting Italy against France, it would perhaps have been wise for the Italian Government to have itself seized on Rome and braved the consequences ; but as the case stood, there was meanness as well as weakness in permitting the national hero to take the chestnuts from the fire and burn his fingers in the process. The lion of Caprera, for the good of his country, ought to be kept in a cage, but a cage of gold, and only let loose when he is really wanted.

That the suppression of the Pope as a temporal prince by Europe would be justifiable, no one can doubt who has read the Encyclica of 1864, which declares a chronic war against every established Government in the world ; and not only that, but against progress, education, and every kind of improvement which could add to human happiness. And none but the extremest partisans of the Divine right of kings would maintain that, after centuries of priestly misgovernment, the Pope's own people have no right to dethrone him. There is a limit in everything. There are churchmen who have governed well in the middle ages, but they were very lax churchmen, and chiefly employed lay agents. Priests by their very profession ought not to govern well, for they profess to despise this world ; whereas it is the especial business of a ruler to apply all his efforts to furthering the temporal happiness of his people, leaving their eternal interests to religion. A little case in point sometimes illustrates a position more forcibly than any argument. We heard, when stay-

ing at Rome in the time of Gregory XVI., of a famous brigand called Gasperone, who was kept in a den at Civita Vecchia, and shown as a lion to distinguished visitors. This worthy would have been executed over and over again for the murders he had committed, had he not constantly baffled the Pope by refusing to confess, and without confession and absolution it was impossible for the Holy Father to send a soul to its account. Every one knows that crimes are committed with comparative impunity at Rome, while heresy and political disaffection are as rigorously visited as the French Protectorate will admit of. Long before the Italian revolutions, the rule of the Bourbons at Naples, not to mention that of the Tuscan Grand-Duke, afforded a most favourable contrast to the tyrannical anarchy of the Roman States.

Lastly, the best Catholics, in the sense of those who firmly believe in the great main truths of Christianity, must, when brought to bay, allow that, however essential the temporal power may seem to the maintenance of the spiritual status of the Holy See, it has exercised throughout the whole course of history a most demoralising influence on the character of the Papacy. Nearly all the Popes have been notorious for an extraordinary greed of worldly wealth, and in too many instances the possession of this wealth has led to the most reprobate lives. Nothing in the way of wickedness came amiss to Alexander VI. and the Borgia family, and it seemed in many instances as if the self-styled Vicar of Christ wished to prove his imperial pretensions by sinning more vigorously than Nero, Domitian, or Commodus, in the consciousness of a fuller light. And then who can deny that the most execrable means were resorted to to increase the power and revenues of the Church ? To excite subjects to rebel against their sovereigns, to forge wills and

falsify records, to extemporise miracles, to play fast and loose with the marriage and divorce of princes, were common expedients ; but German history also tells of more than one instance in which, in order that the Pope might get the better of the Emperor, ambitious sons were stirred up to unnatural rebellion against their fathers, and blessed by the very voice which should have cursed their disobedience. And if there had been no such thing as the temporal power,

would the world have seen three Popes at once, in contempt of all apostolical succession, banning and blaspheming against each other from different points of the compass? Would not the best Catholics esteem themselves happy if history could record a line of Popes with lives as blameless as those of our Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury, of whom the worst that we ever heard said has been, that some of them occasionally smoked tobacco ?

A FENIAN ALARM.

It was eight o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The Rector of Long Slushington sat by his study fire over his modest glass of port. That little seven o'clock dinner, with the occasional concomitant luxury of some of the old St Magnus port, were among the very few indulgences he allowed himself. The latter, indeed, but rarely, commonly on these Saturday evenings ; and he enjoyed it all the more. A coarse taste, you may say ; but he had been brought up, you will be good enough to remember, in a college where a belief in port wine was a kind of supplement to the Thirty-nine Articles, and he knew no better.

There came a ring at the door-bell, sharp and energetic. The Rector knew instinctively it was a message for him. He was an excellent Christian, in spite of his belief in port ; and, like many other excellent Christians, disliked especially the being disturbed after his dinner. Let him not be set down as an indolent man. It was a dark, drizzling, slushy day at the end of this December, and he had been out and about his parish work during most of such daylight as there had been. He had written his sermon for the morrow—short and to the point, as most of his words, written or spoken, were. He might

be excused, then, for feeling a placid kind of satisfaction that his day's work was done. He was a good man enough ; but not one of those enthusiastic natures in which "the sword outwears the sheath," and who feel that nothing has been done while anything remains to do.

The ring at the door-bell, therefore, somewhat discomposed him. People *did* come at unreasonable hours. "It's that baby of Stubbs's," he said to himself—"they ought to have brought it to church a month ago ; I heard it was taken ill with the measles yesterday ; and now they want it baptised all in a hurry at this time of night—when they saw me pass the door this morning." And he was proceeding to philosophise, half-unconsciously, upon the unreasonableness of baby existence in general, and its remarkable incongruity with human comfort (it has been already said or implied that he was a bachelor), when the bell rang a second time still more sharply and decidedly. Thought is very rapid : not half a minute had elapsed between the two peals, and there had been scarcely time for a servant to get to the door to answer the impatient visitor in the interval.

"That's a woman," said the Rector to himself, decisively.

He was more happy in this se-

cond divination than in his first. In a few moments two female voices were heard in somewhat excited colloquy in the hall. One was Margaret's, the Rectory parlour-maid; and in a much shorter time than messages were usually brought, that discreet young woman was rapping at the study-door.

"Bless you, sir, look here!"

It was so unlike Margaret's usual staid demeanour—so unlike any style of address which the Rector was accustomed to from his domestics—that he, too, turned round with a hurried movement not correspondent to his parochial dignity. This could hardly be Stubbs's baby.

The parlour-maid had in her hand a piece of torn and crumpled paper. He had a notion, now, that it was some banns of marriage to be published suddenly, or the notice of a wedding by licence, not to be confided even to the parish clerk. The female mind, he knew, was apt to be unduly agitated on such occasions.

"A note for me?" he said, holding out his hand for it.

"Bless you, sir! it ain't no note for nobody—it's a 'cendary proclamation, Jem says."

"Jem?" said the Rector, who had now got hold of the paper and was deciphering it with apparent difficulty—"what does Jem know about it? and where is he?"

Jem was the Squire's groom; and he found so many errands to the Rectory (which lay very handy) especially during the Squire's absence in London, that there was a touch of unusual sharpness in the Rector's voice.

The parlour-maid, however, on this particular occasion, was strong in conscious innocence. "It was Keziah, from the Squire's, as brought this paper, and she wouldn't come by herself on no account whatever, she were that frightened, and so Jem, he come across too—he's standing outside now."

It was not often that Jem was

left to stand outside at that house, as the Rector knew, and as Margaret remembered now with a touch of compunction. The fact was, that in the excitement of Keziah's communication, both women had forgotten Jem altogether.

"Hm!" said the Rector, musing over the crumpled document in his hand. "Where did this come from? who found it?"

"It were left at the Squire's, sir; but Keziah knows most about it, and that's why she come herself."

"Send Keziah in here to me."

This was the very thing which Keziah had desired. That was why she had undertaken a personal journey, though her alarm was very genuine, and the groom's escort had no ulterior meaning so far as she was concerned.

Keziah swam into the study in the most approved fashion of modern young ladies who condescend to domestic service. She was the head housemaid at the Hall, rather a dashing young person, of a very different style from Margaret and the cook at the Rectory. These latter looked upon her with feelings of mingled envy and reprobation—envy of her fascinations, and reprobation of "such airs." Crinoline, and hair-nets, and falls, and parasols, they looked upon as very pleasant forms of wickedness.

The Rector returned Keziah's gracious inclination towards him with a curt and business-like nod. "Sit down," said he, briefly. He was neither impressed by the young woman's graces, nor disgusted with them. He had examined her for confirmation a year or two back, and believed the girl to be a good and honest girl in the main, with neither more nor less nonsense in her than in many of her sisters of higher degree. As for her finery, he had found as much evil under a slovenly outside as under a smart one; and for the matter of outrageousness of attire, he was inclined to lay the blame at the door of

those whom the catechism called her "betters:" he always longed to utilise such spectacles, as the Spartans did their drunken Helots, in the way of a caution to their superiors.

Perhaps it was some sort of consciousness of this impartial estimate on the Rector's part which made Keziah subside, in his presence, into her normal condition of a quiet well-behaved young woman. She sat down and told her story quickly, though with some little perturbation. Margaret consoled herself for her own exclusion from the conference by taking Jem—who had waited patiently for his time to come—into the kitchen, where he discharged himself of his own version, with some additions and improvements upon the facts.

The facts were these. Mr Mansel—better known in the village as the Squire—and his wife, Lady Jane, were absent in London. A servants' ball, usually given at Christmas-time by a neighbouring baronet, had taken place the night before, to which such of the upper servants as remained at the Hall had been invited, and the house had been left in charge of the kitchen-maid and an occasional charwoman, who was allowed her on that evening for company. The kitchen-maid, however, had, to use her own expression, "just stepped out," having her own private notions of keeping Christmas; Mrs Tibbits kindly consenting to remain on guard alone, solaced by the society of her youngest child, just old enough to be in mischief, who was, as his mother observed, "the best of company, bless him!" What had taken place during the kitchen-maid's absence was only to be gathered from Mrs Tibbits's confused narrative, which Keziah did her best to interpret to the Rector. But even the clearest story may become muddled when it is told at second hand; and all that the Rector could collect as a certainty was

that a stranger had called—had asked to see some member of the family—had left a note for somebody, which had disappeared, and a torn fragment of manuscript in a bold hand, which he had just been put in possession of. It ran—what there was left of it, for it seemed to have been torn down the middle—in this fashion:—

Evening
AN BROTHERS!
Redmond O'Halloran,
Gorman Burke,
AND HIS MEN!
Rendezvous
be blown up
Terrific Explosion!
twelve o'clock.

The Rector turned it over once or twice, and pooh-poohed it audibly. He generally did pooh-pooh anything which he did not quite understand, partly because it was an easier way of rising superior to a difficult question than arguing it out, and he was a man who liked to maintain his superiority; and partly because he was a straight-forward man, and was not fond either of making difficulties or recognising them. But he could not help remembering that it was a time of considerable excitement—that they were swearing in special constables in the large manufacturing town three miles off—in which process the Squire, as a county magistrate, had taken an active part,—and that some suspected individuals had been taken into custody that very morning. He had filled up the hiatus in the manuscript pretty satisfactorily to his own mind in a critical point of view. "A stupid hoax!" he said to himself. But he added aloud, "I think I'll step up to the Hall; is this woman Tibbits to be seen there?"

"Oh yes, sir! and you'll get the rights of it out of her; you see it was only to-night as she told us, for she was properly frightened at having lost the note as was left with the paper; and the Squire's

expected home by the mail train to-night, and so she was bound to tell."

The Rector rang the bell, and Margaret reappeared in a state of visible tremor.

"I am going up to the Hall," said he; "I shall soon be back."

"Lor, sir!" said the girl—"it ain't safe for you—nor for us neither—I don't think I durst stay in the house!"

"Stuff!" said her master, "there's nothing for anybody to be afraid of!"

But in compassion to her pale face and frightened eyes, he promised that Jem the groom should remain in garrison during his own absence. Keziah, who had a fair amount of pluck for a woman, and unlimited confidence in the Rector's secular as well as clerical protection, gathered up her umbrella and her petticoats, and followed close in his rear.

The scene in the Squire's servants' hall at the Rev. Mr Somers's entrance was one of considerable excitement. Mr Brooks, the butler, who held a very firm sway in the lower domestic kingdom, was on duty with the family in town. Mrs Wilkins, the housekeeper, was a quiet timid woman, and exercised a very limited regency in his absence. In the present emergency she had taken every one into her counsels, and in the multitude of advisers had found anything but wisdom. Mrs Tibbits and her husband had of course spread mysterious hints in the village, and every one who could put in any claim to the *entrée* of the hall or kitchen had come to hear the mysterious story. The word which was in the Rector's thoughts as supplying the missing letters which headed the notice, or memorandum, or whatever it was to be called, was here in everybody's mouth—"FENIANS!" The rest of the fragment was filled up by as many conjectural restorations as if it had been a Greek chorus in the hands of German

commentators. Barrels the game-keeper had been specially summoned to council, being supposed to have a professional readiness in the use of firearms, and a familiarity with the habits and doings of poachers—the class most akin to Fenians or other banditti within the knowledge of a village population. He boasted, indeed, of having been once actually under fire, and having risked his valuable life in defence of the Slushington pheasants, showing in proof of it a hole in his hat made by the bullet of a cowardly poacher. But upon this scar of honour some ungenerous doubts were thrown by the parish surgeon, who declared the hat must have hung upon a tree and not on the owner's head when the bullet was fired, or else that the shot must have passed in a direct line through such brains as John Barrels possessed, without injury—which also seemed to some a possible alternative. Be that as it may, it was certain that the hole in the hat had been good to the keeper for a couple of sovereigns at the time out of the Squire's pocket, and for very many pints of beer then and since, as often as he had told his story to some new listener in the parlour of the Blue Lion. At the present juncture he was appealed to as an undoubted authority, and even former sceptics as to his exploits practically recanted. He was just replying to some alarmist who had expressed a dread of revolvers, as an unknown and terrible weapon in the hands of modern desperadoes, by declaring that "they was nothing in comparison of a good double breech-loader," when the Rector's entrance caused a hush in the conclave. The unwilling Tibbits was led forward to give her evidence, shaking at once with importance and nervousness; for the Rector was a stern cross-examiner, as she knew by her experience of his sifting the family delinquencies and excuses in the matter of church and school.

"Now just tell me, my good

woman, the history of this bit of paper. Where did you get it?"

Mrs Tibbits was beginning a long exordium which she had ready prepared, but which was cut short by anticipation.

"I know the story so far as this: a man came here to the door while you were alone in the house—a stranger; whom did he ask for, or what did he say was his business?"

"Well, fust he asked for the Squire, if he wur at home; and then for Lady Jane, as they both wasn't; and 'tis my belief, if I wur to die this minnit, as he knowed."

"Never mind what *he* knew; I want to know what *you* know."

"I begs your pardon, sir, humbly," said Mrs Tibbits, feeling the indulgence of her natural prolixity to be hopeless; "then he asked for Miss Bellow, the nussery-guvness."

"And she's not here. And then?"

"Then he seemed puzzled a bit, and asked me would I do him an arrant—civil-like; he wurn't that bad-spoken; and I says as I would; and he gives me that there paper as you has in your hand."

"Anything else?" said the Rector, sharply. He had his brief from Keziah.

"And—and a bit of a small note, like," replied the witness, faltering a little.

"And where is the note?"

"Well, sir, that's where's the worst of it. I just laid it down on the table while I goes to boil up the kettle to get a cup of tea comfortable for Betsy, as I knowed would be back in a minute" (a side glance here to the kitchen-maid to secure her sympathy), "when my little boy Samiwell as was with me, and is a deadly child for anything as has writing on, he scraddles to the table, as I supposes, for the first thing as I notices next is that very piece of paper in his blessed mouth. It was, sir, as I'm a living woman."

"And the note?" said the Rector.

"The note, sir, I never set eyes on no more, if I was to be drawed and quarted."

"Then what became of it?"

Mrs Tibbits only shook her head in reply, and showed symptoms of tears.

"It's our belief, sir," interposed the housekeeper, "that the child got hold of it; we found bits of paper that he'd been chewing up."

"That child 'ud heat hanythink," said the kitchen-maid, emphatically.

"Them young things will," said the keeper, "when they has their fust teeth; puppies likeways. The last spannel pup as ever we reared ate the innards out of my miasis' Common Prayer Book, as lay in the window-seat, right down to Gunpowder Plot."

"What was this man like?" inquired the Rector, sternly recalling the house to business.

It was impossible to extract any further intelligible account from Mrs Tibbits in her present state of emotion. But from what she had previously told the servants it appeared that the visitor had somewhat the appearance of a shabby gentleman, and spoke like a Scotchman or an Irishman, or at any rate not with the native tongue of Slusington. Further, a stable-boy reported that an individual answering to this description had been seen in company with another, earlier in the day, inquiring for the Squire's house; and that it was said by certain patrons of the Blue Lion, that Johnson of the Swan could tell more about the parties if he would. But Johnson was a Radical, and bitterly opposed to all the traditions of the Hall, and a very likely person—so the household averred—if there was any mischief afoot, to be at the bottom of it.

Having obtained all the reliable evidence which seemed to be forthcoming, Mr Somers gave a pretty distinct hint to the hangers-on in the kitchen that their presence was no longer necessary nor desirable.

"It's all a piece of foolishness, no doubt—a joke, if it's anything at all. My advice to you all is to say as little about it as possible. You know there are fools in this parish, as well as in others, who will believe anything; and you'll frighten some old woman into fits, if you go on talking about blowing-up, and such nonsense."

Slowly, though not silently, the out-door retinue took their departure, unconvinced by the Rector's appeal to their superior good sense. That something or somebody was to be "blown up"—that there was to be a "terrific explosion" somewhere—and explosion was a terrific word in itself—this much was certain. And "at twelve o'clock"—at night of course; but what night? That was the momentous question. Not last night, at all events—that was happily over; the more probability that it would be *this* night—Saturday night,—a somewhat favourite night, indeed, for deeds of lawlessness; or, perhaps, on Sunday night, when all was quiet—nothing more likely. They parted on their different roads, ostensibly to go home to bed; but the men of the party found themselves very soon drawn together again at the Lion, determined at least to see twelve o'clock safely over in good company.

The Rector accompanied Mrs Wilkins for a few minutes into the housekeeper's room. "When is the Squire expected home, did you say?"

"There is orders to meet him at a quarter to twelve to-night, sir, by the mail train."

"Does Lady Jane come down with him?"

The housekeeper believed not.

"Nor the children? and the new nursery governess—what did you say was her name—Miss Bellew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she an Irishwoman, do you happen to know?"

Mrs Wilkins did happen to know. She was—a young person recom-

mended by some Irish friends of Lady Jane's, who, as the Rector might remember, were on a visit in the summer. "An orphan young lady she is, sir, as I hear,—and an uncommon nice young lady, as I can say; and the dear children have taken to her mightily, and for that matter, my lady too. But—oh dear! sir, what is to be done about this business? What do you think it all means?"

"I don't think it means anything at all, Mrs Wilkins; but as the Squire won't be home till so late, and you may be nervous, I'll take care you have sufficient protection. I must go home for half-an-hour, but I shall come back here again—possibly may even ask you to make me up a bed. Meanwhile, perhaps you may as well let one or two of the out-door men keep in the way. Mind,—it's all stuff and nonsense; still, you women may be frightened."

He returned to his own house, and desired to see Jem the groom. Jem was very anxious to tell his story and give his opinion, but that was by no means what the Rector wanted.

"Jem," said he at once, "I think you are a man that may be trusted?"

"Well," said Jem, smiling, "I won't make no boasts."

"Very good; now, you see, your master's from home, and I'm going to give you orders. I want you to ride over at once to Fordington, with a note to the inspector of police there. And you are not to talk to the women about it," added the Rector, with a smile.

"Bless you, sir, it's they as talks to me."

"Well,—keep out of their way just now, there's a good fellow. Wait,—here's the note: take it, and bring me back the answer. Or you had better take the dog-cart, in case Mr Brown thinks well to come over. I shall be at the Hall."

He let the groom out himself through the front door, out of the way of any temptations from Mar-

garet or others. And it is fair to Jem to say that he justified the implied confidence in his discretion by going straight to his stables and getting out the dog-cart without further communication with anybody.

The Rector of Long Slushington was a magistrate, and his note to the police-inspector commanded immediate attention. In five minutes Mr Brown was seated by the groom's side; and, diverging from the road a little to pick up one of his men, a brisk drive of some three miles soon landed him at the Hall, where Mr Somers was prepared to receive him.

Inspector Brown scanned the fragment of manuscript with professional deliberation. He turned it over twice, and then held it up to the lamp to see if there was any water-mark. This he understood to be the regular detective business with all legal, or illegal, documents.

"This here may be a do, or it may not," he remarked, when he had finished his manipulations.

"That's very much my own conclusion," said the Rector.

"Yes, sir," said Mr Brown, briefly, not conscious of any irony on the Rector's part, but not quite approving of any conclusion at all having been come to in his absence. "I should wish, sir, if you please, to see the party as this was given to."

"You will exercise your own judgment, of course," said the Rector, "but I think it might be as well to wait Mr Mansel's arrival—he is expected home by the mail train, which will bring him here now in less than an hour. Suppose in the mean time you were to make some inquiries at the Swan: there is some talk—I don't attach much credit to it—that there have been some suspicious-looking people seen hanging about there for the last day or two."

"Well, sir," said the inspector, "we will wait for the Squire, if

you think well, before we hear what the servants has to say. I'll step up and see Johnson at once." He was not altogether sorry to look up the landlord of the Swan, who gave a good deal of trouble at Christmas time, and other drinking seasons.

Mr Johnson received the policeman with the scrupulous courtesy in use between recognised enemies in times of truce.

"Walk in, Mr Brown, walk in," said the landlord—"always glad to see you here, sir, at any time. You'll find the taproom full, it being Saturday night; and if you've any particular business, you'd best step in here to the parlour. But we're all very quiet and regular here, as you may see"—pointing through the open door of the room, where a very comfortable circle might be seen round a blazing fire—"I keeps a respectable house, as none knows better than yourself."

"I've no complaint to make, Johnson. I've called just to ask you a question which you'll answer, no doubt, to oblige me. Have you had any strangers in particular lodging here, or have you served any within the last day or so?"

"I don't entertain no tramps, Mr Brown."

"I didn't say tramps, as I remember," said the officer—"I said strangers. Any Irish, for example?"

"Well, so long as a man pays for what he has, I never asks if he's an Englishman, or an Irishman, or a Dutchman, for that matter. Will you take anything yourself, Mr Brown? you're as welcome as the flowers in May?—No?" (Mr Brown shook his head.) "Well—you're right to be particular—you knows your duty, and I knows mine."

"You don't choose to tell me what I want to know," said the inspector. "Well—you ain't obligated."

"If you'll tell me any one you're looking after as you think I'm a'-arbouring, I'll tell you whether

he's in the house or no. But you can't expect me to tell you where all my customers was born. I ain't the Registrar-General."

There was an uncalled-for tinge of defiance in the landlord's tone, which awakened the inspector's suspicions that he really had something to conceal. It would be waste of time, however, to try to extract from so unwilling a witness information which he was not bound to give, and which might probably be obtained more easily from other quarters. Mr Brown had not felt his visit to be quite of such a friendly character as would justify him in sitting down, and the door of the little parlour still stood half open, as he turned round with a ceremonious "good evening" to the landlord. At that moment a man came leisurely in through the open street-door along the passage, and after glancing into the tap-room opposite, passed up-stairs. The light of the candle which the landlord held in his hand shone quite full on the new-comer's face as he went by.

"Good evening, Mr Johnson," said the officer for the second time, with a slight emphasis which might be taken to express nothing more than politeness.

"Good evening, Mr Brown," replied the landlord, a little more sullenly and less jauntily than before.

The inspector had made a rapid mental note of the stranger, for a stranger he certainly was, and apparently a lodger at the Swan. Slight, and somewhat foreign-looking, closely shaven, with the exception of a small imperial on the chin, dressed, so far as could be seen in the dusk, in the questionable broadcloth which may mark either the superior artisan or the faded gentleman. Such a "party," in fact, as might answer very fairly to the description which had been given of the visitor to the Hall.

"That Johnson's a greater fool than I took him for," said Mr

Brown to himself. "I must have that party watched."

He strolled leisurely along the village street, feeling pretty sure, as was the fact, that Johnson was watching his movements. When he had turned the corner towards the Hall, out of sight of any curious eyes at the Swan, he stopped, and struck one of the little matches known as "Vesuvians" against the wall. But Mr Brown was not thinking of lighting a pipe; he would no more have dreamed of smoking on duty than the Rector would have taken a cigar into the pulpit. The little spitfire blazed and sputtered in the dark night for a few seconds, and then Mr Brown tossed it into the gutter. A figure came out from somewhere in the darkness, and lounged along the other side of the street until the inspector crossed over. It was the sergeant whom he had called on his way to pick up.

Drawing out of the sight of any casual passer-by through the gateway leading to the Hall stables, he gave the sergeant some brief instructions to watch the back premises of the Swan, in case the suspected individual should make an exit that way. If there *was* anything wrong, Johnson would be too cautious now to let him out at the front.

"You'll be relieved at two o'clock, Jones—look out for a man in a smock-frock about then—that'll be Robinson."

The police-sergeant went upon his tedious watch in the contented spirit which, happily, accompanies most of us to our regular duties, however disagreeable. The inspector walked back to the Hall.

The Rector, meanwhile, had been sent for in another direction. At the other end of the village there was living an elderly maiden lady, somewhat of a character in her way, exceedingly charitable and kind-hearted, and therefore popular in spite of considerable prejudices and some eccentricities. She

was an excellent mistress, liberal and indulgent to her domestics on every point but one. She was inflexible in allowing no "followers," and no "leave out." Her kitchen was like the Happy Valley in 'Rasselas,'—full of all manner of good things, but there was no getting out of it. Its attractions, however, were too great to be rashly forfeited: so Miss Bates's two maids in turn, after dusk, took their stand at that lady's back door, where they could hear her bell ring, and be summoned back to their posts in the kitchen at a moment's warning; and there, in their smartest caps, they received the attentions of all the idle young men in the parish, and discussed village events and scandals. So that the old lady's domestic discipline had the result of making her servants the greatest flirts and gossips in the whole neighbourhood. Even Keziah at the Squire's had declared herself scandalised at such "goings-on." The Rector himself had more than once, in his way home about dusk, remarked these rendezvous at Miss Bates's back door, and had half felt it his duty to call her attention to the fact, but his gentlemanly instincts shrunk from undertaking the office of informer. The alarm at the Squire's had been discussed with much unction that evening at one of these out-door parties; and even at the risk of betraying their own secret, the servants could not resist hurrying to their mistress with the last improved edition of so choice a bit of news. Miss Bates was by no means a coward; but she had known the Rector ever since he was a schoolboy—indeed there was some kind of cousinship between them—and she took advantage of this, as on the present occasion, to claim his aid and advice under all circumstances. Besides, she had something to tell him.

When the Rector had given her his calmer statement of the facts,

so far as they were known, Miss Bates spoke.

"George Somers" (it was so she commonly addressed him), "I know I'm a foolish old woman, but I don't think folks can say I'm fond of mischief-making."

"No, indeed," said Mr Somers, very sincerely.

"Well, there's a little thing which I should like to tell you, just because I don't care to tell anybody else; and you always had some sense, from a boy."

Mr Somers only smiled at this moderate compliment, and Miss Bates went on.

"Do you know that Miss Bellew who has lately come to the Hall?"

"The governess? yes."

"Who is she, and where does she come from?"

"Heaven knows; she's one of Lady Jane's last whims."

"Well, last Thursday evening, just as I was coming home to dinner, I saw that young lady come out of the little gate that leads into the wood. She jumped when she saw me, and well she might, for there was a man with her, or rather behind her, George Somers."

"Ah!" said the Rector.

"Yes, and it was just such a man as you say brought this note to the Hall."

"Slight and dark; rather foreign-looking?"

"With a little tuft of black hair on his chin."

"Hm!" said Mr Somers, varying his interjection.

"Well! why, you seem to make nothing of it, George Somers," said the spinster, half-vexed at having produced so little impression, and half-ashamed in her kind heart at having told what might seem an ill-natured story.

"I saw him too," said the Rector, gravely.

"With her?"

"Yes; I had been walking that way, and came round into the bridle-road just behind them. They could not have seen me, and I did

not know any one else had seen them. It's very disagreeable altogether."

"And what do you think it all means?"

"Really, Miss Bates, I can't pretend to say. But for this little circumstance (which may have nothing at all to do with the other matter, after all) I should have set down the letter, or paper, or whatever it was, as a palpable hoax—meant most likely to frighten the Squire's maids while he was from home. But the man whom I saw speaking to Miss Bellew, whoever he was, was a stranger; and certainly answered rather remarkably to the description which that woman Tibbits gave of the person who called with the note. More than this,—I feel sure that the note itself was for Miss Bellew, and that the woman knows it. I shouldn't have thought it worth while to send for the police, I assure you, if I had not seen—what we both saw. But such improbable things do happen in these days that, as a certain responsibility seems to rest on me now that Mansel is away, I think it right to take some precautions."

"Most certainly," said the lady; "but it's horrid, not to feel safe in one's own house, in this stupid village."

"I've been thinking of you, Miss Bates; your house is rather isolated—we shall have four or five of the county police here to-night, and if you like it, a couple of them can sit up in your kitchen or anywhere else; they can take a turn up the village now and then during the night, and the inspector will know where to find them if they should be wanted, which is not at all likely."

"Two policemen in my kitchen! I think I see them there. No, thank you, George Somers: I'd take my chance of these Fenians, just as soon. It's well known I keep no money in the house—and no gunpowder, I hope: and they won't hurt an old woman."

"I have not a doubt but that you'll be quite safe as you are," said the Rector, smiling and taking his leave, "only it seemed right to offer you some kind of protection."

Miss Bates's servants probably were not made aware of the Rector's liberal proposal. They gathered some courage, however, from their mistress's composure, and from the knowledge that Inspector Brown and his men had the safety of the parish in charge. Still, they made up their minds to sit up all night; and it was currently reported afterwards that the cook declined to wash up either the parlour or kitchen tea-things, on the ground that "if they was to be blowed up, they might as well be blowed up dirty as clean."

The mail train was punctual, and brought the Squire: Mr Somers driving down in the carriage which met him at the station, not choosing that any exaggerated report should reach him before he could himself explain the real facts of the case. The Squire was in high good-humour, and rather inclined to treat the fears of his household, and the Rector's precautionary measures, as a good joke.

"Let's have some supper, parson," said he, as they walked into the house together, "and then we'll send for these old women and hear their tale. Bless you, my good fellow, the London police are plagued to death by this kind of thing now, every hour of their lives."

Mr Mansel ate his supper with as hearty an appetite as if Fenianism had never been invented. Not a word of business would he listen to until he had finished. Then Mrs Wilkins the housekeeper was sent for, and came in with her usual curtsies, and in more than her usual state of incapacity.

"Sit down, my good soul," said the Squire, "here's a glass of sherry. Why, you're trembling all over."

"Here's your very good health,

air, and my lady's—my lady's not coming home, then, sir?"

"Lady Jane remains in town, I am thankful to say," replied the Squire. "I mean, of course," (this was rather in answer to a perceptible look of amusement on Mr Somers's face)—"I mean, Mrs Wilkins, that if there is anything to cause alarm, I'm extremely glad that Lady Jane should be out of the way of it."

"Of course, sir."

"I don't attach the least importance to this foolish thing," said the Squire, taking up the torn paper contemptuously; "but the Rector was quite right to send for Mr Brown—quite right—you'll see that he's made comfortable, Mrs Wilkins; and now just let him know I should like to speak with him for five minutes."

"There's one thing, Squire, I should like you to know before you see Brown," said the Rector, with some hesitation, as Mrs Wilkins withdrew. "I did not think it right to mention it to him, but you can do as you please." And he related the circumstances of the interview between Miss Bellew and the stranger in the Home Wood, of which he had been the accidental witness. "I must say, however," he added, "I saw no love-passages between them: it rather seemed to me as if they had been quarrelling."

"D—these governesses!" exclaimed the Squire ("I beg a hundred pardons, Rector; and I do believe it's Sunday morning, too) but they're enough to make a better man swear. They're all of them tarred with the same brush, I do declare! I'd sooner take a she-toad into my house than any one of the lot, if I'd my own choice. Why, Somers, a governess very nearly married me, when I was about eighteen—she was eight-and-twenty, and wore a wig too, and my poor little brother Tom pulled it off one day, God bless him! What an escape I had! Ah! you never heard

that story. Fenians! bless you, parson, Fenianism is innocence compared with their goings-on."

"No—you're too hard, Squire," said the Rector—"much too hard."

"Am I? You never was hooked by one of that sort?"

No. The Rector thought in his heart it would have taken some very fine fishing on the part of any governess to hook *him*. But what was to be done? What connection could the governess's flirtations (if such they were) have with the mysterious paper left at the Hall? Inspector Brown was summoned to a strictly private consultation, but even his practised ingenuity was at fault. He humbly confessed that, when a woman was in the "job," the ordinary rules of art failed to apply. The awkward fact was present to the mind both of Mr Somers and the inspector, that this young lady was Irish, and, so far as they could understand, her connections and antecedents were entirely unknown to her present employers.

"Some pet or protégée of Lady Cardross's, a mad friend of my wife's," said the Squire. "That's the sum total of what I know about her. A deuced fine-looking girl, though, parson, you must allow, eh!"

The Rector made some qualified admission on the subject.

"These Irish hang together wonderfully," said Mr Brown, "and they do say there's gentry as is as deep as any in it."

"I'll tell you what," said the Squire, looking at his watch, "it's too late to do anything to-night, and I'm confoundedly tired, and it's far on into Sunday morning too, parson. You'll keep a good look-out, Brown, if you really think there's anything in it, and to-morrow morning we'll have this woman—Tibbits, is it?—and we'll try and get the truth out of her."

The result of a long interview on the Sunday morning was to extort a confession, scarcely intelligible

through floods of tears, from the unfortunate Mrs Tibbits, who stood in greater awe of the Squire than even of the inspector, that the letter left at the Hall *was* for Miss Bellew; that she, Mrs Tibbits, tempted by the bribe of a shilling, had promised to forward it to her address in London; that she had laid it on the table, and that the child (as was supposed) had torn it open and abstracted from the inside the paper a portion of which only had been found; that she herself had re-sealed the letter in some sort, and taken it to her husband (who was a scholar, as she observed—more was the pity) to address and post. It was not until some hours afterwards that she had found the remains of the abstracted document, and her natural alarm and compunction, when her husband acquainted her with its contents, had led to the imperfect and garbled confession which she had made next evening in the servants' hall.

These further results of the domestic investigation were not reassuring. When the penitent Tibbits had been dismissed with a caution to hold her tongue, and a promise of indemnity from unknown pains and penalties on that sole condition, the authorities civil and ecclesiastical held another consultation. It was clear that Miss Bellew held the key to the mystery, if mystery there were. But she was in London with Lady Jane and the children.

"I'll tell you what," said the Squire, who was sufficiently decided in his movements whenever any excitement shook off his natural indolence, "I'll telegraph for the young baggage to come down direct."

The Rector looked up. He was questioning in his own mind whether Lady Jane was likely to let her obey the summons.

"Can she leave the children?" he asked.

Possibly the Squire saw the real doubt in his look.

"By George! if she don't come at once, I'll fetch her!"

The result was shortly this, that the Squire was absent that day from morning service—a most unusual circumstance when he was resident at the Hall. Instead of taking his place in his pew, he rode his cob down to the railway station, and telegraphed his own message up to town. What the terms of that message were, were known to himself, the telegraph officials, to Miss Bellew, and perhaps to Lady Jane. The result was that, while the Squire and the Rector were sitting together at dinner, a telegraphic despatch arrived, which Mr Mansel opened with a little nervousness. It was—"A. B. comes by next train."

The Sunday slowly passed: but it was very unlike an ordinary Sunday at Slushington. Not that there was much outward difference. The services in the parish church went on as usual, and the Rector went through his duties in the same methodical and irreproachable manner as he had done for the last ten years. Something had been expected from the sermon, and the afternoon congregation was increased in consequence by a few curious listeners; but the sermon had been written and finished, as we have seen, before any alarm had been given, and the Rev. Mr Somers was not a man to be driven into writing a special discourse, any more than he would have been driven from writing what he meant to write, or delivering what he had written, for all the Fenians or other evil powers which Slushington could hold. Some imaginative persons conceived that he laid a special emphasis on the sentence in the Litany about "sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion;" and the response, "Good Lord, deliver us," came so emphatically from some quarters of the church, that the clerk looked round in professional indignation. An awkward Sunday-school girl let a book fall

from the gallery, in the quiet just before the sermon, with a bang which startled some few nervous hearers from their knees; but with these trifling exceptions everything passed off quite uneventfully. It was in the little knots of people who gathered together at street corners, and at the two churchyard gates, when afternoon service was over, that the tokens of some unusual stir was manifest. Instead of the cheerful greetings of neighbours, enlivened by just so much quiet laughter as Sunday decorum would allow, grave faces and ominous shakes of the head and half-whispered utterances were to be seen and heard in every group. A stolid-looking individual, wearing for this occasion the quiet dress of a country farmer—but known to the initiated, through this mortal disguise, as Inspector Brown—was leaning against a corner of the churchyard wall, having just come out of church with the rest of the congregation. His own devotions had been performed, however, among the bell-wheels and the jackdaws in the church tower, where two small windows commanded a convenient view of the back premises of the Hall in one direction, and the main street of the village, where the sign of the Swan hung creaking in the wind, in another. The landlord, Mr Johnson (who was not a church-goer), might have been seen at his door, pipe in hand, most of the day, defying public opinion more openly than usual. One or two of the higher dignitaries of the parish ventured to approach the disguised official, and were graciously received—on the understanding, however, that all such interviews must be brief, and that no questions could possibly be answered on his part—his especial business being, as he observed, to ask them.

"You see, gents," said the inspector to two smart young farmers, who were pressing small hospitali-

ties upon him in the hope of some exclusive information,—“we sees a good deal, and we hears a good deal; but our rule is, we says nothing.” Mr Brown had seen several miles of open country during his afternoon watch, and heard a good deal of conversation among the jackdaws. But many of the public, who are not police inspectors, might enjoy a reputation for sagacity almost equal to Mr Brown’s, if they were only careful to observe his rule.

The early winter evening closed in upon this unusual state of excitement. As the village clock struck five, two men came out of the front door of the Swan. One of them was slightly built, dark, and of middle height; the other a short, stout, coarse-looking personage. They looked about them for a few seconds, and then leisurely took the road which led out of Slushing-ton to the town of B—. Mr Brown was at that moment enjoying a special cup of tea in the housekeeper’s room—a slight refreshment to which he was fully entitled after his day’s work. But Sergeant Jones was on the watch, and striking off by a field-path at a rapid pace, presented himself before the two men as they turned an angle of the turnpike road. A glance was enough to assure him that one of the two was the suspected guest of the Swan whom they had watched so perseveringly. Acting on his instructions, he at once accosted him with some commonplace remark, to which the stranger showed no unwillingness to reply. His accent was Irish—palpable enough even to the sergeant’s not over delicate ear. Acquaintance-ship between a Hibernian who is ready to talk and an inquisitive person who is specially anxious to talk to him ripens very rapidly; and after a stroll of a mile or so, the strangers proposed, much to the officer’s satisfaction, to return to the village, where, as they in-

formed him, they meant again to pass the night. He on his part suggested a cheerful glass at the Blue Lion, by way of cementing friendship, which was unanimously agreed to. Within a few yards of the inn door, by happy accident, they met a plain-looking farmer—*alias* Inspector Brown—with whom the sergeant immediately claimed acquaintance. The party sat down together in the Lion parlour: and though nothing could be more apparently open and unsuspicious than the manner and conversation of the two strangers, there was evidently something mysterious in the object of their present visit to Slushington. No leading questions on the inspector's part met with any satisfactory response on this head: in fact, they did not attempt to conceal that they had a secret of some kind, and that they meant to keep it. In other respects, the strangers were by no means bad company. The Irishman had seen many cities and men, had a fund of anecdotes which he told capitally, and the unflagging good spirits common to his countrymen. His companion was more silent, but made an occasional shrewd remark; and the other hinted that if it had not been Sunday evening, his friend could have obliged the company with a comic song.

"Well, gents," said Mr Brown at last, when all his resources had been exhausted, and the glasses had been more than once emptied, "I'm uncommon sorry to spoil good-fellowship, but business is business. I'm inspector of the county police, and this here's one of my men. I'll be plain with you. I've nothing against you, and you've no call to come with me, if you object. But these is curious times, you see, and there's curious people about. If you two gents will just walk down with me to the Squire's here—he's a magistrate,—and give an account of yourselves, well and good, and

no doubt as things will turn out agreeable to all parties: if not, why I shall have the duty of keeping a watch on you—a thing as can't be pleasant to any gentlemen, and not in noways to me."

The younger and slighter of the two strangers looked at the speaker for an instant with considerable surprise. Then he turned to his companion.

"Upon my word, Slocum," said he, with the Irish accent which had struck both the officers, "this is what I may call a situation."

"Rapid transformation—respectable British farmer by inspector of police," replied the other.

"Faith, you're civil-spoken enough, for a Peeler, if it's a Peeler you are," said the first, after a moment's hesitation; "and I'm not sure but we'll pay the Squire a visit, since you've kindly invited us; what say ye, Slocum?"

"You'll be good enough to remember, Mr Inspector," said the person so addressed, "that we go with you quite on the footing of gentlemen?"

"Quite so," said Mr Brown, gravely, whose official politeness had been acknowledged gratefully by many "gentlemen" in similar circumstances. "You'll allow me to settle the little bill."

"Certainly, if you insist," said the Irish stranger, with equal politeness. "And now, if you'll be good enough to show us the way. Come, Slocum."

"Go on—I'll follow thee," said his companion, solemnly.

The inspector looked behind him with professional caution as they passed out of the public-house door.

"Honour bright," added Mr Slocum, laying his hand on his heart with emphasis.

So they walked on towards the Squire's; the inspector and the Irishman side by side on the narrow pavement, keeping up a lively conversation, and the other follow-

ing close behind. The sergeant kept out of sight, but he, too, followed the party at some distance in the rear.

"If you'll just sit down here a minute, gents," said Inspector Brown, when they had been admitted by a footman with a face of awe-stricken curiosity,—"I'll let the Squire know as you're here." He had become on terms of almost intimacy with the Irishman, and forgot at the moment that they were, in a certain sense, prisoners in custody. But Thomas the footman expostulated, as strongly as gestures could do it, with much horror and indignation, at the idea of being left alone in such company. This recalled Mr Brown to a proper sense of the situation.

"You just step in to Mr Mansel, James"—(the inspector assumed to know the names of all the servants, male and female, in his district, and occasionally made mistakes, as in the present instance). "Tell the Squire there's two gents here with me wants to see him on a little business."

Thomas delivered himself of his message, and then went to report progress in the kitchen. The whole establishment crept up to the entrance-hall, and opened the door of communication slightly, to get a sight of the captured Fenians.

"I call 'im 'andsome, I do,—'im with the dark 'air," said the cook, in an audible whisper.

"But that's a horful-looking villin, that one with the red neckerchief," remarked one of the housemaids to the other.

Mr Slocum, the subject of this last very personal remark, was sitting nearest to the door. He probably overheard it. At all events he turned his head towards his critics, and made so extremely comical a face, that the two young women retreated with sobs of stifled laughter—somewhat to the bewilderment and disturbance of Mr Brown, who was chatting pleasantly with the

Irishman, and saw nothing of this by-play. He glanced at Mr Slocum, but that gentleman's face showed nothing but a melancholy resignation.

But in a very few minutes they were summoned into Mr Mansel's library. The situation was somewhat embarrassing to all parties. The inspector was divided between the excitement of what might turn out to be a clever capture, the fear of exceeding his duty, and a newly-awakened dread of being made the subject of a hoax. The situation was not improved by an indisputable grin on the part of Thomas, as he shut the library door, occasioned by another irresistible grimace which Mr Slocum, with his back to the rest, had put on for his special entertainment.

Inspector Brown respectfully explained the circumstances of his meeting with the "parties," as he carefully termed the strangers, and especially drew attention to the fact that they had come with him voluntarily. The Squire looked to the Rector, in hopes that he would take upon himself the office of counsel for the prosecution. But Mr Somers knew better. He was a cautious and prudent man; the Squire was the senior magistrate, and he tacitly voted him into the chair.

"There have been some suspicious circumstances which have come to our knowledge in this place, within the last few days," Mr Mansel began, "and the police have orders to watch all strangers carefully. Persons have been seen about my grounds, and a letter has been sent to a young person living in my family—a letter which has fallen into my hands."

"Your honour's far too much of a gentleman to read it, anyhow," said the younger stranger.

The Squire cleared his throat, and coloured—so far, at least, as any additional colour could find its way into his florid face; he had made a false move at the outset.

"I have not read the letter," said he, recovering his ground; "but I am acquainted with some of its contents."

"And I think I am not wrong in saying that I saw you speaking to the young lady in question in Mr Mansel's grounds," added the Rector, coming to the rescue. He had recognised Miss Bellew's companion in the wood.

"With the greatest respect to you, gentlemen both, I trust an acquaintance with a lady is not an offence within the cognisance of the police?"

"No; but Mr Mansel is perfectly justified in preventing any surreptitious correspondence with a young person who is under his protection."

"Faith, you'll have to protect 'em with lock and key, if they're not to speak to the men."

"And that won't do it," added Mr Slocum, solemnly.

At this moment there came a knock at the library door.

"Come in," said the Squire, not altogether sorry for the interruption.

"If you please, sir, Miss Bellew has arrived."

"Ask her to be good enough to walk in here," said the Squire, after a brief conference with his companion. The younger of the two strangers had visibly started at the announcement; and both had interchanged glances which for the first time betokened any uneasiness on their parts.

All eyes were turned to the door as it again opened, and a tall girl in travelling dress entered the room not ungracefully. She had dark and very luxuriant hair, fine eyes, a good figure, and was altogether what is usually termed striking; but there was something in her style and expression which it might be hard measure to call vulgar, but which diminished her attractions to a severely critical eye, and would lead an experienced and dispassion-

ate observer (like the Rector, for instance) to class her at once as "second-rate." She was pale, and showed evident symptoms of agitation. A sudden journey, undertaken in obedience to a telegram so imperative as the Squire had probably sent, was quite sufficient to account for it. But she fronted the two gentlemen boldly enough, as they rose with natural politeness at her entrance, and returned Mr Mansel's awkward greeting with more composure than he showed himself. Then she threw her eyes round the room, and caught sight of the faces of its other occupants.

"Redmond!" she exclaimed, springing back a step or two, and clasping her hands, while the colour rushed back to her cheeks—"What means this intrusion?"

"Good!" said Mr Slocum softly, in half soliloquy, rubbing his hands and patting them together in a kind of suppressed applause—"Good! *very* good!"

"In this presence at least, sir," continued the lady, "I might have hoped to have been safe from your persecution!"

"Watch her! watch her!" said Slocum in a whisper to the inspector—"watch her! it's a study."

Inspector Brown hastily moved a step forward. He thought the lady might have a knife somewhere about her.

"Calm yourself, my darling," said the gentleman who had been addressed as Redmond; "don't excite yourself—pray don't."

"Dastard! to pursue me even into this place of refuge—to seek to deprive me even of the bread of honest dependence! And you, sir," she continued, turning her fine eyes full upon the Squire,—“you, sir, an English gentleman, have you lent yourself to this!”

"Mark her emphasis—it's a study, I tell you," said Mr Slocum in an aside, nudging the inspector again.

Mr Brown jumped up from the

seat he had just resumed, and watched both the lady's hands, but he did not see anything to warrant his interference. The Squire looked perfectly helpless, transfixed, as it were, by Miss Bellew's eyes; and even the Rector did not seem to know what to make of it.

"I appeal to you, sir, for protection from this man," said the governess, drawing closer to the Squire, with her hands beautifully clasped, and looking very much as though she was going up to throw herself into his arms.

"Nobody will hurt you here, my good girl," said the Squire, in a kind voice, but drawing back a little. He was terribly puzzled, and a little impressed; he was very soft-hearted.

"Don't be a fool, Angelina," said the young man; "no one wants to hurt you. I have nothing to do with this meeting. I hadn't a notion you were in the house. If you'd only held your tongue, I'd never have betrayed ye. But you've done your business now in the governess line, I fancy, and you'd better come back to the arms that's open for ye." And with Hibernian warmth he half suited the action to the words.

Miss Bellew threw her fine eyes up to the ceiling and ejaculated—"Never!" But the tone was faint.

"Come," said he, "let bygones be bygones."

"Oh, Redmond!" she exclaimed, and dashed into his arms with an impetuosity which threatened to be overwhelming.

"Good again!" said Slocum. "The benevolent father's out of my line, and I an't tall enough to do it," as he tried to raise his arms in an attitude of benediction over the pair.

"What the devil's all this?" said the Squire.

"She's my wife," said the Irishman.

"And who on earth are you?"

"My name's Redmond O'Halloran, gentlemen, at your service; some time manager of the Theatre Royal, Bally-na-keery, and at present on an experimental tour in the English provinces. My wife, Mrs O'Halloran—allow me to introduce her—in a moment of weakness ran away from me"—there was an appealing gesture from the lady—"well, we parted—incompatibility of temper; we had only been married six weeks. Judge of my surprise and delight, sir, when, wandering here by chance, I find her engaged in this generous establishment; though in a character, I must add, very inferior to her great capabilities. Till this blissful moment, all my affectionate endeavours to win her back to the path of duty had been ineffectual. She's a treasure, gentlemen; a real treasure, Mr Brown; worth, in a good season and to a discriminating public, to say the very least, five guineas a-week."

"More," interposed Mr Slocum,—"more; and to think that such a voice and figure should be lost to the boards, and sacrificed to teaching the rudiments——"

"Be quiet, Slocum," said O'Halloran. "My friend here, gentlemen, does the comic business, and is a universal public favourite."

Mr Slocum made a face and a bow.

"But what on earth does this mean?" said the Rector, producing the torn paper which had been the original cause of excitement; "what has this to do with it all?"

He held it up as he spoke for Mr O'Halloran's inspection.

"Allow me," said that gentleman, taking it from Mr Somers's hands. He looked at it for an instant, and then passed it on to his friend with a smile.

Mr Slocum read it with much gravity, and then produced from his pocket a dirty and ill-printed bill, which he presented to the

Rector with a smile. Its contents were these :—

MR O'HALLORAN'S THEATRE.

On Evening

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS!

Characters by Messrs Redmond O'Halloran, Haines, Slocum, and Gorman Burko.

After which

THE MILLER AND HIS MEN!

The Robbers' Rendezvous!

Discovery of the Plot! The Mill blown up with a Terrific Explosion!!!

The whole to conclude at twelve o'clock.

"You see, Mr Brown," said the comic gentleman, "in addition to my more special range of characters, I am also author and printer to my friend Mr O'Halloran's establishment—when he has one. Times have been not so prosperous with us as might be wished. The legitimate drama is not patronised as it should be, and we had hoped to give a little performance or two in the village, under the patronage of that honourable gentleman and his family. We were even in treaty with Mr Johnson of the Swan for the use of his barn.

"And when Mrs O'Halloran cruelly refused to return to my humble roof——"

"Where is it?" asked Angelina in a stage whisper, with those appealing eyes.

"(Hush, my angel!) When she warned me off your grounds as a trespasser—when she spoke of sending for a constable—when she even threatened to set the dogs at me (Oh! Angelina!)—I wrote at least to solicit her kind interest with you, sir, and enclosed the rough draft of our intended performance."

"Well, well," said the Squire, "we can't stay discussing play-bills here on Sunday evening. You don't go back to London, I conclude, Miss Bellew?"

"Mrs O'Halloran will remain and share my fortunes," said the husband with dignity.

"You'd better share that, for the present," said Mr Mansel, as he handed O'Halloran a bank-note. "There's some salary, you know, coming to Miss—to your wife. And—if you'll both take my advice—since you are married, you'll try to make the best of a bad job; that is,—of course I don't mean marriage *need* always be a bad job, you know."

"I'll tell you what, Rector," said he to Mr Somers, as the others left the room, "it's all Lady Jane's folly from beginning to end, for listening to that confounded old Lady Cardross, who thinks that to be Irish is character enough in itself. She'll be recommending her a real Fenian for a butler, next."

THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE OLD ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

DR DÖLLINGER, in a recent work,* after pointing out the difference between the German and English Universities (very much, of course, to the disadvantage of the latter), proceeds thus :—

"In mentioning these points I have no desire to find fault with the English Universities. On the contrary, I consider them excellent of their sort, and well adapted to supply what the nation demands from them. I would only point out that they are totally different from the German institutions of the same name—that, at any rate, they approach more nearly to the medieval Universities, and have retained more medieval characteristics than the German Societies; and that these last correspond to the idea of a 'High School' as it may and ought to be realised in the nineteenth century far better than the English Universities. At the same time I will not conceal the fact that those renovated and improved editions of the old, and now unfortunately extinct, German bursaries, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, have many a time, as I observed their working on the spot, awakened in me feelings of envy, and led me to long for the time when we might again have something of the kind; for I could plainly perceive that their effect was to make instruction take root in the mind and become a part of it, and that their influence extended beyond the mere communication of knowledge to the ennobling elevation of life and character. I have often asked myself why we Germans are so slow to adopt an institution recommended alike by reason and experience—an institution which saves thousands of fathers and mothers from sleepless nights of anxiety and sorrow, which rescues many a young man from ruin or from life-long remorse."

Whether we agree with this great

German authority or not, whether we accept his praise or his blame, or both, it may not be amiss to attempt to gather within the compass of a short paper the main causes of a phenomenon which calls forth such remarkable words. How is it that, while, according to this competent author's own account, the life of the German Universities is deficient in the important elements which he finds in ours, and is, after all, but a thing of yesterday—a fitful life of little more than a century—a life, as other witnesses tell us, of wild, turbulent, ever-fluctuating excitement, which concentrates the intellectual life of the whole people very much within University walls, and certainly fails in diffusing it through the mass of upper-class society,† while the Universities of all other countries except Germany and England have fallen into decay, being either travestied by a ministerial bureaucracy as in France, or existing elsewhere in a state admitted by all to be beneath contempt,—how is it that, while all this is so on the Continent, Oxford and Cambridge are still, after surviving revolution upon revolution, and after presenting an unbroken line of continuity from the remotest period of our history, still "excellent of their sort, and well adapted to supply what the nation demands from them"? History must give us the answer. It is in considerations arising out of the history of these great institutions that we shall find what we are seeking. It is by a calm review of such considerations

The substance of this paper was delivered as a lecture before the University of Oxford on November 16, 1867, by Montagu Burrows, R.N., M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in that University.

* 'Universities Past and Present.' By J. J. Ignatius Döllinger, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, &c. Translated by C. E. C. R. Appleton, B.C.L. Rivingtons.

† Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on Mr Ewart's Bill last session.

that those who have to deal with their reform or improvement will best fulfil their responsibilities.

Happily there is at hand as much material as could be expected in tracing back so ancient a history. No institution has ever had such antiquarians as those of whom Oxford boasts. There is little probability of any serious addition being made to their researches. Histories have been compiled from their materials, from the Statutes of the realm, from the stray hints of medieval chroniclers, and from the archives of Colleges, as well as from more modern biographies and local traditions; and this by every variety of writer, from Dr Ayliffe, the English lawyer, to Professor Huber, the most fair-minded and laborious of German writers on English educational subjects. Later still we have had the elaborate Report of a Royal Commission which has based many of its suggestions upon history; while, to balance its somewhat one-sided conclusions, we have the luminous Report of the University Authorities who were put on their defence by the Reformers of 1850. And now a new blue-book on University questions brings us up to the point from which we may best regard the contrast between our own and the foreign Universities which Dr Döllinger has made. If we refer more to the University of Oxford than to that of Cambridge, we must shelter ourselves under the excuse of the latest historian of the Universities — viz., that on all main points the history of one is that of the other. It may be added that their points of difference do but illustrate the considerations with which we are chiefly concerned in this paper.

The vitality of the English Universities must no doubt be ascribed very largely to what we must call, for want of a better word, their

Nationality. They have grown with the growth, strengthened with the strength, decayed with the decay, risen with the rise of the Nation, from the earliest moment of their history down to the last. Every pulse of the national life has flowed through these bodies; every prejudice, every national fault, has found its image there; every reform has been initiated or furthered there,—sometimes not the less furthered because for the moment opposed. If England has been governed by her Parliaments, she has been also governed, more than is generally thought, by her Universities. Either in her past or present, England would be scarcely England without them. It has been so both in Church and State. The Universities have equally shared the vicissitudes of both. In dealing with the English Universities, men touch the very nerves and fibres which run throughout the whole Constitution of the realm.

We will not stop to discuss the antiquity of these venerable bodies. We may be content to make a protest against the pedantry which refuses to acknowledge the importance of Oxford as a place of education in Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman times, merely because no formal charter of incorporation as a University is found earlier than the thirteenth century. It is only necessary to quote the carefully-formed opinion of Huber, that the traditional connection between Oxford as a place of education and King Alfred has never been disproved, and that there are sufficient indirect proofs of it to satisfy any reasonable mind.* That Oxford shared with the entire country, and had more than her proper share, of the horrors of the Danish Invasion and the Norman Conquest, and that these affected the inhabitants of

* It has been somewhat too hastily concluded that the discovery of the spuriousness of certain authorities on which the old champions of the antiquity of Oxford relied, has invalidated all other grounds of belief.

Oxford not merely like any other city, but the city through the scholars assembled there; that the re-establishment of the city by the Normans as a place of military strength was quickly succeeded by a resumption of its scholastic character under the auspices of the astute Beauclerc, whose palace at Beaumont sufficiently proves his close connection with the place; and that, if all other evidence were wanting, an ancient and important history must necessarily be supposed, if we are to understand how Oxford could have become, except by magic, a centre in which the new study of Civil Law could make itself a home in a reign of bitter and scarce intermitted civil war like that of Stephen;—all this we shall take for granted. It is sufficient for our purpose to observe, that when the new Norman family had fairly established itself—when, under its first four princes, the rude elements of force in the body politic had so far completed their struggle that the way was prepared for the operations of the great founder of the English Constitution,—that founder, Henry II., amongst the various portions of the national fabric which he left in shape, left also the two Universities. With the earliest infancy of our august Courts of Law—with the formation of the Common, and the introduction of the Civil and Canon Law—with the introduction of orderly legal trials in place of the rude Norman appeal of battle and the Saxon ordeal—with the great settlement of the relations of Church and State effected by that wise prince—with the close French connection formed by the first Plantagenet—with the initiation of a foreign policy traceable from that time through all periods of our his-

tory—with the rise of the Scholastic Philosophy, and the vast impulse given by it and the Civil Law to the mind of the twelfth century;—with all this—and these are but a few of the leading characteristics of that central epoch—the Universities of England, no longer in their infancy, but in the pride of a vigorous and well-developed existence, are synchronous. Fitted by a long past history for her task, and having, as we cannot but believe, already borne a considerable part in the progress of the nation, Oxford now started on that career which we are henceforth able to trace with ever-increasing light, while Cambridge began to emulate her activity, and both to cultivate the closest intercourse with the greater, though but little older, University of Paris, from which so many of their early customs were derived.

We have lingered a moment over this confessedly indistinct period of University life, because it is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of such institutions as Universities being connected with the actual birth and infancy of a nation. On the points of early University life, growth, identification with a nation, and continuousness for many centuries, the glorious history of Paris offers the only parallel with that we have just noticed; but the retrospect is clouded by the memory of its fall. It had concentrated everything within itself. It had no sister University to support it when the storm of the Revolution came. Its roots had long ceased to strike into the more fertile portions of French soil. Its fall was irremediable.*

The most conspicuous mark of the Nationality of the English Universities at this period (the end of

* A popular sketch in English of the history of the University of Paris is a desideratum. The bulky folios of Buloëus still remain—like those of Wood for Oxford—the source to which inquirers are obliged to turn. Neither Crevier nor Dubarle have done for Paris what Huber has done for the English Universities; the last, indeed, was dealing with a dead body.

the twelfth and the thirteenth century), is the increasing frequency and regularity of their connection with the strongest power in the nation—the Crown. This was chiefly brought about under the pressure of the unceasing struggle which was taking place between the Universities and the towns in which they had been founded. Under the earlier Plantagenets, indeed, the patronage of the Crown seems to have been pretty equally divided between the University of Oxford and the City, for we find Richard I., in grateful memory of his birth and early education at that place, not only granting incorporation to the scholars, the seal* of which is referred to in authentic documents, but also to the civic authorities, placing them on the same footing as those of London, and making the mayor butler at his coronation,† while his successors frequently knighted that functionary. It is clear that the city of Oxford was within a very little of taking a place in the civic history of England only second to that of London, and that it only lost its place by that connection with the University which first gave it importance. The fierce, continuous, traditional struggles between the two bodies, pent up within the same walls, and neither of them willing, nor indeed able, without the application of some force external to themselves, to submit to the other, necessitated the humiliation of one or other; and as the nation could not do without the Universities, the strength of the Crown was put forth in their favour. They had always one remedy, which, like the Romans of old, they never failed to apply when

hard pressed,—that of secession. Unsupported in the struggle with the city in the reign of John, who, instead of befriending, exercised his accustomed reckless tyranny on the scholars, a large portion migrated to Cambridge, giving a great impulse to that University, just as Oxford itself, both before and after that time, received valuable accessions from Paris. Later on, great numbers migrated from Oxford to Northampton, and, later still, to Stamford.‡ Reading, Maidstone, and Salisbury also received Oxford scholars, though not to the same extent as the places first named. But the nation had made up its mind; through its kings, using force when necessary, the drain was stopped, and the scholars always sent back to their old homes. From the beginning of the thirteenth century downwards, charters upon charters, confirmations upon confirmations, almost with the regularity of the confirmations of Magna Charta itself, attested the royal and national sense of the importance of the Universities.

The separation of England from North France, with which the thirteenth century opened, changed the form of connection which had hitherto subsisted between Paris and the English Universities,—

“Et procul et propius jam Francus et
Anglicus æque,
Norunt Parisiis quid feceris Oxonieque;”

but the rivalry of the two States which now prevailed offered a ready opportunity for one or the other literary republic, whenever the strong arm of its own State was felt to be intolerable, to throw its migratory bodies across the Channel. The

* “Sigillum Cancellarii et Universitatis Oxoniensis.” This is referred to by Wood, p. 48, who says the document mentioning the common seal of the University of Oxford, and dated 1190, was *in manibus auctoris*.

† Ayliffe, p. 34. Wood assigns the grant of this privilege to Henry II., and says it was taken from the city by Richard I. at his second coronation in 1194.

‡ The marks of the collegiate character impressed on Stamford by these migrations are well exhibited in the ‘Memorials of Stamford,’ just published by the Rev. Mackenzie Walcott.

long reign of Henry III. was to the Universities what it was to everything else in England, the period of struggle between the various forces of society, now organised in the form which they were, in the main, afterwards to retain. The royal power had dwindled to the smallest proportions it had exhibited since the Conquest, and the nationality of England, produced by the loss of Normandy, had begun to develop itself freely on every side. The blood of the nation rallied to the heart. Oxford became the intellectual and political centre of the great contest. The halls, inns, or hostels, which Huber declares distinguished from their earliest infancy the English from all other Universities, began to multiply exceedingly; thus, under a rude form, ripening and strengthening that principle of a *common life* which was afterwards to bear such important fruits. The Friars were now firmly planted in addition to the Monks, whose institutions had so powerfully influenced the early days of the Universities. Scholars flocked in from all parts of the world. The ancient system of division into two nations, North and South, each with its Proctor, is found in full operation. The Universities are the great centres of education, doing the duty of schools for the young, as well as homes for adult students; in an age when everybody was inquiring and learning with an activity of mind more remarkable, it has been said, than in our own day. They swallow up the Cathedral Schools, and draw all within their vortex.

Never were the Universities more truly national than at this time; but it was the nationality of an age as different from our own, as our own is from that of the New Zealand of to-day. Herded in these Halls or Inns, much after the fashion of cattle, or living in holes and cor-

ners such as are nowadays inhabited by the most degraded class of the poor, the young noble with his military pomp of retainers jostling against the poor student supported on daily alms, each foreigner claiming to be judged by the laws of his own country, and the confusion of the whole realm only too truly typified in its intellectual centres, it was a wild tumultuous life, an encampment rather than a settlement, a swarm of wild bees rather than an orderly hive. Tumults and battles of course there were under these circumstances almost without end; battles, not with fists, or stones (or even life-preservers), but with swords, and bows and arrows, and many killed and wounded on either side; the organisation of armies, the wild rough habits of civil war. There never was wanting an occasion for a combat. The old hereditary feuds between the University and the City offered of course the most frequent opportunities; but if that failed there were numerous excellent quarrels in reserve. The Seculars against the Regulars, and especially against the Friars, with whom for a century after their introduction there was a constant struggle, the University against the officers of the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Bishop of the Diocese, School against School, as the Nominalists against the Realists, Faculty against Faculty, as Law against Medicine; above all, nation against nation, or parts of a nation against other parts.

It was this latter sort of faction-fight which probably gave rise to the well-known proverb which connects Oxford disturbances with those of the realm.* North and South had each its own characteristics proceeding from national circumstances, i.e., dating from the rivalry of the Angles and Saxons, and ready to break out in Oxford, or in the nation at large, on very slight provocation. Thus in times

* "Cum pugnant Oxonienses,
Post paucos menses volat ira per Anglinenses."

of civil war, which a very little historical knowledge will enable us to connect with this old quarrel of race, Oxford of course took its part; while at other times the local causes of division already named rallied on either side the hereditary enemies who had come to Oxford from either side of the Trent. The resistance to the Papacy came chiefly from the Northerners, who included the Scotch, while the South English, reinforced by the Welsh, Irish, and Continental Scholars, were its supporters. Even Nominalism and Realism were found to have a hidden connection with the points of the compass; and Northerners, by a strange fatality, were bound to be Realists, though Reformers; while Southerners must be Nominalists, in spite of the use so often made of Nominalism against the Romanism they supported. It would be interesting, if we had space, to follow up the hints given us by the historians, and trace in detail how these prime differences shaded off, as time went on and local distinctions disappeared, the Popery of the one party into Jacobitism and Toryism, the Reforming proclivities of the other into Hanoverianism and Whiggery. Nor were the studies which succeeded the Scholastic Philosophy exempt from the same partisanship; the introduction of Greek being patronised fiercely by the Southerners, while as stoutly resisted by the men of the North, under the name of Trojans.

Hence also is deduced the difference between Oxford and Cambridge; and the tendencies of the Scotch Universities, when the time came for their foundation, may be traced to the same source. The Northerners, drawing their forces from a smaller and poorer area, were generally in a minority, and more often went to the wall. Unable to brook inferiority, they migrated elsewhere—to Cambridge, or, later on, to Scotland, carrying with them their traditional principles, their ancient enmities.

There was, however, a better side of the picture. Not only in Oxford itself, but throughout the island, the antagonism of the two great principles of stability and progress was diffused. The inestimable advantage was secured throughout our mediæval and modern history of having both sides of these great principles thoroughly advocated. Public opinion formed itself under the auspices of a literary class. Our political Constitution felt the impulse. The great divisions of party-government to which this country owes so much of its later glory and advancement, may not indeed have had their sole, or even principal, origin in, but they certainly derived vigour from, this root, deep down below the surface, unobserved and forgotten, but none the less surely doing its work.

What, however, was the effect on the Universities themselves of this tumultuous life? No doubt it fixed deep in their constitution the sentiment that they had rights and privileges to guard—the truly English sense of being bound to stand up and do battle for principles, whatever they are. No doubt it fostered the idea of a republic of letters—the conception of the dignity of literature. No doubt there was a charm about this boisterous, swash-buckler life, an expansion of ideas arising from the fact of being in the very centre of the life of the nation. No doubt the rivalry of the great teachers of Philosophy and Theology was a stimulus to their own exertions and the attention of the scholars. No doubt, in short, the system, or rather no-system, was not unsuitable for the rude age in which it flourished; but the evils were palpable. They soon became intolerable. As manners improved, public opinion declared against this tumultuous life; order was to take the place of disorder—kings and their chancellors were to vie with each other in remedying the abuses of these now great and famous Universities. As under the three Edwards the old rude outline

of the Constitution was moulded into the shape it still for the most part retains, so under these monarchs the present Collegiate character of the Universities took its development. Let us trace the events of this period in some detail.

In the Civil War of Henry III.'s reign we find Oxford in the main a faithful representative of the nation in resisting that happy series of "Papal aggressions" which once and for ever opened the eyes of Englishmen to the true nature of the Papacy. In 1238 the Bishops of England take its part against the vindictive Legate (who, indeed, had not been too well treated), declaring it to be "the second school of the Church"—Paris being the first—"the maintainer of piety and learning most famous over the world." Later on, the influence of Grosseteste and Montfort carries the whole University with it, and makes Oxford the centre of the national struggle. No less than four Parliaments are held there in Henry III.'s reign. With the rest of the nation its glad obedience to Edward I. showed that resistance had been founded on real grievances, and was unconnected with any disaffection to the Crown as such. One of the steps taken by our Kings at this period—it was first taken at Cambridge—was to inhibit tournaments in both Universities—a step towards discountenancing their warlike habits. Exemption from Tallages is also claimed and gained. Edward I. so far favours the scholars at the expense of the citizens, that he inhibits the latter from using for any other purpose dwellings once let to scholars. As a part of his war-policy in the conquest of Scotland, he refused to let the Scotch students leave the place, for fear they might "by a foreign education be poisoned with State innovations." As Prince, he had in 1270 * medi-

ated between the University and citizens of Cambridge.

Edward II. seems to have taken great interest in Oxford. Oriel College is said to have owed its foundation to the vow he made during his flight of sixty miles, with the Douglas at his heels, from Bannockburn. This may or may not be true; but, at his deposition, while the University takes his part and the citizens that of Mortimer, it is certain that all lectures are stopped for several months. Edward III. had, it is said, studied at Oxford as a boy, under Walter Buryley, and owed much of his education to Richard of Bury, a great benefactor of Oxford. He thus naturally took that place under his special protection as soon as his throne was secure. It is he who refuses to allow Stamford to erect itself, as it ardently desired, into a rival University, well knowing the danger of a centre for Northern feeling. "It is not our pleasure that schools or studies be held anywhere than in places where the Universities now are;" a resolution similar to that he took with regard to staple-towns. If the infancy of commerce required protection and concentration at the bidding of what was a sound political economy for that day, much more did the young manhood of University education. "Edward III.," says Ayliffe, "deserves to be preferred before all his predecessors on account of his patronage and many liberalities conferred hereon." He is reckoned amongst the Oxford authors of this period, having written a work on laws and some epistles.

To him belonged the task of putting an end to the battles of centuries between the University and City of Oxford. The wars of Edward I., as well as his own, had turned Englishmen of the middle class into skilled soldiers. Welles in the first reign, and Bereford in the second, were fit captains for

* Cooper's 'Annals of Cambridge.'

battles such as were now fought. We need not dwell on the terrors of the "Great Conflict" of St Scholastica's Day, 1353, which the graphic pages of Wood have made sufficiently familiar; but it may be remarked, that the way seems to have been prepared for this frightful struggle* (which reminds us rather of a Sepoy Mutiny or the French Revolution than of an ordinary English fight) by the internecine contests which had shortly before taken place between, not only the rival factions of scholars, but the masters and scholars—the last being one of the most sanguinary as well as discreditable of the whole series. The terrible plague of 1350, which reduced the University to less than one-fourth of its usual numbers, had also, in all probability, a great effect on the issue; for the disparity of numbers when the City was reinforced by the savages of the surrounding villages, tempted the one party to a desperate resistance and the other to an indiscriminate vengeance. All this was to cease. The very gravity of the evil worked its cure. Henceforth the City was unmistakably to submit to the University; and the signing of its submission, long a galling badge of its humiliation, has only been removed in our own day.†

These wars, however, left another and a much more permanent as well as important mark. The necessity of a Collegiate life was, as we have said, forced upon the minds of all thoughtful men. The scandals attaching to a Republican Church Militant were too much even for that fighting age, and the contrast presented on the one hand by the Colleges, as they were found-

ed one after another, and on the other hand by the inhabitants of the old Halls and the loose hordes of "Chamberdekyns" (*camera degentes*) outside the walls of both Halls and Colleges, was daily becoming more remarkable. The work achieved by Walter de Merton at Oxford in the thirteenth century, carrying with it issues so far beyond what that great man could have foreseen, and soon afterwards wisely imitated by the foundation of Peterhouse at Cambridge, had made itself felt by the end of the fourteenth century. Six noble institutions (University, Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Oriel, and Queen's) had witnessed at Oxford to the public spirit of kings and queens, clergymen and statesmen, and now William of Wykeham was to surpass them all. His College, founded on a grander scale than its predecessors, and with statutes of a more stringent character, "so that it well deserved to be called New," became the model of the great founders of the next century. It gave a most serious blow to the non-Collegiate system, which dragged on but a degraded existence till the reign of Elizabeth. By that time the Colleges had practically become the University. The statutes of Laud did but surround with the force of law what custom and circumstances had brought about of themselves.

Among these circumstances we must give a prominent place to the vast and sudden diminution of the number of students which occurred soon after the middle of the fourteenth century, and to which we have already referred. Without endorsing the celebrated statement

* The battle lasted three days, and ended in the complete victory of the City, aided as it was by some two thousand rustics marshalled under a black banner.

† The oath to respect the privileges of the University taken each year since the "Great Conflict" by the incoming Mayor to the Vice-Chancellor was dispensed with by the University a few years ago. Within the memory of the present generation the Mayor used to present the Vice-Chancellor at St Mary's Church with sixty-three silver pennies in memory of the number of masters and scholars slain in the Great Conflict. The number slain was, however, in all probability much greater.

about the 30,000 scholars who are said to have been at Oxford in the earlier part of the century, there is plenty of evidence that the numbers were very great, and that they had been very greatly reduced by the end of it. This diminution has been ascribed to various causes, such as the allurements of the Friars, who attracted students to their Societies without the consent of their parents, to the dearth of provisions, and to the prevalence of another sort of Provisions, the system by which the Pope "provided" for the incumbency of Livings, and thus prevented University men from obtaining them. The state of constant warfare above described, added to the incessant pestilences brought on by the filthy state of the place, would be of themselves, however, sufficient to account for it, if the same causes had not existed all along. But they had become intensified at this period, and the civil disorders of the country after the failure of the French wars, culminating in the disturbances of Richard II.'s reckless reign, could not but have their effect on the Universities. If these storms of the wider area had not been felt in the smaller it would indeed have been one mark the less of that Nationality which we are now tracing. The decline in the numbers of University students favoured the rise of the Colleges, whilst the rise of these latter reacted against any rally in the numbers of the former. On the one hand the unused Halls were easily bought up, and their sites absorbed by the Colleges, while the larger space these bodies began to fill as the others sank away gave them the prestige of success. Not only had they in their favour the fashion of the day, the patronage of the great, and the visible space they filled in the public eye, but they might well claim the lion's share of the great names of which the University had had to boast. Before any other College had time to make a fame, Merton counts among the men of Oxford celebrated during Edward

I.'s reign for being versed in the learning of their day, two of her own sons; in Edward II.'s reign she reckoned 4 out of 21; and in Edward III.'s, 9 out of 52, and amongst these are the greatest names of the age. The other Colleges were beginning to emulate Merton. Everything went to further this great change.

Two other circumstances, coincident with the rise of the Colleges, throw light upon this change. Oxford had been the centre of the great Pre-Reformation struggle. Round Wicliff had gathered all those Northern elements of opposition to Papal oppression which had existed from the first, the old Anglo-Saxon National-Church feeling. The struggle was perhaps even more severe than when the Reformation at last came. Richard II.'s letters to the University urging the expulsion of Wicliff and his friends, are constant and pressing. All eyes were directed towards the scene of a conflict such as the world had not witnessed for a thousand years. The silencing of the Reformers was at last achieved, but at the expense of the numbers of the University. And, secondly, this Collegiate system took its rise, or rather obtained its development, at a time when the French wars of Edward III. had completed the separation between this country and France. The change in the national feeling may be tested by the fact, that the marriage of our kings with French princesses, which had hitherto been regarded with favour, was, from Richard II.'s reign downwards (except when a badge of conquest, as in the case of Henry V.), considered by our people to be a deadly crime. No dynasty could hold its own unless it made war, or pretended to make war, with the national enemy. French disappeared from our courts of law; and Wicliff and Chaucer, two thoroughbred University men, reduced our vernacular nearly to its present form. The Universities felt the

national change. The French and Continental students were now seldom seen within their precincts. England rose to the measure of its full height. Insularity took the place of cosmopolitanism; and even the provincials took up a different position at Oxford. Some of the last faction-fights were between the Welsh and the Northerners, and between the University and the Irish Chamberdekins. This again acted in furtherance of the new Collegiate system, which was more aristocratic and exclusive, though designed and still chiefly used for poor men, than the democratic Republic. We are at no loss then to perceive how at this period the Universities presented a true image of the nation.

The fifteenth century may be taken as standing by itself, as much in University as in national history. It is the period of transition from medieval to modern times, the period of reaction from the turmoil which had attended the Wicliff struggle, the period of repression only to be succeeded by a far more tremendous explosion, of attempts to govern the Church by General Councils, quickly followed by assertions of Papal power more intolerable than ever before, of new discoveries, of changes in the routes of commerce and the organisation of states, of foreign and civil wars, under cover of which English society was marching out of its ancient into its modern condition. How completely do the Universities in this century reflect the nation! If kings and statesmen are rallying round the old Church in the cause of order, they combine in making these institutions the very centre of their operations. If the

English voice is to be heard, fresh from the fame of Agincourt, at the European Councils, in the Universities it must find a tongue.* If the grievous troubles of the nation have depressed the cultivation of literature, it is here where such depression is most felt. The very drain by which so much of the life of the Universities is drawn off, is significant. The metropolis, so influential in determining the issues of many a national struggle, fast growing in wealth and importance in spite of all the national woes, carries off in this century the professions of law and medicine, now becoming divorced from their ecclesiastical connection,† never to return in any force to their old homes. Parallel with the social movement which with the Wars of the Roses threw off the national feudality and chivalry; the Universities cast off the old literature and put on the new. The Colleges, under the shadow of which the Theology and Philosophy of the middle ages had withered and decayed, become, at the end of the century, the homes of the "new learning," and the living centres from which that learning and the Reformation, of which it was the parent, were diffused throughout the land.

The rapid sequence of the foundation of Colleges marks this era at both Universities. Archbishop Chichele proved a worthy successor of Wykeham, and seems to have set the tone of Oxford almost as influentially as that remarkable man. Waynflete passed on the torch from him to Wolsey. With these great ecclesiastical statesmen for patrons, the Universities were now more than ever identified with the nation ecclesiastically. In 1467 Henry

* Robert Hallam, the famous Bishop of Salisbury, who so ably represented England at the Council of Constance, "the right hand of the Emperor," who alone held together the Germans and the English (Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' vi. 19, 62), and Henry de Abingdon, who carried the precedence of England over Spain at the Council, were Oxford men.

† Ayliffe's 'History of the University of Oxford,' and Hook's 'Archbishops of Canterbury,' vols. iv. and v. *passim*.

VI., under Chichele's guidance, directs a letter from Woodstock to the Archbishop and his suffragans, complaining of the diminution of the number of students, and exhorting them to make such provision from the Church's patrimony as would make the University degree an advantage. Next year, in consequence, it was decreed in synod that all patrons should be obliged for ten years to confer benefices exclusively on graduates, and the time was extended still further in a later synod.

The Lancastrian family was in all its branches eminently favourable to the Universities. Beaufort and Gloucester, if they agreed on no other point, vied with each other on this. Cardinal Beaufort is as clearly associated with our Divinity School as Gloucester with the Bodleian Library. Their work has been superseded, but what we possess owes its origin to them. "Gloucester," says Ayliffe, "was never wanting to support us in cases of the greatest difficulty." Henry V. had been Beaufort's pupil at Oxford, and probably owed some of his great conceptions both to tutor and University. Both he and his father left marks of their reign at that place. In consequence of the plot laid by Richard's friends at Oxford, Henry IV. forbade the attendance of any great number of servants except on certain occasions, including the meeting of Convocation; and in Henry V.'s reign, in order to put an end to the constant plague of the Irish Chamberdekyns, a University statute was passed, based on an Act of Parliament, by which "whoever had their diet in any college or hall, they should stay there all night"—"whence the halls of these" (Chamberdekyns), "of which there were many, sensibly decayed apace."* Thus the way was left completely open for the new Colleges springing up on every side. Henry VI., himself

educated at Oxford, and brought up at the feet of Beaufort and Chichele, ill-qualified as he was for the weight of a Crown at such a period, seemed born for the task of promoting the cause of education and religion. His magnificent works at Cambridge and Eton at the present moment attest his devotion, but his patronage of Oxford was also both consistent and wise. Finding Oxford statesmen ready to give of their substance for their own University, he applied himself to that which required his aid most, but he gave benefactions to All Souls, Magdalen, and New College, the three fashionable Colleges of that century.

The Wars of the Roses stopped these great works, and played their part in diminishing the number of students. Edward IV. and Henry VII., the children of the strife, had no taste for this sort of expenditure, though they, as well as Richard III., each in turn, visited Oxford in great state, and recognised its importance, and though Henry VII. sent his son Arthur to study at Magdalen, at that time the leading College. In the state apartments of Magdalen (beautifully restored of late years), each of these kings on their visits lodged. Margaret, Countess of Richmond, however, true to her Lancastrian blood, supplied the place of 'kings, and, besides her foundation at Cambridge, her famous Professorships ushered in a new period of life at both Universities.

Still more clearly may the national characteristics be traced by the constant struggle which raged upon the question of University jurisdiction. As in so many other cases, the Papal and the national claims over Oxford and Cambridge had never been very clearly defined. The Crown, the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, had each some grounds for maintaining their exclusive rights. Resistance to the Papal claims had been successful

* 'History of the University of Oxford,' p. 135, and Wood, *sub anno*.

so long as a Lollard House of Commons was able to lead the nation, and while the Councils of the West were asserting their supremacy over Popes. But the Councils passed away, and the Popes remained. Again the Roman bulls asserted their authority. Even Chichele, who had once shown much national spirit, was obliged to bend before the storm. If the National Church could not hold out, it was not to be expected that the Universities should. Till the Reformation thundered over the land, Rome kept her own recovered sway in these seats of learning, and the old national rights were lost.

No doubt the Universities had fallen low in the first half of this century, but there is some reason to think that their depression has been exaggerated by those authors from whom most of the history of Oxford is derived. At any rate, it is certain that the Colleges, long before the end of the century, had somehow or other sufficient vigour to receive, first of all European nations except Italy, the Greek literature which the fall of Constantinople had set free, and to educate the men who were to pass it on to the next generation. It does not look like a dead body when it produces at a birth such men as Grocyn, Linacre, Latimer, Tunstall, Colet, Lily, and Sir Thomas More. We have been lately recalled to a grateful memory of some of the "Oxford Reformers of 1493."

If these great men, with the foreign accession of Erasmus, give the impulsive stroke which sets the Universities in motion, Wolsey stands alone in the magnificence of his schemes for their benefit, and the success of his efforts to place them at the head of the national progress. We need not here dwell on the grandeur of his conception, nor stop

to endorse the complaint which rises in the minds of most who hear in the Christchurch Bidding Prayer the name of the tyrant copyist substituted for that of the gifted originator.* It is enough for our purpose that we trace once more in the Fellow of Magdalen the influence of Oxford on the nation, and, in the efforts of himself and his master, the reflex influence of the nation on the Universities. From this period the Universities date, and have preserved in unbroken succession, the connection of University Professorships and College foundations, the system of *general education along with particular supervision* under which they now flourish. The Collegiate and Tutorial system has indeed been at times, perhaps, till this century, pretty generally a hard stepmother to the Professoriate, but they have somehow or other worked together. At any rate, from this time, though the Colleges had so far absorbed the students as to have become practically the University, the connection between the Colleges, the uniting link, was to be found at least as much in the Professors as in the Chancellors and the University officers.

That the Universities survived the fall of this magnificent patron, that when the monasteries were swept away they were themselves allowed to stand, has often been a matter of, perhaps somewhat ignorant, surprise. That the temporary prosperity they had enjoyed under Fox and Wolsey should now be exchanged for a period of decided adversity was to have been expected. The pestilences again played their part. No less than twelve are recorded in the reign of Henry VIII. And the ejection from the Universities of so many of those stiffer spirits which would not bend to every opposite blast,

* The "Bidding Prayer," used by the preacher before a University sermon, is based upon the form given in the 55th Canon, but varies slightly according to the use of different Colleges, and even the will of the preacher himself. Henry VIII. is of course the *legal* founder of Christchurch.

as it blew from the Courts of Henry, Edward VI., and Mary, could not but deteriorate them for a time. Still they suffered with the nation, supplying the leading combatants on either side—a Cranmer and a Ridley, a Latimer and a Pole. They were still the home and refuge of learning. It was reserved for Elizabeth to build up the old Universities as she built up the Church and the State.

Few things are more interesting than the accounts which have reached us of Queen Elizabeth's stately visits to Oxford, the meeting of perhaps the best educated, and certainly not the least capable, mind of the age, with those to whom she looked for the renovation of her harassed dominions. Within twelve years of her accession the marks of past disorders had been obliterated, and the independent privileges of the Universities secured by Act of Parliament. If Leicester made in some respects an indifferent Chancellor, his mistress took good care to govern through him, as she afterwards did through Hatton and Buckhurst. Under the abler management of Burleigh, Parker, and Whitgift, Cambridge, however, for a time took the lead. By means of these Chancellors most of the old abuses were removed at both Universities. The principle of conformity to the now firmly-established Reformed Church of the realm was strictly laid down, and thus an end was put to the fatal interruptions of the work of the place occasioned by religious dissensions. All students were now to sign the Statutes, and be entered on the Matriculation books; and no Degree was to be conferred unless the proper exercises had been performed.

Such as Elizabeth left them have the Universities in all substantial points remained. Connected chiefly in her reign with the fast multiplying schools of the country, they no longer professed to be what they had once been, almost the sole educators of the nation, but contented

themselves with supplying the highest culture the times could afford to the clergy, the gentry, and a sprinkling of the middle and lower classes. Protected by the Crown through the revolution that had taken place, they transferred their allegiance, without losing their ancient privileges, from the Pope to the Sovereign. They did indeed but return, like the nation, to a former position, though to one now no longer disputed. Since that time they have been the strongest bulwarks of Church and Crown.

It has been the fashion to decry the work done by the Universities in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it was in reality little, if at all, less glorious than any in their history. The number of learned Divines they produced will scarcely be believed, except by those who have been at the pains to examine the list for themselves; and the gentry they educated were certainly not inferior to any in Europe. The professions of Law and Medicine had, as we have seen, been all but lost before the Reformation. The abstraction of so much Church preferment by that event did indeed for a moment set University students once more upon the pursuit of the medical profession; but so great was the number of quacks thus suddenly thrown upon the public, that in hasty self-defence the London College of Physicians was established. The Universities, though they have never relinquished the attempt, have never since been able to rival that institution for one of their ancient faculties, or the Inns of Court for the other. The practical mind of Englishmen preferred men bred at the place where practice could be got. The increased demand for schoolmasters, and the growth of literature as a profession, though slight indeed compared to what they have since become, redressed in some degree the balance. The country acquiesced in what it could not help.

How the first Stuarts identified

themselves with the Universities, how Laud acted over again the part played before him by Wolsey and by Queen Elizabeth, surrounding custom, as we have said, by the framework of law, and giving a still more ecclesiastical tone—perhaps too strictly so—to the University he loved so well; how the Universities repaid the debt when the storm, which their patrons had, it must be admitted, too much share in producing, came; how they fell with the rest of the nation under the hand of violence, and rose with the nation when the storm had passed; how the Restoration naturally became the period of reward for faithful services—the period of princely benefactions, of beautifying and perfecting the visible structures which now meet the eye—for a very great part of what is not quite modern, is the work of the Stuart dynasty—is an oft-told tale, and we shall not repeat it. As the last of the great national assemblies held at Oxford for purposes either of Church or State was held at this period, 1680, we may, however, sum them up in this place. The list affords some indication of the political importance which the convenient central position of Oxford and its ancient traditions combined to create. In Saxon times the Witenagemote met there thrice. In Plantagenet and Stuart times, without reckoning the doubtful assembly of Charles I.'s reign, twelve Parliaments have met at Oxford, besides several Conferences and other political gatherings. Fifteen Ecclesiastical Councils have also met there at different periods of our history.

After this time it is enough to refer to their conduct under James II. to be reminded that the heart of the nation, when the limbs were paralysed by the surprise of an unparalleled audacity, still beat high

at the Universities, and to point to the way in which Oxford clung to the old dynasty, while Cambridge readily accepted the new, in order to illustrate the conflict of national feeling which they faithfully represented. It is still more to our purpose to remark how the new studies which came in with the later Stuarts found their headquarters at Oxford and Cambridge; how the University which had been far before its age in the persons of Grosseteste and Bacon was the leader of its generation in the persons of Robert Boyle and the founders of the Royal Society, and thus how Physical Science went forth from its walls winged for its modern conquests; how the study of mathematics leaped to its full height at Cambridge in the persons of Newton and his peers; how Locke from Christchurch set free the philosophic thought which Germany has so often claimed as her own.

If we follow on the history still later, we observe the same synchronism between the sluggishness of the nation in the eighteenth century and that of the Universities, the period of moral corruption in Church and State, only broken by the wild war-cry of the French Revolution. But no sooner is the spell broken than with the nation the Universities also start to life, and from the commencement of this century run their career side by side, urging each other with

"Advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course"

runs abreast of the progress of the age, stimulated by "searching examinations and hard-fought honours," developing the best Tutorial staff in the world, and, by degrees, a working Professoriate, adding to the number of students,* embracing larger and larger areas of society,

* The number of matriculations at both Oxford and Cambridge is very nearly equal, and steadily increasing. Reckoning the average time taken to obtain an Oxford degree at three years and a half, and that taken to obtain a Cambridge

and firmly fixed in the respect of the nation.* The formation of new Universities leaves them unchanged. It does not affect them. They are still, though capable of further improvement, National.

In using the word "national," it is necessary to guard against misconstruction. The brief outline of history given above will afford no countenance to the view that the Universities are the creatures of the State. The existence of a power, lodged somewhere external to the Universities, which could step in upon occasion and redress abuses, has been, indeed, an obvious fact. This power, in matters of civil right, has, of course, been exerted by the State, though even here it is important to observe that the Universities have always had their own special and independent Courts of Law recognised by the law of the land. But the power to interfere with the proceedings of the Universities has been claimed, as we have seen, by various parties; and in the conflict of claims the Universities found, before the Reformation, a constant argument for maintaining more or less of freedom. At the Reformation itself the direct interference of the Crown was, of course, much more exercised; but the Act of 13 Elizabeth recognised their independence to the fullest extent of any

former time, and there have been numerous occasions since that time when their independence has been successfully asserted. It may throw light on the question if we recall some of the more salient instances of such assertion.

The position taken up by the Universities in early times was marked out for them by the feudal institutions of which they formed a part. The right of resistance to the smallest encroachment on the privileges of a privileged person or corporation was, as we know, not only recognised, but a solemn duty. It was the basis of the whole system. Each institution dwelt apart, so to speak, protecting itself, and looking to no one but its feudal superior for aid in so doing. The inbred Anglo-Saxon devotion to law strengthened the feudal principle of mutual obligations. The Universities, with their dim antiquity and rights gained by custom long before they were theirs by grant, exhibited this indomitable independence more vigorously than any other body. We have referred to their ever-ready method of secessions. Nor were they satisfied with so troublesome a mode of defence alone. They called to their aid the superstition of the times. The cunning of the ecclesiastics had invented what they called the "Curse of St Frideswide," which

degree at a little less, they are each educating about 1800 undergraduates. The prodigious effect of the University Local Examinations is matter of notoriety.

* The eighteenth century, says Lord Stanhope, is to the Universities as "a valley between hills" (the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries), "in each of which one must own their intellectual elevation." "At either of these periods a traveller from London might, as he left the uplands and crossed the Cherwell Bridge, have wandered through the proud array before him of pinnacles and battlements—from where spread the cloisters of Magdalen and the groves that bear Addison's name—to the books and the galleries of the Bodleian, to that unequalled chapel of New College, or to that noble bequest of Wolsey, the wide quadrangle of Christchurch, and all the way have met nothing that misbecame the genius of the place—nothing to clash with the lofty and reverent thoughts which it suggested." After describing what the traveller would have seen in the seventeenth century, he says—"If he had visited Oxford under the fourth George or the fourth William, he would then, amidst some indefensible abuses, have found much, very much, to admire and commend. He would have found most indefatigable tutors, most searching examinations, most hard-fought honours. He would have found on all sides a true and growing zeal for the reputation and wellbeing of the place."—*History of England*, vol. vii. p. 317.

would light on the head of any monarch who should dare to sleep at Oxford. Henry III. was the first to brave this curse. Edward I. braved a similar curse at Cambridge.* The spell was thus broken, but the spirit which did not fear to brave the Pope and Legate, which did not hesitate to hold Oxford, and then Northampton, against the forces of the king, was never wanting in expedients; and the exceeding jealousy with which these literary republics unceasingly struggled for their real or supposed rights forms perhaps the main feature in a great portion of their history. Nor do we find the spirit crushed even under the iron hand of Henry VIII. The resistance of the younger Masters of Arts when their seniors quailed before him is an episode never to be forgotten; while, later on, the sturdy resistance of the whole University to the dominant Puritans when each College had to be taken possession of one after another by military force, and this long after the rest of the nation had submitted, tells the same tale. The resistance to James II., which saved the nation from a French government as well as from Papal domination, was scarcely stronger, though more famous, at one University than at the other. If Oxford clung to the fallen family, after having done its best to resist its tyranny, with a tenacity which was open to the charge of being sometimes ridiculous, there was at least something more respectable at bottom than empty bravado. There was a noble affection for a house with whose better deeds the University had been identified; there was a dread of the return of Puritan ascendancy; there was a determination to support the rights of the Church against the chilling hand of Hanoverian statesmanship. Even the solitary charge of subser- vency made so maliciously against

Oxford by Pope, in the 'Dunciad,' for the expulsion of Locke, and repeated by those who ought to have known better, has been amply disproved by Lord Grenville—Dr Fell alone being responsible for abetting the tyrannical act of Charles II. as Visitor of Christchurch. So well understood, indeed, was this independent position, that some hold that our kings have never used the language of command in reference to the acts of the University. This can hardly be proved; but even Charles I., who, if any one, might have urged his requests after the manner of a sovereign, was contented, when he wished the honour of a degree to be conferred on an Oxford Bachelor of Arts for a distinguished service, to "write on his behalf."

If, then, we may interpret the relations existing for so many ages between the State and the Universities, they may be summed up thus. Their right to independent self-government was always recognised and respected; but when disorders of peculiar virulence occurred, the causes of which they were unable or unwilling to deal with, or when a change of dynasty or a National Reform of religion rendered direct interference absolutely necessary, on such occasions the Crown interfered. If the interference was plainly contrary to law, the resistance of the Universities was considered by the country to be a duty; and it was generally successful. While, then, the Universities have been National in the sense of being representative, privileged, cared-for, and used by the nation, they have also been independent and self-governed. As their property was not derived from the State,† but has been the gift of munificent individuals, so the State has not assumed any further control over it than was positively necessary from time to time

* Stow.

† The exceptions are to the last degree trifling.

in order to put a stop to gross abuses. Nothing approaching to the "paternal" treatment of the Continental Universities has been so much as attempted by the State, except on such rare and special occasions as have been mentioned. It was then but temporary, and withdrawn when no longer needed; the wise English mind perceiving clearly enough that the free independent action of great literary corporations was a thing to be preserved by all means, that such a jewel was not to be bought for money, and that they had at least as much right to the free enjoyment of their privileges as other corporations.

These historical relations between the two parties explain a part of the phenomena which have attracted the admiration of the German Professor, but only a part. The connection between the Universities and the Church of England fills up the blank. Oxford and Cambridge have passed through three phases. They have existed as single and simple corporations; as single corporations with smaller corporations (the colleges) growing up within them; and, if we may use the expression, as compound corporations—i.e., the smaller corporations having become coextensive and commensurate in the aggregate with the larger ones.* In all phases alike they have been in the eye of the Canon Law, Ecclesiastical—in the eye of the Common Law, Lay Corporations. In all phases alike they have until our own day consisted of Churchmen, and of Churchmen only. This circumstance was provided for, before the Reformation, by the Ecclesiastical Headship of the Pope, Archbishop or Bishop of the diocese,

by the condition of the age which placed all education, all learning, and all professions, as a matter of course, in the hands of ecclesiastics, and by the discipline of the united Western Church which admitted of no dissent. Since the Reformation it has been provided for by the act of the Universities themselves, under the indirect guidance and sanction of the Crown. Thus the Nation and the Universities have grown up together, accustomed, through whatever changes, to this ecclesiastical aspect of the latter bodies. During the first phase of University existence, the monks and friars, whose establishments were rich and numerous both at Oxford and Cambridge, had powerfully aided in stamping upon them this ecclesiastical character. The Universities were always represented in the synods of the Church. Laymen, all being churchmen, were absorbed and lost in the great ecclesiastical body. During the second phase, as we have seen, the two faculties of Law and Medicine gradually melted away from their old homes and reformed themselves in London. Thus, at a time when the Church was itself growing weaker, the disappearance of its rivals gave it secure possession. We have seen also that the foundation of the Colleges was synchronous with the national struggle against the monks, and especially against the friars, the Pope's body-guard; as also with the great social disorders of the fourteenth century. Their founders had in view not only the discipline and regular education of students, ill provided for under the older system, but also the provision for Divine Worship throughout the land, the supply of secular clergy, and the substitution

* Yet to speak of the Colleges, under the modern phase, as being coextensive with the University is not strictly accurate. The Halls still represent a non-Collegiate element. It is true they have become very like Colleges, but they are the old Halls still. They have no separate corporate existence. They are fragments of the University.

of such national clergy, trained in accordance with their statutes, for the monks and friars who swarmed over the country and were more or less anti-national. The kings and statesmen who founded Colleges were the men of all others to see the need of this substitution. The statutes of many Colleges bear witness to this feeling, and it is probably implied in other cases where it is not expressed.

The object of the great founder of the Collegiate System, Walter de Merton, has been thus happily summed up by Bishop Hobhouse, in his *Sketch of the Life of that great man*.* "His conception was that of an incorporated body of secular students, endowed with all the attributes of the great corporations of regulars—self-support, self-government, self-replenishment, settled locally in connection with a great seat of study, acquiring a share of that influence in the University which the establishment of powerful monasteries within its bounds had almost monopolised in the hands of the regulars, and wielding that influence for the benefit of the Church in the advancement of the secular clergy, who, for lack of support and encouragement in the Universities, were sadly decayed in learning." "He forbade his scholars even to take vows." "They were to keep themselves free from every other institution." (His words are, that they should forfeit their scholarships "si quis eorum religionem intraverit," "si religionis habitum assumant.")† "He looked forward to their going forth to labour in *seculo*, and acquiring preferment and property. Study being the function of the inmates of his house, their time was not to be taken up by ritual or ceremonial

duties, for which special chaplains were appointed; neither was it to be bestowed on any handicrafts, as in some monastic orders. Voluntary poverty was not enjoined, though poor circumstances were a qualification for a fellowship. No austerity was required, though contentment with simple fare was enforced as a duty." "The proofs of the founder's design to benefit the Church through a better-educated secular priesthood are to be found, not in the letter of the Statutes, but in the tenor of their provisions, especially as to studies, in the direct averments of some of the subsidiary documents, in the fact of his providing Church patronage as part of his system, and in the readiness of prelates and chapters to grant him impropriations of the rectorial endowments of the Church." "The Statutes, like many a document set forth by a man thoroughly possessed with a leading idea, never expressly set forth that idea." "In honorem Divini nominis, in profectioe ecclesie, pro utilitate ecclesiastici regiminis,' are the wide phrases conveying his general purpose, which is much more closely described by their patrons in their grants and confirmations." "Clearly his main end was the benefiting the Church by erecting a nursery for her parochial priesthood in the bosom of the University, a band (not of 'religiosi studioso viventes,' but) of 'studiosi, religiose viventes.'"‡ Merton, it is well known, was the model for all. In Oriel we find the same idea, "the increase of Divine Worship." Its scholars must study Theology, and of these three *might* study Canon Law. The statutes of Queen's use the same words, "increase of Divine Worship."

The great head of the next series

* 'Sketch of the Life of Walter de Merton,' &c. &c. By Edmund, Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, late Fellow of Merton College, D.D. Parkers.

† College Statutes, Merton Coll., p. 6, 11, 27.

‡ See also 'Arms of the Oxford Colleges,' with Notes and Illustrations by the Rev. J. W. Burgon.

of founders, William of Wykeham, remarks that he had convinced himself, after a most careful study of the rules of the old religious institutions, that they had been grievously ill-kept, and if wise and provident statutes could secure the permanency of his own, he certainly deserved to succeed. He assigns, in his Charter of 1379, says Ayliffe, "the paucity of the secular clergy here in England to be the chief cause of this charity of his, forbidding his fellows to enter into religious houses." Lincoln is especially founded for a theological purpose, the defence of the faith against heretics. The Patent Roll of Henry VI. grants Archbishop Chichele's prayer for a charter to All Souls on the ground of the desire to "increase the clergy of our kingdom;" and we find a reference to "the impoverished condition of the clergy of our kingdom, which is daily becoming more conspicuous." The expressions about Magdalen are of the same character. It is founded for the "extirpation of heresies and errors, the increase of the clergy, and the honour of Holy Mother Church," "the support and exaltation of the Church, and the increase of Divine Worship;" and, again, "for the honour of God and the increase of the clergy and of Divine Worship." The Patent Roll of Brasenose indulges in a flight of poetry, and remarks that "as flowers and fruits are nourished from roots of trees, so each and all who desire to study Sacred Theology derive their excellence from the faculties of the sciences, sophistry, logic, and philosophy;" and Sir Richard Sutton declares the foundation to be for "the support and exaltation of the Christian faith, the profit of Holy Church, and the increase of Divine Worship." Bishop Fox is less direct. He compares Corpus to a beehive, where his students "shall day and night make wax and sweet honey for the honour of God and the ease

of all Christians." Wolsey declares his one reason for founding Cardinal College was his perceiving the necessity of training youth "as well in moral character as in literature, that they might commend and confirm the faith of Christ their Saviour in simple minds not less by the example of their life, than by the true and sincere preaching of the gospel." The entirely ecclesiastical character of his magnificent foundation was acknowledged without reservation in the completion of the work by Henry VIII. St John's is founded for "the increase of the Christian faith;" Jesus, for "the amplification and establishment of the Christian faith and sincere religion, for the extirpation of errors and false opinions, and for the increased and continued cultivation of piety, . . . for the common usefulness and felicity of Christ's Church and Kingdom, and our subjects." In Pembroke all fellows and scholars were bound by the statutes to study theology, and to take priest's orders.

In short, in all alike, while the assistance of "pauperes et indigentes scholares" is especially recognised, while the notion of study, the studies being specified according to the mode of the time, is carefully put forth, while a rule of life is a part of each scheme, the religious element is more or less definitely opposed to the so-called "religious life" of the day, that of the monasteries and religious houses. To them they are in fact rival institutions, peculiarly English and National, as opposed to what was Foreign and Papal. They are designed to produce the sort of character drawn once and for ever by the founder of English poetry, "The Clerk of Oxenfoorde," and the "Poure Personne of a Toun." They did produce it. The Colleges, eleemosynary foundations as they all were, opened the door for a certain number of youths of the lower classes to come to the

Universities and be carefully trained for the good of the Church and nation; and as the need of systematic provision for the clergy of the land became more and more pressing, the duty of teaching as well as studying, a duty little recognised in the earliest foundations, became more and more recognised. Lastly, we have the most complete proof of the distinction between the ecclesiastical function which the Colleges were meant to discharge and that of the monastic institutions, in their different fate at the Reformation. While every one of the latter bodies at the Universities was swept away, such as at Oxford, Durham, and St Bernard's Colleges, Canterbury and Gloucester Halls, those which retained even the strongest medieval character, such as All Souls, where the services for the faithful departed formed a leading element, but which had no bond of connection with the "Religious Houses," were suffered to remain. In short, the connection between the Colleges and the secular clergy, the fixed clergy of towns and villages, is as marked in the later middle ages as it has been since.

These facts are all-important in the history of the Reformation. At that epoch the Colleges, which were already almost identical with the Universities, favoured, or but slightly opposed, the overthrow of that which they were long before founded in order to supersede, the monastic system; and that carried with it the Papal system. The keen-sighted Tudors saw the need of retaining and using them for establishing the Reformation. These monarchs resisted the strongest efforts made for their suppression; hence they passed by a natural process, with wonderfully little change, into the Universities of the Reformed Church of England. The Church of the

nation had reformed itself. It was still the Church of England, the Church of the Nation. The Universities marched along with the Church. They were still the Universities of the Church, the Universities of the Nation. "In most instances," says Mr Goldwin Smith, "there is nothing to show that the founders of Roman Catholic Colleges would not have changed with the main body of the Church of England at the Reformation. Too much stress has probably been laid on this connection."*

We need not trace with any minuteness the Post-Reformation connection between the Universities and the Church of England. That is well known in its length and breadth. The history of the Church is in this country the history of the State in most respects, and the Universities shared the fortunes of both. Nurses of the heroes who fought the battle of Church and State against Romanism and Puritanism, they supplied, with scarcely an exception, every man amongst that galaxy of Stuart divines with which we are all familiar. When, in Hanoverian times, the Church staggered under the onslaught of her enemies, it was the University men who fought for her to the last. Through these champions Convocation gave its last utterances in the days of the first George. Even in the evil times which succeeded the suppression of the Church's voice, a Bishop Butler was raised up to illuminate the gloom of Theology, a Wesley to relight the lamp of Christian zeal, a Dr Johnson to lead the way in the reformation of letters, a Blackstone to lay anew, in a noble, religious spirit, the foundations of law. The knowledge of Theology, classical literature, and mental science, was at least kept alive in the English bi-valved heart during the general chill of the English dark age.

* Statement appended to University Commissioners' Report.

When the Universities once more awoke with the Nation, their vitality instantly reacted on the Church. From them issue the awakening notes which are echoed from every town and village in the realm. The Nation recognises their value as religious and moral agents. Men attempt to found similar institutions, but find it as hard as to create from political chaos spick and span English constitutions, and for the same reason;—these things have not been made. They have grown. They have become what they are through a course of ages, a piece of mechanism of far too delicate a nature to be rudely handled.

We have thus marked off the four great historical aspects of the English Universities. We have traced their Nationality politically and socially, their Collegiate character, their Independence, and their Identification with the Church of England. We recur to Dr Döllinger's statement, and we put the two together. That our system should, as he says, "make instruction take root in the mind, and become a part of it, and that the influence of our training should extend beyond the mere communication of knowledge to the ennobling elevation of the life and character," is the simple result of the above-mentioned facts. The people have had confidence in a system which was protected by the State, while allowed to retain its independence; which protected the character of students at the most impressible age; and which was identified with the Church. The Universities, in other words, have established a character of their own in the course of ages, and the Professor has drawn it for us.

Does the sketch of University history here given strike any one as of little use in accounting for the phenomena of our existing institutions and their position with the

nation? Let him, if he is a University man, reflect on the extraordinary influence the past had on the bearings of the commonest circumstances which encompassed his University life. Let him remember how impossible it is to get to the bottom of any question, still more such a complex one as this, without giving full attention to its history. In the old English Universities a man is reminded of the past at every turn of his life. To say nothing of the hallowed memorials of predecessors and benefactors all around; the quaint forms which have in reality so much meaning; and the antique customs which still excite so much interest, we can only understand such phenomena as, *e.g.*, the obstinately recurring town-and-gown rows, unmeaning as they now seem, when we remember the traditions of real, constant, and sanguinary conflict, of which University annals are full. We cease to wonder at the extraordinary persistence of Bacchanalian Commemorations when we reflect on the ancient institution of the privileged jesters, the *Terræ Filii*,* who, year after year, for so long a series, were allowed, on these occasions, amidst the shouts of their compeers, to lampoon the gravest dignitaries of the University. We are the less astonished at the remarkable tendency which our educational system shows, whatever changes may have been introduced into it, to recur to ancient types, when we reckon up the main facts of its marvellous history.

Perhaps we may conclude this paper by a word or two in reference to the German Professor's general criticism of the old Universities, contained in his interesting pamphlet. If the process of improvement be still going on too slowly to satisfy the ardour of our critics—if it is alleged (with much exaggeration) that they are still

* Of these *Terræ Filii* a very interesting account appeared in 'Macmillan's Magazine' for January.

only big boys' schools, have no learned class, and do but little in return for their noble revenues,—candid observers will allow that the improvements, even of the last very few years, have been neither few nor unimportant—that these improvements have not yet had sufficient time to develop themselves—that the men trained under the new system have not yet found their full employment—that bodies which have confessedly preserved a valuable system, lost or never possessed by other nations, may be pardoned if they have still something to learn from those which have made a wholly different system their all-in-all—that the effort to combine both systems has already made some progress, and is in a fair way of making more—that if so many great books are not written at our English Universities as in Germany, the men who write our best books have at least received their training at these institutions—that our boast of making men rather than books is not an unworthy theory of education—and that, the German States having hitherto been small and despotically governed, the terms of comparison do not in reality apply; for the openings for educated men in public life have not been, and cannot be, what they are in a self-governed country like England, while the activity of the first of commercial and colonising States supplies employment for youth which is not found in Germany. It must also be admitted, further, that English ideas revolt at the notion of State-governed and State-nursed Universities—that laws which insist on public servants, or members of the liberal professions, being educated in one particular way, as in Germany, and that alone, would never find favour in our freer soil—that the number of educated men amongst our clergy and gentry is, after all, very far greater than in Germany—that the extension of the Universities to all

classes of our community has already commenced with vigour; and, finally, that the deeply-ingrained principle with Englishmen, that religion should form part of all education, at all its stages, has made them insist on placing their sons where clergymen at least take the leading part, and where that ecclesiastical character which, as we have seen, has attracted men to the Universities from their earliest foundation down to our own times, is still retained.

The revolutions of ages may have rendered it impossible to keep to the minutest points of the wills of founders, and to some even of the leading purposes they had in view. The mere education of young men for a short period may have become far more the business of the Colleges than was contemplated in the earlier foundations; but the reconstruction of Collegiate buildings on their present scale, which has been going on for several centuries, proves to demonstration that this change has long been accepted and approved. At any rate, the common sense of Englishmen has taught them the pedantry of destroying or injuring vast agencies for good, because they are doing that good in a way which was not exactly intended or foreseen, but which the course of ages has developed, and the desirableness of rather devoting themselves to the recovery, in a manner suited to the age, of any of the old uses which have been suffered to pass away, and which may yet be worthy of resuscitation. Englishmen are not willing to break with the past, when the history of that past is such as we have described it. Like the mutual compensation afforded by the different temperatures of the sea and land, the English Universities and the Nation have exchanged with each other the hot and cold breezes which were necessary in order to keep up the equilibrium of a healthy atmosphere. If one was

behind the age, the other may have temporarily fallen with it, but had a reserve force within which gave the impulse to fresher gales; if one was too far in advance of the medium, the calmer and cooler influence of the other before long restored the balance. You cannot afford to part with that which has thus become a sort of second nature.

At any rate, if some of our neighbours despise the old Universities a little too much, some of our own keen-sighted progeny take a very different view. There is no English institution which the Americans so much admire. Mr Everett has lately told us what an American thinks about Cambridge. To be sure Oxford fares differently at his hands; but as he confesses his entire ignorance of it, that need not disturb the peace of Oxford men.

Not long since, however, the writer of this paper had the honour of meeting an American judge, sent over to England on a diplomatic mission by the President of the United States—a man of ripe experience, wisdom, and high cultivation. He said something of this sort: "Don't you believe, sir, what the American newspapers say about England. They do not represent our people. Americans have the deepest reverence for your institutions, and especially for Oxford. They look upon it as the property of the race. They would deplore the touch which injured it. Keep your Oxford, sir—the Oxford which we know. Remove all abuses, if there are any, but beware how you allow it to be revolutionised to suit the theories of modern experiment-makers."

LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN
EXPEDITION.

NO. I.

ON BOARD H.M.'s SHIP OCTAVIA,
Christmas Day 1867.

WELL said Sir Charles Napier, in his own rough way, that in India there is always devilry of some sort going on; for certainly the British soldier in Indian quarters never knows when or where he may be called on to take the field. This Abyssinian business is a case in point. Little thought H.E. Sir R. Napier, Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, as he sat down to his Christmas board this day twelvemonth, that to-day one of H.M.'s frigates would be carrying himself and his Staff across the Indian Ocean to make war on our erst right Christian ally, King Theodorus of Ethiopia.

But perhaps our present enterprise is not best described as above. It is certainly not an expedition against Abyssinia that we are entering on. We have no thought of intermeddling with that country and its affairs. Many of our Asiatic fellow-countrymen are apt to be incredulous on this point, and believe that it is a case of the annexation policy breaking out in a fresh place. They can hardly realise the fact that an army of 12,000 men, with all its array of camp-followers and cumbersome transport machinery, has been set in motion merely for the sake of a small handful of British subjects. And yet so it is. In approaching Abyssinia at this time we seek only our own. If Theodorus, clothed and in his right mind, were to meet us somewhere between his capital, if he still possesses one, and his frontier, and restore to us those whom we have gone to claim, then all that would remain for us to do would be to bid a hearty farewell to himself and his country. There is not much likelihood of

that happening. Hence perhaps the world may never have the opportunity of seeing fairly tested the sincerity of the national manifesto which we have put forth at starting. For, of course, we can no more lay down beforehand the programme of our action than we can foresee the course of events. Nations may purpose and determine as they will, they can only be actors in carrying out the great plan of the one Ruler.

No one, however, can impute to our Government undue precipitancy in entering upon this undertaking. If patience and long-suffering could have brought Theodorus to his senses, they would surely have done so before now. The proffered intercession of disinterested Powers has not been rejected; and the reluctance with which the British lion has roused himself on this occasion is equalled only by the energy he is showing now that at last he is about to spring. The intentions with which we are entering Abyssinia, and our strong desire to let nothing divert us from our purpose of rescuing our countrymen and having nothing thereafter to say to the country, are evidenced by the complete nature of our preparations. At first thought, those might seem to suggest the contrary, and our force might be pronounced more like what was wanted to overrun the country than such as is necessary for our avowed end. But it is just because of the resolution we have taken not to entangle ourselves in the course of our operations in such fraternisations with the tribes of Abyssinia as we could not well shake off hereafter, that we have come under the

necessity of doing our own work, after the manner of Britons, with our own right arm. Had our policy been different, there are probably few countries whose political aspect would seem to offer such a promising field for diplomatic action as does Abyssinia. A company of English merchants trading to Abyssinia could probably absorb the whole country on the principle which the East India Company turned to such good account in founding our Indian Empire, to wit, setting one portion of the house against another until something like order evolved itself out of the chaos, and then taking the order under its own benign protection! It is doubtful, however, if the black warriors of Habesh would prove as passive under operations of this kind as did the rice-eating peasants of Bengal and Madras. On the whole, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that the experiment is not about to be tried, and that our preparations have been made on a scale which will enable us to rely on ourselves. Looking at the matter from a taxpayer's point of view, it is certainly better that we should pay our way at the outset rather than enter the country depending upon local alliances, which, even if they were trustworthy, would be tenfold more expensive to us in the long-run. We have the advantage of a good general in Sir R. Napier, and it should be remembered that this is not the first relieving force with the direction of which he has been intimately associated. The experiences gained when, under Havelock, an attempt was made with necessarily inadequate means to relieve our countrymen in the Lucknow Bailie Guard, may well have had their share in suggesting what is necessary for the success of the present undertaking. On that occasion all that could be done was to share the struggles of the little garrison which it was found impossible to withdraw from their position, and

await the arrival of Lord Clyde's army to effect their deliverance. A flying column such as Havelock's was, and such as some have recommended the despatch of at the present time, could, no doubt, be projected very easily into the centre of Africa. But no great amount of military calculation is needed to show us that hostile tribes might be expected to close rapidly in on the rear of such a force; that there would be imminent risk of its encountering opposition from quarters whence, had its array been more imposing, it would have drawn assistance; and that nothing would have been more hurtful to our prestige throughout the East than if it had been noised abroad that our army, or rather its remains, hemmed in by the spearmen of Theodoros, awaited anxiously reinforcements from England. Humanly speaking, all danger of such a catastrophe has been averted by the wise arrangements which have been made. Difficulties have, no doubt, still to be encountered; but they may all be expected to be overcome as they present themselves.

The Land Transport department, on the efficiency of which we are so thoroughly dependent in an expedition of this nature, has been engaging during the last three months the most anxious consideration of our chief. The towel-and-a-piece-of-soap theory does well enough to adorn a despatch or point a general order with. Possibly it may have met the individual requirements of the grand old Spartan with whom it originated. But none knew better than Sir Charles Napier did that an army in the field is helpless for any length of time without its baggage, and that that baggage, moreover, has need to be on a sufficient scale. It is to be hoped that the experience of this expedition, even so far as it has yet gone, has served to suggest to the Indian Government the expediency of doing something towards improving the supply of baggage-

animals in its own provinces. There are mules, for example, our difficulties in collecting which at the present time have attracted the attention of the House of Commons. It is true that the peculiar character of the country we are now invading has made the mule more than usually indispensable to us on this occasion. But for any country, and at all times, the mule is perhaps the best existing baggage-animal, take him all in all. It is true he cannot carry articles of the same size as can be placed on the back of the camel. But this is not wholly an objection to him, because, when camel carriage has been adopted, and the impedimenta of the army have been fashioned accordingly, and when, in the course of the campaign, the camels die off and cannot be replaced, then it is found impossible to accommodate their loads to smaller animals. Whatever the mule carries, on the contrary, can be almost equally well adapted to pony, bullock, or porter. Now it may well be asked why no general attempt has ever been made to naturalise so useful an animal in our Indian possessions? The introduction of a sufficient number of Spanish sires, with the establishment of annual shows, where prizes would be given for the produce of those with the country mares, is about all the action required of Government in the matter. In most parts of India the common traffic of the people is still largely carried on by means of pack-ponies. In such districts the mule has only to be seen to be appreciated. He would by degrees supplant to a considerable extent the small pony of the country. It is just possible that the brilliant Civil Service to whom has descended the empire and responsibilities of the old native dynasties of India may not have fully discharged themselves of all that India might have expected of them towards developing its simpler natural resources. Small things are apt to be lost

sight of in the grand schemes of steam communication and irrigation which we are so much taken up with. If it were only for the sake of providing the people of the country with a better kind of animal than the existing type of village pony whereon to carry their agricultural produce to the market-town, it is surprising that advanced Indian administrators of the Sir Richard Temple school should not ere this have given India the mule. When next Government may have occasion to set its house in order for military operations, there is no reason why they should not find their own villages stocked with excellent baggage-animals of this description, which could be bought at a fair price with all their gear ready for use. This idea is occurring to hundreds of British officers every day at the present time. But, unhappily, it does not lie within the province of any of those to do anything towards carrying it out. *Mules are being got together somehow.* And although the utmost inconvenience arises from our being obliged to buy mules for the care of which we cannot obtain from among our own subjects any muleteers, and which are as strange to our pack-saddles and gear generally as we are to their ways, yet it is to be feared that, when the difficulties of the time are over, we shall forget all about such trifles, and remember only that mules were got together somehow when they were wanted. If the motley crowd of Persian and Arab muleteers whom, for want of Indian attendants of this class, we are fain to bribe to take service with us should happen to desert us at a pinch, then, perhaps, Government may lay the lesson to heart.

Christmas Day on board a man-of-war has features of its own which would bear being described, were your present correspondent equal to the attempt. Discipline, indeed, has not been suspended, for that it never is in the royal navy. But it

has been draped for the day in holiday robes, and its angularities have been hidden with imaginary boughs of holly ; while an aroma of rum, and a savour as of the real presence of plum-pudding, pervades the ship.

Divine service was the appropriate commencement of the day. Rows of benches had been ranged for the crew, and a miniature pulpit extemporised for the chaplain on the main deck, meet temple for congregation of sea-heroes ; while lines of Armstrongs kept watch from many a port over the waves on either side, and muskets, and cutlasses, and huge coils of rope, were piled, ready to hand. Long sermons, it seems, do not find favour at sea. Indeed, we were not treated to any sermon at all. But the sailors have been carefully taught to sing ; and their holiday hymn of to-day proved, we may hope, no unacceptable worship. It was good to see the little ship's boy, turned out as clean as salt water would make him, his Saxon eyes far bluer than his blue jacket, take his place among his older comrades. If his mother could have seen him, his bare throat rising and falling with every note in the Christmas anthem—a piece of sculpture far transcending Canova's art—she would sleep better at night than she does in her cottage by the sea, for she would know how well the Royal Navy cares for its young sailors. Altogether there was something peculiarly impressive in the worship of the man-of-war's men—something that carried one's imagination away back to the days of the old Norsemen. Indeed, if the congregation had chanted Campbell's great national sea-ode just after one of the psalms proper to the occasion, it would scarcely have seemed out of place or profane.

The taste that the men had displayed in decorating their own peculiar regions of the ship, made these well repay a visit. The tables of the several messes were laden

with an amount of good cheer that gave one new ideas as to the resources of a man-of-war ; and each was adorned with bright pictures such as sailors love to collect wherever they go ; the centre piece always being an elaborate chandelier made of bright tinsel paper, and illuminated with candles. The effect of the whole was very striking ; all the more so, as its gay sparkle was but a faint reflection of the pleasure that beamed on every rough face at the notice their little handiworks were receiving from their officers. The enthusiasm of the man-of-war's men indeed would not subside until, on the plea of having served under His Excellency in China, they had obtained the permission of our kind-hearted Chief to carry him in triumph round the ship, which they did to their hearts' content, with the help of a chair of state borrowed from the Commodore's cabin, and amid cheers that must have resounded for miles over the sea. Depend upon it, if occasion ever serves, they will fight their country's enemies all the better for the memory of such interchanges of sympathy as to-day has brought.

Our unhappy chargers and their Indian attendants can hardly be said to have had any part in the Christmas cheerfulness. All has been done to make the horses comfortable that circumstances permit. The unusual indulgence is granted them of being taken from their narrow cribs every afternoon when the weather is fine, and allowed to stretch their limbs for an hour or two on the deck ; which presents at such times an appearance that would sorely disturb the rest of any old Commodore of the last century, could he witness it. In spite of everything, however, it cannot be said that the animals are taking kindly to a sea life. Possibly, if they could have the advantage of being put through a course of those fallacious and, when one happens to be sea-sick, peculiarly odious

productions of Mr Dibdin's muse, which are said to contribute every year a number of recruits to the navy, they might look at the ocean wave in a different light. As it is, however, they refuse to be charmed; but stand dosing moodily, and somewhat sulkily, in their cribs.

But if it is bad with the horses, it is far worse with their Indian grooms. The horror that natives of India have to cross the *black water*, as they call the sea, is well known. To a great extent, of course, this feeling has its origin in the aversion which is common to human nature to exchange home and country for foreign parts. But certain idiosyncrasies of the people of Hindostan have intensified their hatred of voyaging. Those religious ceremonies which cannot be performed at sea, pertain chiefly to the Hindoos, and do not, therefore, affect the Mohammedans in this view. The same remark applies to the cooking of food. But what does affect all respectable natives alike, is the difficulty they experience when on board ship in performing their ablutions. The British soldier, and the class of our countrymen generally from whom he is drawn, are less particular in this matter. Give him plenty of grog, and he won't complain if he see very little water for weeks at a time. The feelings on these matters which, amongst our countrymen, are produced by education, and characterise only the better classes, are, in Hindostan, innate amongst many of the poorest classes of the people. Hence, a private trooper, whether Mohammedan or Hindoo, of an Indian regiment, who is condemned from one end of a voyage to the other to share with a hundred of his comrades the steerage of a ship, suffers not what a British *private*, but what a British *gentleman* would experience, if similarly situated. Moreover, to wash in a tub, even were that luxury within his reach, is to a native of Hindostan an abomination.

He considers it, like Dr Urquhart, of Turkish bath celebrity, no washing at all; and insists on a stream, or, at the worst, a pond. Water poured over him from his own brass vessel answers sufficiently his ideas of ablution; but to pour the self-same water over himself *twice*, he considers wasted labour. Now, there is nothing in any of the above points which the expenditure of a little Anglo-Saxon ingenuity could not make perfectly smooth for our Asiatic fellow-countrymen. For our own soldiers we very properly have our *punkahs*, and ice machines, and preserved meats, and appliances of every kind. Why could not a few transports be fitted up for the conveyance of native regiments, on principles at harmony with their natural peculiarities? It would be neither difficult nor expensive to do so. A committee of competent Indian officers would very soon suggest how such ships should be fitted. As the result, we might expect to see the repugnance now felt by our native soldiers to a sea voyage very sensibly diminished. The more, too, we can contrive to associate our Indian army in our military operations abroad, the healthier its tone will be. Inaction is productive of a kind of fermentation in armies as well as in other masses; and fermentation of the military body shows itself in mutiny and disintegration. Our weight as a nation could hardly fail to be increased, when it was known that our Asiatic levies were available at any time without doubt or hesitation for service beyond seas. It is true they are so available as it is. The present expedition is placing that fact beyond cavil. But the zeal which leads our native soldiers to face the horrors of a sea voyage as that now is, surely merits an acknowledgment on the part of Government, by everything being done within reasonable limits towards reducing their hardships to a minimum. The increased alacrity with which they would then embark for

foreign service would well reward us for our consideration.

Possibly there are some of your readers to whom a brief exposition of the Abyssinian difficulty, as it well merits being called, would not be unacceptable. That Great Britain should be compelled to depart from her persistent policy of peace and course of masterly inactivity in order to wage war upon a half-clothed humanity styling himself the King of Kings of Ethiopia, is as remarkable when viewed simply as an historical phenomenon as it is deplorable when regarded in all the singular bearings of the case.

When, in the year 1820, was born of the family of the ruler of Kuara—a petty principality forming one of the numerous *disjecta membra* into which the ancient Ethiopia had in the course of ages become broken up—a male child, whose name was Kassa, the plot which has since thickened so uncommonly may be said to have commenced. This Kassa was not the son but the nephew of the Chief of the province. Nevertheless, he seems early to have displayed qualities akin to those which under happier auspices and in better ordered minds have borne fruit in great careers. To unite again into one empire the scattered fragments of what he believed to have constituted the Ethiopia of early history was the not unworthy ambition of the young Kassa. He seems to have addressed himself to the task of subjugating to his sway the provinces more immediately bordering on his native Kuara with an energy equal to the object he had devoted himself to. Success attended his arms; and in a short time his territorial limits had become so expanded as to justify us in regarding him as the *de facto* Sovereign of Ethiopia. He had been at pains, moreover, to establish his *de jure* claims to the position he had attained; and his assumption at an early period of his career of the high-sounding name of Theo-

dorus was suggested by an old prophecy of which he conceived himself the fulfiller. He had also claimed to be regarded as descended through his mother from the ancient royal family of Ethiopia; and, of course, when his successful battles had sanctioned his pretensions, he found as little difficulty in getting his pedigree acknowledged throughout the provinces subject to his authority, as did the son of Darius in similar circumstances in causing the priests to proclaim him divine. Possibly, however, in the case of Kassa of Kuara, the royal descent may have been no figment put forward by a successful soldier of fortune, but a veritable tradition. If the latter supposition be correct, the consciousness of his high birth would, of course, have acted from the commencement of his career as a powerful stimulus to his ambition.

But even when the number of provinces which submitted to his sovereignty was at the greatest, there was still a worm at the root of the gourd of Theodore's prosperity. In the first place, there remained many provinces to conquer ere the glory of the old Ethiopian dynasty could be considered as restored. But, worst of all, a large portion of the ancient dominion had passed in the course of centuries into the possession of the Turk, such for example as the extensive seaboard on the shores of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden. If Theodore could have rested satisfied with the empire which he had carved out for himself in the interior, and forgotten his dreams of re-establishing in its pristine integrity the Kingdom of Ethiopia, possibly Great Britain would never have heard of him in the unpleasant manner she has done. Or if, with the ignorance of an untutored savage superadded to the ambition of his nature, he had ventured to attack the Turk in order to wrest from him the coveted provinces, then he would doubtless have re-

ceived a quietus once and for all. But Theodorus is no mere savage. An Englishman—or, reasoning from all precedent in like cases, more probably a Scotsman—named Bell had long been in his service, and honoured with his closest intimacy; had shared with him many of his early struggles; had been more to him than a prime minister; and had at last been killed while fighting by his side. The rude king seems to have learned much from the counsels of Bell, who cannot have been altogether a bad fellow, seeing that he had carried with him to Abyssinia the works of Shakespeare, and had such a regard for the volume that his royal patron used facetiously to call it “Bell’s Bible.” What lessons Bell may have read him from the greatest of all the poets does not appear; but there is no doubt he taught him this much, that with such resources as Abyssinia afforded he could never hope to try conclusions with his natural enemies the Turks. Neither is it difficult to imagine what direction Theodore’s thoughts would take as he listened to all that his friend Bell must have told him of the vast military resources of our country. Bell’s death, however, would doubtless seem to Theodorus as cutting him off from any views he might then have formed of obtaining British aid. Thus thrown back upon himself, he devoted himself to the casting of cannons, and the creation by every means within his reach of the *matériel* of war. The revolt of portion after portion of his lately acquired empire would have suggested to a wiser man that his truer policy lay in seeking to consolidate by a mild administration what he had gained by a career of violence and no ordinary amount of bloodshed. But nothing seems to have diverted Theodore’s mind for any length of time from his one ambition.

Such was the temper and occupation of the self-styled King of Kings of Ethiopia when Captain

Cameron, the British Consul at Massawah, visited his Court some few years ago. Massawah, although situated in Turkish territory, is considered the natural seaport of Abyssinia; and our resident agent there is the usual medium of official communication between the Abyssinian Government and our own. Captain Cameron’s arrival seems to have recalled to Theodore’s mind all his former schemes of enlisting on his side Western aid in coping with the Turk. He immediately bethought himself of employing his newly-formed friend as a medium between himself and our Government. First of all, however, he thought it necessary to obtain from London permission for the despatch of the embassy which he proposed sending; as also a guarantee that his ambassadors would not be molested in their passage through Turkish territory. A letter to that effect, in which no secret was made of his designs against Turkey, was despatched through Captain Cameron to our Government. After about a year’s delay, Captain Cameron, who seems to have resided during that interval, not at Massawah, but in Abyssinia itself, received from England a reply to his despatch. That reply is said to have consisted merely in a reprimand to the Consul for having mixed himself up to the extent he had done in Abyssinian politics. Our Government had thus virtually thrown cold water on all Theodore’s hopes of obtaining help from that quarter in his designs against the Turks. The disappointment seems to have deprived him of all self-command, if indeed he had ever at any time known what self-command meant. Our Consul, and every European who happened to have found his way into Abyssinia, were straightway seized and held in durance by the irate barbarian. This strong measure had of course the effect of directing the attention of Government to his

proceedings. After much deliberation as to what was best to be done in the novel circumstances, one Mr Rassam, an attaché of the British Residency at Aden, was despatched to remonstrate with Theodoros. This gentleman did not reach Abyssinia till 1866. He was received with every mark of respect. The release of our detained countrymen was speedily arranged, and all promised well. But, at the last moment, the King seems unaccountably to have determined on a different policy. The captives, after having been actually permitted to start on their way towards the coast, were again placed under detention. Nominally they were made over to Mr Rassam, while the latter was himself detained in Abyssinia to consult with the King touching the extension of his friendship with Great Britain! Virtually, and in plain English, Mr Rassam and they were all detained together, in the mad hope that our Government might thereby be constrained to make common cause with Theodore. It may be remarked that up to this day the King probably does not believe he has imprisoned our countrymen in the sense which attaches itself in Europe to imprisonment. The old Persian proverb still current, in terms of which the guest is described as entering his friend's house voluntarily, but departing from it only with the permission of the host, probably represents, according to the traditions of Central Africa, the extent of the outrage that has been perpetrated on the persons of Captain Cameron and his companions. The difference between a consular and an ordinary visitor is probably an unknown idea in Abyssinia. Indeed, Theodore has been represented as specially intolerant of consulates—as much so as if he had read and profited by the history of the British empire in India. There are also grounds for believing that he has latterly not been uninfluenced

by the idea that the departure of our countrymen from his dominions would be the signal for our taking steps of a hostile nature towards him. Interested advisers are probably not wanting in his vicinity who would suggest such a view, or any other view which would serve their purpose of getting Great Britain into a difficulty. Traces of his being actuated by a sense of this kind are specially discernible in his demeanour on the occasion of Mr Flad's final and unsuccessful mission to his Court in the beginning of this year.

But however we may attempt to analyse or account for Theodore's strange proceedings, the fact remains that upwards of sixty Europeans, of all ages and sexes, are now, humanly speaking, at his mercy. Whatever he himself may think of his conduct towards them, there is only one view of it which admits of being taken by civilised men. Envoys and intercessors of every description have been employed in vain for the purpose of showing him the error of his ways. We have in truth submitted to his insults with a patience which, had it been displayed towards a less ignoble foe, might easily have been attributed to timidity. But our long-suffering is now at an end. Were it not for the well-known difficulty there is in reasoning about barbarians, one would think it very possible that this expedition will terminate almost as soon as it has begun—that is, that Theodore will haste to bid our countrymen God-speed as soon as his eyes are opened to the real nature of the situation. If the event prove otherwise, it is impossible even dimly to conjecture the probable course of affairs. Of one thing, however, the people of Great Britain may, and evidently do, feel assured—namely, that their enterprise has been committed to, in all respects, worthy hands. There is little doubt that the difficulties which our soldiers will have to contend with, even if

it become necessary to penetrate into the heart of Abyssinia, have been too generally exaggerated. Suitable carriage for the baggage of the force would appear indeed to constitute the chief difficulty. Other obstacles, no doubt, will arise as we proceed; but there seems no reason to apprehend any such as British soldiers, with a good cause and a good leader, are not fully able to overcome. Every enterprise like the present reads the Government that undertakes

it, and the world at large, its own peculiar lessons. We have not yet finished learning all that the experience of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny spread out before us. This little expedition will be so expensive, and its solid results, for all that can be foreseen, so comparatively small, that it is to be hoped Government will get at least something in the way of administrative lessons out of it. With this sincere hope, I conclude for the present.

NO. II.

ZOULLA, 22d January 1868.

My last was posted at Aden, a place which is sometimes described as looking much as the abode of Pluto might be supposed to do if the fires were by some happy accident extinguished. But, in spite of its igneous appearance, Aden enjoys certain advantages of its own. Its comparative immunity from severe storms has permitted the houses of the British residents to be built in an open style, which gives free entrance to the sea-breeze. Its military buildings are on the most approved modern scale, perhaps not as regards expensiveness of structure, but certainly in the matter of ventilation. If the health of her Majesty's soldiers suffers in their barracks at Aden, it cannot be because the cubic space allotted to each man is limited. The general fault of all barracks—namely, the absence of any attempt at decoration or even enlivenment of their interior—is indeed rendered more than usually conspicuous in the case of these barracks, by the sterile character of their site. Amid all that has been done of late for the soldier, it is but here and there that the æsthetic element, which enters so strongly into all human nature, has received the consideration of those who have planned his dwellings. In England it matters less. The sol-

dier has there the green fields and familiar publics wherein he may recreate himself. But in India, where he has to spend the greater part of the day within doors, the character of his domestic surroundings becomes an important consideration. If we give him nothing to contemplate all day long but four white-washed walls, broken only with the regulation number of windows, it is not wonderful that his mind wearies sadly of the prospect. He probably knows not exactly his own cravings in this direction. But his inner being craves and pines, notwithstanding, just as decidedly, perhaps, as if the man were a philosopher, and versed in the theory of the beautiful. That it is so is shown by the attempts soldiers make, whenever circumstances permit, to enliven the walls of their barracks with pictures. It is surprising the effect they sometimes contrive to produce in this way—when they have the good fortune to be commanded by a man of sense; for there are some commanding officers who would discourage such little decorations as unmilitary innovations. Perhaps in these days, when the best means of attracting recruits to the service is receiving so much consideration, it might be thought worth while to do something towards making the

soldiers' barracks minister a little to the æsthetic wants of his nature, at the same time that they meet his physical requirements. The latter requisite has been abundantly attended to ; and, in India at least, no outlay has been thought too great to secure it. The former might now receive its share of our thoughts, so that we may do our best, while making the body sound, to keep the mind sound likewise.

Small as Aden is, it has its municipality, in which are associated one or two of the more respectable native inhabitants. Until comparatively recent date, such municipalities were few and far between in India. The liberal policy of the present day, however, has given an impulse to the system ; the aim of which, of course, is to introduce our native fellow-subjects to the work of self-government. There are now few native communities residing under our flag which are not represented by their own municipal bodies. On the whole, the experiment has been successful. The local taxes are imposed by such bodies, who have also the control of their expenditure on such works of local utility or improvement as may recommend themselves to them. The Government engineer is always a member of the municipality, and renders his aid in their deliberations. The richer municipalities maintain one or more engineers of their own for the purpose of carrying out such works as may be resolved on.

It would be well if the British Residency at Aden were on a more imposing scale than it is. It stands on one of the many thresholds where Great Britain touches upon the confines of extremest barbarism. Chiefs from many parts of Africa, and wanderers from remote corners of Asia, occasionally visit it. We seem to have lost an opportunity of bringing the untutored minds of such in visible contact with our country's greatness, when

we have located our representative in a building not much distinguished from those around it. A very large sum would not be required to build such a residency as would convey to our savage friends a fitting idea of who and what we are. Expensive and dubious embassies might then perhaps be more seldom necessary.

The Octavia made only a short stay off Aden ; and on Friday, the 3d of January 1868, the good ship had acquitted herself of her part so far in the Abyssinian Expedition, by conveying the Commander-in-Chief safely into Annesley Bay, which is an excellent harbour when reached, though somewhat precarious of entrance. The voyage has been a singularly enjoyable one. From the hour when we sailed in the evening of the 21st December, and steamed out of Bombay harbour, amid cheers for Sir Robert Napier from many a ship's crew that we passed at her moorings, till the anchor was cast within sight of the tent-whitened shore, which we would fain make believe is destined to be the scene of great military operations, not an accident has occurred to mar the pleasure that a voyage on board a man-of-war in fair weather must always afford even to the veriest lover of the land.

Many of the old associations still popularly connected with life on board a man-of-war, have long ago become in reality as mythical as the mermaid's gambols. The tone that prevails among the officers of her Majesty's navy in modern days, is not different from that of any other body of gentlemen. Indeed, it probably never was. In the times of our grandfathers, when good society used anything but good language, and even ministers of the kirk considered themselves as only *beginning* their normal potations when they had got to the twelfth tumbler or so of whiskey toddy, commodores, doubtless, swore, and admirals, of course, got

drunk with the rest of the British people. Indeed, the improvement in the general tone of manners which characterises these days, has made itself felt in even a remarkable degree in the navy. The young midddy, who may perhaps have thrown aside his schoolbooks and declared for the sea because he was tired of his lessons, very soon finds out, when he joins his ship, that he has made a great mistake in thinking to escape the schoolmaster in that way. The truth is, a man-of-war is, for its younger officers, neither more nor less than a great and admirably regulated public school. The pupils, indeed, are already members of an honourable profession, and this, doubtless, has its share in producing the comparatively high tone which characterises them. They have also the advantage of taking part, day by day, in the practical duties of the ship, so that the lessons of their naval instructor, which are proceeding at the same time, receive the best possible illustration. Diligence on their part is secured by the frequent examinations they are subjected to. Not to pass one of those would be to retard promotion, a contingency of which the soldier and sailor live always in fear. The result of so good a system is what might be expected; her Majesty's ships are officered by a body of gentlemen, more or less highly educated of course in different cases, but all of them educated in the truest sense, and proficient in everything pertaining to their profession.

The tone and character of the ward-room and gun-room have naturally made themselves felt for good in every corner of the man-of-war. The rope's-end is as much a thing of the past as the boatswain who was always cursing and generally intoxicated. There is still, it is believed, a cat-o'-nine-tails on board; and it would be even more difficult to dispense with it altogether in the navy than in the

army; but it is seldom indeed that the cat is let out of the bag; and then, generally, on behalf of some offender whose own messmates, if they had their will, would heartily adjudge him all the punishment that he is likely to get. Grog, to be sure, is appreciated by the sailor as thoroughly as by the soldier; but the facilities which the former has of getting it in unlicensed quantities are far fewer than the latter's. He makes up, it is true, when on shore, for the disadvantages he no doubt believes his profession to labour under from this cause. But drunkenness at sea is extremely rare. Indeed, there is much ground for satisfaction at the result which has crowned recent efforts for the improvement of the condition of our seamen. There is a schoolmaster on board for the ship's boys, as well as an instructor for the middies; and the library finds in most ships a degree of favour with the crew which would have made our old friend Commodore Truncheon open his eyes if he had seen it in his days. Even the little message-boy who waits behind one's door ready to run errands from one part of the ship to another, not unfrequently is to be seen poring the while over a book of travels. Some of the best newspapers and periodicals are read by the men. The 'Illustrated London News' seems to be a special favourite. Its pictures serve, when the paper has done its work, to paste on the lids of the seamen's chests, and brighten up, with pretty English scenes and figures, all the little nooks and corners of the ship which the men can call their own. And thus a tribute is unconsciously paid to the educating power of pictures. Local or country newspapers also are in high request. The recipient of a 'Scotsman,' for example, soon finds himself surrounded with all of his comrades who claim lot or portion in the queen of modern cities, eager to hear the news. The Scot, however, appears to be less generally distributed on board a

man-of-war than he is in most places. When all hands are piped for prayers on the quarterdeck, as they are duly every morning, the Scandinavian type of countenance strikes one as the prevailing face in the long lines of seamen that are there formed. This is intelligible enough when it is considered how largely our navy is recruited from the population of seaport towns. If the balance were struck between the sailors' and the soldiers' lives as regards their comparative advantages and disadvantages, it is doubtful what the result would be. The man-of-war's man might justly claim to be less of a machine than his brother of the line has been made into. Much drilling has not deprived him of his individuality. He falls in, it is true, on what is to him a parade. He goes through the sword exercise and the gun-drill, and the manual and platoon and many other performances. But he does so in a rollicking free-and-easy sort of fashion, which smacks far more of the salt-sea wave than of the barrack-yard. The interest of each "hand," moreover, seems enlisted in the work of the ship in a way not observed in a regiment. The sailor goes about his duties on board with the air of one who believes that the safety of the ship depends on his individual labour and intelligence. Not so the soldier, whose concern is chiefly with carrying out whatever word of command he may receive, looking straight to his front, and preserving under all circumstances an imperturbable expression of countenance. If a colonel were to order his regiment to reverse position after some fashion which would necessitate every private to stand upon his head, the regiment would be only too glad to attempt it, if it were only to enjoy their commanding-officer's confusion when he witnessed the complications his order had given birth to. This larger share of individuality which the conditions of sea warfare admit of the sailor's being left in possession of, probably has its in-

fluence for good in forming his character. But it is a hard life that the sailor leads, and one that makes him old when his years are yet far from their full tale. The early age at which he commences severe work may have something to do with this, and so, perhaps, in a lesser degree, has the unsanitary character of his dormitories. There is nothing poetical about the sailor's hammock, whatever the readers of *Marryat* may think on the subject. Let any one pass along the main-deck of a man-of-war towards the small hours, and observe the clusters of dark objects dimly discernible with the help of one's lantern in the murky atmosphere of the place, suspended, like bats more than anything else, close under the rafters of the upper deck. It takes some little scrutiny to make out that each of these is a hammock, enclosing, as in a purse net, a sleeping sailor, whose head is within a very few inches of the planks his nest is swung from. How many or how few cubic feet of oxygen falls to the lot of each slumberer is a piece of statistics which had better not be brought to the notice of an inspector-general of hospitals on the Indian establishment. The large swords usually carried by those energetic personages would forthwith be unsheathed for an attack on the Lords of the Admiralty touching the matter. But as no amount of ink that they might shed could serve to increase the dimensions of a man-of-war to those of a modern Indian barrack or even prison, the subject may as well be allowed to drop.

The limited area of land which lies between Annesley Bay and the Abyssinian mountains, by whatever name it is ultimately to be called, Zulla, or Malkaloo, or Napier Town, or what, is gradually assuming the appearance of a British cantonment. To see a harbour crowded with ships of high and low degree, in what was a few months ago a rarely visited creek, and to stroll upon the beach now

bristling with the *materiel* of war in many a varied form, and to mark the crowding human beings, of almost every tongue and country, whose labour has created the scene, are sights very suggestive of our country's greatness. Here a painted board marks the rude shed where the representative of British justice is already engaged in administering the law,—chiefly in the form of whipcord, richly merited by the unruly crowd which follows the camp. There a more pretentious building indicates the centre of the naval dépôt; where military stores of every description, ammunition for the mountain-guns and Sniders, bales of forage for the cattle, and no matter what, are being piled under tarpaulin as fast as they can be landed. This landing, too, has a tale of its own. Not every benevolent old Briton who fills his glass with port-wine when the health of the Army and Navy is proposed, fully realises all that is meant when the services are described as sisters. He has heard the phrase so often that he has come to reckon on it as a flower in the garden of post-prandial oratory, as certain to appear in due season as the crocuses are to shoot up when the snow is melting from the plot of ground before his suburban villa in spring. But we would indeed go to war under sad disadvantages if we had not our naval officers and men to form a grand *point d'appui* for all our operations at our nearest sea-base. The work of disembarking regiments and stores under a tropical sun is no light labour even for sailors, who work as heartily when on duty as they are generally thought to enjoy themselves heartily when they visit the dry land, on jovial thoughts intent. At Zoulla, the appliances of science have already been brought to bear to a wonderful extent in lessening or economising the labour of man. This was to be expected in operations directed by so scientific a soldier as Sir Robert Napier. The whole expedition, indeed, if it lead

to no other result, will long be pointed to as an illustration of the power of science to overcome natural obstacles in modern warfare. The long pier which has been constructed in order to facilitate the disembarkation of men and stores, is itself no mean triumph of engineering power, especially considering the rapidity with which it has been created; a rapidity, indeed, which is very suggestive of the old days of the Titans. Already the whistle of the steam-engine is heard from the iron horse which is engaged the livelong day in steaming long trains of heavy trucks from the end of the pier to their ultimate dépôt at the Commissariat, or Land Transport Stores. And the portion of its breadth which is not laid down with the rail, presents from morning till night just such a motley stream of life as one would expect to find on the narrow tongue of land which forms, as it were, the conduit into Africa of a whole flood of Anglo-Saxon energy and vitality. The grim blue mountains that hem in the amphitheatre in the background, must needs wonder what strange new race the sea is giving birth to at their base. A regiment of green-coated Belooches from Sindh, fierce and soldier-like; a gang of swarthy porters, whom high pay has tempted in an oft-repenting moment to sail from their beloved but benighted Madras; a gang of mules, huge and gaunt, from the fair pastures of Andalusia; a regiment of camel-drivers, in varied costume, rascals of all sorts, drawn from almost every back slum of creation, except perhaps Yankeeedom, for the purpose of maltreating, swearing at in diverse gibberish, and ultimately levanting altogether with our camels and mules; parties of indescribable foreigners—counts, of course—who have come to see how Britons make war: these, and loafers innumerable, including to a certainty half-a-dozen newspaper correspondents, make up the tide of life to be witnessed on our Zoulla Mall. If it be evening, the sea on

either side is filled with bathers, as ever was pond with minnows on an August afternoon. The boats that are constantly passing and repassing from the sides of the pier to the ships, have to look well to their course, and their oarsmen to their oars, if they would avoid bringing the latter down with a thud on one of the many hundreds of Anglo-Saxon heads that are bobbing everywhere around. The reason that sea-bathing has become so fashionable, is that the limited supply of fresh water does not admit of private baths. He who was only a few months ago enjoying himself in Belgravia, may now be seen of an evening depositing his clothes on the beach, with his head cropped close as a convict's,—the prevailing fashion in this dusty land,—and, with no clothing but the bathing-towel on his shoulder, striding in quest of a suitable spot whence to take his header into the sea.

It must not be imagined that there is aught of disorder in the scene described. Mules, it is true, are apt to rush somewhat frantically about in their determination that, wherever they may make for, they shall put a good distance between them and the hated ship from which they have just been set free. But all the other elements in the picture are subdued by a colouring of order as evident to the mental perceptions as the strong aroma of the sea which fills the atmosphere is perceptible to one physically.

Even the locomotive seems to feel the influence of discipline. Instead of rushing wildly about, and snorting, and making itself generally disagreeable and dangerous, after the fashion of engines at railway stations, it keeps to its appointed place, and works steadily away, almost as noiselessly as its relation, the condensing engine, which is on duty on the edge of the pier, and is hard at work, with a tick-tick not much louder than

that of an old-fashioned farmhouse clock, in condensing the waves into draughts of water fit for man and beast. The pier, which has served our turn so well, has been constructed to a considerable extent by soldier labour. This of itself is a matter for satisfaction. The old idea, that it is derogatory to the dignity of a fighting man to be also a digging man, seems to have died out with the late Bengal army, where it is generally said to have attained a somewhat rampant growth. No doubt the theory was a very convenient one for lazy Brahmins who had taken to what they flattered themselves was a soldier's life. But it is exploded now; and the pickaxe and the crowbar have been preferred to a place of honour hardly second to that of the musket and bayonet throughout many portions of the Indian army. Many are of opinion that it would be wise to enlist all our native Indian infantry expressly as pioneers, and employ them constantly, when the gates of the temple of Janus are closed, in useful public works, in order that we might find in them trained and willing sappers in the field. Men thus employed would be less apt to invent silly stories, or hatch mutinies. It would be good for all parties. The Madras Sappers, for example, are not seen to suffer in soldierly qualities (as those are understood by any save martinets), because of the organisation which keeps them engaged in works of this kind during the long years when the mere man of the musket and bayonet is doing little more than consuming the fruits of the earth. On the contrary, the regiment referred to, when it has had an opportunity, as it very often has, of throwing down the intrenching tools and manning breach or rampart against the rush of assailants, has proved itself one of the very best in the army it belongs to. The Punjab Pioneers, which is doing now the same invaluable service on this inhospitable coast as it

rendered ten years ago at Delhi and Lucknow, is a regiment organised on a similar system. Its men are Sikhs, and soldiers of proved excellence. They belong, however, to a branch of the Sikh people which is still called the Māzābee Sikhs, in order to distinguish it from the original disciples of Manuk, with whom it is only partly incorporated. A Sikh priest of more than usual repute had died, it seems, some hundreds of years ago, at Delhi. It was necessary to convey his bones to the sacred city of Umritsur. The men who discharged this office were, of course, of the Sweeper caste; for the Sikhs themselves, however much they may have revered their spiritual father when he was in the flesh, could not without defilement have any contact with his remains. But such was the odour of sanctity in which the old impostor had died, that the pious duty of carrying his bones was held to have conferred upon the out-castes who performed it the purity and privileges of the children of Govind themselves. They were admitted accordingly into the community. But this seems to have been done only after the somewhat unhandsome method in which the late East India Company used to reward its deserving non-commissioned officers with commissions. Such were only unattached commissions. And the Māzābees, whose descendants number now about five thousand, are only Sikhs of the outer synagogue after all. The true Sikhs will not extend to them the right hand of fellowship to the extent of intermarrying with them. The Māzābees, again, will not marry, or give in marriage, excepting within their own body; hence their limited numbers. Considering how valuable they are to us as soldiers, this is to be regretted. The other evening a strong party of Sikh pioneers was at work on the beach, throwing up, after a fashion

which King Canute seems never to have thought of trying, a barrier to the sea's inroads, when the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff rode past the spot. The men raised a cheer almost quite English in its heartiness; and, what showed still more the pride they took in their employment, they infused an extra amount of steam into their movements, which gave them the appearance of savages executing a war-dance, or half-drunken gillies capering round a still, rather than soldiers labouring in sober earnest. Their enthusiasm spread to the kind-hearted Chief himself. Leaning forward from his horse, as a brawny Punjabee rushed past him, he laid hand on the basket-load of earth which rested on the man's shoulder, and himself assisted in tossing it upon the spot appointed for it. All our troops alike, however—Bombay native infantry not less than Punjab pioneers—have been plying the mattock at Zoulla, and between this place and Senafe, the road leading to the latter post having been made in the teeth of natural difficulties of no ordinary kind, chiefly by the labour of our troops.

The inhabitants of the country lying between the sea-coast and Abyssinia comprise a variety of half-civilised tribes, most of them being included under the generic name of Shobos. That name, however, distinguishes as many sects among themselves as ever did the Macdonalds or Macleods. The soil is naturally fertile, but vegetation depends on the rain supply. That again is so uncertain that cultivation is scarcely attempted. Hogs of great size, deer, and a kind of partridge, abound in the close vicinity of our camp. The people have few wants. Their villages are squalid to a degree, and what little wealth they possess is represented by camels, a few ponies and mules, probably imported by accident from the interior, and herds of tolerably good cows. Intercourse with the opposite coast

has made them Mohammedans of the Sunnee persuasion. They talk principally Arabic. This interposes a sad barrier between them and our officers. Where, in a few cases, communication has been established with them, they have shown an honesty and simplicity in their dealings not common in certain higher regions of trade. They must be regarded, however, as occupying a very inferior place in the human scale. If one wishes to behold a man and brother verging not very remotely on the animal or even vegetable world, he may be recommended to look at a Shoho, squatted among the dust of his native plain. The whole of the tribes are nominally subject to the Egyptian Government; but people out of whom so little can be squeezed, are probably thought beneath the regard of a paternal Government; and so the sheikhs and their dependants are left pretty much to the freedom of their own will.

The headquarters of the expedition has been detained at Zoulla somewhat longer than may have pleased the good people in England. We have certainly not tarried here because we loved the place. Everything, indeed, has been made most comfortable by the foresight of our Chief and the energy of our Commissariat and Engineer departments. The supply of good water from the condensing engines has never failed for one day. The rations are ample and excellent. A large bazaar has sprung up in rear of our encampment, where commercial adventurers from diverse parts of the earth retail wine and beer and table luxuries to those who require them, at not over-exorbitant rates. On the whole, one's feelings are somewhat like Mark Tapley's in connection with our situation,—there is not much credit in feeling jolly at Zoulla. But still it is tantalising to remain encamped on a dust-driven plain, with the thermometer seldom very far below 90°, while cool and bracing heights can

be reached in a day's ride. There have been excellent reasons for every day's sojourn here of the Commander-in-Chief. Certain disjointed portions of the expedition have required to be pieced together, and that is a work which no authority short of the Chief's own could perform. The Land-Transport Corps has been a terrible difficulty from first to last. The whole history of that difficulty will doubtless be one day made patent to the public. Meanwhile, it is enough to know that the department is getting into working order as rapidly as the incongruous elements which compose it will admit of. For the Commander-in-Chief to have moved from Zoulla one day earlier than he could see his way to push steadily onward on his mission, would have been a mistake such as never could have proceeded from the soldier who is at the head of this expedition. Here, he is at his base,—not only ready to direct and organise all things, but situated where the supplies consumed daily by his camp can be replaced from the shipping, without any strain being thrown upon the Land Transport.

To write on the prospects of the Expedition itself would be futile. The electric telegraph, which we have carried with us even here, will probably have flashed important news to the most distant parts, long before these humble lines can see the light. There is something unpleasant in this aspect of the telegraph. In India it has reached such a pitch of development that nothing can be done without it. Administrators of provinces have become by degrees so habituated to its use, that they would fain see it resorted to as a medium for the prompt payment of tradesmen's bills. When this millennium for the tailors shall dawn, it is to be hoped they will feel grateful to the distinguished order of statesmen who are labouring to bring it about. But whatever changes a few days may or may not bring to pass in the aspect

of our present undertaking, the political features of Abyssinia itself are not likely to be much affected by our proceedings. The country is once more much as it was before Theodore had dreamed his dream of ambition, or entered on his career of self-aggrandisement. To Theodore himself there remains nothing of power, excepting within his own camp, which is *en route* to Magdala, and in Magdala itself, which is held by a few chiefs who are still attached to his fortunes. The colony of Europeans which he had gradually assembled around him to cast his cannon, and otherwise aid him in his schemes, remain, like the sediment in the cup, after his short draught of empire. Had it not been for the unhappy accident that an errant consul, Captain Cameron, and the most unfortunate of envoys, Mr Rassam, are amongst the rest, we might almost have afforded to let him deal with his European friends after his own fashion. But with Mr Rassam there, to say nothing of certain others, this course was out of the question. It is not expected that Theodore can offer us any armed opposition. His condition is that of a mere bandit. The empire which he had at one time carved out for himself has been partitioned once more into the normal number of independent principalities. First on our route lies Tigre, a large province, ruled by a prince named Kassa. Next to Tigre, passing in a southerly direction, is entered the territories of Wagshoom Gobaze, Prince of Lasta. We come then to a tract of country where tribes of wild Mohammedans, known as the Wollo Gallas, are ruled by their own queen, who is tributary, however, either to her neighbour Gobaze on the north, or to her still more powerful friend Manilek, the King of Shoa, whose dominions stretch away to the south. There are other native princes, such as the Prince of Godjam, and he of North-Western Abyssinia. But the three powers with whom we

are chiefly interested in promoting a friendly understanding are Kassa of Tigre, in whose country Senafe is situated; Wagshoom Gobaze, the King or Shoom of Lasta; and Manilek of Shoa, the grandson of the Saheela Selassie, who received so favourably the mission of Major Harris. Our route towards Magdala either passes through or near the limits of the three rulers just named. These are probably as jealous of one another as they are united in their hatred of Theodore. Even if we were to fail in satisfying them that no evil is intended them, it is doubtful if they could combine to offer a regular or organised opposition to our advance. Still, apart from considerations of common humanity, it is most desirable that they should be our friends. The position, it must be confessed, is somewhat startling for them. A large army of strangers has mustered at their very door. A force of their hated enemies, the Turks, is also assembling, as if to take part in their destruction. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Prince of Tigre sent an envoy to our commander begging that some one might be despatched to his camp at Adwa to inform him of our intentions. Major Grant, C.B., the well-known companion of Speke, has been despatched with full instructions and suitable presents on this important mission. On our success with Kassa much will depend. We desire nothing from him, or any other of the princes, further than an unmolested passage through the several districts which lie between us and our countrymen, with the right of purchasing supplies as we go. If this be accorded, all will probably be plain before us. If it be not, we may be exposed to the evils of a harassing guerilla warfare. Manilek of Shoa is said to have 30,000 cavalry and 20,000 infantry. Gobaze's armed followers are believed to amount to 20,000. These may be both cowardly and

undisciplined, but God forbid that we should have to fight them. If we have to engage in any such operations, not a soldier of our force but what will have ample work cut out for him. If, on the other hand, our campaign assume the character of a peaceful march, who shall say how directly that happy issue has been owing to the strength of the army which the wisdom of our Government has placed in the hands of our commander? The only alternative before the Government was to send another envoy to Theodore, or send an army such as will in all respects command the position. To have adopted the former course, after the failure of Mr Rassam, would have been unworthy of our country, even if it had offered any promise of success. The army that has been made ready for the task is the smallest force with which it could have been attempted, whatever opinion the strategists of the Clubs may have formed, or be forming, on this point. The all-absorbing question among us now is, What line of action will Theodore himself adopt? It is morally impossible that he can influence any of the princes, who have so lately burst asunder his bonds, to combine in his interests against us. It seems equally impossible that he himself can even indulge the hope of standing up before us for an hour in battle array. One of our rockets would for ever disperse the few thousand followers that remain to him. Our difficulties are mainly political. But in the present aspect of affairs they wear every appearance of being about to melt away at our approach. Let the princes of Abyssinia once feel assured that we have no thoughts of visiting the sins of Theodore on their head, that we are not playing into the hands of the Egyptians, and that we will really leave their country as we found it as soon as our countrymen have been placed in our hands. Let them further see that we are too strong to fear them, or to be menaced into alliances having

for their object the aggrandisement of one of their number at the cost of another through the instrumentality of British soldiers, and then a peaceful success will be wellnigh secured. Theodore himself may very possibly be the first to fawn upon us with assurances that the whole of the little matter which has passed between us has been, like the failure of the late Ministry to gain the confidence of the British people, solely due to a misunderstanding. It is not generally apprehended by those capable of judging that he will lay violent hands upon the unfortunate people whom he holds in his keeping. Possibly we may reach Magdala before him. He is encumbered with some heavy guns, the creatures of his long years of labour and scheming. They seem now to be his Frankenstein. By abandoning them he could at any time reach Magdala after a three days' ride. It is believed by our friends in his camp that he will certainly do so as soon as he hears of our approach. If he never reach his fastness until he can drag his guns with him there, he may never reach it at all, for he has no other draught for them than his soldiers, and the people of the country either oppose his progress or flee before his coming, and leave him surrounded with a desert waste. His character seems to be a curious mixture of the heroic, or even demoniacal, and the base. He is probably, however, not so bad as he is painted; and considering that he is about the only man of note among the princes of Abyssinia who can lay claim to energy or courage, one sometimes feels sorry that his career has been so misguided, and is even disposed to go as far as the good old "minister" Dean Ramsay tells us of, who, after having exhausted in his prayer, *more Scotorum*, every possible and impossible subject of petition, at length bethought himself of putting up a closing supplication on behalf of "the poor old de'il."

OPPOSITION TACTICS.

It will be through no overstrained delicacy on the part of the leaders of the Opposition if the session which resumed work on the 13th of last month come to a close without a Ministerial crisis.

Nothing can be further from the intentions of noblemen and gentlemen out of place than to leave Lord Derby and Mr Disraeli free to go forward undisturbed with their promised Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland. Not to make too much of the declaration of the League,—endorsed in full by Mr Bright, and received and complimented with characteristic hesitation by Mr Gladstone,—that the Government must be compelled to reopen their measure of last session, with a view to expunge from it some of its most important clauses,—we find from the speeches of leading Liberals, of all shades of opinion, delivered at sundry times and to various audiences during the recess, and the pamphlets and letters with which they are at this moment favouring the world, that Ministers are to be interrogated on every point of their policy, and to be very severely handled if they fail to answer to the satisfaction of the interrogators. We are to have motions in both Houses on the wrongs of Ireland in general; on the grievances of the Irish Established Church in particular; on the justice of suppressing it; on popular education, both in Ireland and in England; on University Reform, including the best means of supplying a university education to Roman Catholics in the sister island; on the foreign relations of the country, and especially on its relations with the United States;—on every subject, in short, amid the handling of which there shall appear to be a chance, however remote, of placing the Government in a minority on a division, and there-

by forcing them to resign. Such, if any credence be due to their utterances, are to be the tactics of the leaders of the Opposition throughout the next six months; which they not unnaturally regard as months pregnant with the most important consequences to themselves and to their parties. We use the term *parties*, because it would be a great mistake to suppose that the Liberals are one whit more at unity among themselves now than they were when, sitting behind a Government professedly Liberal, they broke up suddenly into knots and upset the coach. No! the single end on which Whigs and Radicals are alike bent is to expel from office, by any means in their power, the Ministers now at the helm of State. Looking beyond that end, and assuming it to be achieved, the views of one section are as distinct from the views of another as light is from darkness. For Whigs have no more been converted to thoroughgoing Radicalism by the misfortunes of the last few years, than Radicals are converted to Whiggery. They still do respectively what they have done ever since their first overt alliance in the days of Lord Grey and Mr Cobbett. They combine to give battle to a common enemy, but are quite at variance in regard to the purposes to which the victory shall be applied when it is achieved. Yet they take the field, we shrewdly suspect, at the present moment, stirred by motives and swayed by hopes kindred neither in their nature nor in their intensity. Let us explain ourselves.

We mean no disparagement to the Whig or more aristocratic section of the Liberal party, when we say that they are just as much convinced at this moment as they ever were, that the foremost places in conducting the affairs of this great

country belong of right exclusively to themselves. The part which their forefathers played in making the Constitution what it is, their own social position, their high rank and historic names, fully justify them, *not* to themselves only, but to others, in adhering to this conviction. And if the country at large could only be persuaded to adopt their views of the case, there is little reason to doubt but that in their hands it would be, upon the whole, very creditably governed. For the last men in the empire to advocate a democratic policy for its own sake, we may fairly assume to be a Russell, a Cavendish, or a Grey. Every one of these may be prepared at times—in order to insure the ascendancy of his party—to liberalise, it may be, beyond the limits of his own notions of strict propriety. But any approach to levelling; any attack, covert or open, on the privileges of the peerage or the rights of property,—these things the Whigs are quite as much disposed to resist as the most bigoted of Tories. Such we hold to be, in politics, the confession of faith of the Whigs, or the substance of it; and, as we have just said, a very reasonable confession of faith, all things considered, it must be admitted to be.

Unfortunately, however, the Whigs are not strong enough to govern the country by themselves. They believed that they were eight-and-thirty years ago, and tried the experiment, but the experiment failed. Modern Whiggery has, in consequence, ceased to be what it once was—constitutionalism after the model of 1688. It has become the mean, and a very unsafe mean, between Toryism and Radicalism; and the leaning of its professors, occasioned more, we believe, by hereditary rivalry of the Tories than by anything else, tends more and more every year towards pure Radicalism. The history of all the political changes that have occurred since 1832 clearly proves this. As often as they sustained a de-

feat in the House of Commons, or seemed in danger of incurring one, Whig Governments have invariably endeavoured to strengthen their position by yielding something to their Radical allies. As often as they found themselves removed from their comfortable offices in Downing Street, they did their best to win their way back again by still larger concessions. Their immediate object was by these means attained on three memorable occasions. But a fourth occasion has arisen, entirely different both in its nature and adjuncts from any which preceded it. They cannot deal with their own party now as they did in 1842, 1852, and 1858. Their old tactics are out of date; and the distress and perplexity thence arising are doubtless enhanced by the reflection that they have themselves mainly, if not entirely, to thank for the state to which they are reduced.

If ever a Government had the game in their own hands, of the aristocratic leaders of the Liberals in 1866 that truth might be predicated. In the beginning of that year the Whigs were absolute masters of the House of Commons. All that was needed to keep them in that commanding position was common prudence. The whole field of Departmental Reform was open to them; and had they chosen to enter boldly upon it, they would have carried every section of every party in and out of Parliament with them. By what influence moved, it is not now worth while to inquire; they turned aside from that path of safety and of usefulness, and they have their reward. For times are changed since 1866, and the conditions of society are changing with them. A new power has been created in the State, not only without their concurrence, but in spite of their resistance to it, which, though dormant at the present moment, must awake to active life very shortly. What effect this power is to exercise on the machinery of Government in

the future it is impossible with any certainty to predict. This much alone the more aristocratic section of the Liberal party seem to be convinced of, that their last chance of recovering the ascendancy which they once had, both in Parliament and out of it, is mixed up with the fortunes of the present session. If they can only succeed in so damaging the Government as to force them to a resignation, the way may yet be open for the Whigs into Downing Street. Possibly they may find it impracticable to go thither alone. The alliance between Lord Russell and Mr Bright during their last tenure of office was too close—the understanding between Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright at this moment is too intimate—to permit the thought that another Liberal Administration can be formed which shall leave the member for Birmingham out of high office. But one Radical more, even if Mr Bright be the man, will not change to any perceptible degree the balance of power in the Cabinet. Mr Milner Gibson became the most tractable of politicians as soon as he expanded into a placeman. Mr Bright, though scarcely so pliable as the member for Manchester, may still, it is believed, be tamed. At all events it is better to go at once into office, carrying Mr Bright with them, than to abide as they are, and to take the chances of a very doubtful future. Of course the great body of the Radicals will object to this arrangement in its simplicity. They have their views as well as the Whigs; but the Radicals are not yet heavy enough to outweigh the Whigs in the balance of sectional influence, and it must be the business of the Whigs to prevent, if possible, any such contingency hereafter. Their hope, therefore, is to carry Downing Street in the present session by storm, in which case they will have the power of a dissolution in their own hands; and they anticipate that by using it discreetly, and by a wise manipulation of the new

constituencies, they may be able to secure for themselves, independently of the Radicals, a working majority at all events in the next Parliament. If they fail in this, there is really no future at all for them. Lord Derby and his colleagues, perfecting their own work, will go to the country with the prestige which success invariably gives, and the newly-created voters may be fairly expected to support them. Or should the reverse occur—should the new constituencies, contrary to expectation, desert the statesmen who made, and for the first time appeal to them—it will not be to seek for leaders among the members of the great Revolution Houses. Burghs and counties which refuse to return Tories to the next Parliament, will find men of extreme views to represent them. Mr Bright, without doubt—possibly Mr Beales, certainly Mr John Mill and Mr Foster, will become the great movers in the policy of the future. A real, not a mock revolution, will then begin, of which the end cannot be doubtful. Now the Whigs are not revolutionists at bottom, nor ever were. They have played with revolution for six-and-thirty years, using it as a means to an end; but as they deserted it in shoals towards the close of the last century, as soon as it went in a direction to alarm them, so they will certainly desert it again whenever it develops its true character, and the whole order of social life is threatened. The Irish Church, the Scotch Church, probably the English Church also, the noble houses of Russell, Cavendish, and Grey may be willing to throw over; but to the invasion of their own social privileges, among which they include the right of dictating to the nation what its general policy is to be, they will never consent, any more than agree to pass laws for the compulsory sale of large estates, and the distribution of the land among a multitude of peasant proprietors. Let an attempt be made to force upon the Crown an

Administration pledged to such radical changes as these, and the Whigs will offer to it all the resistance in their power, even if they be driven to the alternative, humiliating and grievous to themselves, of throwing in their lot with their rivals, the Tories.

Such we believe to be at this moment the plan of campaign arranged by the Whig leaders among the Opposition, and such its object. They must run all risks rather than yield to destiny at this moment. They must play their last card while yet their own Parliament drags on the residue of its brief existence, in the hope that if the game go in their favour they may so deal with the Parliament which the Tories have created as to make it theirs likewise—at all events for a season. The advanced section of their nominal adherents understand this just as well as we do, and they have their own plan of campaign likewise. They intend to use the Whigs just as the Whigs intend to use them. Not aspiring to a monopoly of office, they will content themselves by opening out a path which shall surely conduct them to place and power in due time. Their design, therefore, is to make the Whigs commit themselves, while yet in opposition, to such a profession of political faith as shall render them neither more nor less, if they succeed in securing the object of their ambition, than tools in the hands of more thoroughgoing politicians. Thus there will be between the two extreme sections of the Liberal Opposition the most complete apparent unity of sentiment, while each is scheming all the while to overreach the other. We do not think, however, that the campaign will end as the confederates anticipate. Midway between these two there is a third party, a band of professing Liberals, who are not so violently enamoured of Whig leadership as to risk the Constitution in order to replace the Russells and the Cavendishes, with or without Mr Bright, in office. They may

lament that matters are brought to the pass at which they have arrived. They may even look back with fond regret on the days when Lord John Russell led the House, and uttered platitudes as sounding as they were unsignificant; but they have already shown that above all party ties they hold the interests of the country to be their first care; and it is not to be supposed for a moment that they will now deviate from a line of conduct so honourable. On the support of this body of true men, a Government which is acting truly may without doubt reckon, and for these reasons.

Up to a certain point everything may be said to be fair in politics as it is in war. It is part of the price which we pay for a Parliamentary Government that the atmosphere which we breathe should be impregnated with the odour of faction. "You must go out that we may come in," is an argument as sound in the lips of a Liberal as of a Tory; and under ordinary circumstances he must be a very unreasonable politician indeed who objects to it. But the argument is sound only when the balance of parties is such that one or the other is in a condition to move, with a fair prospect of success, a direct vote of want of confidence in its rival. It is not sound if advantage be taken of embarrassments other than those which the party in power has created, in order to get rid of that party. Look then at the programme of business which the leaders of the Opposition have set forth, and judge how far it is consistent with public faith and private honour to apply it for the undisguised purpose of placing the existing Government in a minority. First we have a threat, uttered at Oldham, repeated at Ashton-under-Lyne, reiterated at Manchester and Birmingham, and before the Society of Ancient Britons in Oxford, that her Majesty's Ministers shall be arrested in their progress with the Scotch Reform Bill, till they consent

to re-open the settlement which was made for England barely six months ago. Now even this we hold to be unfair. The utterers of these threats had every opportunity of pressing their own views on the same Parliament which they talk of disturbing with the repetition of them; and having divided the House more than once, they were on each occasion defeated. They have no right to demand that the House shall so much as consider a proposal to stultify itself. They will act at once unjustly as regards the country, and unwisely looking to their own credit, if they carry these silly threats into effect. Nobody, we imagine, believes that a repetition of the debates of half a year ago will interest the public out of doors, and still less that the issue of them will be essentially different from what it was last autumn. We put that matter aside, therefore, as a mere *brutum fulmen* which, for consistency's sake, perhaps, Mr Gladstone, Mr Bright, and Mr Cardwell considered themselves bound to utter, but from which even they can expect nothing. In like manner it is hard to believe that any adherent of the late Government will call the present Government seriously to account on the subject of the relations of this country with foreign powers. The war in Abyssinia is no doubt vexatious enough. It must cost money, it may cost lives, it cannot bring us either profit or honour. But who is responsible for it? Certainly not Lord Derby, nor Lord Stanley, nor any other member of the present Administration, nor the whole of the united Cabinet. Consul Cameron may not be worth the trouble of recovering. We daresay that he never ought to have been taken into public employ, and it is pretty evident that his captivity arose partly from his own folly. But let us not forget that Mr Cameron is a servant of the Crown, nominated by the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs,

and that the instructions under which he acted are capable, to say the least, of bearing two interpretations. So also Mr Rassam may deserve, for aught we know to the contrary, the full measure of abuse which has been heaped upon him, and from which Mr Layard, a not very judicious though a very zealous advocate, can hardly be said to have cleared him. But Mr Rassam represents, worthily or unworthily, the sovereignty of England in Abyssinia, and his forcible detention by the prince to whom he was accredited is an offence against national law to which the country cannot submit. Why are we encumbered, however, with all these complications? entirely through the unbusinesslike habits of the late Foreign Office. Had Theodore's letter to the Queen been answered in almost any form when first received—had it not lain for two years neglected in a pigeon-hole at the India Office—no durance would have been placed on Consul Cameron; no special mission to effect his release rendered necessary; no fresh outrage offered to the Queen of England by the captivity of her representative; nor any need created for landing an army on the coast, and marching it through the mountains towards Magdala. As to the conduct of the war, and especially the preparations made for entering into it, these may or may not be open to criticism. But even if in the latter respect the War Office be censurable, on whom ought the censure to fall? On the present Ministers who took over that machine, the clumsiest and worst put together that the world has ever seen, or on the late Government which called it into existence, and kept it for ten years and more in a state which everybody feels to be unmanageable?

Again, we cannot suppose that any attempt will be made to throw the blame upon the present Government of such complications as either exist or threaten in the east

or west of the continent of Europe. It was not Lord Stanley who first encouraged the Danes to resist the German invasion, and then deserted them in their need. It was not Lord Stanley who, being invited to join a European conference in Paris, rejected the proposal in terms little short of insulting. It was not during Lord Derby's administration that Poland rebelled and was crushed—that the insurrection in Crete broke out, and was fed, under Russian auspices, with men and munitions from Greece. It was not since the Tories acceded to power that the great movement began which enabled Prussia to mature her long-cherished scheme of German unity, and gave her the opportunity to break the power of Austria, and to become a menace to Europe. France, alarmed by the enormous growth of her neighbour's army, has raised her own to a million and a quarter of men, and is pushing forward her armoured fleet till it has become more formidable, because more capable of prompt concentration, than our own. All these things are vexations, perhaps alarming; yet none of them, nor the feeling of universal distrust created by them, is due to the present Administration, but to the past. Our relations with the continent of Europe, be they satisfactory or the reverse, are exactly such as were arranged for us by a party which had enjoyed a quarter of a century's lease of power, and so used their opportunities as to alienate from us all our old allies, without securing the cordial friendship even of the revolution. How often have we not been on the eve of an open rupture with France, which the good sense of the French Emperor alone averted! How deservedly unpopular were we made in Germany by the petulance of our remonstrances against what we were powerless to prevent! How distasteful to all settled governments was the countenance given to anarchy in the person of Garibaldi, before whom

our Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer and the London mob bowed the head as before a superior being! How unjust, not to say undignified, our treatment of the Pope, for whose expulsion from his temporal throne we were privately plotting, though all the while the embodiment of volunteers to serve under him was conived at, if not openly countenanced, in Ireland! How feeble our support of Turkey against the insidious encroachments of her hereditary enemy! How worthless to Italy the professions of a friendship which began and ended with words! The condition, then, of our foreign relations, so far as Europe is concerned, must be admitted to be—we say it with shame—positively humiliating. But whom have we to thank for this? A succession of governments which managed on all possible occasions to run counter to the well-understood policy of their neighbours, without so much as trying to put the armaments of the country in such a state as might enable them, in case of the worst, to assert their own. No wonder that England should have fallen, so to speak, out of the councils of Europe. But will any Liberal venture to interrogate the present Ministers on that subject, with a view to outvoting them on a division in either House?

We cast our eyes next across the Atlantic in order to ascertain whether there be anything in our relations with the United States of which advantage may be taken. And here, again, though the spectacle presented to us be anything rather than agreeable, it seems impossible to fix the responsibility for consequences, whatever these may be, upon her Majesty's Tory Ministers. They were not in power when any one of the incidents befel of which the American Government complains. Not by Lord Derby were belligerent rights conceded to the Southern States. Not under his regime was the Alabama permitted to escape from an Eng-

lish port, to prey on the commerce of the North. He took over these complications with the Foreign Office from Lord Russell, and found himself involved in an official correspondence which, if conducted in the spirit which had thus far characterised it, must have led in the end to a rupture between the two countries. There are, no doubt, among the Liberals men who have never held but one opinion upon the whole matter. Mr Bright is persuaded that the proper policy of England would have been either to pay at once the bill presented by America as a solatium for the cost of the depredations committed by the Alabama, or to submit the question at issue between the two Governments to impartial arbitration. But such was not the view of the case entertained by Lord Russell. He declined both proposals, and stood upon his country's rights. We are not prepared to say, trying the case by the law of nations, that Lord Russell's position was other than unassailable. The only law evaded in the escape of the Alabama was the municipal law of England, and it is scarcely competent to a foreign power to insist that England shall pay any penalty for the evasion of her own laws to the State which happens to suffer in consequence of such evasion. But a conclusion may be just which is neither generous nor politic, and so Lord Stanley felt; for one of his first acts, after taking possession of the Foreign Office, was to propose to the United States that the question between their and our Government should be arbitrated upon. The offer, though accepted in form, was overlaid with such conditions that Lord Stanley felt himself under the necessity of objecting to them; and so a difference, which might have been composed, and probably would have been composed, two years ago, had Lord Russell been less peremptory, is still open. We all lament this, probably no one more than the Minister whose statesmanlike intentions Mr Se-

ward has, for purposes of his own, defeated. But will any Liberal get up in his place in the House of Commons and move a vote of censure on Lord Stanley, or attempt to force upon him the abandonment of what he holds as a principle? Or, granting that the attempt is made, will it be supported by Mr Gladstone, by Sir George Grey, by Mr Layard, or by any other member of the late Government or their immediate followers? We think not: we should be sorry, however, to go further than express an opinion. Whigs out of office and eager to regain it are wholly unscrupulous as to their measures. We cannot forget their operations in 1835, or again in 1852, or again in 1859. But our belief is, that if they try this manœuvre on the present occasion it will fail. The country and the House are alike satisfied that Lord Russell himself had right upon his side. They are not likely to censure Lord Stanley for going a good way beyond what the law of right would justify in order to conciliate even an unreasonable antagonist.

It must be, therefore, upon one or other of the questions of domestic policy, which they have been discussing during the recess, that the leaders of the Opposition intend seriously to try their strength. Will Ireland and her wrongs be their battle-ground? Will they insist upon carrying a resolution for the gradual abolition of the Established Church in that country, with or without an ulterior view to the partial endowment of any other? Will they try this matter by itself, or will they mix up with it some scheme of tenant-right? or will they assail their rivals under the pretext of vindicating the people's right to education—to education which shall be compulsory so far as the attendance of the pupils is concerned, and obligatory on the purses of a rate-paying or tax-paying community? or, possibly, university reform may help them to what they seek—such reforms as

shall sever the connection between Oxford and Cambridge in England with the Established Church, and devote the revenues of Trinity College, Dublin, for the endowment of a Roman Catholic seminary, chartered alone or in conjunction with the old university to grant degrees. We will take a hasty survey of these various plans of operation, and try to discover beforehand the measure of success which is likely to attend upon each.

And first, in regard to Ireland, what will Mr Gladstone in the House of Commons, and Lord Russell in the House of Lords say? That the Irish people are thoroughly dissatisfied with their condition; that the country is misgoverned, and therefore going backwards in civilisation and wealth; that Cardinal Cullen's picture of Irish towns and villages is not too highly coloured; and that her Majesty's Ministers must inaugurate forthwith a policy which shall reverse this order of things. This, or something like it, is absolutely all that orators delighting in generalities can urge; and the reply is obvious. If your statements be true—if Ireland be in the state described by Cardinal Cullen, and if all this has been brought to pass through misgovernment—who is to blame? Power in Ireland, like power in Great Britain, has, with very brief intervals, been in the hands of the Liberals for exactly twenty years. Why was nothing done all that while to remove evils so great yet so remediable? Why, if the people be dissatisfied with the Government, was nothing done by the Government to satisfy their just claims? But are the statements true? The evidence of facts is all in the opposite direction. The land is more productive now than it ever was in the memory of man. There is greater demand for labour, and the price of labour has risen. The laws under which the Irish live are the same which prevail in England, and it has not been alleged that they are unjustly administered.

"Oh, but," says Mr Gladstone, addressing his constituents at Oldham, and Mr Cardwell takes up the parable among the Ancient Britons at Oxford, "it is this same overstrained uniformity of system between England and Ireland which produces the mischief of which we complain. There was a time when an attempt was made to govern Scotland as England is governed; the result was discontent and open insurrection to quite as great a degree as anywhere has been witnessed in Ireland. But no sooner were the supreme authorities willing to govern Scotland by Scotch laws and in accordance with Scottish habits of thought, than that portion of the Empire, which used to be a source of constant anxiety and trouble, became remarkable above England itself for the advances which it made in loyalty and prosperity. Do to Ireland what was done to Scotland, and in less time than it took to reconcile the Scottish people to the loss of their national legislature, the Irish will become as good subjects as the Scotch, whether they be as industrious and successful in their industry or not." There is a show of justice in all this. The argument is plausible, but will it bear sifting? in other words, can you draw any fair parallel between Scotland and Ireland, either as they once were or as they now are?

It is not very easy, from the terms made use of by Mr Gladstone and Mr Cardwell, either to fix the exact beginning of that reign of peace in North Britain to which both of them allude, or to trace it back to its true causes. If they take the Revolution of 1688 as their starting-point, two very obvious objections lie to their whole argument. In the first place, the Revolution of 1688 not only preceded the legislative union with England by nineteen years, but it was followed in Scotland by sixty years of exceeding discontent. Two rebellions broke out, the latest of which, but for internal divisions

among the rebel chiefs, and the misguided bigotry of their gallant leader, would have probably brought about the restoration of the House of Stuart. In the next place, the single change effected in the institutions of Scotland by the Revolution of 1688 was the overthrow of the Episcopal Church and the setting up of Presbyterianism as the Establishment. But Mr Gladstone at least—we will not speak so confidently of Mr Cardwell—cannot but be aware that this act of William III. was not a voluntary act; far less was it pressed upon him by a suffering and complaining people. The suppression of the Episcopal Church in Scotland was brought about entirely by the mistaken loyalty of the Scotch bishops and their refusal to recognise the Prince of Orange as their king. "My lords," was the message of the King delivered to a deputation of the Scottish bishops which waited upon him in London, "if you will do as the English bishops have done, his Majesty will secure to you all your rights and privileges; for he understands better now than he did some time ago what the disposition of the people is." "Tell the Prince," was the reply, "that we will always treat his Highness with that respect which is due to him; but that we cannot violate our oath of allegiance to our rightful sovereign." The King had no choice except to throw over a Church which refused to acknowledge him on his own terms, and the Presbyterian Church became the Established Church of Scotland entirely through the chivalrous, but, as we of the present day believe, the mistaken, devotion of the Scottish bishops to the old dynasty.

We should be glad to know what parallel Mr Gladstone is prepared to draw between two historical incidents so dissimilar as these. In Scotland the Episcopal Church set herself aside by declining the King's offer to maintain her; in Ireland the Romish prelates and Church dignitaries demand that the estab-

lished Church shall be overthrown, under a threat of agitating for a repeal of the legislative union. The Episcopal Church, had the bishops been more pliable, might have continued to be the established Church of Scotland to this day; because the Scottish people of 1688 were—we do not say universally, but to a far greater extent than is generally supposed—reconciled to it. The Irish Church is threatened because it professes entire loyalty to the throne, and the prelates of a rival Church clamour for its overthrow.

Again, the Scottish people were by no means universally satisfied with the change in their establishment which King William introduced. In the western counties, especially in Lanark and Ayr, as well as more partially in Fife and in the Lothians, the spirit of Puritanism still prevailed. Mobs lost time in expelling the Episcopal clergy from their benefices, and scenes followed, both in presbyteries and the skeleton of a General Assembly, about which the less that is now said the better. But north of the Tay, and in parts both of Stirlingshire and Perthshire, the people refused admission to Presbyterian divines into their churches, and so bore themselves that the Government was glad to compromise matters by leaving the rectors and vicars in occupation of their manse as long as they should live. Moreover, the staunchest opponents of the legislative union with England when first passed were the Presbyterians. They feared the reintroduction, under the auspices of England, of Prelacy into their own country; and they had the best reasons for believing that if so introduced the great body of the people would accept it. Their scruples were overcome by the insertion into the Act of Union of a clause which recognised as immutable the religious settlement of 1689. Yet not a few of them—we speak of the laity—soon repented of what they had done, and were quite ready to take up arms, if such a

course were necessary, to undo it. Of this feeling, as is well known, the exiled family took advantage, and the insurrection of 1715 was the consequence. It was ill arranged and badly managed, yet it sufficed to reconcile many Presbyterians to the Union; because, much as they disliked the arrangement, they infinitely preferred it with a Prince of the House of Hanover at the head of affairs, to the repeal of the Union purchased at the price of a counter revolution. The Episcopalians, on the other hand, risked their all in the attempt to restore the ancient line of kings. They failed again in 1745, and they suffered, not in their persons and estates alone, but in their religion. Is Mr Gladstone prepared, after disestablishing the Church in Ireland, to promote the enactment of laws which shall declare the act of worshipping in Ireland according to the rites of the abolished Church penal? Is he going to pass statutes which shall doom an Episcopal clergyman to transportation if he officiate to more than four persons additional to his own family? and an Episcopalian layman liable to fine and imprisonment who attends upon the ministrations of the proscribed clergy? Yet so Scotland was treated.

Again, have Mr Gladstone and Mr Cardwell forgotten that the true cause of the disquiet prevalent in Scotland till after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 was neither religious nor political, but social? It was not because the laws were different in Scotland from what they are now that the people disregarded them; much less was the turbulence of the Scottish people owing to any passionate desire of securing for their Church a democratic form of government, the Geneva cloak, and a service without a liturgy. The people were turbulent in Scotland down to 1746, because, till after the battle of Culloden and the legislation consequent thereupon, hereditary jurisdictions were up-

held among them to an extent of which the present generation seems to retain no knowledge. How could Imperial law make itself respected in the Highlands, where every chief claimed the allegiance of his clansmen, and obtained it? or exercise any except the feeblest influence in the Borders, or among such Lowland septes as occupied the northern counties? Questions of Church or Kirk had very little indeed to say to outrages which had their origin in hereditary or traditional feuds. No. A people must be taught to obey the laws before they can be trained by others or train themselves to the pursuits of industry; and this great lesson the Scottish people never learnt till after the failure of the insurrection of 1745. Now, in Ireland, though the customs of clanship be deranged, nothing worthy to be called the reign of law has as yet taken their place. By all means, therefore, treat Ireland in 1868 as Scotland was treated in 1746 if you be so disposed. Put down with a high hand those hindrances to the reign of law which a seditious press, a disloyal priesthood, and secret associations impose, and then see whether or no the habits of the people will not change of their own accord for the better. At all events, do not act on such suggestions as men but half informed on the subjects which they are discussing rashly throw out. The disestablishment of the Church would gratify the priests and some thousands perhaps of violent ultramontanists among the higher and middle classes. The bulk of the Irish people take no interest whatever in that subject. On the other hand, the proceeding would rouse into fury the religious animosities of a million and a half of the most intelligent and wealthy of the whole Irish race. You have very little loyalty now to count upon among the hierarchy. You have no loyalty to any Church or to any settled form of government among the Fenians. If you desire to make Ireland disloyal from

one extremity to another, and to introduce into it the elements of internecine civil strife, by all means destroy the Established Church and you will be gratified. But what then? Are you to have no Established Church in Ireland, or three Establishments? And if Establishments you have, are they to be so independent of State control as to become even greater hindrances to good government than the Church of Rome, powerful even in a Protestant state, is and must always be? Besides, will it not be becoming at all events to wait until the Royal Commission reports before you proceed to legislate upon a subject to inquire into which, and sift the evidence brought forward on all sides, that Commission was appointed? It is quite possible, therefore, that an effort may be made to commit the House to some abstract resolution, such as in 1836 served the purpose for which it was intended by forcing Sir Robert Peel to a resignation. But there are two excellent reasons why, in our opinion, the attempt will not be made in earnest, or if made that it will fail. In the first place, a House constituted as the present House of Commons is, will be loath to express a decided opinion on matters which it feels that it has not power to grapple with in earnest. In the next, the Government would probably not consider that it was bound to resign because a moribund House had placed it, upon an abstract question, in a minority. If the Opposition conceive that they are strong enough to carry a legislative measure abolishing the Irish Church, let them do so. In this case office must become the spoil of their victory; but the present is not the time when a mere vote of one branch of the legislature can determine the existence of Administrations. We must wait till the new constituencies show what stuff they are made of before we accept a decision of the House of Commons as final on any point

other than its own privileges. On these grounds, though we entirely credit the current rumour that Mr Gladstone is desirous of trying his strength with the Government on the question of the Irish Church, we doubt whether even he will be so far carried away by feeling as to commit himself uselessly to pure Radicalism. Mr Gladstone, with all his defects of temper, cannot quite shake himself free from the influences of early training. If he have ceased to retain the strong opinions of his youth on the subject of the Church in connection with the State, he is still capable of appreciating the importance on that point of deliberate legislation. Having assented to the appointment of a Royal Commission, he can scarcely desire to anticipate its recommendations, however strongly urged by party ties to act in despite of them if they counsel moderation. Not so his quondam chief, the great head of the Whig aristocracy, Earl Russell. The energy of that noble Lord appears to suffer no abatement from the advance of age. He is as eager for the fray as if he were beginning instead of approaching the end of a long public career, and will brook no delay, no hesitation in bringing on the struggle which is to determine whether office be yet once again accessible to him. He can no longer lead the attack in the House of Commons, but he can suggest to others how they are to proceed, and his plan of battle is as characteristic as it is simple. He is averse to interfere with the rights of property when property is in the hands of laymen. He considers the system of national education to be upon the whole well suited to the condition of Ireland and the wants of its people. He is indifferent, or seems to be so, to the wisdom of setting up a Roman Catholic university in Dublin; but he is bent on the disestablishment of the Protestant Church. The existence of that Church in close connection with the State lies,

in his view of the case, at the root of all the disquiet of Ireland. Sever the tie which links them together, and Ireland will become as loyal and satisfied as could be wished.

We are not going to review at any length Lord Russell's letter to Mr Chichester Fortescue. Like every other production of his Lordship's indefatigable pen, it damages the cause which it is designed to support by the unscrupulous manner in which, from time to time, the truths of history are bent to serve particular purposes. His introductory sketch is fair enough; nor have we any serious objection to offer to the view which he takes of the state of things, and of the causes of it, between 1766 and 1829. In 1760, and for a good many years afterwards, the Whigs were lords of the ascendant; and if the Tories on displacing them committed mistakes in like manner, they at least did their best to relax the springs of Irish industry. But what possible good can arise from dragging into light at this time of day errors both in policy and fiscal arrangements which have long been condoned? According to the showing of the document now before us, the Irish have nothing at this moment to complain of except that the Established Church is still among them. The Tithe Commutation Act threw upon Protestant landlords all liability for the stipends of the clergy, and enabled them to deduct 25 per cent from the amount in compensation for the trouble to which they are put. The Church Temporalities Act got rid of Church cess. The introduction of the Poor-Law put an end, in a great degree, to mendicancy; and to the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act Ireland is indebted for countless blessings. Hear Lord Russell himself on that subject:—

“Property of the value of thirty millions has changed masters in consequence of this and supplementary Acts. I may here briefly state the effect of these and some concomitant changes

acting at the same time with a large voluntary emigration.

“1. The landlord very seldom finds, on the expiration of a lease, that his estate is so crowded with pauper tenants as to induce him to have recourse to one of those wholesale evictions of which the circumstances are so painful and so dreadful.

“2. The middleman having in a great measure disappeared, the landlord receives a better rent, while the tenant is less pinched by the landlord's demands. For instance, the late Lord Duncannon found a part of his estate let to a middleman, who paid him 15s. an acre, while he received from the tenant 25s. The lease expired; Lord Duncannon let the land for 20s. an acre, the tenant paying 5s. less, and the landlord receiving 5s. more.

“3. Improving tenants are far more common than they were, and more generally encouraged by the landlord. Even those who are esteemed absentee landlords frequently pass a considerable portion of the recess of Parliament in Ireland, and are able to inspect the farms, and encourage and assist their improving tenants. In 1801, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Lord Bessborough seldom visited Ireland. The passage by sea was long; the posting by road tedious; their neighbours few, and their houses uncomfortable. At the present time, the owners of these titles frequently visit Ireland, do much good, and are, together with their families, very popular.

“4. The labourer receives in many counties 9s. a-week; in 1831 he scarcely found employment at 5s. a-week.

“5. The pauper has a secure refuge in a workhouse where he need not fear to starve. The Poor-Law Commissioners, totally unconnected with politics, perform their duties firmly and impartially.

“6. The number of evictions has very materially diminished.”

Common reasoners, with such facts before them, would arrive at the conclusion that on the whole the condition of Ireland has been much improved of late years; and that in order to raise it still higher in the scale of civilisation little else is necessary than the establishment of manufactures in the country, and a more constant residence of the owners of the soil among their tenantry and labourers. This, however, is not Lord Russell's view of the case. He sees no hope of rest for Ireland till the Church shall be

disestablished, and its revenues divided—upon a scale set forth in his pages—among the three leading denominations into which the people are distributed. Now the proposed remedy for disaffection in Ireland is not new. It has been urged upon us by other writers than Lord Russell, though he alone has ventured to base his argument on a review of the treatment which Scotland received. And, as might be expected, he has altogether missed his parallel. Did either William III. or Somers say or do one word or one act which operated in any way towards the pacification of Scotland? Was ever statement so utterly groundless as the following?

“In Scotland just laws and impartial government have erased from the mind ‘the written troubles of the brain.’ The perfidy of the Plantagenets, the tyranny of the Tudors, the oppression and duplicity of the Stuarts, and even the Massacre of Glencoe, have all been effaced. Instead of recalling the past woes of Ireland, ought we not to use the example of *William and of Somers in their conduct to Scotland as a guide in our conduct towards Ireland?*”

But more disingenuous still is his reference to the declaration of the Limerick priests, and the quotation which is given from their manifesto—“A land-tenure will accomplish something; the removal of the Protestant ascendancy, by placing the Protestant Church in the same position before the State as the Catholic Church, will do much.” Why stop there? Why urge immediate adoption of a measure “that will do much” without showing us how much? Let the priests tell their own tale, without so much as a break in the sentence which Lord Russell has transferred from their pages to his own:—

“Equality in education, and the removal of the anomaly of giving a freedom of education on the condition of people giving up freedom, will do its share, and we will hail all and any of them with thankfulness; but we feel bound to say that when all of them have been granted, safety from foreign danger, perfect development of home

resources, and, we repeat, above all, the heart of the country, will require nationality.

“Give Ireland her own Legislature, and the government of her own resources, nationality and a federal amity, will be a tower of strength to the empire.”

And that there may be no mistake about all this, we transcribe in full the fourth declaration:—

“That the very nature of the remedies required to make Ireland rich and contented renders it impossible for a British Parliament to adopt and apply them; and besides that, home aspirations and the plea for Irish intervention from abroad can never be met unless by restoring to Ireland her nationality, re-establishing the Sovereign and the Lords and Commons of Ireland.”

After this, is Lord Russell weak enough to imagine that the House of Commons will be hurried into premature action because of any reasons assigned for prompt action in his letter to Mr Chichester Fortescue? Hear the ‘Tablet,’ the great Roman Catholic organ, on that head:

“It is very well understood in Ireland that the Church question and the land question, as they are now pressed upon public attention, do not mean, How is this or that measure for the public good to be obtained? but only, How are the Tories to be put out, and how are the Liberals to be brought in? Is it not beyond dispute, that if it were announced to-morrow that the present Government were going to bring in a bill to grant three or four of the principal demands which of late years have been urged on the part of Catholics, this news would cause far greater disappointment to some of those Catholics who have publicly urged those demands than it would cause to any Protestant who has hitherto opposed them?”

“But the question arises,” continues Lord Russell, “Ought the Irish people and their representatives to allow the Ministry, as Lord Stanley suggests, another year for further instructions from the great professor? No; let us say decidedly no. For the question is one which will not brook delay, and the interests of Ireland must not be postponed to suit the convenience of any political party. We cannot, therefore, accept the Bristol stone offered us by Lord Stanley as a real diamond.”

Lord Russell may take our word

for it, that whatever may be done with the revenues of the Established Church, they will not be divided by the measure of eight among the three religious bodies which he patronises. His friends of the Liberation Society are just as much adverse to that arrangement as the Protestants of Ireland themselves. They may vote for confiscation in the abstract, but they will certainly leave their leader in the lurch as soon as he shall propose to redistribute the spoil. Meanwhile the philosophers of the House—the economists *par excellence*—of whom Mr John Stuart Mill is the representative man—have their cure also for the ills of Ireland; and there is, at least, as much to be said in favour of their mode of pacification as of a profitless crusade against the Church. Mr Mill, like Lord Russell, rushes into print, and, repeating himself on the general subject of a peasant-proprietary, goes on to explain how, and by what agency, the institution is to be established specially in Ireland, and for the benefit of the Irish people. Observe that Mr Mill is entirely opposed to a severance of the British connection. He will keep Ireland still an integral portion of the British Empire, and make laws for it as he makes them for England and Scotland, through the instrumentality of a United Parliament; but the rights of property he flings to the winds. A single extract will suffice to show both the end at which he is aiming and the means by which he proposes to bring it about:—

“At a particular moment of the revolutionary war, a French armament, led by the illustrious Hoche, was only prevented by stress of weather from effecting a landing in Ireland. At that moment it was on the cards whether Ireland should not belong to France, or at least be organised as an independent country under French protection. Had this happened, does any one believe that the Irish peasant would not have become even as the French peasant? When the great landowners had fled, as they would have fled, to England, every farm on

their estates would have become the property of the occupant, subject to some fixed payment to the State. Ireland would then have been in the condition in which small farming, and tenancy by manual labourers, are consistent with good agriculture and public prosperity. The small holder would have laboured for himself and not for others, and his interest would have coincided with the interest of the country in making every plot of land produce its utmost. What Hoche would have done for the Irish peasant, or its equivalent, has still to be done; and any government which will not do it does not fulfil the rational and moral conditions of a government. There is no necessity that it should be done as Hoche would most likely have done it, without indemnity to the losers. A few years ago it might not have been necessary to do as much as he would have done. The distribution of the waste land in peasant properties might then have sufficed. Perhaps even such small measures as that of securing to tenants a moderate compensation, in money or by length of lease, for improvements actually made, and abolishing the unjust privilege of distraining for rent, might have appeased or postponed disaffection, and given to great-landlordism a fresh term of existence. But such reforms as these, granted at the last moment, would hardly give a week's respite from active disaffection. The Irish are no longer reduced to take anything they can get. They have acquired the sense of being supported by prosperous multitudes of their countrymen on the opposite side of the Atlantic. These it is who will furnish the leaders, the pecuniary resources, the skill, the military discipline, and a great part of the effective force, in any future Irish rebellion: and it is the interest of these auxiliaries to refuse to listen to any form of compromise, since no share of its benefits would be for them, while they would lose the dream of a place in the world's eye as chiefs of an independent republic. With these for leaders, and a people like the Irish, always ready to trust implicitly those whom they think hearty in their cause, no accommodation is henceforth possible which does not give the Irish peasant all that he could gain by a revolution—permanent possession of the land, subject to fixed burthens. Such a change may be revolutionary; but revolutionary measures are the thing now required. It is not necessary that the revolution should be violent, still less that it should be unjust. It may and it ought to re-

spect existing pecuniary interests which have the sanction of law. An equivalent ought to be given for the bare pecuniary value of all mischievous rights which landlords or any others are required to part with. But no mercy ought to be shown to the mischievous rights themselves; no scruples of purely English birth ought to stay our hands from effecting, since it has come to that, a real revolution in the economical and social constitution of Ireland. In the completeness of the revolution will lie its safety. Anything less than complete, unless as a step to completion, will give no help. There has been a time for proposals to effect this change by a gradual process, by encouragement of voluntary arrangements; but the volume of the Sibyl's books which contained them has been burned. If ever, in our time, Ireland is to be a consenting party to her union with England, the changes must be so made that the existing generation of Irish farmers shall at once enter upon their benefits. The rule of Ireland now rightfully belongs to those who, by means consistent with justice, will make the cultivators of the soil of Ireland the owners of it; and the English nation has got to decide whether it will be that just ruler or not."

Our readers, we presume, neither expect nor desire that we should waste their time and our own in the elaborate refutation of nonsense like this. He who makes such a proposal ought not to stop there. If Ireland is to be governed on principles like these, she must be thrown back in her social condition to the state in which the first of the Norman conquerors found her. The old tribal system in all its simplicity must be reintroduced, and a people civilised up to a certain point, and ripe for being carried beyond it, must be reduced once more to utter barbarism. For the Irish are not like the French, provident even as regards marriage. Every man put in possession of his tiny estate would at once take a wife; and in the course of a generation or two we should have over again all the evils from which the famine and the emigration consequence upon it delivered us. But it is labour lost to refute a theory which has nothing to commend it to the serious notice of thinking

men. Mr Mill professes, we believe, political allegiance to Lord Russell; at all events he is a member, and a distinguished member, of the great Liberal party. When he shall succeed in bringing over his chief to the views which he expresses, then, but not till then, may he hope for more efficient support in the House than he is likely to command in the present session. For Lord Russell, more consistent than the member for Westminster, cannot, as yet, see how a state of society which would be good for Ireland, ought not to be equally beneficial in its consequences were it adopted in England. Here is the conclusion at which he arrives:—

"Let us suppose for a minute that all the difficulties of converting tenants into landlords were overcome, and then consider what would be the practical consequences of establishing in England and Ireland some legal, equitable mode of creating a great number of small landholders, say of twenty acres each, and of the yearly value of £1 per acre. The English freeholder, acting on the principle of free trade in land, finding that his twenty acres would sell at forty years' purchase, and that at 5 per cent he would obtain £40 a-year, and at 4 per cent £32 a-year, would sell his land. He would easily find a secure investment at 4 per cent, and a tolerably secure one at 5 per cent. His family would rejoice; and the difference of income would be to him of much more importance than the freehold franchise; while the buyer, being probably a large proprietor, would be willing to get 2 or 2½ per cent for his purchase-money, and would consider the convenience of having twenty acres of preserve for his game bordering on, or perhaps enclosed in, his large estate of more importance than the difference of income. In Ireland, on the other hand, the small landowner would keep his freehold, and would take advantage of his property to introduce numerous sons, sons-in-law, and brothers-in-law on the twenty acres, not one of whom would improve the land, not one of whom would maintain that degree of comfort and ease which bespeaks a happy, instructed, and contented people. Thus, in England the progress of absorption by the rich would go on; while Ireland would make a large retrograde step, and old evils and old miseries, a wretched tenantry, low wages, ragged

clothing, and precarious subsistence, would reappear in all their deformity."

There still remains to be considered the great question of Education as it affects the various grades of society both in England and in Ireland—in other words, the principle on which elementary instruction is and ought to be carried on among the humbler classes in each section of the empire, and the purposes for which our public schools and universities exist, and the extent to which they achieve their purposes. This, too, if we be rightly informed, is to be taken up as a means of embarrassing the Government. But whatever the intentions of the Liberals may be, we must decline so to deal with it. The subject is too important in both its proximate and remote consequences to be treated as a mere lever wherewith to move parties. Indeed we will go further. The spirit of party ought not to enter into any discussion which has for its object the promotion of measures for the education of a whole people. Men may, and doubtless will, take different views as to the best mode of attaining that end; nor can we expect them all to be of the same mind in regard to the objects to be accomplished by the end when we have reached it. Mr Lowe, for example, appears to consider that education is valuable only in proportion as it sharpens men's wits, and enables them to start with the best prospect of success in the race after wealth. Others conceive that the business of the instructor is rather to enlarge the faculties

and refine the tastes, so that the race after wealth, if it be run at all, shall be run fairly. A third party look still farther, and propose to ground both cleverness and breadth of intellect on principles of moral and religious truth. Probably there is among these apparent rivals much less of diversity of sentiment than the superficial observer supposes, yet it is quite possible for them so to work their respective hobbies that they shall pull in quite opposite directions. And therefore it is by no means beyond the verge of possibility, that the question of education, as well in its lower as in its higher aspect, may degenerate into a faction fight. Let us hope that things will not take this course.

Meanwhile the Government, indifferent to the perils with which it is threatened, enters at once, and with becoming spirit, on the career of duty. The Lord Advocate has brought forward his Reform Bill in a speech remarkable for its force and clearness, and has been met by an opposition which gives no great reason to hope that out of the debates which are yet to follow Scotland will come except with discredit. It is impossible for us, within the limits at our disposal, to notice in detail either the attack or the defence, as far as they have yet gone. Better opportunities of doing so will occur hereafter; but this much we are bound to say in passing, that the impression left upon the House by the exhibition of oratory with which Messrs Baxter and M'Laren favoured it was anything but flattering to the national character.



FOR AMATEURS AND GARDENERS.

This day is published, in crown octavo, price 7s. 6d.

**HANDY BOOK
OF
THE FLOWER - GARDEN:**

BEING PLAIN, PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE
PROPAGATION, CULTURE, AND ARRANGEMENT
OF

PLANTS IN FLOWER-GARDENS

ALL THE YEAR ROUND;

EMBRACING ALL CLASSES OF GARDENS, FROM THE LARGEST TO THE SMALLEST; WITH
ENGRAVED PLANS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE VARIOUS SYSTEMS OF
GROUPING IN BEDS AND BORDERS.

BY DAVID THOMSON,

Gardener to LADY MARY C. NESBIT HAMILTON,
Archerfield and Dirlston Gardens.

THE
BOOK OF THE GARDEN.

BY CHARLES M'INTOSH.

In 2 large vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1653 Engravings.

Each Volume may be had separately—viz.:

- I. ARCHITECTURAL AND ORNAMENTAL.—On the Formation of Gardens—Construction, Heating, and Ventilation of Fruit and Plant Houses, Pits, Frames, and other Garden Structures, with Practical Details. Illustrated by 1973 Engravings, pp. 761. £2, 10s.
- II. PRACTICAL GARDENING.—Directions for the Culture of the Kitchen Garden, the Hardy-fruit Garden, the Forcing Garden, and Flower Garden, including Fruit and Plant Houses, with Select Lists of Vegetables, Fruits, and Plants. Pp. 808, with 279 Engravings. £1, 37s. 6d.

THE GARDENER:

A MAGAZINE OF

HORTICULTURE AND FLORICULTURE.

EDITED BY WILLIAM THOMSON,

DALKRITH GARDENS,

Author of 'A Treatise on the Culture of the Vine,' &c.

ASSISTED BY A STAFF OF PRACTICAL GARDENERS.

Published Monthly, price 6d.

The Volume for 1867, with Index, may be had bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

APRIL MDCCCLXVIII.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

Nº. DCXXX.



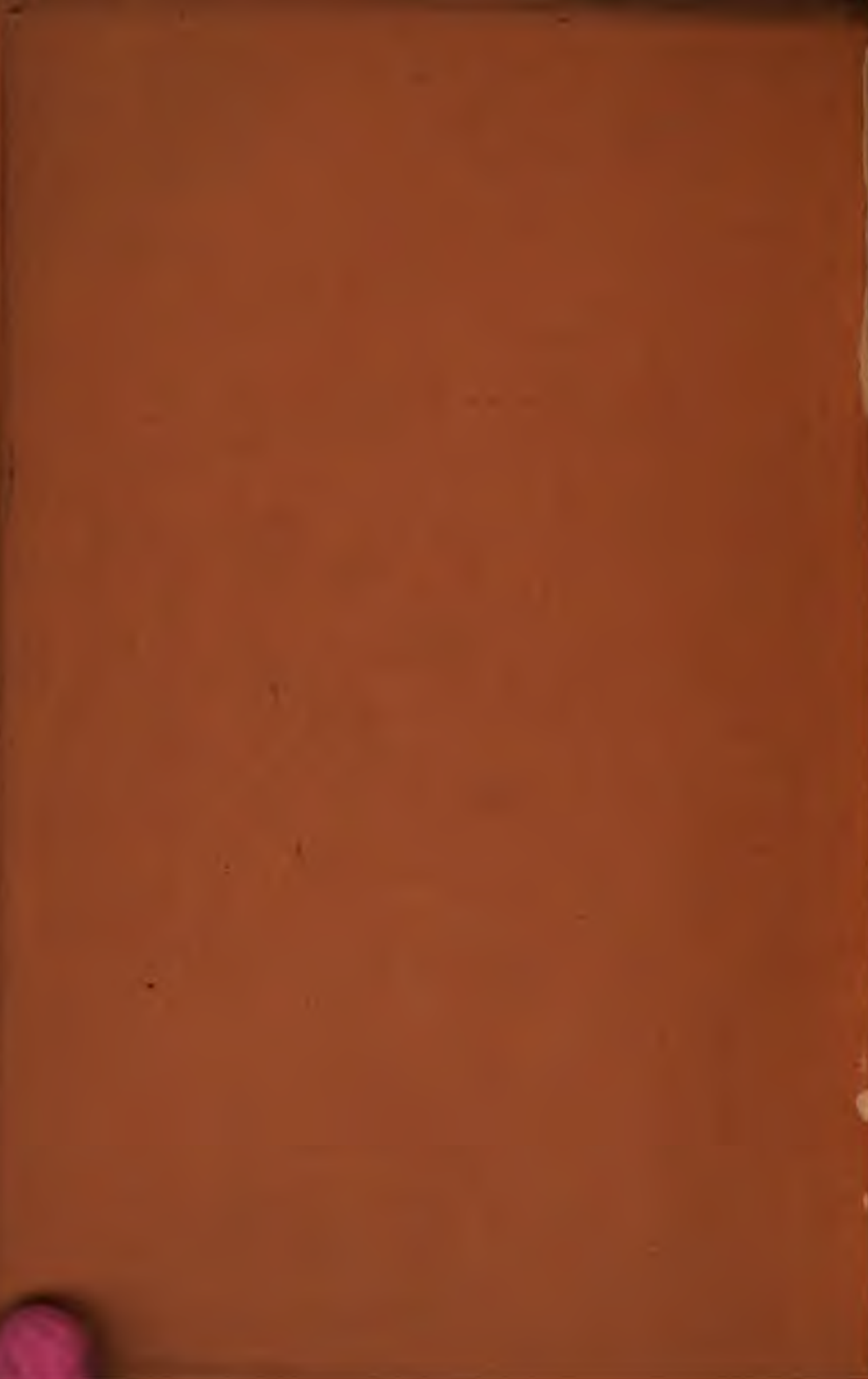
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
45 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;

AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Agents for Ireland,
HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN.

Price 2/6.

Printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXX.

APRIL 1868.

VOL. CIII.

CONTENTS.

HORACE: THE CAUSES OF HIS POPULARITY,	383
LINDA TRESSER.—PART VII,	398
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.—No. II.	
THE MINISTER,	412
WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN,	440
CORNELIUS O'DOWD,	455
QUACK REMEDIES FOR IRELAND.—ON OUR PARTNERS IN THE GRAND COTILLON.—A NEW OPENING FOR YOUNGER SONS.—ON "GET- TING BEHIND THE PUMP."	
CHARLES KEAN AND THE MODERN STAGE,	469
THE NEW NOSTRUM FOR IRELAND.—A SONG,	487
THE BATTLE FOR PLACE,	488

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET.

AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXX.

APRIL 1868.

VOL. CIII.

HORACE : THE CAUSES OF HIS POPULARITY.

TO BE FOLLOWED BY SPECIMENS OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF HIS ODES.

No one denies that there are greater poets than Horace ; and much has been said in disparagement even of some of the merits most popularly assigned to him, by scholars who have, nevertheless, devoted years of laborious study to the correction of his text or the elucidation of his meaning. But whatever his faults or deficiencies, he has remained unexcelled in that special gift of genius which critics define by the name of charm. No collection of small poems, ancient or modern, has so universally pleased the taste of all nations as Horace's Odes, or been so steadfastly secure from all the capricious fluctuations of time and fashion. In vain have critics insisted on the superior genius evinced in the scanty relics left to us of the Greek lyrists, and even on the more spontaneous inspiration which they detect in the exquisite delicacy of form that distinguishes the muse of Catullus. Horace still reigns supreme as the lyrical singer most enthroned in the affections, most congenial to the taste, of the complex

VOL. CIII.—NO. DCXXX.

multitude of students in every land and in every age.

It is an era in the life of the schoolboy when he first commences his acquaintance with Horace. He gets favourite passages by heart with a pleasure which (Homer alone excepted) no other ancient poet inspires. Throughout life the lines so learnt remain on his memory, rising up alike in gay and in grave moments, and applying themselves to varieties of incident and circumstance with the felicitous suppleness of proverbs. Perhaps in the interval between boyhood and matured knowledge of the world, the attractive influence of Horace is suspended in favour of some bolder poet adventuring far beyond the range of his temperate though sunny genius, into the extremes of heated passion or frigid metaphysics—

“ Visere gestiens
Qua parte debacchentur ignes,
Qua nebulae pluviiue rores.”

But as men advance in years they again return to Horace—again feel the young delight in his healthful

wisdom, his manly sense, his exquisite combination of playful irony and cordial earnestness. They then discover in him innumerable beauties before unnoticed, and now enjoyed the more for their general freedom from those very efforts at intense emotion and recondite meaning for which, in the revolutionary period of youth, they admired the writers who appear to them, when reason and fancy adjust their equilibrium in the sober judgment of maturer years, feverishly exaggerated or tediously speculative. That the charm of Horace is thus general and thus imperishable, is a proposition which needs no proof. It is more interesting and less trite to attempt to analyse the secrets of that charm, and see how far the attempt may suggest hints of art to the numberless writers of those poems which aim at the title of lyrical composition, and are either the trinkets of a transitory fashion, or the ornaments of enduring vogue, according as they fail or succeed in concentrating the rays of poetry into the compactness and solidity of imperishable gems.

The first peculiar excellence of Horace is in his personal character and temperament rather than his intellectual capacities ; it is in his genial humanity. He touches us on so many sides of our common nature ; he has sympathies with such infinite varieties of men ; he is so equally at home with us in town and country, in our hours of mirth, in our moments of dejection. Are we poor ? he invests poverty with a cheerful grace. Are we rich ? he inculcates moderation, and restrains us from purse-pride with the kindness of a spirit free from asceticism, and sensitive to the true enjoyments of life. His very defects and weaknesses of character serve to increase his attraction ; he is not too much elevated above our own erring selves.

Next to the charm of his humanity is that of his disposition towards the agreeable aspects of

our mortal state. He invests the virtues of patience amidst the trials of adversity with the dignity of a serene sweetness, and exalts even the frivolities of worldly pleasure with associations of heartfelt friendship and the refinements of music and song. Garlands entwined with myrtle, and wine-cups perfumed with nard, seem fit emblems of the banqueter who, when he indulges his Genius, invokes the Muse and invites the Grace. With this tender humanity and with this pleasurable temperament is blended a singular manliness of sentiment. In no poet can be found lines that more rouse, or more respond to, the generous impulse of youth towards fortitude and courage, sincerity and honour, devoted patriotism, the superiority of mind over the vicissitudes of fortune, and a healthful reliance on the wisdom and goodness of the one divine providential Power, who has no likeness and no second, even in the family of Olympus.

Though at times he speaks as the Epicurean, at other times as the Stoic, and sometimes as both in the same poem, he belongs exclusively to neither school. Out of both he has poetised a philosophy of his own, which, even in its inconsistencies, establishes a harmony with our own inconsistent natures ; for most men are to this day in part Epicurean, in part Stoic. Horace is the poet of Eclecticism.

From the width of his observation, and the generalising character of his reasoning powers, Horace is more emphatically the representative of civilisation than any other extant lyrical poet. Though describing the manners of his own time, he deals in types and pictures, sentiments and opinions, in which every civilised time finds likeness and expression. Hence men of the world claim him as one of their order, and they cheerfully accord to him an admiration which they scarcely concede to any other poet. It is not only the easy good-

nature of his philosophy, and his lively wit, that secure to him this distinction, but he owes much also to that undefinable air of good-breeding which is independent of all conventional fashions, and is recognised in every society where the qualities that constitute good-breeding are esteemed. Catullus has quite as much wit, and is at least as lax, where he appears in the character of a man of pleasure—Catullus is equally intimate with the great men of his time, and in grace of diction is by many preferred to Horace; yet Catullus has never attained to the same oracular eminence as Horace among men of the world, and does not, in their eyes, command the same rank in that high class of gentlemen—thorough-bred authors. For if we rightly interpret genius by *ingenium*—viz., the inborn spirit which accommodates all conventional circumstances around it to its own native property of form and growth—there is a genius of gentleman as there is a genius of poet. That which his countrymen called *urbanitas*, in contradistinction to provincial narrowness of mind or vulgarity of taste, to false finery and affected pretence, is the essential attribute of this son of the Venusian freedman. And with this quality, which needs for brilliant development familiar converse with the types of mind formed by a polished metropolis, Horace preserves, in a degree unknown to those who, like Pope and Boileau, resemble him more or less on the town-bred side of his character, the simple delight in rural nature, which makes him the favourite companion of those whom cool woodlands, peopled with the beings of fable, “set apart from the crowd.” He might be as familiar with Sir Philip Sidney in the shades of Penshurst, as with Lord Chesterfield in the saloons of Mayfair. And out of this rare combination of practical wisdom and poetical sentiment there grows that

noblest part of his moral teaching which is distinct from schools and sects, and touches at times upon chords more spiritual than those who do not look below the surface would readily detect. Hence, in spite of his occasional sins, he has always found indulgent favour with the clergy of every Church. Among the dozen books which form the library of the village *curé* of France, Horace is sure to be one; and the greatest dignitaries of our own Church are among his most sedulous critics and his warmest panegyrists. With all his melancholy conceptions of the shadow-land beyond the grave, and the half-sportive, half-pathetic injunction, therefore, to make the most of the passing hour, there lies deep within his heart a consciousness of nobler truths which, ever and anon, finds impressive utterance, suggesting precepts and hinting consolations that elude the rod of Mercury, and do not accompany the dark flock to the shores of Styx:

“Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Cælum negata tentat iter via.”

Thus we find his thoughts interwoven with Milton's later meditations; and Condorcet, baffled in aspirations of human perfectibility on earth, dies in his dungeon with Horace by his side, open at the verse which says, by what arts of constancy and fortitude in mortal travail Pollux and Hercules attained to the citadels of light.

It is, then, mainly to this large and many-sided nature in the man himself that Horace owes his unrivalled popularity—a popularity which has indeed both widened in its circle and deepened in its degree in proportion to the increase of modern civilisation. And as the popularity is thus so much derived from the qualities in which the man establishes friendly intimacy with all ranks of his species, so it is accompanied with that degree of personal affection which few writers have the happiness to inspire.

We give willing ear to the praise of his merits, and feel a certain displeasure at the criticisms which appear harshly to qualify and restrict them; we are indulgent to his faults, and rejoice when the diligent research and kindly enthusiasm of German scholars redeem his good name from any aspersions that had been too lightly credited. It pleases us to think that most, perhaps all, among his erotic poems which had left upon our minds a painful impression, and which a decorous translator shuns, are no genuine expressions of the poet's own sentiment or taste, but merely a Roman artist's translation or paraphrase from the Greek originals.* We readily grant the absurdity of any imputation upon the personal courage of Brutus's young officer, founded upon the modest confession, that on the fatal field of Philippi, when those who most vaunted their valour fled in panic or bit the dust, he too had left his shield not too valiantly behind him; he who, in the same poem, addressed to a brother soldier, tells us that he had gone through the worst extremities in that bloody war. For those panegyrics on Augustus which, in our young days, we regarded as a renegade flattery bestowed upon a man who had destroyed the political liberties for which the poet had fought, we accept the rational excuses which are suggested by our own maturer knowledge of life and of the grateful human heart, and our profounder acquaintance with the events and circumstances of the age. We see in the poems themselves, when fairly examined, with what

evident sincerity Horace vindicates his enthusiastic admiration of a prince whom he identifies with the establishment of safety to property and life, with the restoration of arts and letters, with the reform of manners and the amelioration of laws. We can understand with what genuine horror a patriot so humane must have regarded the fratricide of intestine wars, and with what honest gratitude so ardent a lover of repose and peace would have exclaimed,

"Custode rerum Cesare non furor
Civilis aut vis exigit otium."

If to the rule of one man this blessed change was to be ascribed, and if public opinion so gratefully endorsed that assumption, that the people themselves placed their ruler in the order of Divinities—it scarcely needs even an excuse for the poet that he joined in the general apotheosis of the great prince, who to him was the benignant protector and the sympathising friend. What has passed in our own time in France renders more clear to us the general state of feeling in Rome. When the population have once tasted the security of established order, and, with terrified remembrance of the bloodshed and havoc of a previous anarchy, felt the old liberty rather voluntarily slip than be violently wrenched from their hands, a benevolent autocracy that consults the public opinion which installs it, seems a blessing to the many, and is accepted as a necessity by the few. And if the professed statesmen and political thinkers of the time—the Pollios

* The opinion at which most Horatian scholars have now arrived is well expressed by Estré in his judicious and invaluable work, '*Horatiana Prosopographia*':—"Credo Horatium prorsus abstinuissse a puerorum amoribus, etiamsi ipse, jocans, aliter de se profiteatur. Distabant, si quid judico, Horatii tempore, puerorum amores tantum a persona sancti castique viri quantum libera venus nostris temporibus abest. Novi autem hodiè quoque, quis ignorat, juvenes virosque vel castissimos et sanctissimos, inter amicos, animi causa, ita jocantes, quasi liberam venerem ardentissime sectarentur. Nec Libri iv. carm. 1, curo, scriptum, uti egregie observavit Lessingius, post legem Juliam latam de pudicitia quum nemo amplius amorem in puerum palam celebrare ausus fuisset."—Horat. Pros., p. 524.

and the Messalas, the most eminent partisans of M. Antony, the noblest companions of Brutus—acquiesced, with the more courtly and consistent Mæcenas, in the established government of Augustus, it would indeed be no reproach to a man whose mind habitually shunned gloomy anticipations of the distant future, that he could not foresee the terrible degeneration of manners and the military despotism which were destined to grow out of the clement autocracy of that accomplished prince who had won the title of “father of his country,” and who might be seen on summer evenings angling in the Tiber, or stretched upon its banks amidst a ring of laughing children, with whom the Emperor whose word gave law to the Indian and the Mede was playing with nuts and pebbles.

What Horace was as man, can, however, furnish but little aid to those who desire to rival him as poet (and let every schoolboy who writes his first song to Mary or the Moon aim at the highest ; nothing is too arduous for mortal on the sunny side of twenty)—little aid, indeed, except as it may serve to show how far a genial and cordial temperament, an independent and manly spirit, and a fellowship with mankind in their ordinary pursuits and tastes, contribute to the culture and amenities of the poet who would make his monument more lasting than bronze and more lofty than the pyramids. But in Horace, as artist, we may perhaps, on close examination, discover some peculiarities of conception and form sufficiently marked and pervasive to evince that with him they were rules of art ; so successful as to make them worthy of study, and hitherto so little noticed, even by his most elaborate critics, as to justify our attempt to render them more generally intelligible and instructive.

In what we are about to say on this head, we confine our remarks

to the short lyrical pieces to which commentators after his time gave the name of Odes, and on which his eminence as a poet must mainly rely. Whatever merit be ascribed to his Satires, it is scarcely in the power of genius to raise satire to an elevated rank in poetry. Satire, indeed, is the antipodes of poetry in its essence and its mission. Satire always tends to dwarf, and it cannot fail to caricature ; but poetry does nothing if it does not tend to enlarge and exalt, and if it does not seek rather to beautify than deform. And though such didactic and moralising vein as belongs to the Epistles of Horace be in itself much higher than satire, and in him has graces of style that, with his usual consummate taste, he rejects for satire, which he regards but as a rhythmical prose, still, the higher atmosphere in which the genius of lyrical song buoys and disports itself is not within the scope of that didactic form of poetry which “walks highest but not flies.” Hegel, in his luminous classification of the various kinds of poetry, has perhaps somewhat too sharply drawn the line between its several degrees of rank ; yet every one acquainted with the rudimentary principles of criticism must acknowledge that just as it requires a larger combination of very rare gifts to write an epic or a drama which the judgment of ages allows to be really great, than to write a lyrical poem, so it demands a much finer combination of some of the rarest of those rare gifts to write a lyrical poem which becomes the song of all times and nations, than to write a brilliant sarcasm upon human infirmities, or an elegant lecture in the style of an Epistle. These last require but talents, however great, which are more or less within the province of prose writers. The novel of ‘Gil Blas’ or the Essays of Montaigne evince qualities of genius equal at least to those displayed in Horace’s Satires and Epistles. But if you

were to multiply Lesages and Montaignes *ad infinitum*, they could not accomplish a single one of Horace's nobler odes.

Now, the first thing that strikes us in examining the secrets of Horace's art in lyrical poetry—and which we venture humbly to think it would be well for modern lyrists to study—is his terseness. Terseness is one of the surest proofs of painstaking. Nothing was ever more truthful in art than the well-known reply of the writer to the friendly critic, who said, "You are too prolix." "I had not time to be shorter."

We know from Horace himself that he bestowed upon his artist-work an artist's labour—"Operosa carmina fingo." He seems to have so meditated upon the subject he chooses as to be able to grasp it readily. There is no wandering after ideas—no seeking to prolong and over-adorn the main purpose for which he writes. If it be but a votive inscription to Diana, in which he dedicates a tree to her, he does not let his command of language carry him beyond the simple idea he desires to express. He seems always to consider that he is addressing a very civilised and a very impatient audience, which has other occupations in life besides that of reading verses; and nothing in him is more remarkable than his study not to be tedious. Perhaps, indeed, it is to this desire that some of his shortcomings up to the mark which very poetical critics would assign to lyrical rapture are to be ascribed; but it is a fault on the right side.

The next and much more important characteristic of Horace as a lyrical artist is commonly exhibited in his grander odes, and often in his lighter ones; and to this we do not know if we can give a more expressive word than picturesqueness. His imagination, in his Odes, predominates over all his other qualities, great as those other qualities are; and that which he im-

ages being clear to himself, he contrives in very few words to render it distinct and vivid to the reader. When Lydia is entreated not to spoil Sybaris; by enumerating the very sports for which her lover has lost taste, he brings before us the whole picture of an athletic young Roman noble—his achievements in horsemanship, swimming, gymnastics; when, in the next ode, he calls on the Feastmaster to heap up the faggots, and bring out the wine, and enjoy his youth while he may, he slides into a totally different picture. Here it is the young Roman idler, by whom only the mornings are devoted to the Campus Martius, the afternoons to the public lounge, the twilights to amorous assignments; and the whole closes still with a picture, the girl hiding herself within the threshold, and betrayed by her laugh, while the lover rushes in and snatches away the love-token from the not o'er-reluctant finger. When he invites Tyn-daris to his villa, the spot is brought before the eye: the she-goats browsing amid the arbuté and wild thyme; the pebbly slopes of Ustica; the green nook sheltered from the dog-star; the noonday entertainment; the light wines and the lute. The place and the figures are before us as clearly as if on the canvass of a painter. He would tell you that he is marked from childhood for the destiny of poet; and he charms the eye with the picture of the truant infant asleep on the wild mountain-side, safe from the bear and the adder, while the doves cover him with leaves.

With a rarer and higher attribute of art Horace introduces the dramatic element very largely and prominently into his lyrics. His picture becomes a scene. His ideas take life and form as personations. Does he wish to dissuade his countrymen from the notion of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Asia, or perhaps, rather, from some large emi-

gration and military settlement in the East? He calls up the image of the Founder of Rome borne back to heaven in the chariot of Mars; ranges the gods in council on Olympus; and puts into the lips of Juno the warning which he desires to convey. Does he seek to discourage popular impatience for the return of the Parthian prisoners—viz., the soldiers of Crassus who had settled and married in the land of the conqueror? He evokes the great form of Regulus urging the Senate to refuse to ransom the Roman captives taken by Carthage—places him as on a visible stage—utters his language, describes his looks, and shows him departing to face the tormentors, satisfied and serene. Would he console a girl for the absence of her lover, and hint to herself a friendly caution against an insidious gallant? In eight short stanzas he condenses a whole drama in personages and plot. Does he paint the reconciliation of two jealous lovers? He makes them speak for themselves; and their brief dialogue is among the most delightful of comedies. Would he tell us that he is going to sup with convivial friends? He suddenly transports us into the midst of the scene, regulates the toasts, calls for the flowers and music, babbles out his loves. The scene lives.

Not to weary the reader with innumerable instances of this art of picture and of drama, so sedulously cultivated by Horace, we will only observe that the numerous imitations of Horace have failed to emulate this the most salient characteristic of his charm in construction; and that even his numerous commentators have but slightly noticed it—nay, have even censured as a desultory episode, that which, according to Horace's system of treating his subject, is the substance of the poem itself. For the commencing stanzas sometimes only serve as a frame to the picture which he intends to paint, or a pro-

logue to the scene which he proposes to dramatise.

Thus, he begins a poem by an invocation to Mercury and the lyre to teach him a strain that may soften the coy heart of a young girl; passes rapidly to the effect of music even upon the phantoms in the shades below; the Danaïdes rest their urn, and then, as if the image of the Danaïdes spontaneously and suddenly suggested the idea, he places on the scene the sister murderers at night slaughtering their bridegrooms—and the image of Hypermnestra, the sole gentle and tender one, waking her lord and urging him to fly.

So again, when his lady friend, Galatea, is about to undertake a voyage, he begins by a playful irony about omens, hastens to the reality of stormy seas—and suddenly we have the picture of Europa borne from the field-flowers to the midst of the ocean. We behold her forlorn and alone on the shores of Crete—hearken to the burst of her despair and repentance—and see the drama conclude with the consolatory appearance of Venus and Cupid with his loosened bow. To some commentators, we say, these vivid presentations of dramatic imagery have appeared exotic to the poem—episodes and interludes. But the more they are examined as illustrative of Horace's peculiar culture of lyric art, the more (in this respect not unimitative of Pindar) they stand out as the body of his piece, and the developed completion of his purpose. Take them away, and the poems themselves would shrink into elegant *vers d'occasion*. Horace, in a word, generally studies to secure to each of his finer and more careful poems, however brief it be, that which play-writers call "a backbone." And even where he does not obtain this through direct and elaborate picture or dramatic effect and interest, he achieves it perhaps in a single stanza, embodying some striking truth or maxim of popular application, expressed

with a terseness so happy, that all times and all nations adopt it as a proverb.

We see, then, how much of his art in construction depends on his lavish employ of picture and drama—how much on compression and brevity. We must next notice, as constituent elements of Horace's peculiar charm, his employment of playful irony, and the rapidity of his transitions from sportive to earnest, earnest to sportive; so that, perhaps, no poet more avails himself of the effect of "surprise"—yet the surprise is not coarse and glaring, but for the most part singularly subdued and delicate—arising sometimes from a single phrase, a single word. He has thus, in his lyrics, more of that combination of tragic and comic elements to which the critics of a former age objected in Shakespeare, than perhaps any poet extant except Shakespeare himself. The consideration of this admirably artistic fidelity to the mingled yarn of life, leads us on to the notice of Horatian style and diction.

The character of the audience he more immediately addresses will naturally have a certain effect on the style of an author, and an effect great in proportion to his practical good sense and good taste. No man possessed of what the French call *savoir vivre*, employs exactly the same style even in extempore discourse, whether he address a select audience of scholars or a miscellaneous popular assembly. The readers for whom Horace more immediately wrote were the polite and intellectual circles of Rome, wherein a large proportion were too busy, and a large proportion too idle, to allow themselves to be diverted very far, or for long at a stretch, into poetic regions, whether of thought or diction, remote from their ordinary topics and habitual language. Horace does not, therefore, in the larger number of songs composed—some to be popularly sung and all to be popularly

read—build up a poetic language distinct from that of conversation. On the contrary, with some striking exceptions, where the occasion is unusually solemn, he starts from the conversational tone, seeks to familiarise himself winningly with his readers, and leads them on to loftier sentiment, uttered in more noble eloquence—just as an orator, beginning very simply, leads on to the assembly he addresses. And possibly Horace's manner in this respect—which, though in a less marked degree, is also that of Catullus in most of the few purely lyrical compositions the latter has left to us—may be traced to the influence which oratory exercised over the generation born in the last days of the Republic. For in the age of Cicero and Hortensius it may be said that the genius of the Roman language developed itself rather in the beauties which belong to oratory than those which lie more hidden from popular appreciation in the dells and bosks of song.

And as the study of rhetoric and oratory formed an essential part of education among the Roman youths contemporary with Horace, so that study would unconsciously mould the taste of the poet in his selection and arrangement of verbal decorations. Be the cause what it may, nothing is more noticeable in Horace's style than its usual conformity with oratorical art, its easy familiarisation with the minds addressed, its avoidance of over-floridity and recondite mysticism, and its reliance for effects that are to fascinate the imagination, touch the heart, rouse the soul, upon something more than the delicacies of poetic form. His reliance, in short, is upon the sentiment, the idea, which the glow of expression animates and illumines. Thus, that *curiosa felicitas verborum* justly ascribed to Horace, has so much of the masculine, oratorical character—so unites a hardy and compact simplicity of phrase with

a sentiment which itself has the nobleness or grace of poetry (as oratorical expression of the highest degree always has)—that of all ancient poets Horace is the one who most furnishes the public speaker with quotations sure of striking effect in any public assembly to which the Latin language is familiar. We will here take one example among many. Mr Pitt is said never to have more carried away the applause of the House of Commons than when, likening England, — then engaged in a war tasking all her resources,—to that image of Rome which Horace has placed in the mouth of Hannibal—he exclaimed :—

“ Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Alcido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.”

Now, this passage, when critically examined, does not owe its unmistakable poetry to any form of words, any startling epithet, inadmissible in prose, but to an illustration at once very noble and yet very simple; and, in rapidity of force, in the development and completion of the idea, so akin to oratory, that an impassioned speaker who had his audience in his hands might have uttered the substance of it in prose.

We may perhaps enable the general reader to comprehend more clearly what we mean by Horace's art in diction, as starting from the conversational tone, and, save on rare occasions, avoiding a style antagonistic to prose, by a reference to the two loveliest, most elaborate, and most perfect lyrics in our own language — ‘*L'Allegro*’ and ‘*Il Penseroso*.’ In these odes Milton takes for representation the two types of temperament under which mankind are more or less

divisibly ranged—viz., the cheerful and the pensive. But he treats these two common varieties of all our race as a poet, of a singularly unique temperament himself, addressing that comparatively small number of persons who are *poetically* cheerful or *poetically* pensive. And in so addressing them his language is throughout essentially distinct from prose; it is like most of his youthful poems, the very quintessence of poetic fancy, both in imagery and expression. Perfectly truthful in itself, the poetry in these masterpieces is still not of that kind of truthfulness which comes home to all men's business and bosoms. Like his own soul, it is “a star, and dwells apart.” We doubt whether Horace, in his very finest odes, ever, in his maturest age, wrote anything so exquisitely poetical, regarded as pure poetry addressed to poets, as these two lyrics written by Milton in his youth. But then the difference between them and Horace's Odes is, that out of England the former are little known—certainly not appreciated.* Their beauty of form is so delicate, that it is only the eye of a native that can detect it—their truthfulness to nature so limited to a circumscribed range of mind, that, even in England, neither the mirthful nor the melancholy man, unless he be a poet or a student, recognises in either poem his own favourite tastes and pleasures. But where Horace describes men's pleasures, every man finds something of himself; the familiar kindliness of his language impresses its poetry upon those who have no pretension to be poets. Had Horace written with equal length and with equal care an ‘*Allegro*’ and a ‘*Penseroso*,’ not only the poet and

* It may be said in answer to this, that on the Continent Latin is more read than English. True; but that does not prevent those English poets who address themselves to a cosmopolitan audience, as Shakespeare, and I may add Byron, being as well appreciated on the Continent as any Latin author is; and I doubt whether even in England there be as many readers of poetry familiar with ‘*L'Allegro*’ and ‘*Il Penseroso*’ as there are with the Odes of Horace.

the student, not only the man of sentiment and reflection, but all varieties in our common family—the young lover, the ambitious schemer, the man of pleasure, the country yeoman, the city clerk, even the rural labourer—would have found lines in which he saw himself as in a mirror.

Thus, then, Horace's curious felicity of wording is for the most part free from any sustained attempt at a language essentially distinct from that of conversation ; and for that very reason its beauties of poetical expression both please and strike the more, because they have more the air of those spontaneous flashes of genius which delight us in a great orator or a brilliant talker.

I cannot pass by without comment a characteristic of Horace's "form" in lyrical poetry, which is too striking to escape the notice of any ordinary critic ; but no critic has attempted satisfactorily to define the principles of art to which its peculiar fascination may be traced. It is in the choice of epithets derived from proper names, or rather the names of places, by which "generals" are individualised into "particulars." The sea is not the sea in general—it is the Hadrian, or the Myrtoan, or the Caspian sea ; the ship is not a ship in general—it is the Cyprian or the Bithynian ship ; the oaks, which are not always shaken by the blast, are not the oaks in general—they are the oaks upon Garganus ; the ilex, which thrives by being pruned, is not an ilex in general—it is the ilex upon Algidus ; and so forth, through innumerable instances. That in this peculiarity there is a charm to the ear and the mind of the reader, no one acquainted with Horace will deny. But whence that charm ? Partly because it gives that kind of individuality which belongs to personation—it takes the object out of a boundless commonplace, and rivets the attention on a more fixed and definite image ; but principally

because, while it thus limits the idea on the prosaic side of the object, it enlarges its scope by many vague and subtle associations on the poetic side. When a proper name is thus used—a proper name suggesting of itself almost insensibly to the mind the poetic associations which belong to the name—the idea is enlarged from a simple to a complex idea, adorned with delicate enrichments, and opening into many dim recesses of imagination. The keel of a ship suggests only a keel ; but the Cyprian keel connects itself with dreamy recollections of all the lovely myths about Cyprus. The ilex unparticularised may be but an ilex by a dusty roadside, or in the grounds of a citizen's villa ; but the ilex of Algidus evokes, as an accompanying image, the haunted mountain-top sacred to Diana. Hence the frequent recourse to poetic proper names among artistic poets, and to which the verse of Milton is so largely indebted for the delight it occasions, not more by melodious sounds than by complex associations.

Walter Scott owes much of the animation of his lyrical narratives to his frequent use of proper names in scenery connected with historic association or romantic legend ; and Macaulay's *Roman Lays* push the use of them almost to too evidently artificial an extreme, savouring a little overmuch of elaborate learning and perceptible imitation. But the study of so exquisite a beauty in lyrical composition may be safely commended to modern poets. It is noticeable that Horace has little or nothing of it in the *Epodes* (his earliest published poems, except the first book of the *Satires*). Perhaps he thought it more especially appropriate to purely lyrical composition, such as the *Odes*, than to the *Epodes*, which are not lyrical in form, and, with one exception, *Epode* xiii., are but partially lyrical in spirit. For it

might be wrong to infer that it only occurred to him in the riper practice of his general art as poet, since some of the Odes in which it is found, though not published till after the Epodes, must have been composed within the period to which the latter are assigned.

The defects or shortcomings of Horace as a poet are, like those of all original writers, intimately connected with his peculiar merits. The strong good sense, and that which we may call the practical tendency of his mind, in his views both of life and art, while they serve to secure to him so unrivalled a popularity among men of the world, not only deter him from the metaphysical speculation which would have been not less wearisome to the larger portion of his readers than distasteful to himself, as appertaining to those regions beyond the province of the human mind, 'at which Jove laughs to see us outstretch our human cares,' but rarely permit him to plumb very far into the depths of feeling and passion. Marvellously as he represents the human nature we have all of us in common, each thoughtful man has yet in him a something of human nature peculiar to himself, which, like the goals of the Olympian charioteer, is sometimes almost grazed, but ever shunned, by the rapid wheels of the Venusian.

It may also be said that his turn for irony, and his deference to the impatient taste of a worldly audience, while serving to keep the attention always pleased, and contributing so largely to his special secrets in art, sometimes shows itself unseasonably, and detracts from the effect of some noble passage, or interrupts the rush of some animated description.

Take but one instance among many. In an ode which is among his grandest—Book iv. Ode 4, "*Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem*"—when he comes, after imagery of epic splendour, to the victory of Drusus over the Vindelici, he checks himself to say, with a sort of mockery which would have been well in its place at a supper-table, that where the Vindelici learned the use of the Amazonian battle-axe he refrains from inquiring, for it is not possible to know everything. No doubt there was some "hit" or point in this parenthetical diversion which is now lost to us; possibly it was a satirical allusion to some pedantic work or antiquarian speculation which was among the literary topics of the day; but every reader of critical taste feels the jar of an episcodical levity, inharmonious to all that goes before and after it.* It is like a sarcasm of Voltaire's thrust into the midst of an ode of Pindar's.

From causes the same or similar, Horace's love poetry has been accused of want of deep feeling, and compared in this respect, disadvantageously, to the few extant fragments of Sappho. But here it may be observed, that in the whole character of Horace there is one marked idiosyncrasy which influences the general expression of his art. Like many men of our day, who unite to familiar intercourse with fashionable and worldly society an inherent sincerity and a dread of all charlatanic pretences, Horace is even over-studious not to claim any false credit for himself—not to pretend to anything which may not be considered justly his due; he will not pretend to be better born, or richer, wiser or more consistent, or of a severer temper

* Some critics have indeed proposed to omit these digressive verses altogether, and consider them an impertinent interpolation by an inferior hand. But this is an audacity of assumption forbidden by the authority of manuscripts, and justly denounced by the editors and critics whose opinions on such a subject Horatian students regard as decisive.

than he is. In his *Satires* and *Epistles* he even goes out of his way to tell us of his faults. In his *Odes* themselves—with all his intense and candidly uttered convictions of their immortality—he is perpetually throwing in some modest reference to the light and trivial themes to which his lyre and his genius are best suited. A man of this character, and with a very keen susceptibility to ridicule, would perhaps shun the expression of any feeling in love much deeper in its sentiment, or much more devoted in its passion, than would find sympathy with the men of the world for whom he principally wrote. If he ever did compose love poems so earnest and glowing, we think it doubtful whether he would have prevailed on himself to publish them. To a poet who so consistently seeks to inculcate moderation in every passion and desire, there would have seemed something not only inconsistent with his general repute as writer, but perhaps something offensive to his own sense of shame and the manliness of his nature, in that passionate devotion to the charms of a *Cynthia* to which *Propertius* refers the source of his inspiration and his loftiest pretension to the immortality of renown. And *Horace* is so far right, both as man and as artist, in the mode in which he celebrates the smiling goddess round whom hovers *Mirth* as well as *Cupid*; that, as man, one really would respect him less if any of those young ladies, who seem to have been too large-hearted to confine their affection to a single adorer, had inspired him with one of those rare passions which influence an entire existence. We should feel as much shame as compassion for any wise friend of ours whom *Venus* linked lastingly in her brazen yoke to a *Lydia* or a *Pyrrha*. And as an artist, *Horace* appears so far right in his mode of dealing with erotic subjects, that, despite all this alleged want of deep feeling

and passionate devotion, *Horace's* love poetry is still the most popular in the world—the most imitated, the most quoted, the most remembered. The reason, perhaps, is, that most men have loved up to the extent that *Horace* admits the passion, and very few men have loved much beyond that limit. Go far beyond that limit, and we leave the lyrists and are plunged into tragedy.

Notwithstanding the amazing pains taken by grave professors and erudite divines to ascertain the history of *Horace's* love affairs—to tell us who and what these young beauties were—whom he loved first and whom he loved last—how many of them are to be reduced to a select few, one being sung under different names lending their syllables to the same metrical convenience, so that *Cinara*, *Lalage*, *Lydia*, are one and the same person, &c.—the question remains insoluble. Some scholars have had even the cold-blooded audacity to assert, that with the single exception of *Cinara*, and some strange sort of entanglement with the terrible sorceress to whom he gives the name of *Canidia*, all these *Horatian* beauties are myths and figments—as purely dreams as those out of the ivory gate—many of them, no doubt, translations, more or less free, from the Greek.

The safest conjecture here, as in most cases of disputed judgment, lies between extremes.

It is probable enough that a man like *Horace*—a man of wit and pleasure—thrown early into gay society, and of a very affectionate nature, as is evinced by the warmth of his friendships—should have been pretty often in what is commonly called “love” during, say, thirty-nine years out of the fifty-seven in which he led a bachelor's life. And as few poets ever have been more subjective than *Horace*—ever received the aspect of life more decidedly through the medium of their own personal impressions—or

more regarded poetry as the vehicle of utterance for their opinions and doctrines, their likings and dislikes, their joys and their sorrows—so it may be reasonably presumed that in many of his love verses he expresses or symbolises his own genuine state of feeling. Nor, if in some of these there be detected imitations from the Greek, does that seem to us to militate against the supposition that the person addressed was real, and the feeling uttered sincere. Nothing is more common among poets than the adaptation of ideas found elsewhere to their own individual circumstances and self-confessions. When Pope paraphrases Horace where Horace most exclusively personates himself, Pope still so paraphrases that the lines personate Pope and not Horace; and one would know very little of the “subjective” character of Pope’s mind and genius who could assert that he did not utter his own genuine feelings in describing, for instance, his early life and his early friendships, because the description was imitated from a Latin author.

On the other hand, it is impossible to distinguish with any certainty what really does thus illustrate the actual existence of Horace, and does utter the sounds of his own heart, from the purely objective essays of his genius (for, like all poets who have the dramatic faculty strongly developed, he was objective as well as subjective), and were the sportive exercises of art, and the airy embodiment of fancy. It is safest here to leave an acute reader to his own judgment; and it is one of those matters in which acute readers will perhaps differ the most.

Among the faults of Horace may also be mentioned his marked tendency to self-repetition, and especially to the repetition of what one of his most admirable but least enthusiastic editors bluntly calls his “commonplaces:” viz, the shortness of life; the wisdom of seizing

the present hour; the folly of anxious research into an unknown future; the vanity of riches and of restless ambition; the happiness of a golden mediocrity in fortune, and an equable mind in the vicissitudes of life. But these iterations of ideas, constituting the body of his ethics, if faulty—inasmuch as the *ultima linea* of his range be therein too sharply defined—are the inseparable consequence of the most beautiful qualities of his genius. They mark the consistent unity and the sincere convictions of the man—they show how much his favourite precepts are part and parcel of his whole moral and intellectual organisation. Whether conversing in his Satires, philosophising in his Epistles, giving free play to invention in his Odes—still he cannot help uttering and re-uttering ideas the combination of which constitutes HIMSELF. And as the general effect of these ideas is soothing, so their prevalence in his verse has a charm of repose similar to the prevalence of green in the tints of nature: we greet the constant recurrence of the soft familiar colour with a sensation of pleasure even in its quiet monotony.

Perhaps in most writers who have in a pre-eminent degree the gift of charm, there is indeed a certain fondness for some peculiar train of thought, the repetition of which gains in them the attraction of association. We should be disappointed, in reading such writers, if we did not find the ideas which characterise them, and for which we have learned to seek and to love them, coming up again and again like a refrain in music. It is so with some of our own poets—Goldsmith, Cowper, and Byron—who, alike in nothing else, are alike in the frequent recurrence of the ideas which constitute the characteristic colourings of their genius, and who, in that recurrence, deepen their spell over their readers.

We believe, then, that the attributes thus imperfectly stated are

among the principal constituent elements of Horace's indisputable charm, and of a popularity among men of various minds, which extends over a wider circle than perhaps any other ancient poet commands; Homer alone excepted. It is a popularity not diminished by the limits imposed on the admiration that accompanies it. Even those critics who deny him certain of the higher qualities of a lyrical poet, do not love him less cordially on account of the other qualities which they are pleased to accord to him. It is commonly enough said that, either from his own deficiencies or those of the Latin language, he falls far short of the Greek lyrical poets in fire, in passion, in elevation of style, in varied melodies of versification. Granted: but judging by the scanty remains of those poets which time has spared, we find evidence of no one,—unless it be Alcæus, and conjecturing what his genius might have been as a whole less by the fragments it has left than by Horace's occasional imitations,—no one who combines so many excellences, be they great or small, as even a very qualified admirer must concede to Horace; no one who blends so large a knowledge of the practical work-day world with so delicate a fancy, and so graceful a perception of the poetic aspects of human life; no one who has the same alert quickness of movement from "gay to grave, from lively to severe;" no one who unites the same manly and high-spirited enforcement of hardy virtues, temperance and fortitude, devotion to friends and to the native land, with so pleasurable and genial a temperament; no one who adorns so extensive an acquaintance with metropolitan civilisation by so many lovely pictures of rural enjoyment; or so animates the description of scenery by the introduction of human groups and images, instilling, as it were, into the body of outward nature, the heart and the thought of

man. So that where his genius may fail in height as compared with Pindar, or in the intensity of sensuous passion as compared with Sappho, it compensates by the breadth to which it extends its survey, and over which it diffuses its light and its warmth.

No Latin writer has been more illustrated or more obscured than Horace by the labours of commentators and editors. Not the least obligation that we owe to more recent scholars is the care with which they have redeemed the authentic text from the audacious ingenuity of Bentley, and corrected the erroneous interpretations so complacently volunteered by the French editors, Sanadon and Dacier. The editions of Doering and Dillenburger are entitled to high praise; the latter especially may be always consulted with advantage. Its commentary, though brief, is very valuable, from its excellent judgment, and the minute and peculiar study of all subjects connected with or illustrative of the author, by which the editor is distinguished. But with all respect to other editions, it is no exaggeration to say that the edition of Orelli marks an epoch in Horatian scholarship. The painstaking accuracy with which the text has been determined by the scrupulous collation of the best MSS.—the sober sense with which the stores of a copious and varied erudition are made available in the determination of disputed passages—and the exquisite critical taste, the delicate perception of poetic intention and spirit, which distinguish the annotations—have justly secured to this noble edition an authority surpassing that of all editions which have gone before, and little likely to be superseded by any that may come after it. But although Orelli has become indispensable to every earnest student of Horace, we may add, with no small pride in our countryman, that the edition of Mr Maclean is an invaluable auxiliary to that of Orelli himself. Mr Mac-

leane follows, indeed, for the most part, Orelli's text and punctuation, and avails himself more largely of Orelli's *scholia* than of any other ; but he is no servile transcriber or copyist. Where he differs occasionally from Orelli, and states his reasons for doing so, he appears to us to be generally in the right. While distinguished by a remarkable sobriety of judgment, and rejecting with a certain scorn fantastic emendations in passages where the text is supported by the best MSS., he not unfrequently solves the difficulties raised by previous commentators with a few simple words, admirable for their strong sense and clearness of exposition ; and on several points of Roman law especially, his erudition, assisted by that of Professor Long, originates valuable suggestions not to be found in previous commentators. The argument or introduction which he prefixes to each ode is admirable for terseness and grasp of subject.

Nor, in speaking of our own recent contributions to Horatian scholarship, should honourable mention of the edition just published by Mr Yonge, assistant master of Eton, be omitted. He also generally adopts the text of Orelli, and his rare deviations from it are entitled to the most considerate respect. His notes,* though brief, and comparatively few, are valuable alike for sound judgment and very elegant taste ; and Eton may well be grateful to him for an escape from the corrupt and misleading editions by which, in our own school-days, pupils learned how to misconstrue Horace.

As no ancient classic has had an equal number of commentators, so certainly none has had so large a number of translators. There is scarcely a man of letters who has not at one time or other versified

or imitated some of the Odes ; and scarcely a year passes without a new translation of them all. No doubt there is a charm in the proverbial difficulty of dealing with Horace's modes of expression ; but perhaps the true cause which invites translators to encounter that difficulty is to be found in the comprehensiveness of this poet's sympathy with human beings. He touches so many sides of character, that on one side or the other he is sure to attract us all, and we seek to clothe in his words some cherished feeling or sentiment of our own. Be that as it may, an unusual degree of indulgence has by tacit consent been accorded to new translations from Horace. Readers unacquainted with the original are disposed to welcome every fresh attempt to make the Venusian Muse express herself in familiar English ; and Horatian scholars feel an interest in examining how each succeeding translator grapples with the difficulties of interpretation which have been, as many of them still are, matters of conjecture and dispute to commentators the most erudite, and critics the most acute.

May a reasonable share of such general indulgence be vouchsafed to that variety in the mode of translation of which we propose to hazard the experiment.

It would ill become us to speak with disparagement of the labours of previous translators ; indeed, such as we have seen we are much more disposed to praise than to censure ; and if any better rhymed translations than theirs could be made, we, at least, should not adventure that task. But we have long entertained a strong conviction, whether it be right or wrong, that the difficulty of rendering the spirit of Horace's lyrics (taking them as a whole)

* Would it not be more convenient to the reader if, in a future issue of Mr Yonge's edition, the notes be transferred from an appendix to the foot of the page they illustrate ?

sufficiently clear in translation, is materially increased by the resort to rhyme; not so much because the true meaning is often sacrificed to the necessities of rhyme, but because rhyme in itself is inseparably associated with forms of poetry, whether medieval or modern, wholly opposed to the essential genius of classic rhythm; and in any wholesale translation of the Horatian Odes, it is scarcely possible not to feel that the perpetual recurrence of rhyme necessitates an infidelity to the spirit of the original more important than those occasional paraphrases of the literal sense of individual lines, from which no translation of poetry into

poetry, rhymeless or rhymed, has ever been, or perhaps ever can be, altogether free.

It is proposed, not, indeed, to attempt the impossible task of transferring the ancient lyrical metres to our language, but to consult their general spirit and character in framing rhymeless measures, according to the laws of English prosody, and of compass sufficient to allow a prevalent adherence to the rule of translating line by line, without needless amplification on the one hand, or harsh contraction on the other.

Some translations of the Odes, composed upon this principle, will be given in a subsequent number.

LINDA TRESSEL.—PART VII.

CHAPTER XIII.

LINDA TRESSEL, before she had gone to bed on that night which she had passed at Augsburg, had written a short note which was to be delivered, if such delivery should be possible, to Ludovic Valcarm. The condition of her lover had, of course, been an added trouble to those which were more especially her own. During the last three or four hours which she had passed with him in the train her tenderness for him had been numbed by her own sufferings, and she had allowed herself for a while to think that he was not sufficiently alive to the great sacrifice she was making on his behalf. But when he was removed from her, and had been taken, as she well knew, to the prison of the city, something of the softness of her love returned to her, and she tried to persuade herself that she owed to him that duty which a wife would owe. When she spoke to Fanny on the subject, she declared that even if it were possible to her she would not go back to Ludovic.

"I see it differently now," she said; "and I see how bad it is." But, still,—though she declared that she was very firm in that resolve,—she did not like to be carried back to her old home without doing something, making some attempt, which might be at least a token to herself that she had not been heartless in regard to her lover. She wrote therefore with much difficulty the following few words, which Fanny promised that her husband should endeavour to convey to the hands of Ludovic Valcarm:

"DEAR LUDOVIC,—My aunt has come here for me, and takes me back to Nuremberg to-morrow. When you left me at the station I was too ill to go to the place you told me; so they sent to this house, and my dear, dear friend Fanny Heisse got her husband to come for me, and I am in their house now. Then my aunt came, and she will take me home to-morrow. I am so unhappy that you should be in trouble! I hope that my coming

with you did not help to bring it about. As for me, I know it is best that I should go back, though I think that it will kill me. I was very wicked to come. I feel that now, and I know that even you will have ceased to respect me. Dear Ludovic, I hope that God will forgive us both. It will be better that we should never meet again, though the thought that it must be so is almost more than I can bear. I have always felt that I was different from other girls, and that there never could be any happiness for me in this world. God bless you, Ludovic. Think of me sometimes,—but never, never, try to come for me again. L. T.”

It had cost her an hour of hard toil to write this little letter, and when it was written she felt that it was cold, ungrateful, unloving,—very unlike the words which he would feel that he had a right to expect from her. Nevertheless, such as it was, she gave it to her friend Fanny, with many injunctions that it might, if possible, be placed in the hands of Ludovic. And thus, as she told herself repeatedly on her way home, the romance of her life was over. After all, the journey to Augsburg would have been serviceable to her,—would be serviceable although her character should be infamous for ever in the town that knew her,—if by that journey she would be saved from all further mention of the name of Peter Steinmarc. No disgrace would be so bad as the prospect of that marriage. Therefore, as she journeyed homeward, sitting opposite to her aunt, she endeavoured to console herself by reflecting that his suit to her would surely be at an end. Would it ever reach his dull heart that she had consented to destroy her own character, to undergo ill-repute and the scorn of all honest people, in order that she might not be forced into the horror of a marriage with him? Could he be made to understand

that in her flight from Nuremberg her great motive had been to fly from him?

On the second morning after her return even this consolation was taken from her, and she learned from her aunt that she had not given up all hope in the direction of the town-clerk. On the first day after her return not a word was said to Linda about Peter, nor would she have had any notice of his presence in the house had she not heard his shoes creaking up and down the stairs. Nor was the name of Ludovic Valcarm so much as mentioned in her presence. Between Tetchen and her there was not a word passed, unless such as were spoken in the presence of Madame Staubach. Linda found that she was hardly allowed to be for a moment out of her aunt's presence, and at this time she was unable not to be submissive. It seemed to her that her aunt was so good to her in not positively upbraiding her from morning to night, that it was impossible for her not to be altogether obedient in all things! She did not therefore even struggle to escape the long readings, and the longer prayers, and the austere severity of her aunt's presence. Except in prayer,—in prayers delivered out loud by the aunt in the niece's presence,—no direct mention was made of the great iniquity of which Linda had been guilty. Linda was called no heartrending name to her face; but she was required to join, and did join over and over again, in petitions to the throne of mercy “that the poor castaway might be received back again into the pale of those who were accepted.” And at this time she would have been content to continue to live like this, to join in such prayers day after day, to have her own infamy continually brought forward as needing some special mercy, if by such means she might be allowed to live in tranquillity without sight or mention of Peter Steinmarc. But

such tranquillity was not to be hers.

On the afternoon of the second day her aunt went out, leaving Linda alone in the house with Tetchen. Linda at once went to her chamber, and endeavoured to make herself busy among those possessions of her own which she had so lately thought that she was leaving for ever. She took out her all, the articles of her wardrobe, all her little treasures, opened the sweet folds of her modest raiment and refolded them, weeping all the while as she thought of the wreck she had made of herself. But no; it was not she who had made the wreck. She had been ruined by the cruelty of that man whose step at this moment she heard beneath her. She clenched her fist, and pressed her little foot against the floor, as she thought of the injury which this man had done her. There was not enough of charity in her religion to induce her even to think that she would ever cease to hate him with all the vigour of her heart. Then Tetchen came to her, and told her that her aunt had returned and desired to see her. Linda instantly went down to the parlour. Up to this moment she was as a child in her aunt's hands.

"Sit down, Linda," said Madame Staubach, who had taken off her bonnet, and was already herself stiffly seated in her accustomed chair. "Sit down, my dear, while I speak to you." Linda sat down at some distance from her aunt, and awaited dumbly the speech that was to be made to her. "Linda," continued Madame Staubach, "I have been this afternoon to the house of your friend Herr Molk." Linda said nothing out loud, but she declared to herself that Herr Molk was no friend of hers. Friend indeed! Herr Molk had shown himself to be one of her bitterest enemies. "I thought it best to see him after what—has been done, especially as he had been with you when you were ill, before you went." Still

Linda said nothing. What was there that she could possibly say? Madame Staubach paused, not expecting her niece to speak, but collecting her own thoughts and arranging her words. "And Peter Steinmarc was there also," said Madame Staubach. Upon hearing this Linda's heart sank within her. Had all her sufferings, then, been for nothing? Had she passed that terrible night, that terrible day, with no result that might be useful to her? But even yet might there not be hope? Was it not possible that her aunt was about to communicate to her the fact that Peter Steinmarc declined to be bound by his engagement to her? She sighed deeply and almost sobbed, as she clasped her hands together. Her aunt observed it all, and then went on with her speech. "You will, I hope, have understood, Linda, that I have not wished to upbraid you."

"You have been very good, aunt Charlotte."

"But you must know that that which you have done is,—is,—is a thing altogether destructive of a young woman's name and character." Madame Staubach's voice, as she said this, was tremulous with the excess of her eagerness. If this were Peter Steinmarc's decision, Linda would bear it all without a complaint. She bowed her head in token that she accepted the disgrace of which her aunt had spoken. "Of course, Linda," continued Madame Staubach, "recovery from so lamentable a position is very difficult,—is almost impossible. I do not mean to say a word of what has been done. We believe,—that is, I believe, and Herr Molk, and Peter also believes it—"

"I don't care what Peter Steinmarc believes," exclaimed Linda, unable to hold her peace any longer.

"Linda, Linda, would you be a thing to be shuddered at, a woman without a name, a byword for shame for ever?" Madame Staubach had been interrupted in

her statement as to the belief entertained in respect to Linda's journey by herself and her two colleagues, and did not recur to that special point in her narrative. When Linda made no answer to her last appeal, she broadly stated the conclusion to which she and her friends had come in consultation together in the panelled chamber of Herr Molk's house. "I may as well make the story short," she said. "Herr Molk has explained to Peter that things are not as bad as they have seemed to be." Every muscle and every fibre in Linda's body was convulsed when she heard this, and she shuddered and shivered so that she could hardly keep her seat upon her chair. "And Peter has declared that he will be satisfied if you will at once agree that the marriage shall take place on the thirtieth of the month. If you will do this, and will make him a promise that you will go nowhere without his sanction before that day, he will forget what has been done." Linda answered not a word, but burst into tears, and fell at her aunt's feet.

Madame Staubach was a woman who could bring herself to pardon any sin that had been committed,—that was done, and, as it were, accomplished,—hoping in all charity that it would be followed by repentance. Therefore she had forgiven, after a fashion, even the last tremendous trespass of which her niece had been guilty, and had contented herself with forcing Linda to listen to her prayers that repentance might be forthcoming. But she could forgive no fault, no conduct that seemed to herself to be in the slightest degree wrong, while it was in the course of action. She had abstained from all hard words against Linda, from all rebuke, since she had found that the young man was gone, and that her niece was willing to return to her home. But she would be prepared to exercise all the power which Linda's position had given her, to

be as severe as the austerity of her nature would permit, if this girl should persist in her obstinacy. She regarded it as Linda's positive duty to submit to Peter Steinmarc as her husband. They had been betrothed with Linda's own consent. The banns had been already once called. She herself had asked for God's protection over them as man and wife. And then how much was there not due to Peter, who had consented, not without much difficult persuasion from Herr Molk, to take this soiled flower to his bosom, in spite of the darkness of the stain. "There will be no provoking difficulties made about the house?" Peter had said in a corner to the Burgomaster. Then the Burgomaster had undertaken that in the circumstances as they now existed, there should be no provoking difficulties. Herr Molk understood that Linda must give up something on receiving that position of an honest man's wife, which she was now hardly entitled to expect. Thus the bargain had been made, and Madame Staubach was of opinion that it was her first duty to see that it should not be again endangered by any obstinacy on behalf of Linda. Obstinate, indeed! How could she be obstinate after that which she had done? She had now fallen at her aunt's feet, was weeping, sobbing, praying for mercy. But Madame Staubach could have no mercy on the girl in this position. Such mercy would in itself be a sin. The sin done she could forgive; the sin a-doing must be crushed, and put down, and burnt out, and extinguished, let the agony coming from such process be as severe as might be. There could be no softness for Linda while Linda was obstinate. "I cannot suppose," she said, "that you mean to hesitate after what has taken place."

"Oh, aunt Charlotte! dear aunt Charlotte!"

"What is the meaning of this?"

"I don't love him. I can't love

him. I will do anything else that you please. He may have the house if he wants it. I will promise ;—promise never to go away again or to see anybody." But she might as well have addressed such prayers to a figure of stone. On such a matter as this Madame Staubach could not be other than relentless. Even while Linda was kneeling at her feet convulsed with sobs, she told the poor girl, with all the severity of language which she could use, of the vileness of the iniquity of that night's proceedings. Linda had been false to her friend, false to her vows, false to her God, immodest, unclean, had sinned against all the laws by which women bind themselves together for good conduct,—had in fact become a castaway in very deed. There was nothing that a female could do more vile, more loathsome than that which Linda had done. Madame Staubach believed that the time had come in which it would be wicked to spare, and she did not spare. Linda grovelled at her feet, and could only pray that God might take her to Himself at once. "He will never take you ; never, never, never," said Madame Staubach ; "Satan will have you for his own, and all my prayers will be of no avail."

There were two days such as this, and Linda was still alive and still bore it. On the third day, which was the fifth after her return from Augsburg, Herr Molk came to her, and at his own request was alone with her. He did not vituperate her as her aunt had done, nor did he express any special personal horror at her sin ; but he insisted very plainly on the position which she had made for herself. "You see, my dear, the only thing for you is to be married out of hand at once, and then nobody will say anything about it. And what is the difference if he is a little old ? girls forget to think about that after a month or two ; and then, you see, it will put an

end to all your troubles ;—to all your troubles." Such were the arguments of Herr Molk ; and it must be acknowledged that such arguments were not lacking in strength, nor were they altogether without truth. The little story of Linda's journey to Augsburg had been told throughout the city, and there were not wanting many who said that Peter Steinmarc must be a very good-natured man indeed, if, after all that had passed, he would still accept Linda Tressel as his wife. "You should remember all that of course, my dear," said Herr Molk.

How was it possible that Linda should stand alone against such influence as had been brought to bear against her ? She was quite alone, for she would not admit of any intimacy with Tetchen. She would hardly speak to the old woman. She was quite aware that Tetchen had arranged with Ludovic the manner of her elopement ; and though she felt no anger with him, still she was angry with the servant whose duplicity had helped to bring about the present misery. Had she not fled with her lover she might then,—so she thought now,—have held her ground against her aunt and against Peter. As things had gone with her since, such obstinacy had become impossible to her. On the morning of the seventh day she bowed her head, and though she did not speak, she gave her aunt to understand that she had yielded. "We will begin to purchase what may be necessary to-morrow," said Madame Staubach.

But even now she had not made up her mind that she would in truth marry the man. She had simply found it again impossible to say that she would not do so. There was still a chance of escape. She might die, for instance ! Or she might run away again. If she did that, surely the man would persecute her no further. Or at the last moment she might stolidly decline

to move ; she might refuse to stand on her legs before the altar. She might be as a dead thing even though she were alive,—as a thing dead and speechless. Oh ! if she could only be without ears to hear those terrible words which her aunt would say to her ! And then there came another scheme into her mind. She would make one great personal appeal to Steinmarc's feelings as a man. If she implored him not to make her his wife, kneeling before him, submitting herself to him, preferring to him with all her earnestness this one great prayer, surely he would not persevere !

Hitherto, since her return from Augsburg, Peter had done very little to press his own suit. She had again had her hand placed in his since she had yielded, and had accepted as a present from him a great glass brooch which to her eyes was the ugliest thing in the guise of a trinket which the world of vanity had ever seen. She had not been a moment in his company without her aunt's presence, and there had not been the slightest allusion made by him to her elopement. Peter had considered that such allusion had better come after marriage, when his power would, as he thought, be consolidated. He was surprised when he was told, early in the morning after that second hand-pledging, by Linda herself that she wanted to see him. Linda came to his door and made her request in person. Of course he was delighted to welcome his future bride to his own apartment, and begged her with as soft a smile as he could assume to seat herself in his own arm-chair. She took a humbler seat, however, and motioned to him to take that to which he was accustomed. He looked at her as he did so, and perceived that the very nature of her face was changed. She had lost the plumpness of her cheeks, she had lost the fresh colour of her youth, she had lost much of her prettiness. But

her eyes were brighter than ever they had been, and there was something in their expression which almost made Peter uneasy. Though she had lost so much of her prettiness, he was not on that account moved to doubt the value of his matrimonial prize ; but there did come across his mind an idea that those eyes might perhaps bring with them some discomfort into his household. "I am very glad to see you, Linda," he said. "It is very good of you to come to me here. Is there anything I can do for you ?"

"There is one thing, Peter Steinmarc, that you can do for me."

"What is that, my dear ?"

"Let me alone." As she spoke she clenched her small fist and brought it down with some energy on the table that was close to her. She looked into his face as she did so, and his eyes quailed before her glance. Then she repeated her demand, "Let me alone."

"I do not know what you mean, Linda. Of course you are going to be my wife now."

"I do not wish to be your wife. You know that ; and if you are a man you will not force me." She had intended to be gentle with him, to entreat him, to win him by humility and softness, and to take his hand, and even kiss it if he would be good to her. But there was so much of tragedy in her heart, and such an earnestness of purpose in her mind, that she could not be gentle. As she spoke it seemed to him that she was threatening him.

"It is all settled, Linda. It cannot be changed now."

"It can be changed. It must be changed. Tell her that I am not good enough. You need not fear her. And if you will say so, I will never be angry with you for the word. I will bless you for it."

"But, Linda, you did nothing so very much amiss ;—did you ?" Then there came across her mind

an idea that she would lie to him, and degrade herself with a double disgrace. But she hesitated, and was not actress enough to carry on the part. He winked at her as he continued to speak. "I know," he said. "It was just a foolish business, but no worse than that."

Oh heavens, how she hated him! She could have stabbed him to the heart that moment, had the weapon been there, and had she possessed the physical energy necessary for such an enterprise. He was a thing to her so foul that all her feminine nature recoiled from the closeness of his presence, and her flesh crept as she felt that the same atmosphere encompassed them. And this man was to be her husband! She must speak to him, speak out, speak very plainly. Could it be possible that a man should wish to take a woman to his bosom who had told him to his face that he was loathed? "Peter," she said, "I am sure that you don't think that I love you."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, Linda."

"I do not;—not the least; I can promise you that. And I never shall;—never. Think what it would be to have a wife who doesn't love you a bit. Would not that be bad?"

"Oh, but you will."

"Never! Don't you know that I love somebody else very dearly?" On hearing this there came something of darkness upon Peter's brow,—something which indicated that he had been touched. Linda understood it all. "But I will never speak to him again, never see him, if you will let me alone."

"See him, Linda! He is in prison, and will be sent to the quarries to work. He will never be a free man again. Ha! ha! I need not fear him, my dear."

"But you shall fear me. Yes; I will lead you such a life! Peter Steinmarc, I will make you rue the day you first saw me. You shall

wish that you were at the quarries yourself. I will disgrace you, and make your name infamous. I will waste everything that you have. There is nothing so bad I will not do to punish you. Yes; you may look at me, but I will. Do you think that you are to trample me under foot, and that I will not have my revenge? You said it was a foolish business that I did. I will make it worse than foolish." He stood with his hands in the pockets of his broad flaps, looking at her, not knowing how to answer her. He was no coward,—not such a coward as to be intimidated at the moment by the girl's violence. And being now thoroughly angry, her words had not worked upon him as she had intended that they should work. His desire was to conquer her and get the best of her; but his thoughts worked slowly, and he did not know how to answer her. "Well, what do you say to me? If you will let me escape, I will always be your friend."

"I will not let you escape," he said.

"And you expect that I shall be your wife?"

"I do expect it."

"I shall die first; yes;—die first. To be your wife! Oh, there is not a beggar in the streets of Nuremberg whom I would not sooner take for my husband." She paused, but again he was at a loss for words. "Come, Peter, think of it. Do not drive a poor weak girl to desperation. I have been very unhappy,—very; you do not know how unhappy I have been. Do not make it worse for me." Then the chord which had been strung so tightly was broken asunder. Her strength failed her, and she burst into tears.

"I will make you pay dearly for all this one of these days, *fraulein*," said Peter, as, with his hands still in his pockets, he left the room. She watched him as he creaked down-stairs, and went into her aunt's apartments. For a moment

she felt disposed to go and confront him there before her aunt. Together, the two of them, could not force her to marry him. But her courage failed her. Though she could face Peter Steinmarc with-

out finching, she feared the words which her aunt could say to her. She had not scrupled to threaten Steinmarc with her own disgrace, but she could not endure to be told by her aunt that she was degraded.

CHAPTER XIV.

Peter Steinmarc, when he went into Madame Staubach's parlour, found that lady on her knees in prayer. He had entered the room without notice, having been urged to this unwonted impetuosity by the severity of the provocation which he had received. Madame Staubach raised her head; but when she saw him she did not rise. He stood there for some seconds looking at her, expecting her to get up and greet him; but when he found that such was not her purpose, he turned angrily on his heel, and went out of the house, up to his office in the town-hall. His services were not of much service to the city on that day—neither on that day nor on the two following days. He was using all his mental faculties in endeavouring to decide what it might be best for him to do in the present emergency. The red house was a chattel of great value in Nuremberg,—a thing very desirable,—the possession of which Peter himself did desire with all his heart. But then even in regard to the house, it was not to be arranged that Peter was to become the sole and immediate possessor of it on his marriage. Madame Staubach was to live there, and during her life the prize would be but a half-and-half possession. Madame Staubach was younger than himself; and though he had once thought of marrying her, he was not sure that he was now desirous of living in the same house with her for the remainder of his life. He had wished to marry Linda Tressel, because she was young, and was acknowledged to be a pretty girl; and he still wished

to marry her, if not now for these reasons, still for others which were quite as potent. He wanted to be her master, to get the better of her, to punish her for her disdain of him, and to bring her to his feet. But he was not a man so carried away by anger or by a spirit of revenge as to be altogether indifferent to his own future happiness. There had already been some among his fellow-citizens, or perhaps citizenesses, kind enough to compliment him on his good-nature. He had been asked whether Linda Tressel had told him all about her little trip to Augsburg, and whether he intended to ask his cousin Ludovic Valcarm to come to his wedding. And now Linda herself had said things to him which made him doubt whether she was fit to be the wife of a man so respectable and so respected as himself. And were she to do those things which she threatened, where would he be then? All the town would laugh at him, and he would be reduced to live for the remainder of his days in the sole company of Madame Staubach as the result of his enterprise. He was sufficiently desirous of being revenged on Linda, but he was a cautious man, and began to think that he might buy even that pleasure too dear. He had been egged on to the marriage by Herr Molk and one or two others of the city pundits,—by the very men whose opposition he had feared when the idea of marrying Linda was first suggested to him. They had told him that Linda was all right, that the elopement had been in point of fact nothing. "Young girls will be

young before they are settled," Herr Molk had said. Then the extreme desirability of the red house had been mentioned, and so Peter had been persuaded. But now, as the day drew near, and as Linda's words sounded in his ears, he hardly knew what to think of it. On the evening of the third day of his contemplation, he went again to his friend Herr Molk.

"Nonsense, Peter," said the magistrate; "you must go on now, and there is no reason why you should not. Is a man of your standing to be turned aside by a few idle words from a young girl?"

"But she told me—— You can't understand what she told me. She's been away with this young fellow once, and she said as much as that she'd go again."

"Pshaw! you haven't had to do with women as I have, or you would understand them better. Of course a young girl likes to have her little romance. But when a girl has been well brought up,—and there is no better bringing up than what Linda Tressel has had,—marriage steadies them directly. Think of the position you'll have in the city when the house belongs to yourself."

Peter, when he left the magistrate, was still tossed about by an infinity of doubts. If he should once take the girl as his wife, he could never unmarried himself again. He could not do so at least without trouble, disgrace, and ruinous expense. As for revenge, he thought that he might still have a certain amount of that pleasure in repudiating his promised spouse for her bad conduct, and in declaring to her aunt that he could not bring himself to make a wife of a woman who had first disgraced herself, and then absolutely taken glory in her disgrace. As he went along from Herr Molk's house towards the island, taking a somewhat long path by the Rothe Rosse where he refreshed himself, and down the Carls Strasse, and by the Church

of St Lawrence, round which he walked twice, looking up to the tower for inspiration,—he told himself that circumstances had been most cruel to him. He complained bitterly of his misfortune. If he refused to marry Linda he must leave the red house altogether, and would, of course, be ridiculed for his attempt at matrimony; and if he did marry her—— Then, as far as he could see, there would be the very mischief. He pitied himself with an exceedingly strong compassion, because of the unmerited hardness of his position. It was very dark when he got to the narrow passage leading to the house along the river, and when there, in the narrowest and darkest part of the passage, whom should he meet coming from Madame Staubach's house,—coming from Linda's house, for the passage led from the red house only,—but Ludovic Valcarm his cousin?

"What, uncle Peter?" said Ludovic, assuming a name which he had sometimes used in old days when he had wished to be impertinent to his relative. Peter Steinmarc was too much taken aback to have any speech ready on the occasion. "You don't say a word to congratulate me on having escaped from the hands of the Philistines."

"What are you doing here?" said Peter.

"I've been to see my young woman," said Ludovic, who, as Peter imagined, was somewhat elated by strong drink.

"She is not your young woman," said Peter.

"She is not yours at any rate," said the other.

"She is mine if I like to take her," said Peter.

"We shall see about that. But here I am again, at any rate. The mischief take them for interfering old fools! When they had got me they had nothing to say against me."

"Pass on, and let me go by," said Peter.

"One word first, uncle Peter. Among you, you are treating that girl as cruelly as ever a girl was treated. You had better be warned by me, and leave off. If she were forced into a marriage with you, you would only disgrace yourself. I don't suppose you want to see her dead at your feet. Go on now, and think of what I have said to you." So Ludovic had been with her again! No; he, Peter Steinmarc, would not wed with one who was so abandoned. He would reject her;—would reject her that very night. But he would do so in a manner that should leave her very little cause for joy or triumph.

We must now go back for a while to Linda and her aunt. No detailed account of that meeting between Linda and Steinmarc, in Steinmarc's room, ever reached Madame Staubach's ears. That there had been an interview, and that Linda had asked Steinmarc to absolve her from her troth, the aunt did learn from the niece; and most angry she was when she learned it. She again pointed out to the sinner the terrible sin of which she was guilty in not submitting herself entirely, in not eradicating and casting out from her bosom all her human feelings, in not crushing herself, as it were, upon a wheel, in token of her repentance for what she had done. Sackcloth and ashes, in their material shape, were odious to the imagination of Madame Staubach, because they had a savour of Papacy, and implied that the poor sinner who bore them could do something towards his own salvation by his own works; but that moral sackcloth, and those ashes of the heart and mind, which she was ever prescribing to Linda, seemed to her to have none of this taint. And yet, in what is the difference? The school of religion to which Madame Staubach belonged was very like that early school of the Church of Rome in which material ashes were

first used for the personal annoyance of the sinner. But the Church of Rome in Madame Staubach's day had, by the force of the human nature of its adherents, made its way back to the natural sympathies of mankind; whereas in Madame Staubach's school the austerity of self-punishment was still believed to be all in all. During the days of Steinmarc's meditation, Linda was prayed for and was preached to with an unflagging diligence which, at the end of that time, had almost brought the girl to madness. For Linda the worst circumstance of all was this, that she had never as yet brought herself to disbelieve her aunt's religious menaces. She had been so educated that what fixed belief she had on the subject at all was in accordance with her aunt's creed rather than against it. When she was alone, she would tell herself that it was her lot to undergo that eternal condemnation with which her aunt threatened her; though in telling herself so she would declare to herself also that whatever that punishment could be, her Creator, let Him be ever so relentless, could inflict nothing on her worse than that state of agony with which His creatures had tormented her in this world.

She was in this state when Tetchen crept up to her room, on that evening on which Peter had been with Herr Molk. "Fraulein," said Tetchen, "you are very unkind to me."

"Never mind," said Linda, not looking up into the woman's face.

"I have done everything in my power for you, as though you had been my own."

"I am not your own. I don't want you to do anything for me."

"I love you dearly, and I love him,—Ludovic. Have I not done everything in my power to save you from the man you hate?"

"You made me go off with him in the night, like a—like a—! Oh, Tetchen, was that treating me as though I had been your own?"

Would you have done that for your own child?"

"Why not,—if you are to be his wife?"

"Tetchen, you have made me hate you, and you have made me hate myself. If I had not done that, I should not be such a coward. Go away. I do not want to speak to you."

Then the old woman came close up to Linda, and stood for a moment leaning over her. Linda took no notice of her, but continued by a certain tremulous shaking of her knee to show how strongly she was moved. "My darling," said Tetchen, "why should you send away from you those who love you?"

"Nobody loves me," said Linda.

"I love you,—and Ludovic loves you."

"That is of no use,—of none at all. I do not wish to hear his name again. It was not his fault, but he has disgraced me. It was my own fault,—and yours."

"Linda, he is in the house now."

"Who,—Ludovic?"

"Yes; Ludovic Valcarm."

"In the house? How did he escape?"

"They could do nothing to him. They let him go. They were obliged to let him go."

Then Linda got up from her seat, and stood for a minute with her eyes fixed upon the old woman's face, thinking what step she had better take. In the confusion of her mind, and in the state to which she had been reduced, there was no idea left with her that it might yet be possible that she should become the wife of Ludovic Valcarm, and live as such the life of a respectable woman. She had taught herself to acknowledge that her elopement with him had made that quite impossible;—that by what they had done they had both put themselves beyond the pale of such gentle mercy. Such evil had come to her from her secret interviews with this man who had become her lover almost without her own acquies-

cence, that she dreaded him even though she loved him. The remembrance of the night she had passed with him, partly in the warehouse and partly in the railway train, had nothing in it of the sweetness of love, to make her thoughts of it acceptable to her. This girl was so pure at heart, was by her own feelings so prone to virtue, that she looked back upon what she had done with abhorrence. Whether she had sinned or not, she hated what she had done as though it had been sinful; and now, when she was told that Ludovic Valcarm was again in the house, she recoiled from the idea of meeting him. On the former occasions of his coming to her, a choice had hardly been allowed to her whether she would see him or not. He had been with her before she had had time to fly from him. Now she had a moment for thought,—a moment in which she could ask herself whether it would be good for her to place herself again in his hands. She said that it would not be good, and she walked steadily down to her aunt's parlour. "Aunt Charlotte," she said, "Ludovic Valcarm is in the house."

"In this house,—again!" exclaimed Madame Staubach. Linda, having made her statement, said not a word further. Though she had felt herself compelled to turn informant against her lover, and by implication against Tetchen, her lover's accomplice, nevertheless she despised herself for what she was doing. She did not expect to soften her aunt by her conduct, or in any way to mitigate the rigour of her own sufferings. Her clandestine meetings with Ludovic had brought with them so much of pain and shame, that she had resolved almost by instinct to avoid another. But having taken this step to avoid it, she had nothing further to say or to do. "Where is the young man?" demanded Madame Staubach.

"Tetchen says that he is here, in the house," said Linda. Then Madame Staubach left the parlour

and crossed into the kitchen. There, standing close to the stove and warming himself, she found this terrible youth who had worked her so much trouble. It seemed to Madame Staubach that for months past she had been hearing of his having been constantly in and about the house, entering where he would and when he would, and in all those months she had never seen him. When last she had beheld him he had been to her simply a foolish idle youth with whom his elder cousin had been forced to quarrel. Since that, he had become to her a source of infinite terror. He had been described to her as one guilty of crimes which, much as she hated them, produced, even in her breast, a kind of respect for the criminal. He was a rebel of whom the magistrates were afraid. When in prison he had had means of escaping. When arrested at Nuremberg he would be the next day at Augsburg; when arrested at Augsburg he would be the next day at Nuremberg. He could get in and out of the roofs of houses, and could carry away with him a young maiden. These are deeds which always excite a certain degree of admiration in the female heart, and Madame Staubach, though she was a Baptist, was still a female. When, therefore, she found herself in the presence of Ludovic, she could not treat him with the indignant scorn with which she would have received him had he intruded upon her premises before her fears of him had been excited. "Why are you here, Ludovic Valcarm?" she said, advancing hardly a step beyond the doorway. Ludovic looked up at her with his hand resting on the table. He was not drunk, but he had been drinking; his clothes were soiled; he was unwashed and dirty, and the appearance of the man was that of a vagabond. "Speak to me, and tell me why you are here," said Madame Staubach.

"I have come to look for my wife," said Ludovic.

"You have no wife;—at any rate you have none here."

"Linda Tressel is my true and lawful wife, and I have come to take her away with me. She went with me once, and now she will go again. Where is she? You're not going to keep her locked up. It's against the law to make a young woman a prisoner."

"My niece does not wish to see you;—does not intend to see you. Go away."

But he refused to go, and threatened her, alleging that Linda Tressel was of an age which allowed her to dispose as she pleased of her person and her property. Of course this was of no avail with Madame Staubach, who was determined that, whatever might happen, the young man should not force himself into Linda's presence. When Ludovic attempted to leave the kitchen, Madame Staubach stood in the doorway and called for Tetchen. The servant, who had perched herself on the landing, since Linda had entered the parlour, was down in a moment, and with various winks and little signs endeavoured to induce Valcarm to leave the house. "You had better go, or I shall call at once for my neighbour Jacob Heisse," said Madame Staubach. Then she did call, as lustily as she was able, though in vain. Upon this Ludovic, not knowing how to proceed, unable or unwilling to force his way further into the house in opposition to Madame Staubach, took his departure, and as he went met Peter Steinmarc in the passage at the back of Heisse's house. Madame Staubach was still in the kitchen asking questions of Tetchen which Tetchen did not answer with perfect truth, when Peter appeared among them. "Madame Staubach," he said, "that vagabond Ludovic Valcarm has just been here, in this house."

"He went away but a minute since," said Madame Staubach.

"Just so. That is exactly what I mean. This is a thing not to be borne,—not to be endured, and shows that your niece Linda is altogether beyond the reach of any good impressions."

"Peter Steinmarc!"

"Yes, that is all very well; of course I expect that you will take her part; although, with your high ideas of religion and all that sort of thing, it is almost unaccountable that you should do so. As far as I am concerned there must be an end of it. I am not going to make myself ridiculous to all Nuremberg by marrying a young woman who has no sense whatever of self-respect. I have overlooked a great deal too much already,—a great deal too much."

"But Linda has not seen the young man. It was she herself who told me that he was here."

"Ah, very well. I don't know anything about that. I saw him coming away from here, and it may be as well to tell you that I have made up my mind. Linda Tressel is not the sort of young woman that I took her to be, and I shall have nothing more to say to her."

"You are an old goose," said Tetchen.

"Hold your tongue," said Madame Staubach angrily to her servant. Though she was very indignant with Peter Steinmarc, still it would go much against the grain with her that the match should be broken off. She had resolved so firmly that this marriage was proper for all purposes, that she had almost come to look at it as though it were a thing ordained of God. Then, too, she remembered, even in this moment, that Peter Steinmarc had received great provocation. Her immediate object was to persuade him that nothing had been done to give him further provocation. No fault had been committed by Linda which

had not already been made known to him and been condoned by him. But how was she to explain all this to him in privacy, while Tetchen was in the kitchen, and Linda was in the parlour opposite? "Peter, on my word as an honest truthful woman, Linda has been guilty of no further fault."

"She has been guilty of more than enough," said Peter.

"That may be said of all us guilty, frail, sinful human beings," rejoined Madame Staubach.

"I doubt whether there are any of us so bad as she is," said Peter.

"I wonder, madame, you can condescend to argue with him," said Tetchen; "as if all the world did not know that the *fraulein* is ten times too good for the like of him!"

"Hold your tongue," said Madame Staubach.

"And where is Miss Linda at the present moment?" demanded Peter. Madame Staubach hesitated for an instant before she answered, and then replied that Linda was in the parlour. It might seem, she thought, that there was some cause for secrecy if she made any concealment at the present moment. Then Peter made his way out of the kitchen and across the passage, and without any invitation entered the parlour. Madame Staubach followed him, and Tetchen followed also. It was unfortunate for Madame Staubach's plans that the meeting between Peter and Linda should take place in this way, but she could not help it. But she was already making up her mind to this,—that if Peter Steinmarc ill-treated her niece, she would bring all Nuremberg about his ears.

"Linda Tressel," he said;—and as he spoke, the impetuosity of indignation to which he had worked himself had not as yet subsided, and therefore he was full of courage;—"Linda Tressel, I find that that vagabond Ludovic Valcarm has again been here."

"He is no vagabond," said Linda, turning upon him with full as much indignation as his own.

"All the city knows him, and all the city knows you too. You are no better than you should be, and I wash my hands of you."

"Let it be so," said Linda; "and for such a blessing I will pardon you the unmanly cruelty of your words."

"But I will not pardon him," said Madame Staubach. "It is false; and if he dares to repeat such words, he shall rue them as long as he lives. Linda, this is to go for nothing,—for nothing. Perhaps it is not unnatural that he should have some suspicion." Poor Madame Staubach, agitated by divided feelings, hardly knew on which side to use her eloquence.

"I should think not indeed," said Peter, in triumph. "Unnatural! Ha! ha!"

"I will put his eyes out of him if he laughs like that," said Tetchen, looking as though she were ready to put her threat into execution upon the instant.

"Peter Steinmarc, you are mistaken in this," said Madame Staubach. "You had better let me see you in private."

"Mistaken, am I? Oh! am I mistaken in thinking that she was alone during the whole night with Ludovic? A man does not like such mistakes as that. I tell you that I have done with her,—done

with her,—done with her! She is a bad piece. She does not ring sound. Madame Staubach, I respect you, and am sorry for you; but you know the truth as well as I do."

"Man," she said to him, "you are ungrateful, cruel, and unjust."

"Aunt Charlotte," said Linda, "he has done me the only favour that I could accept at his hands. It is true that I have done that which, had he been a man, would have prevented him from seeking to make me his wife. All that is true. I own it."

"There; you hear her, Madame Staubach."

"And you shall hear me by-and-by," said Madame Staubach.

"But it is no thought of that that has made him give me up," continued Linda. "He knows that he never could have got my hand. I told him that I would die first, and he has believed me. It is very well that he should give me up; but no one else, no other man alive, would have been base enough to have spoken to any woman as he has spoken to me."

"It is all very well for you to say so," said Peter.

"Aunt Charlotte, I hope I may never be asked to hear another word from his lips, or to speak another word to his ears." Then Linda escaped from the room, thinking as she went that God in His mercy had saved her at last.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. II.—THE MINISTER.

THE name of Sir Robert Walpole does not suggest a tempting or grateful subject for a biographical sketch. He is not one of those heaven-born statesmen before whom the world stands reverent as before so many true princes and sovereigns of mankind. He is not even such an irregular but lofty genius as sometimes aims at statesmanship, leaving only a series of splendid mistakes or fruitless efforts behind. Nobody can deny that he was in his way a great ruler—nobody can say that in fact and deed he was anything but a true patriot and faithful servant of his country. For more than twenty years, sometimes with the generous and intelligent aid of a great princess, sometimes in spite of all the baffling perversities of an ignorant and unenlightened king, against opposition, conspiracies of friend and foe, popular discontent, abuse, every kind of vexing contradiction, he stood steadily at the helm of State, to use the most hackneyed yet the most true of similes, with a clear sight which seldom failed him, and a patience and steadfastness beyond praise. He served England in spite of herself, earning little gratitude by his exertions. He ruled her as a prudent man rules his own household, tenacious of his post, seizing every opportunity of progress, indifferent to blame, and with something of that noble self-confidence with which a man of genius feels himself the only man answerable for an emergency. In this brief description is embodied almost every characteristic of a great statesman, a great patriot, a noble historical character. And yet somehow this man, who ruled so wisely and was of so much use in his generation, is not a great historical character. The student approaches him without reverence,

without much admiration, with even a limited interest. In every page of our national story appear the names of men who have not done a tithe of his real work, and who yet are ten times more venerable, more noble, more attractive. It is hard to explain how this is, and yet the fact is too patent to be denied. Perhaps one of the causes is that the man has no special standing as a man, notwithstanding the importance of his place in history. He has no private character, so to speak, to catch the human eye. He stands forth in his public capacity, wise, far-sighted, full of resource, ever ready to make the best of everything; but his private and individual existence skulks as it were behind that bench in old St Stephen's, and makes no sign of independent humanity. A sort of rubicund shadow, drinking, toasting, trolling forth lusty songs, swearing big oaths, full of healthy heartlessness and good-humour and indifference to all codes either of love or morals, faintly appears by moments about the busy scene. Such a buxom apparition is apt to look very limp and lifeless across the vista of a century. It would have been a mere rude country squire, had it not been Robert Walpole. But being Robert Walpole, though it rouses a certain curiosity, and fills us with a certain interest, it has no power over our affections, nor can it move our respect. We admit the actual claims to greatness of a minister who possesses no greatness as a man; and we are also obliged to allow that the burly shadow was that of a man no worse than his neighbours. He was not coarser nor more wicked than the other people who surrounded him. He was not more corrupt, though he might be more able in his use of

corruption. He was always good-natured and tolerant, never cruel. His children loved him,—even that youngest child, so unlike him in every particular, and who is calmly described, with the incredible composure of the time, as not his son at all but somebody else's—the puny and famous Horace. There is something in the way in which that inexhaustible letter-writer says “my father” which conciliates the critic in spite of himself. A man spoken of with that indescribable softening of tone, must have been a lovable father, could not have been a bad man; but yet, we repeat, Sir Robert is a thankless subject for biography, and it is very doubtful how far any distinct idea of his strange personality and want of personality can be conveyed.

The comparison is perhaps a whimsical one, and it may strike some readers even as irreverent; but yet there is something in the position occupied by Shakespeare as playwright and caterer for the Globe Theatre, which is recalled to us by the position of Walpole as steward and house-manager, so to speak, of the big establishment of England. No doubt the conscious motive in the mind of our greatest of poets was less the development of all those noble and splendid figures with which he has enriched the world, than the immediate necessity of keeping up his theatre, supplying the needful variety, providing for his company and his audience, and his own daily bread. His greatness grows by the way. He is not without a certain half-divine delight in the excellence of his work, such as belongs to the modesty of genius, but it is the daily work and not the greatness for which he consciously labours. Walpole, with his inferior capabilities, does in a kind of shadow what Shakespeare did. He works for his daily needs; his office is to keep things going, to avert war and expense, to hold a certain balance of faction and national passion. Now

it is one danger, now another, that menaces his charge. Sometimes fear of dismissal hangs over him, sometimes fear of internal mutiny. His practical instinct keeps him alert and with his eyes open, and by dint of doing his work, though there is no exalted motive in it, a certain greatness falls upon the diligent soul by the way. Perhaps his determination to keep his place and to retain power in his own hands, was in reality the highest intention he had; but in his struggle for this, what patience, what force of labour, what infinite resource and genuine wisdom is in the man! It is a curious contradiction to all the higher theories of human existence, and yet there is more in it than meets the eye. It is, in its way, a fulfilment of that promise to him who was faithful in little, notwithstanding the curious sense one has of the inapplicability of a scriptural promise to such an unspiritual character as that of Walpole. He is not a great patriot, aiming consciously at the prosperity and honour and peace of his country. He is a man in office, zealously determined to keep there, to keep his party in power, his dynasty on the throne, his people solvent and moderately content; and by dint of following this purpose steadfastly through every opposition, the greater end for which he had not striven falls upon him by the way. England was the stronger, the greater, the happier for Walpole; and yet Walpole meant nothing higher than to secure his own position, and do his own work. He was more honest, true, and worthy than he meant to be. With no other conscience to speak of, he had a conscience for his individual trade, that it should be well done, whatever might be neglected. Such a principle carries the labouring man through his difficulties when many a higher motive fails.

Robert Walpole, the third son of a Norfolk country gentleman, was born at Houghton, which he after-

wards took so much pleasure in embellishing, in August 1676. He was "naturally indolent, and disliked application," says his biographer; but being a younger son, and continually reminded by his father that his fortune depended on his own exertions, he "overcame the natural inertness of his disposition." He was educated at Eton on the foundation, and following the use and wont of that noble institution, in a manner still happily practicable by younger sons, went from Eton to King's. Of neither period is there any particular incident of interest recorded. He was "an excellent scholar" Archdeacon Coxe assures us, and loved Horace. And while at Cambridge he had smallpox badly, and was so near coming to an abrupt end in that malady, that his physician considered his "singular escape" as a sure indication that great things were to be expected from him. At Eton he was the contemporary of Bolingbroke; and when the latter and other Etonians of his time began to distinguish themselves in Parliament, one of their old masters is reported to have expressed himself impatient to hear whether Robert Walpole had spoken, "for I am convinced he will be a good orator." Such prognostications prove that there was promise in his youth. Other training of a less humanising kind was not wanting. His elder brothers died, and at twenty-two he became the heir and resigned his scholarship. Before this he had been, save the mark! destined for the Church; but when these sad events happened, he went home to the jovial Norfolk Manor, where agriculture and conviviality were the only pursuits thought of. There the young man, fresh from the University, with whatever ambitions he might have had in him, was set "to superintend the sale of the cattle in the neighbouring towns," and in the evenings plunged into what was considered festive enjoyment in these days. His

father filled his glass twice for every time he filled his own, and gave him paternal encouragement. "Come, Robert," said the jovial squire, "you shall drink twice while I drink once; for I cannot permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father." This edifying precaution had evidently full effect; and the son faithfully carried out the traditions of the house. He was throughout his life one of the men upon whom dissipation has no apparent effect. He feasted high and drank deep, and did all that in him lay to ruin his constitution; but, with the marvellous health which belongs to the species, was as clear-headed the morning after a carouse as if he had been an anchorite. His head stood the trial of these and worse vices. The morning air blew away the fumes of the night's debauch; with nerves of iron, and the strength of a rock, he reappeared out of all the muddy waves of dissipation with no apparent harm done to him. There are such men at all times, and they abounded in the eighteenth century; perhaps because the race was then more vigorous, perhaps because the man capable of continual self-indulgence of this description, who survives it, is the strong specimen, the selected one of modern science. But he was very good-natured, tolerant, and genial, and helped the old squire to make Houghton pleasant to the Norfolk gentry. When he was about four-and-twenty he married the daughter of a city knight, "a woman of exquisite beauty and accomplished manners," says the Archdeacon, and soon after reigned in the stead of his father, with a rent-roll of £2000 a-year, and everything handsome about him. It was then, when set free from the old squire's agriculture and his claret, that the young squire be-thought himself of the big world outside of Norfolk. Probably such a robust nature had been able to

accept the bucolic episode with little annoyance, and perhaps even found pleasure in it. But it says something for the higher instincts of his mind that one of his first impulses on coming to his kingdom was to throw himself into public life, and resume a higher career.

He entered Parliament in the year 1700, two years before the death of William III., a young man of twenty-four, of good family, good fortune, and good hopes, but not distinguished in any extraordinary degree by nature or Providence. It was while England was still in the throes of a transition period. William, the strong embodiment of a successful revolution, was about over, and there were some fifteen years to come of relapse, as it were, into a period of anticipation and suspense, until the new dynasty, the modern race which was doomed to fix itself so firmly upon the throne of the Stuarts, should enter on the scene. Such an interregnum as that of Queen Anne's reign could not be otherwise than a painful trial of the national temper and strength. William had cut violently the thread of succession. Anne made a weak reunion of the separated strands. Though she could not by any legitimist be considered the rightful sovereign, she was yet of the dispossessed family, a Stuart, though it is hard to identify her with the name, and the sister of the undoubted heir by right divine. Nothing but a strong individuality could have given to such a reign any other character than that of a period of suspense and possible compromise. And Anne had no individuality to speak of, some feeble family affection, and a natural horror of her German cousin, rich in sons and grandsons, whose family was to succeed her on her father's throne. During the first part of her reign these facts were neutralised by the sway of Marlborough and Godolphin; but when the weak queen fell into other hands, all the doubtful influences natural

to her position returned with double force. Nothing was certain, and everything unsettled. At any moment the country, smitten with compunction, and always very doubtful whether it most loved or hated its ancient masters, might have changed its mind in such a sudden caprice as once before had seized it, and thrown up its cap for King James. The Protestant succession might have collapsed altogether; or the young James, burdened by no antecedents, might have turned Protestant; a hundred things might have happened to turn the waters back into their ancient channel. It is evident that, though the noble old Electress with a woman's hopefulness looked forward confidently to her splendid inheritance, her descendants, more matter-of-fact, considered the great windfall as still doubtful. The politicians of the time stood upon their watch-towers straining their eyes to note all the comings and goings, and throwing a thousand straws into the air to see how the wind blew. On the whole, it is clear that most of them felt the slumbrous wind from Whitehall breathing faintly and fitfully towards the little peevish court under the trees at St Germain's. The reign of that faintest of Stuarts was an anachronism—it was like putting back the hands of the national clock, and making a weak postponement of everything that ought to be settled. It was a time of vain proposals, of abortive acts, of pretended statesmanship. Those who were scheming the restoration of a Catholic monarch played for popularity with a Protestant mob by such villainous means as that of the Schism Act, a piece of paltry intolerance never carried into execution. Real national action and internal rearrangement were paralysed. It was a pause between the new and the old. The episode of William's energetic but alien sway had been cut short. Was it the ancient rule that was to return? was it the new which was to be in-

sisted on, and brought in over all resistance? Doubt was in every man's mind. It was the Augustan age, so called, of England. Amid the babble of wits who claimed to confer this character upon their time rose the silvery voice of Addison, the ringing tones of Steele, the first accents of Pope, the deep diapason of Swift, the fine eloquence of Bolingbroke, noble of style and poor of heart. But it was not a time of great genius or originality of thought. The distinction of the period was one not unnatural to such a moment of suspense in the serious march of ages. An exquisite perfection of style and skilful management of words were its prevailing characteristic. No burden of prophecy was on the national heart. There was no special message to deliver either from God or man. The passing flutter of little doings came into unusual note in the silence through which men listened for the big breathless events which needs must come sooner or later. The hoop, the powder, the rustle of the silken robes, the lace on the fine gentleman's fine clothes, the tie of his hair, the jingle of his sword, are all audible in the hush of more important affairs. If "town" was the world then, the world was more like a village than any imagination of the present time could conceive. Marlborough, who had sent the echo of his guns to freshen the air in the first half of the reign, died off into the factious silence of exile in its latter part, and the self-absorption of suspense swallowed up all the nobler activities of national life. Literature pointed its subtle pen, and played its dainty pranks, and called the moment of anxious leisure an age of gold; and "good Queen Anne," one cannot tell how, became the proverbial title of the heavy, sad, and desolate woman upon whose life so many issues hung. Poor soul! she was no more a "good" than she was a bad queen. The mother of many children, yet heirless, on her melan-

choly throne—swayed and insulted by one imperious and too much favoured friend, swayed and cajoled by another—her life little more than an obstruction in the way of national progress, her death anxiously waited and looked for by eager claimants—Heaven knows, her lot was little to be envied! It is the most pitiful ghost of power that ever wore ermine and purple. Her father himself, banished to the hamlet-court by the Seine, is scarcely so sad a spectre as Anne in St James's, Queen of England, fought over by her favourites, unloved, uncourted, and alone, with hungry successors on either side of her contending for her crown.

Walpole appears to have made his *début* as a speaker and rising man in his party at a very early period. He had been, as has been said, the schoolfellow at Eton of the brilliant Bolingbroke, and a rivalry at once of character and politics naturally existed between them. "St John soon distinguished himself in the House of Commons, and became an eloquent debater," says Coxé. "Repeated encomiums bestowed on his rival roused the ardour of Walpole, and induced him to commence speaker sooner than he at first intended." But at the outset this impulse of competition did not serve him in great stead. His gifts were of another kind from those of his rival. His steadiness and tenacity, and close knowledge of his subject, were not qualities to be made evident in a maiden speech, like the splendid diction and natural oratory of St John. "He was," his partial biographer admits, "confused and embarrassed, and did not seem to realise those expectations which his friends had fondly conceived." This hesitating commencement, however, had small effect upon his career. He was not a man to sink under the discouragement of a partial failure. By degrees his name found a place in all the debates, and his powers of labour told with still more effect

in the business of the country. He was no unimportant acquisition to any party. He came to his political leaders not only with the great undeveloped powers afterwards so fully made use of, but with the palpable and unmistakable advantage of three boroughs in his pocket, a recommendation which no minister could resist. In 1705 he had already received a political appointment of secondary importance. In 1708 he became Secretary at War. From that time until 1742, when he fell, or rather until the moment of his death, which was not much later, he never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on the affairs of the country. For the greater part of the time they were entirely in his hand; and even during the short period which he spent in opposition, his place was prominent in the public eye. He was a Whig as parties were known in those days; but not a Whig after the fashion of recent times. The Tories of Queen Anne's day were the disaffected party. Their eyes were bent over the seas, in hope of change. They were allied with the Irish Papists and the Highland clans, and in sympathy with revolutionaries in general. Septennial Parliaments, which nowadays every true Tory would fight for to the death, were then instituted in the face of their most strenuous opposition—short parliaments being, Archdeacon Coxe tells us, one of their principles. "The two great contending parties," says Lord Mahon, "were distinguished as at present by the nicknames of Whig and Tory. But it is very remarkable that, in Queen Anne's time, the relative meaning of these terms was not only different but opposite to that which they bore at the accession of William IV. In theory indeed the main principle of each continues the same. The leading principle of the Tories is the dread of popular licentiousness. The leading principle of the Whigs is the dread of royal en-

croachment. It may thence perhaps be deduced that good and wise men would attach themselves either to the Whig or Tory party, according as there seemed to be greater danger at that particular period from despotism or from democracy. The same person who would have been a Whig in 1712, would have been a Tory in 1830. For on examination it will be found that in nearly all particulars a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig."

Sir Robert Walpole may therefore be described both at the beginning of his career and during all its course as a Conservative. But he was above all things Parliamentary. His confidence in the people was about as small as his confidence in the sovereign. Of human nature, indeed, except under strictly Parliamentary restrictions, he had evidently but a small opinion. His end and source of all things was the House of Commons. His policy was in all its characteristic features a strictly domestic policy. He makes his appearance before us like the *maitre d'hôtel* of a great, comfortable, wasteful, ill-regulated house. He has an eye open upon his neighbours that they may not take him at a disadvantage, but for themselves, as neighbours, he cares next to nothing. His aim is to reform his outgoings and incomings, to make both ends meet, to establish and raise the credit of the vast and disturbed household. Avoiding all radical changes such as might still more upset the unsteady balance of affairs, he watches closely where he can introduce an improvement, and how he can regulate an abuse. He has to humour the master, and keep the servants contented, not denying by times a piece of lavish expenditure to the one, or a sacrifice of principle to the other—but fighting his way gradually through all his yieldings to a more entire sway over both,

binding them in with rule and limit on one side and the other. Such a government can scarcely be formed upon any lofty ideal. It is the reign of a practical intelligence very far removed from optimism, and indeed actuated by a low opinion of mankind in general. It is as different as can be conceived from that noble but visionary traditionalism which fixes its eyes upon the glories of the past, and devotes itself to their emulation; and from that splendid hope in the future, that dream of Utopian perfection with which young genius so often sets out in the world. Walpole was unmoved by either of these ideals. He had no worship for the past, no special hope in the future. The thing that hath been is that which will be. Such is the burden of his philosophy; and his work is to do the best he can, in practical unheroic fashion, to set his country into a more comfortable path, to prop up her weakness, to drag her through day after day of special necessity. Not to do supreme good and put down all evil—but to do as little harm as was inevitable, and as much good as was possible, seems to have been the secret of his system. Such a matter-of-fact mode of dealing with national necessities has evidently an attraction for the Anglo-Saxon mind.

The reign of Anne was divided into two periods, as most readers of history are aware,—the first of which was the reign of Sarah of Marlborough, with the great Duke as general abroad, and Godolphin as minister at home. It was during this period that Walpole took part for the first time in the administration of the country. He shared the power, and he also shared the overthrow, when Mrs Masham wrought her bedchamber triumph, and Harley and Bolingbroke came into office. At this period of party overthrow Walpole's conduct in opposition was natural and unexaggerated. He

“defended his patron (Godolphin) with great spirit” from the assault of Bolingbroke. He indignantly refused to be influenced either by the overtures or the threats of Harley. He put forth expositions of financial policy which proved him, according to contemporary writers, “the best master of figures of any man of his time,” and gradually made himself so formidable to his opponents that a charge of corruption was trumped up against him, apparently on no serious ground. “It is quite certain,” says Lord Mahon, who is at no time favourable to Walpole, “from the temper of his judges that even the most evident innocence or the strongest testimonies would not have shielded him from condemnation, and that had he made no forage contracts at all, or made them in the spirit of an Aristides or a Pitt, he would have been expelled with equal readiness by that House of Commons.” He was, accordingly, condemned, sent to the Tower, and declared incapable of again sitting in that Parliament, which, as the Parliament lasted only a year and a half, was no very serious deprivation.

This period of imprisonment seems on the whole to have been a very pleasant little episode in Walpole's life. “His apartments exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee,” says Coxe. Marlborough and his duchess, Godolphin, the venerable Somers, heads and oracles of his party, did honour to its martyr; and his own colleagues and future opponents, Sunderland and Pulteney, were among his constant visitors. He had leisure to write and vindicate himself in the historical calm of the place where so many a more heroic prisoner has languished; and his seclusion was the subject of popular ballads, one of which his biographer has preserved in the narrative of Walpole's life. The “Jewel in the Tower” is here dwelt upon with the lofty hyperbole common to the popular muse.

"If," says the enthusiastic ballad-singer—

"If what the Tower of London holds
Is valued far more than its power,
Then counting what it now enfolds
How wondrous rich is this same Tower."

"Lady Walpole," Coxe informs us, "who had a pleasing voice, used to sing this ballad with great spirit and effect, and was particularly fond of dwelling on the last verse, at the time when the prophecy was fulfilled." The last verse was as follows:—

"The day shall come to make amends;
This jewel shall with pride be wore,
And o'er his foes and with his friends,
Shine glorious bright out of the Tower."

This little touch of nature conciliates the spectator notwithstanding the bad grammar and bathos by which both ballad and sentiment are distinguished. Walpole and his wife were far from being a model pair, if stories are true. But they were still young at this period, and the exultation of excitement, the flutter of sympathy, the sense of martyrdom and its laurels, give the position a certain interest. No doubt there were many jibes less delicate than pungent, much laughter and merriment in the pathetic state-prison, with which its jovial tenant was so much out of place; but yet Lady Walpole's song sung with "her pleasing voice," "with great spirit and effect," breaks in with a touch of human feeling into the too exclusively political tale.

The same strain was probably roared or screamed by popular songsters under Harley's windows, and within hearing of the plotters in office as they concocted their treacherous devices. They had discovered no doubt by this time that dishonesty was bad policy, but they had nothing to expect from the exasperated Whig leaders, and not much from the Hannoverian monarch, between whom and King James England hung suspended. As for Walpole, "his imprisonment," Archdeacon Coxe in-

forms us, "was called the prelude to his rise." During his confinement he wrote his name on his window, like so many prisoners; and Lansdowne, who afterwards occupied the same apartment, added the following lines to his predecessor's autograph:—

"Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some raised aloft come tumbling down
amain,
And fall so hard they bound and rise
again."

The accession of George I. put at end to the humiliation of the Whigs. This great event, for and against which all England, not to say all Europe, had schemed and struggled, took place quietly enough at last as if in the most natural order of things. Anne was consigned to the royal vault, and George and the Protestant Succession reigned in her stead, and none of all the conclusions that had been anticipated disturbed the quiet of the nation. Perhaps it was the extreme state of excitement and roused expectation with which the country awaited this event which got it after all accomplished so quietly. Every man held his breath and strained his eyes to watch what his neighbour was about to do, and consequently lost the opportunity of himself doing anything in the emergency. George came over, on the death of the Queen, not precipitately, but with a certain dignified half-reluctance, not half believing in his own good fortune, while the nation stood like an astounded bumpkin, not able on its side to believe at all that the crisis it had been looking for so long was thus summarily disposed of and got over. After the first moment of breathless suspense, there ensued a sudden flurry and scattering of all the holders of power which was little to the credit of England and her Government. Queen Anne's ministers had all been tampering in a half-hearted way with the

banished Stuarts, thinking of bringing them in again, thinking of making Protestants of them, thinking perhaps some miracle might happen to execute their plans without risking their heads. But they were refused the aid of miracle, and natural overthrow fell upon them instead with a haste and completeness which must have taken away their breath. Bolingbroke and Ormond fled to France. Harley, who would not fly, was impeached, and sent to the Tower. They had ruled badly, and betrayed the national trust. They had concluded the disgraceful peace of Utrecht, and they had coquetted with the Pretender. But yet the hunting out of one entire Administration by its successors was neither dignified nor seemly; and an unusual stroke of poetic justice ere long overtook the victors.

The constitution of this Ministry, the first under the new dynasty, is for the moment only interesting to us in consequence of the curious state-intrigue which tore it asunder. Walpole at first occupied only a secondary post. The leaders of the Cabinet were Townshend, his close friend and brother-in-law, and Stanhope, who seem to have held equal rank, the one presiding over Home affairs, the other, a soldier and diplomatist, managing the Foreign department. The Ministry seems to have been a model of what a Ministry ought to be—composed of the best men in their different developments, men of the same standing, each other's brothers in arms. Yet this well-assorted band, united by every link that should keep men together—sympathy, common opinions, gratitude, and friendship—speedily fell off from each other, and made as violent a disruption of their forces as ever tore a party asunder, or set the temper of brethren on edge.

There are moments when History marches slowly, elaborating her great efforts, and there are times when she goes so fast that events

hurry upon each other too quickly almost to be identified. At such periods it often happens that a fact of secondary importance thrusts forward into the first place and keeps it, throwing matters of great magnitude into the background. Such a tragic episode as that of the Rebellion of 1715 is no doubt of much more national importance than the cabals of the Cabinet or changes of Ministry; but while we are told, like a romance, the short and thrilling and melancholy tale, the conspiracy on the next page to unseat a Minister lingers about our ears somehow with a smack of the true tedium and heaviness of a real event. The Rebellion sweeps like a storm across the country. We know beforehand its fatal devotion, its knight-errantry, its ill-timed chills of prudence, all the woeful tragic story. Its interest wrings our hearts and touches us to the quick, but as a romance would touch us. It comes, it goes, it is over, a strain of wild passion sinking into the wilder wail of an inevitable catastrophe. The reader hastens, with the sobbing sigh of a sympathy which is too painful to have any pleasure in it, to an exhibition of human passions less trying and touching; and, with a curious force of contrast, the scene lies ready to his hand. It is but a step, but the turning of a page, brings him back to statecraft and chicanery, from the primitive outbursts of loyalty, valour, and despair.

It was not more than a year after the Rebellion of 1715, when the little *coup d'état* of which Stanhope was the author, and which drove Walpole into violent opposition, took place. A calm like that which succeeds a storm had fallen on the country. Though it is hard for us, in our peaceful days, to understand how such a serious matter could be so quietly got over, yet it is apparent that things had resumed their usual course in England (so far, indeed, as that routine had ever

been disturbed) before the head of young Derwentwater fell on the scaffold, or Nithsdale had taken advantage of that favourable breeze, which could not have been better "had some one been flying for his life." As soon as it was all settled, King George, glad to be released, set off for his native realm of Hanover, taking with him his Foreign Secretary, Stanhope. Townshend stayed at home with his share of the work, and with him Walpole, who had been raised to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is easy to perceive in the situation, not only the calm, but the feeling of refreshment which naturally comes after such a tempest. The danger had been hanging over them for a long time, discouraging all their efforts; now it was safely over, the air was cleared, and a new period begun. The Home Ministers entered energetically into the task before them. For Walpole there was the still more special attraction in it, that he now found himself for the first time in his natural place. The finance and practical management of the national affairs were at last in his hands, and he threw himself with genuine relish into the congenial labour. As became his office, the debt with which the country was burdened, and for which all statesmen had then a kind of insane terror, occupied his chief attention. He had just "matured a very able and well-considered scheme for its reduction" when trouble arose. The manner in which the overturn came was as follows.

King George, who was much more at home as Elector of Hanover than he ever managed to be as King of England, was naturally at the same time more keenly affected by the politics and commotions of the Continent than an English Prince could have been, or than it quite suited his insular dignity to be. Stanhope, who accompanied him, was an unquestionably able and honest states-

man; but it is evident that the temptation common to diplomatists was powerful with the Foreign Secretary. He could not understand how anything in domestic affairs, anything in heaven or earth, could be so important as the conclusion of a certain treaty which he himself had painfully negotiated. At this moment things were in a state of wild confusion on the Continent. There were, heaven knows how many, treaties afloat, triple and quadruple alliances, broken or half made, by which everybody guaranteed the succession to everybody else's throne. The young King of France, Louis XV., was sickly and unlike to live, and the Regent Orleans was bent upon having the succession confirmed to his branch of the royal family. The Emperor was moving heaven and earth to secure his daughter after him on his imperial throne. As for England, with her bran-new dynasty, and the principle of the Protestant succession, which was periodically and violently menaced by one Pretender and another, her policy was to guarantee and support everybody in like difficulties. At no moment could she be safe from possible invasion in the name of her ancient kings. Spain, which looked on with plaudits when the boy who was afterwards Prince Charlie threw his hat on the soft Mediterranean waves, with the cry, "To England," might be moved to give the fallen family more effectual help. France, who sheltered them in her dominions, might send her armies any fine morning across the Channel. Even Sweden, in which Charles XII., the last of knights-errant, still reigned, turned her eyes ominously towards our unprotected northern coast; and Russia, big, savage, and mysterious, stood behind ready to back her. There was not a royal house or ancient government in Europe which had not the sympathy of like for like with the Stuarts.

Under such circumstances, a close alliance with France, our nearest and most dangerous neighbour, was undoubtedly of the first importance to England; and it was natural that Stanhope, surrounded by Continental politicians, and separated from all the assuring influences of home, should have keenly felt its necessity, all the more after he had expended his most strenuous efforts in bringing this alliance about. After all the vicissitudes of a long negotiation, the treaty was finally agreed upon. Then there came a moment of delay. Townshend at home, comfortable in the shelter of the four seas, and in the sense that one rebellion had happily and completely blown over, was, though equally convinced of the advantage of an alliance with France, in no such hurry as his colleague; and the matter was complicated by a personal point of honour raised by the Plenipotentiary whose signature was necessary to the treaty, but who had pledged himself not to sign it except in concert with the Dutch, the old allies of England. Such a little pause in the completion of an important piece of business might have reasonably occasioned a momentary misunderstanding between colleagues, or even division in the Cabinet; but it seems utterly inadequate as a reason for the dismissal of a Minister. This, however, was what it came to. Without any reference to Parliament, or indeed deliberation of any kind, and with an appearance of treachery which excited universal indignation, the King and Stanhope, in the irritation of the moment, dismissed Townshend, and overturned the entire Administration. Lord Mahon in his valuable history does manful battle for his ancestor. But the facts are not favourable to Secretary Stanhope, who was at the King's side, and who was personally wounded by the delay which occurred in concluding his treaty. His colleagues at home, who were

working diligently at the internal renovation of the country, had no warning of the sudden disgrace, which fell upon them like an earthquake. They were in a state of perfect repose and security, nay, even of self-congratulation, believing the little mist of disagreement to have blown happily over, when the thunderbolt fell. It is not wonderful if a certain bitterness mingled with their humiliation. Walpole, who was at once the relation and chief colleague of Townshend, though not absolutely dismissed with him, followed his chief after a short interval. The Chancellor of the Exchequer closed his books, and laid down his calculations, and gave up his office. It would be taking but a very poor view of human nature to conclude that it was leaving office alone which moved him. He was leaving a very great piece of work, of work well worthy to be accomplished, behind him. He was giving up the vocation natural to him; leaving others not so competent, not so full of resource as he was, in his place. And he was compelled to do all this without any sufficient reason, because there had been a little unintentional delay about the signing of a treaty, and because the Ministers at home were falsely accused to the King of being his son's friends. This was the sole cause why their work was interrupted and their party rent asunder. The position was very trying to bear.

Walpole did not bear it well, as might be supposed. He went into the most violent opposition. Against the Tories he had been energetic, yet not unamiable; but it was different when his opponents were his own familiar friends—men whom he had trusted. Against them his virulence knew no bounds. The unequivocal fury of his antagonism brings down upon his head not only the condemnation of more recent historians, but even the ponderous thunders of his own biographer. The ejected

Minister contradicted without hesitation all his own antecedents, his expressed opinions, his very actions. "When Walpole asserted in the House," says Archdeacon Coxe, "that he never intended to embarrass the affairs of Government, he either was not sincere in his professions, or, if he was, did not possess that patriotic and disinterested firmness which could resist the spirit of party; for almost from the moment of his resignation to his return into office we find him uniform in his opposition to all the measures of Government." He leagued himself with those who up to this moment had been his bitterest adversaries. He opposed the most necessary and inevitable devices of legislation. He resisted the repeal of the Schism Act, though he had declared it on a former occasion to be more like a decree of Julian the Apostate than a law enacted by a Protestant Parliament. He enlarged, assuming a prejudice which his mind was much too enlightened to entertain, against a standing army. And finally, he gave up and allowed to drop the investigation into the character of Oxford, which he had himself most energetically begun. In short, he left no stone unturned to discomfit and dishearten the members of his own party who now formed the Ministry. They had his own measures to carry through and his own policy to support; and yet the originator of these very measures put every possible obstacle in their way. "No regard for the public, no feeling for his own consistency, ever withheld him," says Lord Mahon. "In short, his conduct out of office is indefensible, or, at least, is undefended even by his warmest partisans; and in looking through our Parliamentary annals I scarcely know where to find any parallel of coalitions so unnatural, and of opposition so factious."

This conduct, bad as it is, was perfectly characteristic of the man, who had evidently no rule of principle or high purpose to guide him.

He was conscientious only in doing his work when it was left in his own hands; and it was almost with the rage of an unreasoning creature that he saw that occupation taken from him; nor could he allow that any other mind but his own could carry out the necessary labours. Nothing, however, could have been a greater test of his influence and power in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the evident factiousness of his opposition, he lost none of the weight with which his previous services had endowed him. He carried some measures by his individual influence alone, in opposition to the Ministry; and Coxe, having satisfied his conscience by lecturing his hero, cleverly draws an argument in his favour from the evident power so uncomfortably exhibited. "Thus," he says, "it appears that Walpole, even when in opposition, almost managed the House of Commons; and being in opposition, he could not gain that ascendancy by the means of corruption and influence which were afterwards so repeatedly urged against him, and which the same virulent author calls 'some SECRET MAGIC, of which he seemed to have been a perfect master.' In fact, the magic which he applied was derived from profound knowledge of finance, great skill in debate, in which perspicuity and sound sense were eminently conspicuous, unimpeached integrity of character, and the assistance of party."

The argument is sound enough, and well applied; and the episode is one of the most curious which has ever occurred in the life of a political leader. Few happily have been so destitute of that sense of personal as well as party honour which should have kept him at least no worse than silent, when the measures he had himself originated were carried out by others. But Walpole was not endowed with a fine sense of what was fit. He was rabid when he was driven from his post, notwithstanding the steady-

ness, the wisdom, the good sense and moderation which he displayed when in it. This is a paradox of which we do not pretend to offer any explanation. It is one of the subtleties of individual character which it is most difficult to understand. In short, it is character alone which can explain it at all : no principle nor motive which we can suppose to have moved Walpole could have led him to such a course of action. It was his nature, and he could not go beyond the limits which that nature had fixed. He could be almost great in power. He was capable of honest work, of real exertions for the good of his country. But he could not stand by, a magnanimous spectator. Any violence, any meanness, was more possible to him. After two years of a factious and violent opposition, varied by sparks of enlightened antagonism to such measures as the Peerage Bill, which was defeated chiefly by his exertions, he who had been dismissed from the important post of First Lord of the Treasury, crept humbly back into office as Paymaster of the Forces. How he managed to eat his own words, and bely his own actions by this miserable submission, it would be hard to tell. He did it, drawn back, it seems, by some irresistible attraction in office simply as office, which is half ludicrous and half touching. Office was his only safety, his best means of making himself honest and true. He escaped from the greatest dangers to which his temperament subjected him when he stole back, though in an ignominious way. A poor man who knows he would be better were he rich, and steals a heap of money to bring himself into more favourable circumstances for the development of his character, would be in something of a similar position. And yet Walpole was right in getting back, almost by any means. He was wanted in England : unprincipled, unexalted as he was, he was the most able craftsman in the mat-

ter of government that existed in his country. And the means of his re-entry upon his natural career were very soon banished from public recollection by the great piece of business which nobody but he could have managed, and which was then growing into disastrous magnitude and importance, in preparation for his skilful hand.

This was the extraordinary South Sea Scheme, the first memorable outbreak of that singular and gigantic system of gambling which has never since quite died out of England, and from which we suffer in periodical spasms. The South Sea Company was one which had been originated long before by Harley, by way of paying off a certain portion of the National Debt. The statesmen of the time of all parties lived in a kind of insane panic of the National Debt. It went "between them and their wits," according to the Scotch saying. Shares in the newly formed Company were allotted to the proprietors of the floating debt in payment of their claim upon the nation, and the monopoly of a trade to the South Sea, or coast of Spanish America, was given to them. It was something like giving them the monopoly of a trade to El Dorado, in the ideas of the time. The riches won by the pirate-adventurers of Elizabeth's day had left an uneffaced tradition behind ; "a rumour industriously circulated that four ports on the coasts of Peru and Chili were to be ceded by Spain, inflamed the general ardour ; the prospect of exchanging gold, silver, and rich drugs for the manufactures of England, was a plausible allurements for a rich and enterprising nation ; and the mines of Potosi and Mexico were to diffuse their inexhaustible stores through the medium of the new Company."

Though all these foundations turned out to be delusive, though the privileges accorded by Spain dwindled to a horrible "assiento," conferring upon the English merchants the right of supplying the

Spanish colonies for thirty years *with negroes*, and the privilege of sending one ship laden with ordinary merchandise yearly, the English mind, so slow to depart from its first impression, still held the grant as a charter of profit; and in the year 1720, the Government, left, by Walpole's absence from office, to its own devices in the way of finance, received renewed proposals from this Company, "to buy up and diminish the burden of the irredeemable annuities granted in the two last reigns, for the term mostly of 99 years, and amounting at this time to nearly £800,000 a-year." When this scheme was stated to the House of Commons, "a profound silence ensued, and continued for nearly a quarter of an hour." The magnitude of the proposal took away the breath of honourable members. To Walpole's clear eyes the weakness of the Scheme was immediately evident. He was not so much superior to his age as to be easy in his mind about the National Debt; in short, he had himself brought forward, and with the aid of Stanhope succeeded in passing, bills which had for their object the reduction of a certain portion of it by the legitimate means of a sinking fund. It was not to the principle of the South Sea Scheme he objected, but to its magnitude. He desired that there should be no monopoly, but that the Bank of England should be allowed to compete in the subscription. He urged that to throw so much power into the hands of one company, would place the nation itself as good as under its feet, that "it would countenance the penurious practice of stock-jobbing," and that, "as the whole success of the Scheme must chiefly depend on the rise of stock, the great principle of the project was an evil of the first magnitude; it was to raise artificially the value of the stock, by exciting and keeping up a general infatuation, and by promising dividends out of funds which would not be adequate for the

purpose. . . . He closed his speech by observing that such would be the delusive consequences that the public would conceive it a dream." With this solemn warning Walpole had to stand aside and suffer the evil to be accomplished. Great as his influence was, it stopped short at that point where all influence and all wisdom fails. His good sense could not convince the folly of the crowd. All that he could gain was, that the Bank should be permitted to compete for the advantages of the new scheme. But the Bank, though willing to engage in the competition, faltered before the prodigality of the South Sea Company, and retired from the field. The bill was carried accordingly amid the joy of the nation. Immediately there occurred the strangest scene. The country went wild over this gigantic speculation. In imitation of the French enthusiasm for Law's equally wild inventions, all London rushed to subscribe. Clerks sat in the streets with their tables to receive the names; and the neighbourhood of the Bank was occupied by mobs of eager capitalists. "It is impossible to tell you," says Mr Secretary Craggs (who paid with his life very shortly after for the failure of the vast speculation) to Lord Stanhope, "what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowd of those that possess the redeemable annuities is so great, that the Bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables, with clerks, in the streets." Not merchants alone, but, as in every scheme of the kind, the helpless classes of the community, poor women, poor clergymen, country folks, embarked their all in the Company which was to make everybody rich. Excitement gave voice and expression to the decorous English crowd. The "*actions du Sud et les galions d'Espagne*," were the only subjects, according to a French traveller, quoted by Lord Mahon, on which

Englishmen could talk. And the fever of speculation once excited did not even confine itself to the South Sea Company. Nearly two hundred other "bubbles" are enumerated in Anderson's 'History of Commerce,' some of them being of the wildest character. One of these, which has been often quoted, evidently reached the furthest limits to which human credulity could stretch. "The most impudent and barefaced delusion was that of a man who advertised that upon payment of two guineas the subscribers should be entitled to a hundred pound share, in a project which *would be disclosed in a month*. The extreme folly of the public was such, that he received a thousand of those subscriptions in one day, and then went off."

The folly of the public was encouraged and sustained by the example set them in high places. Not only had all the leaders of society embarked in the South Sea Scheme, but the Prince of Wales himself lent the sanction of his name, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the few sane bystanders, to a company for smelting copper, of which he became governor. "The Speaker and Mr Walpole could not dissuade him from it," says Craggs, "though they told him he would be prosecuted, mentioned in Parliament, and cried in the alley, upon the foot of Onslow's insurance, Chetwynde's bubble, Prince of Wales's bubble, &c." To this is added the significant sentence, "He has already gained £40,000 by it." What is still more extraordinary is the fact that Walpole himself, though strenuously disapproving of the great Scheme, speculated in it like the rest of the world, but with greater prudence and discernment, managing his affairs so as to sell out when the stock was at its highest, viz., £1000 per cent. His biographer, though attributing this wonderful good luck in great part to "his own sagacity and the judgment and intelligence of his

agents," yet allows that these alone were not enough to have saved him from the universal overthrow. "His good fortune was still greater than his own discernment or the intelligence of his agents, for he narrowly escaped being a great sufferer in the last subscription by the precipitate fall of stock. Some orders which he had sent from Houghton to Sir Harry Bedingfield, together with a list of his friends who wished to be subscribers, came too late to be executed; and the delay prevented his participating in the general calamity." One, at least, of his friends profited by his judgment. The Earl of Pembroke consulted him as a financial authority, whether he should sell out or wait? Walpole answered, "I will only acquaint you with what I have done myself. I have just sold out at £1000 per cent, and I am fully satisfied." The grateful Earl took his friend's advice, and some years after sent to Houghton a fine cast in bronze of the 'Gladiator'—an acknowledgment after the statesman's own heart of his word in season. Whimsically enough, Walpole's wife either did not receive or did not profit by his advice, but held her stock and lost her money. There can be no doubt that Walpole's participation in these unparalleled profits must have neutralised the effect of his wise opposition to the Scheme, and cast an equivocal light upon all his virtuous severities towards it. But, at the same time, what can be said for the general infatuation which could believe in the maintenance of such a fictitious rate of value, or the greed which still hoped for more than even this £1000 per cent? A high-minded and stainless hero would have kept himself clear of the bubble altogether, as Stanhope alone of all the statesmen of the day seems to have done; but it was precisely one of the occasions in which Walpole's worldly wisdom, robust self-regard, and contempt for the folly of mankind in general,

would most effectually tell. And it is clear that it did not go against his conscience to turn a penny by the way, even while condemning with a fervour more honest than his actions the delusive character of the Scheme, and warning against it a mad world which would not be warned. He advised them wisely for their good, and they took no heed. He was not the man to be restrained by any feeling of consistency from a sagacious throw of the dice for his own advantage by the way.

When this frenzy was at its height, and the whole nation intoxicated with dreams of fortune, the two divided halves of the Whig party began to draw together. It is in the same breath with his intimation of the wonderful popularity of the South Sea Scheme that Craggs adds, "There dined yesterday at Lord Sunderland's, the Dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lord Carlisle, Lord Townshend, Lord Lumley, the Speaker, Walpole, and I; and we got *some very drunk and others very merry.*" At this dignified symposium the preliminaries of the treaty by which Townshend and Walpole returned sullenly to office were arranged; and, as good fortune would have it, the only man who could extricate the country from the frightful collapse which was at hand was thus brought back to the spot and prepared for the emergency.

In August the stock had risen, as we have said, to 1000, and the excitement was at its height; a dividend of 60 per cent was announced; groundless and mysterious reports were circulated concerning valuable acquisitions in the South Sea and hidden treasures. Again the popular muse burst into song, thrilling the jubilant crowds in Change Alley. "Our South Sea ships have golden shrouds," she sang half joyous, half satirical. Everything swelled the hopeful tide. The Jacobites were crushed, and all thoughts of

rebellion made an end of. Who would rebel, when, without risk of trade or fatigue of person, all the chances of a golden Utopia were opening before him? Such was the state of the popular mind in August 1720. In the month of September, stock was at 400, and half England was ruined.

So sudden, so great, and so overwhelming a catastrophe has perhaps never occurred in the history of civilisation, except indeed the cognate ruin of the Mississippi Scheme in France. We have had catastrophes enough in our own day to know the effects of such a crash; but in the present time enterprise is so many-sided, and its resources so boundless, that one disaster, however great, cannot make the same impression on the world which was made by the collapse of the great Company which had beguiled all England. "Despair pervaded all ranks of the people." "At this awful moment the clamour of distress was irresistible." "England had never experienced so total a destruction of credit; never was any country in so violent a paroxysm of despondency and terror." Such are the usual terms in which the catastrophe is described. "Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary," says Thomas Brodrick, writing to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Middleton. "The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond expression, and the case soe desperate that I doe nott see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, soe that I cannot pretend to guesse att what is next to bee done."

This pause of utter consternation and misery endured for several months. With a vain idea of getting some comfort out of his presence, the King was summoned back from Hanover, but was himself too much frightened to be of any service. "In this alarming crisis," says Coxe, "the King was pensive and desponding, uncertain

how to act and by whom to be directed." His German counsellors, in a still greater panic, "suggested the rashest measures." Whispers of abdication on the one side, and of such a *coup d'état* as we have become familiar with in recent days on the other, circulated among the Hanoverian coterie. Sullen rage and despair were in the heart of the nation. A more appalling emergency has scarcely ever occurred in popular story; and it was not one of those primitive difficulties which could be solved by a change of government or even a change of dynasty. The first complex crisis of over-civilisation seemed to have developed at once in the bosom of a society still bearing many traces of its primitive character, and unacquainted with the necessary expedients to meet it. But there was still one man in the country in whom everybody had confidence, in matters of finance at least. He had been snubbed and discountenanced in higher quarters, but everybody remembered him when the necessity came, and there could not be any more striking testimony to his character. "In this moment of suspense and agitation, the public voice called forth Walpole as the only man calculated to free the nation from impending destruction." It was just after his return to a secondary office, but he had taken little part in the affairs of government as yet, and was at the time at Houghton among his pictures and his trees. It is evident that he did not hesitate for a moment to come to the help of his country; and his biographer naturally takes the opportunity of pointing out his public virtue. But this was not one of the temptations under which he was likely to fall. To desert his post at a time of danger, or to refuse to do his best when called upon, was clearly not a kind of weakness to which Walpole was liable. He went to the rescue promptly and simply with manful

quietness and composure. He had to deal not only with a nation in despair, but with a nation enraged and revengeful. He had to re-establish the faltering balance of national credit; he had to punish and yet to save the men by whose agency the mind of the country had been thus frightfully unsettled, and to give what relief was possible to unprecedented and general distress. That tide had come in his personal affairs which it is the highest test of manhood to seize and take advantage of, and he was not wanting either to his country or to himself.

In the midst of many letters full of melancholy gossip about friends and families overthrown, such as passed from house to house during that winter of panic and dismay, we come at last and suddenly without any preparation upon Walpole's statement of his plan to mend matters, in a letter addressed to the King. It begins with a declaration that "it was with great reluctance, and in obedience only to your Majesty's commands, that I was prevailed upon to undertake anything relating to the South Sea Scheme;" but, after a few paragraphs, goes on to set his proposal before the alarmed and startled monarch. The proposal was summarily to divide the South Sea stock, "amounting in the whole to 38 millions or thereabouts," into three parts, 20 millions of which was to remain to the credit of the South Sea Company, while the rest was to be divided between the Bank and the East India Company. Each proprietor of South Sea stock was to have his proportion in the new ingrafted capital stock of each of the respective companies. All the profits which had hitherto arisen by sale of stock by subscription were to remain for the benefit of the 20 millions South Sea stock, as well as all future privileges and advantages to be granted by the public. "This," Walpole argues, "puts an

end to the great demand for money that arises from time to time by sale of stock by subscription, which alone has put the town under such constant distress for money, upon every payment, that whilst that subsisted it was impossible for credit to revive." It was also designed "to put every proprietor in possession of his just share, arising from the profits of the whole without waiting for annual dividends, subject to the management of directors, and the sundry chances and hazards that payments to be received in a long course of time were liable to," besides giving "a further advantage by the ingraftment of one-half of his increased capital into the Bank and East India Company." Besides these practical advantages, it also remedied "some of the greatest mischiefs which attended the Scheme" by reducing the capital of the Company into manageable limits. "A capital of 40 millions," he explains, "is from its bulk alone impracticable, and if raised to an advanced price in any high degree cannot possibly be negotiated, not only for want of sufficient specie or paper money, but for want of property. Suppose a capital of 40 millions raised to 1000 per cent, the value is 400 millions: it is not to be conceived that all the property of England can answer such an immense imaginary value, much less that any sort of money can be found to negotiate one-half of it. It is as impossible to find any profits that can supply a dividend upon so large a capital at any advanced price: but the capital being reduced to one-half, all profits and advantages that can be reasonably given to support the scheme are double upon the half to what they would be on the whole."

"This measure, framed with great financial ability and supported by commensurate powers of debate," says Lord Mahon, was passed by both Houses of Parliament, but satisfied neither of the three Com-

panies, and was suspended shortly afterwards by another more decisive and effectual measure; but the mere fact that Walpole was at work on the difficulty seems to have had a soothing effect on the country. His intervention to a certain extent restored popular confidence, but it did not moderate the rage of the nation against the unfortunate men, many of them great losers in their own persons, who had been at the head of the Company. "Parliament met in a mood like the people's, terror-stricken, bewildered, and thirsting for vengeance." Summary justice upon the directors was demanded on all sides. "The Roman lawgivers had not foreseen the possible existence of a parricide," said one speaker; "but as soon as the first monster appeared he was sewn in a sack and cast headlong into the Tiber; and as I think the contrivers of the South Sea Scheme to be the parricides of their country, I shall willingly see them undergo the same punishment." Another, with grim jocularity, which raised still more grim laughter in the furious assembly, referred to the special need of hemp at that crisis! Petitions poured in from all parts of the country praying for condign punishment on these "monsters of pride and covetousness," "the cannibals of Change Alley, the infamous betrayers of their country." "Let them only be hanged, but hanged speedily," exclaimed a furious letter-writer in the newspapers. The sneer of Steele at these unfortunate men, as "a few ciphering cits, a species of men of equal capacity in all respects (that of cheating a deluded people only excepted) with those animals who saved the Capitol!" sinks into gentle comment before the blood and vengeance demanded by other contemporaries. When the committee of investigation began its labours, it "exposed," says Coxe, "a scene of fraud and iniquity almost unparalleled in the annals of history." Fictitious stock

to a large amount had been created for distribution among different members of the Ministry and influential persons to secure the passing of the South Sea bill. Sunderland himself, the head of the Government, was credited with £50,000 worth of these false shares; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Aislabie, was also deeply involved. The latter was committed to the Tower, while the city blazed with bonfires. Secretary Craggs died suddenly of smallpox and excitement. Some of the directors fled; all of them had their fortunes confiscated, with the exception of some miserable remnant allotted to each to save them from downright beggary. Sunderland was acquitted, not because of any innocence on his part, but from his party's need of him, and Walpole's strenuous support. During all this period of vindictive fury, the man who alone could bring any order out of the chaos was compelled to stand aside and look on while the infuriated multitude wrought its will. "Mr Walpole's corner sat mute as fishes," says Brodrick, while describing to the Irish Chancellor the badgering to which the unfortunate directors were subjected. He could no more stem the tide of popular rage than he could, not quite a year before, stem by his solemn warning the resistless eagerness for gain which had swept everybody to the feet of these same directors. He seems to have stood by with the only wisdom practicable under the circumstances, and permitted the wild storm to rage itself out. Confiscations, impeachments, disabilities, rained down out of the angry skies without any possibility of restraint. And the passive opposition with which Walpole met these violent measures, as well as his ardent defence of Sunderland, a man whom he had no occasion to love, gained him the name of *the Screen* among his political enemies. Under the circumstances, it was a creditable title.

The final settlement of this melancholy business was made by a second bill "for the restoration of public credit," which was passed in the early part of the year 1721, by which the proprietors of South Sea stock received on the whole a composition of about 40 per cent of their debts. This is the last of the ill-fated Scheme. Various ruined lords had to seek for themselves colonial governorships and other poor posts by way of escape. One member of the Government lay in the grave of a suicide; another languished in the Tower. Oddly enough, except Walpole himself, building galleries and collecting pictures in his Norfolk manor, and the one lucky lord who sent him that 'Gladiator' from Rome, no single shadow of good fortune appears among all the spectres of this universal and overwhelming disaster.

With this strange scene all possibility of permanent opposition to the autocracy and genial despotism of Robert Walpole, the only man who had nerve, steadiness, and capacity sufficient for the occasion, seems to have been at an end. Death, too, and ruin aided him in a sad but effectual way. Stanhope, his only real rival, was so far one of the victims of the South Sea business that in the passion and fury of debate he was seized by violent illness, and died suddenly. The younger Craggs, Secretary of State, died, as we have said, while the report of the committee of investigation was being given in, of smallpox, to which no doubt his anxiety and excitement had rendered him specially liable. His father committed suicide. Aislabie went to the Tower; and in a very few months after, the name of Lord Sunderland was added to this melancholy bill of mortality. He died of disease of the heart. Thus the complaint of one of the sufferers that the whole matter was to be settled *without blood* was tragically contradicted. It is evident that, guilty or innocent,

or rather guilty *and* innocent, — Stanhope for one being above even the touch of suspicion,—these unfortunate statesmen were as much the victims of the South Sea Scheme as if their heads had fallen on the scaffold.

Over these ruins and graves Walpole stepped quietly into power. In face of so serious an emergency the factious heat of his period of opposition had entirely disappeared. He had done his best, evidently with all honesty and zeal, for the colleagues and adversaries with whom he had worked and fought, who had used him harshly enough in their day of power, and to whom he had been in his turn a very bitter adversary. Fortunately for his reputation no one can accuse him of having taken any unfriendly advantage of the great calamity which overwhelmed them. He was Lord Sunderland's *Screen*. He took no part in the violent proceedings against the directors, except to moderate, when he could, the popular fury. His triumph, therefore, was one with no sting of self-reproach in it. Nor was Walpole a man of delicate feeling to be cast down by this strange and tragic sweeping away of his predecessors. He stepped into power to the head of a unanimous Cabinet and a large majority. "In the session of 1724, for example," says Lord Mahon, "there was only one single public division in the House of Commons." The Minister had it all his own way henceforward for twenty years. From unanimous his Cabinet became dutiful; his colleagues, even those whose beginnings in public life had been anterior and superior to his own, yielded to his sway, or were in their turn cast aside by his irresistible influence. Now and then, it is true, a shadow passed across his career. At one time, on the accession of George II., it seemed doomed to a summary conclusion, but only came forth from the momentary trial stronger and more fully established than ever.

Even his failures did not affect him as they affected other men. He threw the whole country into commotion with his Excise Bill, and was all but sacrificed to the fury of the mob, yet kept his seat, and next day stood on the fragments of the abandoned measure as strong and supreme as ever. Though English society still heaved and fermented throughout its depths with Jacobite plots; though it was still possible that such a man as Atterbury in the midst of his career should be suddenly cut short, impeached, and banished as a traitor; though there was a Drapier in Ireland rousing the nation to such sturdy and unanimous opposition as nowadays seems a kind of miracle; though there was a Porteous Mob in Scotland setting Government at bold defiance; though every kind of jarring element still existed in the three kingdoms, and there were perpetual wars and tumults abroad—yet neither domestic rebellion nor foreign conflict disturbed Great Britain. "The twenty years of Walpole's administration, to their high honour be it spoken," says Lord Mahon, "afford comparatively few incidents to history." A strong and wise rule, powerful to resist, yet knowing when to yield; a consistent home policy, in which everything gave way to the interest of the nation, and the as yet undeveloped doctrine of non-intervention abroad was pushed as far as was possible; a practical tolerance, in complete yet silent contradiction to many intolerant and unchristian laws, which the Minister, while eluding them, was too judicious to awaken into life by any agitation for their repeal. Such was the reign of Robert Walpole. It was such a reign as could have existed in no other country, for nowhere else is practice permitted to controvert theory, and Government to ignore the letter of the law. By times, when there are men capable of it, such a sway seems to suit England. But it is

not a lofty fashion of government, nor one of which we can be proud. No doubt, what would be simple selfishness if practised by an individual becomes a kind of patriotism when it is the internal welfare of a nation which is pressed at all hazards, and by every shift and expedient. Yet at the same time it is apparent enough that a policy which would be worldly, contracted, and ungenerous in a private family, cannot become noble, dignified, and great by being translated to a bigger area. Sir Robert's policy was perfectly adapted to the time in which he found himself. It was of incalculable use in consolidating the new *régime* and knitting the nation together. It strengthened our credit and united our forces at home—it set the throne upon surer foundations than could have been hoped for—it made the nation prosperous beyond its dreams. It was, in short, the government best adapted for the time. And yet it was not a government either lofty or pure.

We have so lately sketched the earlier incidents of Sir Robert Walpole's rule as Minister of George II., with reference to the distinguished and remarkable princess* who entered with so much insight and interest into all his projects, that it is unnecessary to repeat the tale. The intercourse between Caroline and Walpole is one of the most striking features in his life. He seems to have recognised in her, as she recognised in him, a counsellor really fit to deliberate upon the greatest of national affairs, and to work at that kingly work of reconstruction and consolidation to which our modern England owes so much. The two who in their day were the most fit governors to be found in the country, evidently entertained no mean jealousies of each other. Caroline was the only coadjutor of whom Walpole seems to have been entirely patient. He spoke to her with a frankness which

to us in a different phase of society seems brutal and disgusting. He ventured to discuss with her her most private affairs, the relations between herself and her husband, and to do it with the entire want of delicacy and refinement of feeling which was natural to him; and there must have been a certain visible weight of good intention in the man, and friendship, honest in its way, or Caroline never could have tolerated his nauseous counsels. She must have appreciated that curious truth to his trade, and honesty in his work, which stood him in stead of high principle and a sensitive conscience. She was not a trustful or confiding woman, nor one likely to err in judgment from too favourable an estimate of the motives of those about her. Yet it is evident that she had real *trust* in the man who was capable of wounding every delicacy of her nature, yet who stood up with unfailing steadfastness and courage in defence of her husband's throne and the rights of her descendants. She who went into all the details of business with him, and was, in short, his colleague in the government of the country, must have known what she was doing when on her deathbed she commended the King and her family to the Minister's care. So unelevated a soul was he that, even while receiving that supreme commendation, his mind was at sufficient leisure to tremble and think of how the King would take it; but it does not the less prove a confidence beyond all price—the highest testimony that one human creature could give to another. Nor was this high trust influenced by any personal prepossession. Lord Hervey records for us more than one outbreak in which Caroline, so often stung by his personal advices, betrays her lively appreciation of the great Minister's individual deficiencies. She bursts forth, on one occasion, with a certain sore con-

* See *ante*, No. DCXXVIII., p. 202.

tempt, yet half compassion, to wonder how any woman could tolerate such a lover—" *avec ce gros corps, ces jambes enflées, et ce vilain ventre !* " cries Caroline, with the coarse freedom of the time, and a bitter secret self-reflection which even her keen biographer does not seem to have divined. She was fond of her courtier chamberlain, who amused and helped, and even had an affection for her in his way ; but it was not to him, though he too had political ambitions, that Caroline confided her dying charge. It was to Walpole, with all his brutality, coarse, unsympathetic, and immoral, that she left this last trust. He was, as we have just said, so unworthy to receive it, that in that awful chamber of death, and with the eyes of the dying Queen upon him, he was seized with a selfish panic lest the King should be angry and dismiss him in consequence. But yet she knew that her trust was safe in Walpole's hands ; and Caroline was right.

When the Queen died who had been so faithful to him, it was supposed that Walpole's power would break down with the same certainty as his downfall had been looked for on the death of George I. ; but his enemies were again deceived. In fact, it seldom happens that immediate results, however closely calculated upon, follow upon any such public event. In public as in private life, the most valuable and necessary existence, the life upon which all hopes hang, and at whose conclusion the very sun in heaven seems as if it must pale—when it actually ends at last, leaves the bystanders lost in amaze that it should be so little missed. The world which God has taken the trouble to make gets on moderately well, and takes its own way, whoever may die or be overthrown. Queen Caroline was no exception : she died, and yet things continued as before. The King, in that one point showing a touch of human feeling, was moved rather than irritated by the fact

that his dying wife had confided him to the care of her Minister. And things went calmly on without Caroline as they had done in her lifetime. But though the storm had not immediately broken upon Walpole, it was not long before his practical eye detected the gathering clouds, and heard the growl of the rising wind. The tempest that was to sweep him out of public favour rose in a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It was a quarrel about merchandise and trading-vessels which at last disturbed the serenity which England had so long enjoyed. To all appearance it was something not unlike the offence by which Spain not very long ago provoked our contemptuous choler. In those days people were not contemptuous of Spain ; but England was then, as now, more sensitive to a petty insult to her merchants and their ships than to great political questions. The yearly South Sea ship had been followed by others freighted with English manufactures, which established themselves within reach, and poured in their goods to swell the only legal cargo as it was exhausted, so that the hold of the vessel became a very widow's cruse, always emptied yet never decreased. Naturally the Spaniards resented this barefaced smuggling ; and they insisted on a right of search, and took possession of ships and cargoes with probably insufficient warrant, as happens when such international discussions are afloat. A certain Jenkins, the captain of one of these vessels, whose ear was asserted to have been cut off, and who carried the severed member, wrapped up in cotton, about with him, for the establishment of his arguments, came in with great effect at this moment of irritation, and an outburst of popular fury helped the cabals of the politicians who were leaguings themselves against Walpole. The country seems to have grown tired of him on the whole. The King, notwith-

standing the lingerings of Caroline's influence, was a little tired of him. His vigour was giving way. He was over sixty, unwieldy, corpulent, threatened with disease. He had not been self-denying or severely virtuous. He had been magnificent and prodigal. His homely paternal house at Houghton had given way to a splendid mansion, in which twice a-year the convivial Minister held open house. His private morals were utterly beyond excuse. Ere his beautiful wife (herself, as we have said, not *sans reproche*) had been dead a month, he had married his mistress, Miss Skerrett. Everything was against him in these days, as everything had been in his favour at an earlier period. The quarrel with Spain, partly by its nature, which was one specially irritating to England, and partly by means of party plots, grew hotter and hotter. There was a weak and abortive treaty proposed which made things worse. And at last it became evident that nothing short of war would content the nation. The King was, and had been for years, painfully held in the leash of Walpole, and now was to be restrained no longer. His faithful colleagues had broken their bonds of allegiance to the Minister, and went each his several way. The people were furious and unreasoning in their desire for war. It would almost seem, indeed, as if war at any price had replaced the peace-at-any-price theory which the great Minister, without putting it into words, had steadily maintained.

It is the evident deduction from all this that Walpole, the Minister of peace, should have retired, which he could have done gracefully enough, from his laborious honours. This was the opinion both of friends and foes. His very historian and panegyrist repeats in this respect everything his sharpest opponent could say. "Thus situated and thus embarrassed," says Coxe, "thwarted

by the King, counteracted by the Cabinet, reviled by the nation, and compelled to declare war against his own opinion, a single and natural question arises, Why did he not resign? Why did he still maintain a post exposed to so many difficulties, and subject to so much obloquy? His intimate friends urged him to take this step when the convention was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of twenty-eight. . . . Had he come forward on this occasion, and declared that he had opposed the war as unjust, and contrary to the interests of his country, but finding that the voice of the people was clamorous for hostilities, he had therefore quitted a station which he could not preserve with dignity, as he was unwilling to conduct the helm of Government when he could not guide it at his discretion, and to be responsible for measures which he did not approve,—had he acted this noble and dignified part, he would have risen in the opinion of his own age, and have secured the applause of posterity. . . . The truth is, that he had neither resolution nor inclination to persevere in a sacrifice which circumstances seemed to require, and to quit a station which long possession had endeared to him. But Ministers are but men: human nature does not reach to perfection: and who ever quitted power without a sigh, or looked back to it without regret?"

To this explanation there may be added one we have already noted, and which is of a different character from the fine sentiments of the Archdeacon. There is an instinct of nature which moves a man, in spite of himself, to continue in the post for which he feels himself the man most qualified—an instinct very noble in its essence, and which enables many to hold to their duty notwithstanding much fainting of the flesh and weariness of spirit. Walpole was a better Minister than he was a

man; no doubt in the depths of his nature, in the silence which a character prone to superficial and coarse expression of itself could never put into any words, he felt that his work was the best part of him, and that any salvation there could be for him lay in it. With such a dumb sense of the necessity of the effort, something touching and pathetic is in his pertinacity. He was rich, he was old, he was suffering—he could not gain more reputation, greater advancement, than he had already won. What worldly motive had the man to cling to his tedious, laborious profession, to keep himself in the way of constant assaults and rivalry? He clung to his work—it is the only interpretation which seems to us to throw any light upon his persistence. He felt not only that he could do it best, but that he was better in doing it. Therefore he stooped and yielded as he had seemed to do before. War was proclaimed, though it was against his judgment, and the nation was wild with delight. The joy-bells were rung in London, and the procession of the heralds into the city with the proclamation was accompanied by a joyous escort, headed by the Prince of Wales himself. When Sir Robert heard the peal, he said bitterly that the ringing of the bells would soon be followed by a wringing of hands. He did not attempt to disguise his dislike either from the public or his friends, but stood at his post, and yielded to the measure against his conscience, and laid himself open to all the insults that could be heaped upon him. By this ignoble, yet, when one thinks of it, pathetic sacrifice, he added two years to his administration, and a million libels to himself.

It was within five years from Caroline's death that all this happened to her favourite Minister. In the Cabinet to which he had once dictated, he found himself contradicted on all sides. Admiral Ver-

non, who was appointed to the command of the squadron sent out, was "personally obnoxious" to him. When he took Porto Bello, the victory was flaunted in Walpole's face as a thing calculated to vex him. Yet when the expedition went astray and came to harm, the blame was thrown, like every other, upon the Minister's overladen shoulders. The opposition against him was led by Pulteney, the acquaintance and ally of his youth. Here and there he found a little capricious and uncertain support. The King, when he requested leave to resign, refused it. "What! will you desert me in my greatest difficulties?" said George. Some of his old political opponents, men who had grown grey in a continual combat with himself and his party, gave him a magnanimous moral support by moments. But yet the clouds were gathering round the setting sun, and it is impossible not to refuse him a certain sympathy. When he was badgered about the squadron so unluckily sent out, the old statesman burst into a pathetic and indignant complaint. "I oppose nothing, I give in to everything, am said to do everything, am to answer for everything; and yet, God knows, I dare not do what I think right," he cries. "The war is yours," he says on another occasion, in the King's antechamber, to the angry Newcastle. "You have had the conduct of it; I wish you joy of it." To such a pass had the autocrat of Great Britain come.

The last scene of all was one rendered necessary apparently by the custom of the time. After carrying a statesman triumphant over a greater or lesser number of years, backing him in every party measure he cared to enter into, and luring him on often beyond his depth, it was the pleasant fashion of the day to impeach him when his term of office was over, and put him at the bar to plead, if not for his life, yet for his honour and fortune. To this

humiliation also Walpole was exposed. There is a little incident in the beginning of this scene which makes a curious vignette to the graver story. In replying briefly to a notice given him that he was to be formally attached, Walpole quoted the line—

“Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpæ,”

a quotation which Pulteney immediately corrected, declaring it to be *Nulla pallescere culpa!* The assailed Minister and the leader of the Opposition, who sat, as was usual at the time, on the same bench, instantly proceeded to a bet on their respective correctness. The question was referred on the spot to Nicholas Hardinge, the Clerk of the House, a fine scholar, and given against Walpole, who tossed the guinea to his adversary. Pulteney caught it and held it up to the House. “It is the only money which I have received from the Treasury for many years,” he said, with significant insolence, “and it shall be the last.”

For the final accusation made against Walpole was that of corruption. It is true he was accused of everything from the peace of Utrecht until the current moment. He was held responsible for all as the sole Minister, sharing responsibility with no one; but the final particulars into which the charge settled was that of corruption. On the first motion, that he was unfit to serve his Majesty, Sir Robert, however, had a majority in his favour, chiefly procured by one curious incident. His old and constant opponent Shippen, one of the heads of the Jacobite party, a man with whom Walpole had fought more or less during the whole course of his political life, got up abruptly in the progress of the debate. He said the motion appeared to him a plan for turning out one minister and bringing in another, a matter which he would give himself no trouble about; upon which he left the House, followed by

thirty-four of his friends. Harley, brother to the Earl of Oxford, took a similar step. “The enemies of the falling man were kinder to him than his former supporters. “Robin and I are two honest men,” said the sturdy old Jacobite who did this manifold bit of opposition. “He is for King George, and I for King James; but those men with long cravats only desire places, either under King George or King James.” Of the same stout old Tory, Walpole is reported to have said, that he would not say who was corrupt, but he would say who was not corruptible, and that was Shippen. The honest man was a consistent, treasonable, scheming Jacobite, working all his life in King George’s Parliament on the forlorn hope of the Stuarts. Amid all the wickedness and baseness of the time, there is a certain consolation in this glimpse of him, and in his voluntary parallel of “Robin and I.”

After this victory there is a fluctuating record of majorities, sinking to the very lowest ebb of numbers. “One or two more such victories will be the death of us,” says Horace Walpole, though he records them with a young man’s levity. His letters afford us a picture of the Minister himself at this trying moment. A few months before the meeting of Parliament Sir Robert’s anxieties seem to have been at their height. The King was absent, the Continent was in a blaze, the Minister was unsupported and alone. He, “who was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, for I have frequently known him snore ere they had drawn his curtains, now never sleeps above an hour without waking; and he who at dinner always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together.” It was in the silence that his heart burned. When Parliament met again, and

Walpole had the daily struggle before him, which was the breath of his nostrils, he shook off his depression. "Sir Robert is as well as ever," Horace writes at Christmas, "and spoke with as much spirit as ever at four o'clock (in the morning). This way they will not kill him. I will not answer for any other. . . . Sir Robert is very sanguine. I hope, for his sake and for his honour, and for the nation's peace, that he will get the better; but the moment he has the majority I shall be very serious with him to resign." "It is a most shocking sight," he proceeds a few days later, speaking of the extraordinary efforts made to increase the division lists, "to see the sick and dead brought in on both sides. Men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed with a blister on his head and flannel hanging out from under his wig." Notwithstanding these exertions, Sir Robert never had a majority again. He persisted, notwithstanding everything—the entreaties of his friends and the attacks of his foes; but at last, by dint of repeated defeat, the hard lesson was learnt. A majority of *one* enforced the conviction which all the sermons in the world could not have produced; and with reluctant steps, the Minister went to his last official audience. "When he kissed the King's hand to take his first leave, the King fell on his neck, wept, and kissed him, and begged to see him frequently," says Horace. "I sit here writing to you, and receiving all the town, who flock to this house. Sir Robert has already had three levees this morning, and the rooms still overflowing! You will think this the prelude to some victory. On the contrary, when you receive this there will be no longer a Sir Robert Walpole; you must know him for the future by the title of the Earl of Orford. That other envied name expires next week with the Ministry. . . . There were a few bonfires last night,

but they are very unfashionable, for never was fallen Minister so followed."

"The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." The Minister who had held office with so tenacious a grasp recovered his balance, it is evident, and felt his foot firm on common earth again the moment he had thrown down the fatal seals. It is a kind of transformation scene, which suddenly dazzles the amazed spectator. One day he is overwhelmed with reproach and ingratitude, torn with anxiety, struggling for very life, the object of everybody's abuse; the next, and the jovial figure has regained its force, the "heart's laugh" rings out, the house is crowded with applauding guests, and Sir Robert is himself, and more than himself, again. The reader pauses in amaze, feeling half defrauded of his sympathy. Under the influence of the storm that raged round him, and the steady valour with which the persecuted Minister lifted his head against it, the looker-on had come to feel a certain interest in him which his prosperous burly figure does not excite by nature. The courage and constancy of the badgered statesman, his loneliness among those factious colleagues, between the peevish King and the irritated country, had awakened a real sympathy. But lo, a touch of the wand, a pull of the string, and the mist clears away, and the storm is over. It is Antæus who has touched the earth and is refreshed. Sir Robert Walpole's day was over; but the Earl of Orford tacks on a brilliant little postscript to that long existence. Suddenly he glides into a position more important still. He is the secret adviser of his sovereign—he is the courted of "town"—his house overflows—his disaster has turned into a triumph. The change is as startling as a change in a play, and scarcely seems more real. Yet it was not only real but natural. In the moment when his tenacity, his love of his work, his estrangement

from all support, seemed to bring him out of the conventional round, and restore him to the region of human sentiment, one's heart expanded towards the fallen man. But it was an unnecessary stretch of sympathy. Sir Robert probably would have laughed at the uncalled-for emotion. In presence of the Earl of Orford the shadow of possible feeling dies away, the incipient tear dries up. A man whose levees are more crowded than ever, whom the King desires to see frequently, and whom his very rival consults, touches our feelings and our tenderness no more.

Nor did what we may call the posthumous secret committee of inquiry into his past conduct do any further harm to the dethroned statesman. When a man is virtually dead and has come to the end of his career, it is vain to rake up the past particulars of his conduct. Posterity and the world judge him in the abstract, but not in detail; and such an inquiry, however hotly begun, cannot but languish, the object being attained to commence with, and no practical result remaining to be achieved. Even to his reputation, however, the inquiry did good rather than harm. Lord Mahon is so preoccupied with the comparison between Walpole and his own ancestor, Lord Stanhope, that he gives less attention to the question on its own merits than might be desired; but even he, always prejudiced against Sir Robert, frankly declares his good fame to be to a great degree cleared by the investigation.

"If Walpole's acts of bribery and corruption had been of such common and daily occurrence as his enemies had urged—nay, even if they approached in any degree to the representations of them—it is impossible that a band of determined enemies, armed with all ordinary powers, should have failed to bring to light a considerable number. Instead of these the Report can only allege that during one election at Weymouth, a place had been promised to the Mayor and a living to his brother; and

that some revenue officers who refused to vote for the Ministerial candidate had been dismissed. It denounces a contract with Messrs Beston and Buller as fraudulent, because the contractors had gained 14 per cent, forgetting that large profit in one case is often required to counter-balance total loss in another. It then proceeds to express some loose suspicions as to the applications of the sum for secret and special services. . . . But if corruption had been common, flagrant, or unblushing, I ask again why should not the committee have been able to trace and expose it! . . . On the whole, this Report of the Committee from which so much had been expected, instead of exciting indignation against the Minister, rather drew ridicule upon themselves, and, as we are told by a contemporary, was received by the public with contempt."

Three years later, Robert Earl of Orford died—a comparatively insignificant incident in his history. He had virtually ended when he took his leave of his master, at that interview in which a certain human emotion struggles against the unheroic features of the external scene. The unwieldy old Minister on his knees kissing the King's hand, and the little old monarch crying over him, and "unable to raise him from the ground," as in Coxe's account of the transaction, is a sight which divides the reader between an impulse to smile and an impulse to be sympathetic. The two men had worked faithfully in their way, side by side for fifteen years; they had backed each other steadily, not with much refinement of friendship or mutual respect, but with a practical support not too common in this world; and when they thus parted, though there seems but little capacity for sentiment in either, no doubt these were real tears. All the possibility of feeling that was in Walpole indeed appears at this emergency. "Last week there passed a scene between him and me," writes Lord Morton, "which affected me more than anything I ever met with in my life. . . . He has been sore hurt by flat-

terers, but has a great and undaunted spirit, and a tranquillity something more than human." This tranquillity only seems to have returned to him when he had accepted the position, and got over the bitterness of political death.

If the reader has melted a little, as the writer has done, towards this Minister in his overthrow, he will be glad to learn that a certain Dominichino from the Zambeccari Palace at Bologna was just then secured to Walpole for his Houghton Gallery to comfort his discomfiture. Nor were other comforts wanting in that splendid retirement. His youngest son, at least, attended him dutifully. His pictures smiled upon him. Among other consolatory visits, an old, old clergyman from Walsingham came to visit the old Minister, telling him he had been his first master, and had predicted that he would be a great man. When asked why he had never made his appearance when his pupil was in power, the patriarch answered, "I knew that you were surrounded with so many petitions asking preferment, and that you had done so much for Norfolk people, that I did not wish to intrude. But," he added in a strain of good-natured simplicity, "I always inquired how Robin went on, and was satisfied with your proceedings."

It would be difficult to find a better conclusion. "Old Robin," whose dethronement the ballad-singers after a while began to lament, is very much like himself in his postscriptal life as Earl of Orford. The reader cannot refuse to share the satisfaction with which, when he meets his opponent and pitiless persecutor, Pulteney, in that "house of invalids," the Chamber of Peers, Lord Orford facetiously congratulates Lord Bath that they are "a couple of as insignificant fellows as any in England." Nor is it without a sense of satisfaction that we find our Minister privately consulted by the King; moving behind the

throne those secret springs which affect the nation, and keeping his wisdom, his cool judgment, his cynical sagacity to his last breath. But the end of a life is always tragic. Houghton has other features than its pictures. There are the Norfolk gentry whom young Robert Walpole had to entertain at the outset of his career, and whom his son Horace daintily sickens at; "mountains of roast-beef, roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form," who "brandish their knives in act to carve," and look "like savages that devour one another." "I don't know what to do with them: I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the windows and fancy I want air, and when I get by myself I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders," Horace cries with a wail. Perhaps Sir Robert, not so dainty, felt it less. But he felt the tortures of disease; he became "altogether unwieldy and helpless." The curtain drops pitifully over the waning life. "With the possession of the greatest understanding in the world, not the least impaired, to lie without any use of it!—for, to keep him from pains and restlessness, he takes so much opiate that he is never awake four hours out of the four-and-twenty. But I will say no more of this," adds Horace, with that ache of intolerable pity which is in all of us at once a tribute of affection and a prognostic of decay. We say no more, like him. Robert Walpole ended in St James's, when he kissed his gracious sovereign's hand, and was kissed and moistened with the royal tears. Poor, old, unlovely pair!—why should the fact of one being fat and unwieldy, and the other small and "strutting," turn the sentiment into bathos? for after all it was *truish* sentiment in its way.

We have omitted to touch upon what is as notable a point as any in Walpole's life and reign—to wit, his utter indifference to literature and contempt of authors, an indif-

ference which met with summary punishment in his lifetime, and therefore need not be now brought up against him. Swift and Gay* revenged their craft sufficiently,—we will not repeat their vengeance. But yet it is worth while to notice the fact that intellect of a high order may be purely unliterary, and indeed it is apparent often is so. The only refined taste visible in the great Minister is that love of pictures which his doubtful South Sea gains, and possibly some other dribblets of profit, which in the pre-

sent day would seem still less justifiable, enabled him to indulge in. A man may be coarse, sensual, and worldly, and yet love his Guidos, and be comforted in his downfall by the opportune arrival of a Dominichino. But neither his love of art, nor his lack of literature, had any special effect upon the character of Robert Walpole. It is a particular not unworthy of the notice of that popular school of philosophy which identifies all intellect, and every high mental development, with literature and art.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

THE days are long past when genius starved alone in its garret, and left an appeal from its ungrateful contemporaries to the justice of posterity. The vocation of the writer has become less exceptional; it has a fainter glory about it, perhaps, whether present or prospective; but there is open before him a career which has its share of tangible success with not more than its share of difficulties, and a position which is fairly recognised. The poet, the historian, the man of science, and the philosopher, find their place among us like other workers, and have their solid reward. If Homer had lived in our days, far from being allowed to beg his bread, the seven rival cities would have fought for the honour of giving their distinguished townsman a public dinner.

So when a man of genius is taken from us by a too early death, we have seldom any occasion, in these

days, to mingle remorse with our regrets. But the regret is none the less. The sense of loss is not less keen, and more affectionate. Nor let the cynic say that these public regrets are little better than sentiment. It is with very honest and real feeling that we mourn the statesman, the patriot, the great inventor, the gallant soldier, over whom the grave closes too soon as it seems for us, if not for them. But more than all, perhaps, we mourn for those whose hold has been upon the more purely intellectual parts of our nature. An author of eminent genius and well-earned popularity has lately said, and said no doubt honestly and without affectation, that he has come to look upon his unknown readers as his personal friends. And unquestionably the public, in their turn, are well inclined to adopt the writer into their affections, as well as his works. There

* It may be remarked, however, that the assaults upon "Bob the poet's foe," which were so clearly apparent to his contemporaries in Gay's operas and in 'Gulliver's Travels,' are only faintly and painfully discernible by the modern reader. 'Polly' was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, and the Playhouse Act passed in consequence of the evident libels contained in that very indifferent little performance upon the Minister; one reads it like an ancient chronicle nowadays, and one cannot find out wherein the libel lies.

'Memoir of William Edmondstoune Aytoun.' By Theodore Martin. W. Blackwood & Sons. 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;' 'Bothwell, a Poem,' &c. By W. E. Aytoun.

seems to be no need whatever for those confidential asides by which certain modern novelists affect to place themselves in closer sympathy with those for whom they are writing. This sort of familiarity may possibly flatter the vanity of that lower order of mind, which is unfortunately to be expected in a very large proportion of the increasing body of readers. But by any reader of education and refinement it must be almost resented as a liberty. Such obtrusive good-fellowship is hardly less objectionable in books than it is in actual life. It is almost more offensive than the "dear reader" which occurs so continually in the religious books of a past generation, and indeed of a certain school in the present. We are quite ready to entertain a kindly feeling of the personality of a writer whose heart, in good old Hebrew phrase, "is as our heart," without his insisting, in the course of every half-dozen pages, upon shaking hands with us. There is a wholesome limit, on both sides, to this fraternisation. The desire to know authors "at home" is already carried to excess, and gossip about their private habits (in many cases ridiculously untrue) has grown even offensively prevalent.

But yet the personal attachment between an author and his readers, if he once succeeds in touching their sympathies, is real enough. And as the years roll round, and take from us one by one the friends of earlier days, not the least among our regretful memories of the past are the names of those whom we have never seen or known in the body, but whose written words have made between us an acquaintanceship hardly less real—of whom, indeed, in many cases we really know more, so far as their thoughts and feelings are concerned, than we do of the men with whom we transact business or sit down to dinner. Especially is this the case with those whose wit and fancy

have charmed our lighter hours of rest and relaxation. Their hold upon us is more personal and intimate than that of it may be greater authors, whose individuality does not touch us so perceptibly through the graver and more abstract productions of their genius.

Of none could this be said with greater truth than of William Edmondstoune Aytoun. The pleasant Memoir which Mr Theodore Martin has left us of his friend is the record of an uneventful life, checkered by life's ordinary joys and sorrows. The joys were heartily appreciated, and shared with friends to whom his happy and genial temper remarkably endeared him; the sorrows were keenly felt, as such a nature was sure to feel them, but they never soured him, or left him insensible to the many blessings which life had still left. From his boyhood he had many of the antecedents of a poet. His mother—a Miss Keir of Kinmonth—was one of those women whose tastes and character have, almost always, a remarkable influence upon their children. With excellent natural abilities and great force of character, she had enjoyed an early training such as fell to the lot of few young women in her day, and perhaps unfortunately of fewer still in the present. She had been brought up by her great-uncle, Mr Keith of Ravelstone, a friend of Walter Scott; and a somewhat solitary youth, combined with her natural tastes, led her into a wide and varied course of reading. Especially she was attracted by the romantic poetry of Scotland; and her memory in after years became a precious storehouse of tradition and ballad, which was opened for the son's delight in his boyhood, as he listened to her spirited recital, and to which he often appealed for help with an affectionate pride, when he took up the subject himself in his collection of the 'Ballads of Scotland.' It was but natural that the

only child of such a mother should lie, as we are told he did, stretched out "with a volume of the Scott novels upon the hearth-rug, face downwards, for hours, and shout and scream with delight over the humour of the characters;" and if maternal anxiety did try to forbid the more doubtful enjoyment of the 'Devil on Two Sticks' and 'Humphrey Clinker,' the readers of William Aytoun's lighter works may rejoice that the prohibition was not altogether successful. An early acquaintance with Smollett and Le Sage may have helped to perfect that exquisite humour which so charms us in his own sketches—it never soiled their purity. One is not surprised to read that Aytoun, as a schoolboy, was not so well remembered for his proficiency in Latin and Greek, as for "squibs and humorous sketches of the subordinates in the Academy, and of such other local characters as came in his way;" or that at the Edinburgh University he showed no taste for either mathematics or metaphysics, and made no pretension to exact scholarship. Among his companions of those days, indeed, he seems to have borne rather the reputation of being an idle man: full of animal spirits, fond of society, a pleasant and popular companion, and a much higher authority on questions connected with the gun and the fishing-rod than with college lectures and examinations. But there was a real education going on all the while with the young student who wore his academical harness so lightly. It was a kind of education hitherto not much recognised by authority, but which, under certain conditions, brings with it a success of its own, and which some modern educational theorists seem inclined to recommend generally, as a substitute for the old traditionary curriculum. The boy was following the bent of his own taste and genius, and educating himself. He was reading Homer and Virgil with pleasure

and profit, not tying himself to philological niceties, but enjoying thoroughly the spirit of his authors. He was feeding at the same time, as his taste and fancy led him, in the great field of English literature: writing poetry on the model of Dryden and Pope; throwing out also from time to time, in the exuberance of youthful genius, literary squibs and satires which made him a reputation for cleverness, and practising public speaking in the "Speculative Society" and other academical arenas. Such an education was by no means unfitted for one who had within him, like Aytoun, the true germs of literary power; but it by no means follows that such an independent course of study, or no-study, would be a safe one to adopt in the case of that very large majority, who are neither born, nor ever could be made, poets or orators or authors. Those who have such natural vocations are few, and happily so; for society does not demand a large proportion of these mental workers, and the supply of the material, more or less excellent, is at least equal to the demand. Under this voluntary and unconscious self-training, relieved or even strengthened by that ardent love of field sports which continued all his life, and which no doubt contributed its share to the healthful and manly tone of his writings, Aytoun grew up to manhood with powers which rather ripened gradually than were suddenly developed. He seems to have felt, even at this early period, that literature was his true vocation; but at no time of his life did he allow inclination to usurp the place of duty. It was necessary that he should adopt a profession, and he set himself bravely to work to face the realities of life. Reluctantly but cheerfully—after a hesitation which did not proceed from indolence or indecision, but from a careful estimate of his own qualifications, most uncommon at his age—and chiefly in compliance with his father's earnest wish, he

chose the law as his future career, entered his father's firm, became a Writer to the Signet in due course, and was afterwards called to the Scottish Bar. There is no doubt that (as Mr Martin has pointed out) in his novel of 'Norman Sinclair' the author has given us much of his own early legal experience in the person of his hero.

"I appeared punctually in the Parliament House at nine, cravated, wigged, and gowned to a nicety; took my prescribed exercise of at least ten miles *per diem* on the boards; talked scandal with my brethren (when we could get it), and invented execrable jokes; lounged at stove and library; wrote lampoons against the seniors; and, in short, went through the whole curriculum expected from a rising votary of Themis. I followed the law diligently; but, somehow or other, I never could overtake it."

The early dislike was never conquered. "He had a moderate share of business," says Mr Martin, "and did it carefully and well." So much we can well believe; but his heart must have been far away from condescendences and pleas-in-law. He was most at home in a criminal case; and it is very easy to conceive him "picking flaws in an indictment, cross-examining witnesses, and conciliating juries," with some enjoyment as well as considerable success. But for the drier and more profitable business of his profession he could have had no natural aptitude, and his warmest admirers can hardly be surprised that his practice, such as it was, failed to secure him a competent income. His fine literary taste was here a double disadvantage; it partially unfitted him for his work, and was a disqualification in the eyes of the attorneys. A man who could write ballads and translate Homer (and even produce an election squib upon the aly), found little grace in the eyes of that prosaic fraternity. Aytoun has touched this supposed prejudice against genius humorously in 'Norman Sinclair':—

"Social irregularities may be for-

given him; but flirtation with the Muses is a crime beyond the reach of absolution. He may fearlessly addict himself to claret; but if he prefers the waters of Hippocrene, he is for aye forsaken by the solicitors."

But he went on his way cheerfully, paying a conscientious attention to such business as fell to his share, and finding his enjoyment and improving his income by literary work of a very varied character. He had spent a winter in Germany before he finally made his choice of a profession, and had there studied the language and literature of the country with an eager enthusiasm. Many of his youthful translations (amongst them one of the 'Faust') he was wise enough to consign to oblivion, as not satisfying his maturer critical taste; but the fruits of his German studies appear very pleasantly in the translations from Uhland, which were his first contributions to these pages in 1836, as well as in the versions of Goethe which were published subsequently as the joint work of himself and his biographer. It was not the only field in which the two friends wrought in partnership. The Bon Gaultier Ballads, first commenced by Mr Martin in different periodicals in 1842, were continued afterwards as joint compositions—each writer sometimes taking a ballad to himself, sometimes both combining their powers of wit and fancy, "as iron sharpeneth iron," upon the same parody, and laughing as heartily during the process as hundreds of readers have done since at the results. "Never probably," writes the survivor, "were verses thrown off with a keener sense of enjoyment; in writing them, we had no thought of the public, and it was a pleasant surprise to us when we found how rapidly they became popular, not only in England, but in America, which had come in for no small share of severe though well-meant ridicule." To some tastes, such

parodies are altogether offensive. But surely this is an over-refinement of literary sensibility. Assuming for ourselves no such severity of virtue, we quite understand Mr Martin when he says—

"It was precisely the poets whom we most admired that we imitated the most frequently. This was not certainly from any want of reverence, but rather out of the fulness of our admiration, just as the excess of a lover's fondness often runs over into raillery of the very qualities that are dearest to his heart. 'Let no one,' says Heine, 'ridicule mankind unless he loves them.' With no less truth may it be said, Let no one parody a poet unless he loves him. He must first be penetrated by his spirit, and have steeped his ear in the music of his verse, before he can reflect these under a humorous aspect with success."

He goes on to remark that no poet has ever felt sore at a parody of his own style and manner—"such parodies are in themselves a compliment." Unquestionably they are. It is the same with all travesty and burlesque of the heroic: it is only a playful form of admiration. The Athenians who traced their ancestry to "the men of Marathon" were not the less full of honest pride in their great forefathers, because they laughed heartily at the perpetual jokes of Aristophanes on that great national boast; and if Euripides was ever present at the broad caricatures of himself and his heroes which the great comedian put upon the stage, he must have felt comfortably assured of his own popularity. No one takes the trouble to write a burlesque upon a tragedy which has been damned in earnest. So the warmest admirer of 'Locksley Hall' will probably be most amused by the travestied "Cousin Amy" of Bon Gaultier—

"Falsar than the Bank of Fancy, frailer
than a shilling glove"—

and the noble lady who is the heroine of that renowned "ancient Scottish ballad" known as "The

Queen in France" would have been the first to laugh, in her happier hours, at the words of farewell to her royal entertainer which Bon Gaultier puts into her mouth:—

"'Will ye come back, sweet bird,' he
cried,

'Will ye come kindly here,
When the lift is blue, and the lavrocks
sing,

In the spring-time o' the year?'

'It's I would blithely come, my lord,
To see ye in the spring;
It's I would blithely venture back,
But for ae little thing:

It isna that the winds are rude,
Or that the waters rise,
But I loe the roasted beef at hame,
And no thae puddock-pies!'"

Of one of these "ancient ballads"—the "Massacre of the Macpherson"—we have the following amusing story:—

"Being asked to get up an impromptu amusement at a friend's house, for some English visitors who were enthusiastic about Highlanders and the Highlands, he fished out from his wardrobe the identical kilt with which he had electrified the men of Thurso in his boyish days. Arraying himself in this, and a blue cloth jacket with white metal buttons, which he had got years before to act a charity boy in a charade, he completed his costume by a scarf across his shoulders, short hose, and brogues! The brevity of the kilt produced a most ludicrous effect, and not being eked out with the usual sporran, left him very much in the condition of the 'Cutty Sark' of Burns's poem. With hair, like Katterfelto's, on end in wild disorder, Aytoun was ushered into the drawing-room. He bore himself with more than Celtic dignity, and saluted the Southrons with stately courtesy, being introduced to them as the famous Laird of M'Nab. The ladies were highly delighted with the chieftain, who related many highly exciting traits of Highland manners. Among other things, when his neighbours, as he told them, made a foray, which they often did, upon his cattle, he thought nothing 'of sticking a tirk into their powels.' When the ladies exclaimed in horror, 'Oh, laird, you don't say so!' 'Say so!' he replied; 'on my sawl, laties, and to pe surely, I to it.' At supper he was asked to sing a song. 'I

am fery sorry, latics,' he replied, 'that I have no voice, but I will speak to you a translation of a fery ancient Gaelic poem,' and proceeded to chant 'The Massacre of ta Phairshon,' which came upon all present as if it were the invention of the moment, and was greeted with roars of laughter. The joke was carried on until the party broke up; and the strangers were not undeceived for some days as to the true character of the great Celtic chief."

Aytoun's practice at the Bar served him in good stead in some of his most popular literary productions. The clever papers founded upon the abuses of the railway system, which he contributed to this Magazine under the titles of 'My First Spec in the Biggleswades,' and 'How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway,' would never have seen the light but for his having been employed as counsel before the Parliamentary committees on certain Scotch railway bills. The pungent truth which underlies the admirable humour of this last created such a strong sensation, that it was quoted and appealed to everywhere, not more in jest than in earnest. The 'Times,' which had long been warning the public against the inevitable results of the mania for speculation, reprinted the paper at full length. Though the 'Glenmutchkin' was a purely imaginary railway, the galled consciences of many projectors and their dupes winced so painfully that they immediately identified the line and its directors with more than one scheme which had been actually started; and very seldom has the satire of a magazine article spread so wholesome a consternation. Those, again, who have laughed over the sayings and doings of those most jovial of young advocates, Messrs Anthony Whaup, and Tom Strachan, and George M'Whirter, W.S. (more especially when the latter narrates 'How I became a Yeoman'), will remember with what a good-humoured raciness of caricature the inventor of these amusing personages has drawn

upon his own recollections of the days when, richer in fun than fees, he walked the boards of the Edinburgh Parliament House. His practice on election committees enabled him to paint, with the attention to correctness of detail without which such stories lose half their charm for the readers who can best enjoy them, Mr Dunshunner's candidature for the 'Dreepdaily Burghs,' and the Slockendrouth election in 'Norman Sinclair.' The quaint terms and phrases of the Scottish law-courts are frequently introduced, with the happiest comic effect, into some of his best stories.

In was in 1845, while still a young man, that he obtained an appointment which had been his earliest ambition, and of which he had never lost sight. Before he was twenty-one, while studying in Germany, he had written thus to his father:—

"You, perhaps unwittingly, touched in your last letter upon a subject which I have for some time contemplated—viz., a Chair in the University. The Chair of Belles Lettres, which in the time of Blair was the best attended in the College, must, in the common course of events, be vacant in the course of a few years. In its present state, it is not likely that any very distinguished name will be found among the candidates, and if such should be the case I will make a push for it. I mention this chiefly to show you that I have some ultimate objects in view in pursuing my literary studies."

The attainment of this position, modest as it was, was a great happiness to him. He liked the work, and he entered into it heartily. How he raised at once the reputation and the practical usefulness of the Chair, not contenting himself with merely reading lectures, but teaching by means of written exercises which he spared no pains in revising and correcting, and how he found his reward in the increasing numbers and warm admiration of his pupils, need not be here repeated. The emoluments,

though they rose far above former precedent, were at best an insufficient recompense for his zealous and able labour. He still retained a moderate practice at the Bar, and still continued, in his busy leisure, to produce, with a happy versatility possessed by few writers of his mark, and in rapid succession, ballads pathetic and humorous, delicate criticism on literature and art, and grave political articles,—all excellent of their kind. His literary connection with Maga became so intimate and so well known, that common repute attributed the editorship to him, as it had to his father-in-law Professor Wilson—in either case without foundation.

When the Conservatives came into power in 1852, Aytoun's services to the party as a political writer were acknowledged by his appointment to the shrievalty of Orkney and Zetland. Such a reward was fairly earned, and the promotion did honour to Lord Derby's judgment. It is miserable to read the captious criticism which takes occasion by this appointment to speak of such a writer as "almost a hired gladiator," and to more than insinuate that he took up Conservatism, as he had Jacobitism, because, forsooth, "the thing paid." Let it be granted that he looked for some recognition from his party—what man of admitted ability does not?—does it follow that a writer serves a political cause as a hireling, and not from honest conviction, because when that cause is prosperous he accepts such honours or emoluments as his abilities give him fair claim to? Was such a man as William Aytoun unworthy of promotion to a county shrievalty from any Government, Tory, Whig, or Radical? or is it a point of conscience with Liberal writers to refuse any fragment of the loaves and fishes? Literary criticism is paid for, we

suppose—at least in most cases, for there is some criticism to which it must be very difficult to affix a value, pecuniary or other; but it would be monstrous to accuse the critic on that ground of being a "hired gladiator," merely because his opinions do not coincide with our own. When, the next year, Aytoun received from the University of Oxford the honorary decree of Doctor of Civil Law, we well remember the ringing cheers which, from undergraduates' gallery and masters' area, from Tories and Liberals alike (let us do them that justice), hailed the author of the 'Lays of the Cavaliers' as he walked up to the seat of his new dignity. If any present were so ungenerous as to grudge him the honour, at least they were wise enough to hold their tongues.

In 1854 there appeared in the pages of the Magazine one of the most successful of his many *jeux d'esprit*. It purported to be a review, with specimens by way of extract, of an unpublished tragedy of the "spasmodic" school, entitled 'Firmilian; or, The Student of Badajoz.' There was so much of real poetical power in the so-called extracts, that even the purposed extravagance of their style did not save most of the newspaper critics from the ludicrous mistake of treating the paper as the review of an actual serious production: and some went so far as to take up the cause of the author—"Mr Percy Jones"—against his reviewer, as having met with scanty justice, and even to advise him to appeal to the fairer judgment of the public by at once printing the whole. Indeed, the editor of a country paper, determined to be more knowing than his fellows, said that he had "seen the whole poem," and that the "review" was only "another specimen of the injustice of 'Blackwood' to poets of that school."*

* An equally amusing criticism (though in this case the blunder is the converse of the other) appeared lately in a London daily paper, which treated "Felix

The temptation was too great for a humorist like Aytoun ; and in due course the complete tragedy made its appearance. He entered heart and soul into the joke, and really expended upon 'Firmilian,' in its extended shape, a vigour and brilliancy of versification which would have gone far to make a successful poem in serious earnest. As such, in fact, more than one sagacious critic received it. It is unquestionably, as Mr Martin terms it, "a masterpiece of burlesque;" and the reader will be quite ready to make excuses for the readiness with which those who criticised it in earnest fell into the snare. At the same time he may be half inclined to regret the prodigality of the genius which could expend its powers so lavishly upon a hoax.

Aytoun's life continued to be a busy and a happy one. His island sheriffdom suited him in many ways. The wild scenery of the Orkneys, and their simple inhabitants, could not fail to have charms for so earnest a lover of nature as he was, and his summer visits there were a pleasant change from the more highly civilised life of Edinburgh. The popularity of "the Shirra" in his new dominion, both officially and socially, was great, as might be expected from his genial temperament. Delighting as he did in field sports of all kinds, with that true sportsmanship which finds its satisfaction in the pursuit and not in the bag, he took up energetically such shooting and fishing as those wild coasts supplied. If grouse were scarce, there were always wildfowl of some kind ; and all that swam in the sea furnished him with sport, from a seal to a sillock.

He was now engaged upon his poem of 'Bothwell,' a work to which he devoted considerable time and pains, and which he undoubtedly hoped would have added the crowning laurels to his already

high reputation as a poet. Comparatively speaking, as coming from the author of the 'Lays of the Cavaliers,' it was not a success ; though few would pass upon it so severe a verdict as the author did afterwards himself, when—no doubt with something of ironical bitterness—he called it "an ambitious failure."

The drawback to the effectiveness of this fine poem (and it will always be a serious one so far as its general popularity is concerned) is that which the author himself was always ready to confess, and which was pointed out to him in the course of its composition by more than one able and friendly critic. The poem is a monologue—a form from which lively and spirited dialogue, rapid and striking incident, to which poems of this class owe so much of their attraction, are at once excluded ; or, so far as they are reproduced in the speaker's soliloquy, appear as comparatively pale and colourless phantoms, seen only through the colder medium of recollection. The objection which Mr Martin takes on the ground of improbability—that "men do not talk soliloquies"—scarcely touches the real weakness, which lies in the fact that readers do not care to listen to them. Improbabilities, in such things, are merely conventional. Men do not talk in blank verse in real life, nor utter their inmost thoughts in stage "asides," meant to be heard by the back rows of a distant audience, though inaudible to the fellow-actors who stand close by. But a critic who should find fault with the poet or the dramatist on these grounds of improbability is no more to be listened to than the mathematician who could find no interest in Shakespeare, because "he proved nothing." The probabilities which we require from the philosopher are of an entirely different kind

Holt's Address to Working Men," in our January number, as an *ebullition of Toryism*.

from those which we accept from the poet or the novelist. The outrage upon prosaic truth which is committed by making a prisoner talk through six books of rhymed verse, with only his prison walls for an audience, would be as readily condoned as that which every novelist commits in assuming to know the inmost thoughts of all his characters, provided that the dramatic interest did not suffer in the process. But, unhappily, it does. The flow of verse is in many parts of this poem as easy and graceful as Scott's, the poetical diction frequently more polished; but the reader misses the sparkling dialogue, the stirring action, which are the great charm of *'Marmion'* and the *'Lady of the Lake,'* and which the author of *'Lays of the Cavaliers'* showed that he could employ so successfully, but from which, in his *'Bothwell,'* he has debarred himself with stern self-denial. He defended his choice on the ground that in no other way could he have shown, as he wished to do, the real character and temperament of his hero. And this leads us to remark another cause from which the poem has suffered, by the author's own confession—a too great conscientiousness. He wished to paint both Mary and Bothwell as they really were, or at least as he believed them to have been. Therefore, he endeavoured, as he says, in the poem, "to explain the position of parties" in what we all know to have been one of the most complicated periods of Scottish history. He admits that he sacrificed, in the earlier portions of the work, "sharp interest and incident for the sake of elucidation." But the poet's readers make no such demands upon him. In the *'Lays,'* we go to battle with Dundee, or to execution with Montrose, without for an instant pausing to inquire into the political circumstances of the time, or giving ourselves time to consider whether our own sympathies are Jacobite or Hanoverian. We share

the pathetic reverie of "Charles Edward at Versailles," not too curious as to how far the exiled prince was capable of the noble regrets of the poet. If only the spell of the song be potent enough, we are willing slaves to the enchanter of the hour, and think only his thought, and see with his eyes.

Aytoun tells us, in one of his published letters to his biographer, that he cut out from the poem "more than one passage of some poetical value," as conveying too gentle and tender emotions to be in keeping with the character of his hero. This was another instance in which he did his powers injustice by the structure of his poem; for he is not less happy in his passages of quiet pathos than in the stirring scenes of battle. If he struck out from his original draft of *'Bothwell'* any such lines as these which follow, he did both himself and his readers wrong. The thoughts may seem somewhat out of place in the mouth of such a man as Bothwell—and here we come again upon the objection to a whole poem of soliloquy—but they thoroughly justify Lord Lytton's remark on "the singular sweetness of the pathetic portions:"—

"Ah me! and this is Christmas eve;
And here alone I lie,
With nothing save my own wild thoughts
For bitter company!
Full many a hearth is decked this night
To hail the blessed morn,
On which, in ages long ago,
The Saviour child was born;
The churches all are wreathed with green,
The altars set with flowers,
And happy lowly hearts wait on
And count the passing hours;
Until the midnight chimes proclaim
The hallowed season come,
When Heaven's broad gates are opened wide,
And Hell's loud roar is dumb.
Then myriad voices in acclaim
The song of homage yield,
That once from angels' lips was heard
By shepherds in the field.
Stilled for a time are angry thoughts,
The hearts of men are mild;
The father with a holier thrill
Bends o'er his slumbering child;
New is the kiss the husband gives
Unto his wedded wife,

For earthly love, when blest by Heaven,
Ends not with earthly life;
And, fountain-like, o'er all the world,
Where Christ's dear name is known,
Arise the sounds of prayer and praise
Toward the eternal throne."

Or these lines, again, with which
the second part of the poem
opens:—

"The sun is bright, the day is warm,
The breeze is blowing free—
Come, I will rouse me from my lair,
And look upon the sea:
'Tis clear and blue, with here and there
A little fleck of foam;
And yonder glides a stately ship,
Bound on her voyage home.
The fishers, on the scanty sward,
Spread out their nets to dry,
And whistle o'er their lazy task
In happy vacancy.
Swift by the window skims the tern,
On light and glancing wing,
And every sound that rises up
Gives token of the spring."

Aytoun had very little sympathy,
either of taste or of higher feeling,
with the colder forms of the Presby-
terian worship. Though his own
religious views were neither narrow
nor bigoted, he was a conscientious
adherent of the Episcopal Church,
and the æsthetics of ritual had for
him the charm which they are al-
most sure to have for minds consti-
tuted as his was. The beautiful
lines which describe the change
which had come over Scotland
under the austere Reformers of
Queen Mary's days speak his own
feelings far more truly than they
probably would those of the reck-
less Bothwell:—

"Gone were the merry times of old—
The mask, and mirth, and glee,
And wearier was the palace then
Than prison needs to be.
Forbidden were the vesper bells,—
They broke the Sabbath calm!
Hushed were the tones of minstrelsy—
They chimed not with the psalm:
'Twas sin to smile, 'twas sin to laugh,
'Twas sin to sport or play,
And heavier than a hermit's fast
Was each dull holiday.
Was but the sound of laughter heard,
Or tinkling of a lute,
Or, worse than all, in royal hall,
The tread of dancing foot—
Then to a drove of gaping clowns
Would Knox with unction tell
The vengeance that in days of old
Had fallen on Jezebel!"

The poet's regret for the loss of
what may be called the poetry of
Christianity breaks out even more
strongly in his verses on "The
Scottish Christmas"—thrown off,
as his friend tells us, in the space
of a few minutes, as they sat to-
gether one Christmas eve discuss-
ing the subject of a paper on which
they were jointly engaged—verses
which, like many other happy effu-
sions of the hour, he was too rich
in such wealth to be careful of
preserving, and for which we are
indebted to Mr Martin's juster ap-
preciation of their value:—

"In truth it was a solemn show,
The ancient Scottish Christmas-tide;
The holly and the mistletoe,
And other boughs as green beside,
Within the altar and the rail;
The offering of the stainless flowers,
And all the grateful heart's avail,
For hope and promise such as ours.

But these have long since passed away,
Beneath the old Geneva ban;
No message brings that sacred day
Of what was done and wrought for man.
A cheerless day! a gloomy time!
Whereon no grateful thanks are given:
Unhallowed by the holy chime
That ought to rise and welcome heaven.

A frost more chill than winter's sting
Hath fallen upon the northern moor;
And no glad voice does Christmas bring
To stay the labours of the poor.
No anthem in the dead of night
Awakes the shepherd from afar,
Nor can he see the radiant light
That flashes from the promised Star.

Alone upon the wintry hill
The banished angel sits and sighs,
Yet scans the weary midnight still
With eager looks and tearful eyes.
The winds around are wailing low;
They moan amidst the leafless tree;
And in the hollow cave below
Is heard the washing of the sea.

Around the girdle of the earth,
Where'er the Cross hath ta'en its stand,
Arise the tidings of the birth
That made the world one Holy Land!
Save where the faith is cold and faint,
As are the northern rocks and snow,
Where sacred fane and honoured saint
Have vanished with the long ago."

It is by his 'Lays of the Scot-
tish Cavaliers' that Aytoun will
always be best known and remem-
bered—as most assuredly he him-

self would have wished. Few comparatively as are the lines which they contain, they are yet, as the English king said of his men, enough for glory. He threw his whole heart into these poems, and one secret of their power lies in that entire sympathy of the writer with his subject, which he himself has noted as essential to the success of all passionate poetry. If he wrote as a partisan, at least it was as an honest one. No one can read these magnificent bursts of song without at once repudiating, as strongly as Mr Martin does, the would-be criticism which characterised his enthusiasm for the Cavalier cause as fictitious—"mere cleverness exercised on the traditionary material of his political school." Here is the testimony of one who knew him intimately throughout his best years; and it must be remembered that if on some points personal affection might be supposed to warp the judgment of the critic, on this particular question it is only such familiar intercourse which can give his judgment any authority at all:—

"His attachment to the Stuarts was as genuine a passion as ever stirred the heart of a Cavalier. Of course it was a thing of his imagination: all devotion is so more or less. But for him it was so real that it coloured his views of the history of that dynasty and its followers to a degree which surprised those who knew how critical was his observation and how practical his judgment in all other matters. Touch this theme at any time, even when his flow of mirthful spirits was at its fullest, and his tremulous voice and quivering lip told how deeply seated were his feelings in all that related to it. On any other point he would bear to be rallied, but not upon this. His historical faith was to him only less sacred than his religious creed. It was a part of his very self, imbibed, doubtless, at his mother's knee, in the tales with which she charmed his childish ears, and riveted to his heart by the songs and ballads on which his youthful passion for romance and chivalry had been fed. The men and women of that race were substantial realities, around which not 'merely his pastime and his happiness had grown,' but to whom the

worship of his imagination and the devotion of his loyalty had been given. He believed in them, lived with them, and could no more brook a slight or wrong to their names, than to the honour of a living friend. What he wrote about them was written, therefore, with the force of an almost personal devotion."

To indulge ourselves here with extracts from the 'Lays' would be—not indeed wearisome to the reader, for that could hardly be—but surely a work of supererogation. There is no more certain token of their true merit than lies in the fact of their grandest passages being already more familiar to those who care for poetry at all, than the productions of perhaps any other modern poet, if we except Tennyson; and in the case of the young, whose instinctive appreciation is no mean testimony, even this exception need hardly be made. Many poems whose elaborate fancy and gorgeous wealth of words and phrases win the admiration of the professional critic—and deservedly so—yet leave but a faint impression on the memory of that larger circle to whom the poet appeals. Let no one say that in his case the "fitting audience though few" is that to which he should address himself. If he loves his art, if he rates at its true value the gift that is within him, he seeks to stir the pulses and enlist the sympathies of all who can read and hear. They who have the miraculous gift of song claim to be, as one of themselves has said,

"Sovereign masters of all hearts."

They are not content with the applause of a few, even if those few be the kings and princes of literary taste; they have a message also "to the men that sit on the wall." Without disparagement to that modern school of poetry which rests its claim to admiration upon recon-dite imagery, majestic diction, and highly-studied epithets, it may well be doubted whether such poetry will really live; whether it has enough of the ruder elements of

vitality to survive the variations of popular taste, and whether it will hereafter have that charm for the many which it undoubtedly has now for the few. If Molière was not wrong in reading his comedies to his housekeeper, and drawing good omens of their success from her unsophisticated laughter, possibly some of our modern poets might do well to test their chances of what we call immortality by some similar appeal to, we will not say illiterate, but less than literary, criticism. Take, for instance, a class of fairly-educated children, say from twelve to fourteen years old: read to them "Edinburgh after Flodden," and you will stir them, almost to tears, as you might with a scene from Shakespeare, a canto of Scott, a ballad of Longfellow or Macaulay, and as assuredly you could not stir them with very much of that modern poetry which is so much admired, and no doubt justly, so far as ingenious fancy and exquisite polish are admirable. These youthful critics will probably be very ill-prepared to discuss the merits of the poet in either case; but they know the ring of the true metal, and the music will haunt them all their lives.

No one is qualified to criticise that noble ballad of which we have just spoken, who does not know it reasonably well by heart; for from the criticism of any upon whom it has taken no such hold, Heaven defend us! One passage there is in it of such remarkable power and pathos that, well known as it must be, we will embroider this page with it, if merely to remark a double beauty, which a careless reader may not have fully appreciated. It is when the provost has heard the terrible news which Randolph Murray, the sole survivor of the city band, has just brought of King James's death and that of the provost's son with him:—

"Then the provost he uprose,
And his lip was ashen white;

But a flush was on his brow,
And his eye was full of light.
'Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
Like a soldier stout and true;
Thou hast done a deed of daring
Had been perilled but by few.
For thou hast not shamed to face us,
Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
Standing—thou a knight and captain—
Here, alive within thy mail!
Now, as my God shall judge me,
I hold it braver done,
Than hadst thou tarried in thy place,
And died above my son!'"

The feeling, that the moral courage to tell the tale to an audience of fathers that he had left all their sons dead on the field of battle from which he, their captain, had alone returned "alive and in his mail," was grander than the mere animal desperation which prefers to throw away life rather than risk the taunt—this is obvious enough; but there is an under-current of bitterness which the father cannot suppress; his reason acquits Murray of any shadow of cowardice,—he has brought back the banner with honour if not with glory, and it is more noble to face them all with his ghastly tale than to have thrown himself headlong on the Southrons' spears,—but in his heart the provost would have loved his memory better if he had died where his young son did.

These 'Lays' have variety enough to suit all tastes. The stirring music of "Flodden" and the "Burial-March of Dundee" is not more beautiful than the plaintive monody of "Charles Edward at Versailles," or the solemn grandeur of the "Execution of Montrose." The historical incidents in this last, affecting and picturesque as they are in themselves, are treated by the writer with such consummate taste and power, that possibly this may be pronounced the most perfect composition of the whole. As an instance of the admirable skill and taste with which, as in some of his translations, Aytoun has adopted another's thought, and clothed it with a new beauty of his own, see the use which he has made of

Montrose's own lines, beautiful in thought if somewhat quaint in execution, which he is said to have written with a diamond on the window of his prison on the night before he suffered :—

"Let them bestow on every airth a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker! on a crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a
stake—

Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air;
Lord! since Thou knowest where all
these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the
just."

Which Aytoun introduces thus, not tricked out with any ornament, or diluted into modern phrase, but rather reduced to its simplest elements, concentrating its beauty and pathos into two short lines :—

"For truth and right, 'gainst treason's
might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him!"

The death of his wife in 1859, after a lingering illness, shook his kindly nature to the very core. He had no children; and his biographer speaks delicately but pathetically of his not being able to bear the sound "of his own footfall in his great empty house," and of the attached friend who would look in upon him night after night, and find him "sitting with his head leaning upon his hands, cheerless and helpless." But he rallied again: he was not one to give way to the mere luxury of sorrow: he gradually took his old place among his friends, resumed his work as eagerly as ever, married a second time, and happily. His health, however, had for some time begun to fail him; and his illness was of a kind which any anxiety or depression could not fail to aggravate. Few of the many readers who were amused by the "*Meditations on Dyspepsia*," which appeared in these pages in

1861, knew how the writer was drawing from his own bitter experience of one of the most harassing of all diseases, and which, from the strange irony of circumstances, commonly excites much more of satire than of sympathy. But he would jest upon his own sufferings, almost to the last, to his private friends, as good-humouredly as he did to the public. He went to Homburg more than once in search of relief, and received much benefit from the waters, from change of air and scene—or, as he himself sought to impress upon his readers, change of cookery. Now also, for the first time, he entered the literary field in formal guise as a novelist, with his '*Norman Sinclair*.' Perhaps it was too late: his fire and fancy were somewhat dimmed, and his lamp was burning lower than he thought. Taken as a novel, it had too little of plot and incident to be successful: as Lord Lytton said of it, there was not enough "backbone." The narrative is not strong enough to bear the mass of episodes and disquisitions which, however good in themselves, are always felt to be more or less impediments even to tales of more stirring interest. Yet in point of originality, tasteful diction, and quiet but genuine humour, very few successful modern novels would bear comparison with it. Such episodes, for instance, as Bailie M'Chappie's visit to Paris, and his experience of the barricades, or Mr Jefferson J. Ewins's story of Haman Walker and Daddy Bungo, are as good in their way as anything which their author ever wrote. What the story wants as a whole is that which novel-readers most demand, and what the author, himself already "wearied with the march of life," could least give it—it wants "go." The earlier portions have one peculiar value, of which Mr Martin, speaking from intimate knowledge, does well to remind his readers, and which has been already noticed—they record many of the scenes

and feelings of Aytoun's own earlier life; disguised, of course, and modified or embellished to suit his purpose, but still reminiscences and confessions which are very characteristic of the man, and possibly not less true than those of some professed autobiographies.

With the exception of the 'Nuptial Ode' on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and one or two political articles, this was his last work. The end was nearer at hand than he or any of his friends thought. Besides the ordinary mischief of an impaired digestion, there was—as his biographer suggests, and as is known to have been the fact—deep-seated organic disease. The scope closed at last rapidly. Within three weeks of his death he had written one of his usual cheerful letters, in which he spoke in sanguine terms of his recovery, and expressed a hope of being "able to take the hill on the 12th of August." On the 4th he died, in his fifty-third year.

"He remained in full possession of his faculties to the last, and, expressing his firm trust in his Saviour, he quietly fell asleep at one in the morning. So rapidly had he sunk after the fatal symptoms had shown themselves, that his sisters, summoned by telegram from Edinburgh, did not arrive till some hours after his death. 'We went straight to his room,' writes one of them, 'and there he lay like a statue, with a heavenly smile upon his lips, and the colour in his cheek. It did not look like death; and they had laid him out with bunches of his favourite white roses on his breast.'"

Those who knew and loved him best, then, did not regard that emblem of a long-lost cause as having been the mere conventional adoption of the poet. Friends do not seek to perpetuate a sham, however graceful, in the chamber of death.

It may well be feared, although his biographer gives but faint hint of what so warm a friend would doubtless be loath to believe, that Aytoun worked too hard, and amidst too many distractions, both

for his health and for his just reputation. Very possibly he did not feel it so himself; for, until his disease began to master him, he had untiring energy and cheerfulness, and from his earliest entrance upon life, as we have seen, had looked upon work as a duty. But his practice at the Bar, and his professorial duties, must have been a heavy strain occasionally upon a man who was continually taxing his brain to meet literary demands of the most varied character. That he was not always conscious of the pressure, is no proof that its effects upon him were unimportant. Expressions break from him here and there, even in such letters as Mr Martin has preserved, which show that at times he *did* feel it; as, for instance, when (writing from Kirkwall in 1856) he confesses that he "worked harder and more incessantly last winter and spring than was altogether good for him," or again, at a later date, describes himself, half jestingly indeed, but no doubt with an undercurrent of melancholy earnest, as "awfully distracted with the necessary duty of correcting class exercises and advising processes." For all the higher purposes of life, it has been truly said that "it is better to wear out than to rust out;" but the friends who loved and the public who admired William Aytoun cannot help feeling their own loss as premature, if they have any misgiving that the wear, in his case, was too fierce and rapid.

The variety of subjects on which he employed his pen must also be considered as having been prejudicial to the excellence which it was in his power to have attained, if he had more strictly confined himself to one branch of literature. For him, perhaps, such limitation would have been almost impossible. The poet's heart, which has a life and a world of its own, beat in him too strongly not to demand expression; a keen sense of humour was a part of his very nature; he took

a warm interest in politics; and literary criticism seemed to flow almost necessarily from a Professor of Belles Lettres. Still, we cannot but feel that his mere name as an author might have stood higher with the public, if circumstances had led him to concentrate his powers upon some one definite line of work. We agree with Mr Martin's criticism, that "his powers as a humorist were perhaps greater than as a poet." If he had applied these to the production of some two or three carefully-considered tales of Scottish life and character, we believe that he might have reached as high a position amongst writers of fiction as even he himself could have desired.

As it is, much of his best work lies scattered—the *disjecta membra* of a reputation which the men of this careless generation will hardly stop to piece together. He was one—and one of the best—of those many able writers for whom the active literary demand of an age which reads with avidity, if not always with judgment, finds constant and honourable employment; who influence from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, public taste and opinion; who instruct, amuse, and charm us,

and in the consciousness of such powers honestly exercised must be content to look for a large portion of their reward.

Of the higher qualities of his character little needs here to be said. Mr Martin has said it well, and warmly, as a friend should. An earnest love of nature, a cultivated poetical taste, a keen enjoyment of field sports, a boyish love of fun,—where these are found existing together, they bespeak almost surely a character pure from the vices and the selfishness which have too often stained the brightness of genius. Southey has written in one of his letters, "Oh! what a blessing it is to have a boy's heart! it is as great a blessing in carrying one through this world, as to have a child's spirit will be in fitting us for the next!" Aytoun had very much of both; and it was quite consonant with his hearty enjoyment of life that he should have received the intimation of its hasty close, as we are told he did, "quite calmly." He had no need to take up the melancholy refrain which an earlier Scottish poet,* one of his own favourites, makes the burden of the song of his old age—

"Timor mortis conturbat me."

* William Dunbar, "Lament for the Death of the Makars."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

QUACK REMEDIES FOR IRELAND.

"BEWARE of quack remedies with respect to Ireland," was the warning a Cabinet Minister lately held out to his hearers at Bristol; but however it may have impressed those who heard him, it would not appear to have deterred the quacks themselves, who have come forward in shoals since the speech was pronounced, each with his infallible nostrum, each with the one thing that, taken as directed, must cure all the ills of that unhappy country.

It is to no purpose that Ireland declares she is not in the miserable condition they would pretend her to be. It is of no avail that she protests that her symptoms are those of an old chronic affection which the oldest inhabitant never remembers her free from. To little good is it to say that she has lost much of her confidence in doctors, and would rather try some rest and quietness, with, if permitted, a more nourishing diet. The quacks are bent on making her an advertisement for their drugs and puffing themselves into notoriety. Not that in reality they have anything very new or original to recommend. There is not a suggestion of Messrs Bright, Lord Russell, or Stuart Mill, that has not been made by some one, out of office, any year for the last thirty. The schemes of divesting the landlord of his rights as a proprietor, and confiscating the property of the Church, may have many merits, but they are not those of originality. They have, however, other merits, which in these days are not to be overlooked—they are what are called sweeping measures—they have a look of "thorough" about them, and they go the "whole way."

So long, however, as the prin-

ciple of selection is used in the franchise, so long as a certain status and a certain amount of property are made the conditions on which a man is enabled to vote for a representative in Parliament—so long, in fact, as Universal Suffrage is not the law of the land—the possessors of the property of a country, though numerically inferior, must be regarded as of some more account than the unendowed masses. That is, you are not, in legislating for a country, to be swayed merely by the numbers to whom a particular policy would be either profitable or satisfactory.

Now, Ireland is in the anomalous condition of having the property on one side and the people on the other; and though it would be very far from the truth to assert that the measures which would favour one must inevitably injure the other, certain interested persons have long traded politically on this assumption, and made it the means of widening the breach between them, thus creating a state of things to which their own quack remedies seemed admirably adapted—the very best, if not the only palliatives the case admitted of.

One of the strongholds of quackery is to divert the patient's mind from the pressure of his malady by creating a new disturbance in some other part of the system which the charlatan at his own time is in a position to allay. In this way not only is the original disease masked, but the sense of relief caused by the cure of the adventitious attack invariably impresses the sufferer with a high opinion of the doctor, who had foretold every stage of his suffering from the beginning.

To deal with that vague unde-

finer but deep-seated mischief called Irish discontent by measures whose chief merit is the discouragement they inflict on those who are not of the popular party, and to believe that whatever damages the landlord and injures the parson must of necessity enrich the peasant and benefit the Catholic—these are the great Whig or Whig-Radical devices to deal with the Irish difficulty. There is no doubt that by any blow you would aim at the Established Church, by any depreciation of its ministers, or any spoliation of their revenues, you would confer a great boon on the Catholic clergy. As little doubt is there that to injure the rights of property, and compel the landlord to accept conditions with regard to his estate that the world has never yet seen enforced in any country, would be satisfactory to the peasant; but do you believe that, when you have done all these, you have uprooted the grounds of Irish discontent, or do you imagine that the Catholic Church or the Catholic people of Ireland will be more manageable, more governable, by you when you have removed the garrison of loyalty which alone upheld English institutions in the land, and whose fealty was the last link that bound the two islands together?

As to the remedies of Mr Bright and Mr Mill, it must be out of Ireland they can be discussed without laughter. The only excuse for either of these gentlemen is their utter ignorance of Ireland and Irishmen.

To lease out the soil of Ireland is to subdivide tenures *ad infinitum*, with all the horrors of middlemen and all the miseries of unemployed pauperism. To substitute the State for the landlord, is to transfer the acrimony of the peasant from the proprietor to the Government, and to make a small local ill-will grow into a wide and declared hatred of the English nation.

Is English rule, I ask, so popu-

lar in Ireland—are the Irish, as a people, so disposed to believe in the goodwill and affectionate care of the English Government, that you can afford to burden that Government with the aggravated load of ill-feeling and resistance that will be called forth by making the State the landlord, and obliging the State to take all the rigorous measures the Law dictates to enforce fulfilment of contracts and payment of rents?

First of all, this legislation proceeds on the assumption that the State will be more liberal, more indulgent, more generous, and more lenient than the present proprietor. That is, that a Government office, with its stringent rules and distinct obligations, will be more kind and forbearing—more human, in short—than a country gentleman living in the midst of his tenantry, whom he knows individually, and to whose fortunes he is in a measure bound by every tie of good-fellowship and self-interest. Where out of the brain of a philosopher did such a system ever originate? Who but a man who only recognises his species like the pawns on a chessboard, ever conceived a plan that ignores human hopes and fears, and charities and affections?

If it could be shown that the Irish landlords as a class were cruel, ignorant, hard-hearted, or oppressive, there might be a pretext for deposing them from exercising the rights of property; but even then the act would not be without injustice. But who says, or who can say, such of Irish landlords? The cry against them is like the cry against the penal laws, an echo sent from a long past, when great abuses existed, and the imperfect memory of which, transmitted by not over-veracious chroniclers, forms the staple of our present-day Irish discontent.

So long, however, as Ireland is the battle-field where rival parties in the State are to fight for power,

so long will that country be the prey to quack remedies. The necessity "to do something for Ireland," meets every Administration as it succeeds to the Treasury Benches. When the celebrated Dr Babington was once taking leave of a patient for whom he had not ordered anything, he was petulantly asked if it was his custom to go away without prescribing; his reply was, "I'm high enough in my profession to do so." And have we no one high enough in his profession as a statesman to make the same answer with regard to Ireland? It must come from some man whose tried ability and integrity are above question, in whose character and whose capacity we have every guarantee for the soundness of the opinion; but are we really so poor in these gifts that there is not one Minister in England who will have the boldness and honesty—and there is need of both—to declare, I will let things alone in Ireland; the process of amelioration in that country is unquestionable, and by no means slow? With all the disturbing causes of professional agitation and Yankee interference, Ireland is steadily advancing in wealth and prosperity. There is more employment for labour, more security for life and property, ay, and more general contentment, than any one has seen in that country since the commencement of the present century. At no period for the last sixty years were rents more punctually paid, was there less distress among the people, fewer acts of outrage, fewer breaches of law, and less pauperism. And be it remembered that, in the hottest days of O'Connellism, and in the wildest moments of Young Ireland agitation, the violence of the press, the instigations to the people to rise, and the appeals to national indignation were never so barefaced and so defiant as now. If the rebellious sentiment has not spread, therefore, it has not been for want of warm appeal and urgent entreaty. The

Yankee-Hibernians make no scruple of declaring how disappointed they are, how much misled they have been as to the spread of Fenianism, and how disgusted they are with the lukewarmness of Irish patriotism.

To legislate for Ireland at this moment has the double disadvantage of doing in a moment of haste and excitement what demands calm investigation and quiet, and also of seeming to yield to the pressure of a rebellious movement before you had suppressed the insurrection. Were the remedies even such as Fenianism would accept—and the Fenians have left you no illusions on that subject—they surely could not be applied while the present ferment continues. The first requirement of Ireland is peace, and the second is permanence—at least the assurance that for some years men may look forward to follow their avocations without the terror of some changes in the law which may convulse the whole social condition of the country, and possibly uproot the rights of property.

The one chance for Ireland would be to govern her without reference to creed or party—that Parliamentary rivals would consent to omit Irish questions from their conflicts, and treat that country with an exceptional deference, as though her sufferings had been too great and her peril too imminent to drag her into the struggle of contending parties. With such a truce men would have courage to invest capital in industrial enterprise, to embark in speculation, and to improve the culture of the land. With such a truce, too, the capable men, no matter what their creed or party, would be sure of advancement; high office would be given, not to the partisan, but to the fittest candidate; and, above all—for it is above all—Ireland would cease to contain two camps, where the followers of English parties fought out their differences with an acrimony far greater than that of their leaders and commanders.

All Irishmen know what progress has been made in Ireland of late years in toleration, how much of the old rancour of party has gone out, how far more ready men are now than formerly to concede that an opponent may be honest, and that even extreme opinions can exist along with unblemished integrity. It is not easy for Englishmen to see these things, or even admit them when they see them. The terrible apparition of Fenianism, which, it must be owned, they stood manfully so long as it confined itself to Ireland, so frightened them when they saw it at home that they will make no distinctions, but regard all Irishmen as rebels differing only in the shades of their green, so that to talk to them of improvement in Ireland, of the growth of a more generous feeling between opponents, and of the dawn of better things, is utterly hopeless.

It is this despair of Englishmen regarding Ireland—a despair that drives them at once to the advertising quackeries of Bright and Mill—that now fills me with apprehension. I see what a chance the charlatan has of being employed just out of his lavish assurances of success, and how poor in comparison must seem the competitors of him who says, "Wait and have patience," against him who says, "Here is your sovereign remedy; you've only to take my nostrum and you are cured."

There is but too much reason to fear that Parliament, panic-stricken by the condition of Ireland, will be disposed to regard the boldest remedies as the best, and that he who suggests the most revolutionary measures will be deemed the statesman of the hour.

One of the most generally-repeated fallacies regarding Ireland is the reference to a mythical Irish people, which, after all, is represented by a few Fenians, who remind one of the shabby individual in Jerome Paturot, who says, "I

am the Public." How will the Irish people bear this? What will the Irish people "think when they are told"? and "what will the Irish people say when it is proclaimed aloud"? &c. These are the sort of questions which, evading argument, seem to propound the unanswerable. When you were menaced with Mr Frost and the Chartists, you never, so far as I know, assumed to call *them* the "English people," nor am I aware that the Rebeccaites in Wales were ever taken as fair representatives of national opinion. And why will you concede to a handful of returned Irish from America, bursting with rebel disloyalty and Yankee brag, what you would not accord to your own?

This spectre of an imaginary people is a great favourite with the press. It is an easy theme to lay sentimental ideas on, and it saves a deal of trouble when hard pushed to be able to say, "Ah, but the people will not submit to this." Now, the people of Ireland are not represented by Head-Centres any more than the gentry are by Grand-Masters. There is a great deal, unhappily, of exaggerated feeling in Ireland, a great deal of ignorance, and a great deal of intolerance, and it is not easy for men who want to think moderately and act calmly to get time and opportunity for either; but still there is a large mass, and of every grade and condition of life in Ireland, of hard-headed, sensible men, who know their country far better than you do, and who would rather have even misgovernment in Ireland with permanence than the continual tinkering and mending which unsettles the mind of the nation, and makes agitation a more profitable trade than any honest industry.

These men well know that the subsidiary agitation, the half-and-half treason which has not pluck for Fenianism, but likes the profit of disaffection, is the hardest of all the evils of Ireland to deal with. This party is entirely in the hands of

the Priests, and it is by them that liberal Englishmen—the men who go over to Ireland “to see for themselves,” as they are pleased to call it—are blarneyed and humbugged to a degree that would be shameful, if their own obtuseness had not pointed them out as objects too tempting to native drollery.

Next to the heroic remedy-quacks, I know nothing so pestilent as the people who want to “do something for Ireland,” as they phrase it, without the vaguest idea for what they are prescribing. If the Established Church in Ireland is to be attacked, let it be on any grounds you like but on those of being the “badge of conquest,” as some high-faluten speaker called it a few days ago. It is the enemy of Popery no doubt, and if you mean a boon to the Priests, the measure is intelligible; but the masses in Ireland, save when by misrepresentation and falsehood they are led to believe that the parson's tithe comes out of the poor man's pocket, care wonderfully little whether Protestantism be uprooted or not. Paddy would compound for a considerable addition to the Protestant hierarchy to-morrow if you gave him in return the simple permission to cultivate tobacco.

Religious rancour has considerably decreased of late years in Ireland, and if it were not for the indiscreet promptings of quasi-Irish adherents in England, would decrease still more. Nor is the parson regarded with aversion, or his family looked ill upon. The alien Church cry sounds well, however, in Parliament, though you cannot be always sure that Paddy would accept the destruction of the Establishment as the great remedy you believe it to be, nor would be so ready as you imagine to explain what the great grievance was that the alien Church inflicted. With the Priest, of course, it is different; for while he declares he wants nothing from the Government, neither tithe nor glebe, he still says, Destroy the

Establishment, and the rest will follow. Like a Guernsey wrecker as he watches a ship among the breakers, he knows what pillage will be on the shore when the storm abates; but even all the gain would be less grateful than the downfall of the rival Church, whose doctrines never were half so offensive to the Priest as the superior culture, the higher station, and the more assured position of the Protestant clergyman.

This animosity did not exist where the Priests themselves were gentlemen, and went into society the equals of their rivals. There was a thoroughly kindly and friendly feeling between the old Priesthood educated at Douay and St Omer and the Protestant rector in those days ere Pitt conceived that most unhappy idea of home-bred Catholicism. To the establishment of Maynooth we owe every particle of the dislike that attaches to Protestantism in Ireland. The half-educated cottier, the peasant in black gaiters, is the cleverest schoolmaster of disaffection that ever a country was cursed with. His social inferiority is a brief that he pleads to every hour of his life; and that we have trained up such a race of men is one of the most fatuous follies of all our rule in Ireland.

If you believe that it is worth while to conciliate these men at the cost of the deep discouragement, and something worse than even discouragement, you will deal out to those who love England in Ireland, and who would stand by the connection of the two countries with life and fortune, abolish the Established Church to-morrow; only do not fancy that you are doing anything by which the peasant's lot is to be bettered or his loyalty secured. You may have some more nunneries, but you'll not have a Head-Centre the less.

There is one aspect of the Church destruction question which has not received the attention it deserves—I mean the state of things you

will have to deal with when you have swept away the Establishment.

Now, you may say as much ill as you like of Irish Protestantism; you may declare that it has fostered religious rancour, sustained the insolent pretensions of a party, outraged the national sentiment, and suchlike; these are the stock materials of abuse, and, like all bad language, only the more difficult to answer, because couched in generalities, and totally destitute of all logical statement. You may also assert that, as a missionary Church, it has not accomplished the work set down for it; and this in a measure would be true, though for reasons very unlike those you would adduce, and little creditable to yourselves besides. There is, however, one feature of Irish Protestantism neither recognised nor admitted, and it is, to my mind, that which, looking to the destruction of the Establishment, is of most serious import. **THE PROTESTANT CHURCH IN IRELAND HAS BEEN THE MOST EFFECTUAL CHECK ON THE EXCESSES OF ROMANISM, AND THE MEANS BY WHICH IRELAND HAS NOT SUNK DOWN TO A CATHOLICISM AS DEGRADED AS THAT OF SPAIN AND MEXICO.** Protestantism has, so to say, made the police of Christianity; and but for its existence in Ireland, what between the intolerance and ignorance of the priesthood, and the degrading credulity and bigotry of the people, you would have had a condition of society in Ireland it would be a flattery to call merely barbarous. The parsons, I know well, have not converted the peasantry, but they have controlled the priests. Catholicism has never ventured, in presence of the purer light beside her, to dare those insolent flights which, where she has had the field her own, she has not hesitated to take. It is not from any want of zeal in the cause, or any deficiency in an appreciative public, that Ireland has neither winking virgins nor bleeding nuns. The soil would

have favoured them well. There is, in the popular mind, the very element to accept the most outrageous assaults that ever were made upon truth, and the grossest violations to all the decencies of religious decorum.

The restraining influence against all this was that small building with the modest spire, in the wild district whose only notion of Christianity, but for the chastening influence, would have vibrated between a degrading credulity and a savage persecution. Within earshot of the vicar the priest does not dare those gross violations of all truth, those insults to human understanding, and those violent appeals to superstitious passion, that he would have unhesitatingly had recourse to had no controlling presence restrained him. The badge of conquest, as the inflated phrase has it, was simply the handcuff on the wrist of the lawbreaker.

You thought it a good compact to pay thirty thousand a-year to Maynooth, merely to give you a "visitor's right" to see what books were read in that establishment, and what tracts were in the hands of young Ireland's priesthood: is it not worth something to have a Church in Ireland which restrains the violent pretensions of Romanism, and keeps Popery within the bounds of decency, and saves us from such open abominations as Hohenlohe miracles and the heavenly post-office, where believers corresponded with the Virgin, and got answers in registered letters?

When you have uprooted the Church, have you thought by what you will supply its place in this respect? Are you prepared for the pretensions of an unbridled Popery, or do you think that you can deal with an unrestrained Romanism on easier terms than you now treat with demands tempered by some shame, some small deference to decency, and to the opinion of witnesses whom even malignity could not dare to call ignorant?

I can only hope that the men who destroy the Church in Ireland will be those who will have to deal with the deluge that will follow the downfall.

But why, I would ask, are we to be left to the quacks? O'Connell once said that young politicians were always sent to learn their trade in Ireland, on the same principle that barbers taught their apprentices to shave by first practising on the beggars; but at least they were "regulars," and we were not given over to the men of platforms and big placards, to the charlatan with his trumpet or without it. And, once more, is there really none high enough in his profession to be had who has the courage to see the patient and yet defer his prescription?

And finally, it is, as Mr Neate's amendment declared, "the constant recurrence of impracticable measures, and the proposal of extravagant and impossible remedies, which are the great obstacle to the restoration of peace to Ireland, and to the prosperity of the Irish people."

Bear in mind for whom you are permitting these quack doctors to prescribe. Not only for the most implicitly credulous people in Europe—for the men of all others most intensely disposed to believe in a charlatan—but also for men only too ready to devolve upon a Government the duties that should naturally have been discharged by themselves, and too indolent to make any effort that they can persuade another to make for them. Paddy has been told so continually

that he is hardly treated—that there is not his equal for good qualities anywhere—that he is braver, and better, and more warm-hearted, and more intelligent, than any one else, at the same time that he is worse clothed and worse fed,—that surely it is time he should bethink him, What are they going to do for me after all this? and, naturally enough, he is best satisfied with him who proposes to do most.

"Compensation for improvement," cries the auctioneer—"any bid after that gentleman?" "Away with the landlords—a clean sweep of all property!" cries Mr Mill. "Thank you, sir; and very handsome it is." "I spoke of dividing the revenues of the Irish Church," whispers Lord Russell; "I don't think you heard me." "Yes, my lord, perfectly; but Mr Bright offered us the whole Establishment. Any gentleman disposed to increase on Mr Mill's offer? Going—going at confiscation; really I am distressed to think that no one will throw in a trifle more. Will no gentleman say even, 'Repeal of the Union'? Ireland is positively going for nothing, gentlemen—for actually nothing. At such a sacrifice my instructions are to reserve the sale. Gentlemen, we cannot see this fine country going for a mere song. I feel confident, however, there are good times coming; and when we next come to offer this lot for public competition, take my word for it you'll see far more spirited bidding; for, however little likely it seems, the shortest cut to Whitehall is through Dublin."

ON OUR PARTNERS IN THE GRAND COTILLON.

I am not fully as fond of dancing as I was—no matter the exact number of years ago; nor am I about to inquire why the fact is so; perhaps the fault is in the music, they are too fond of Strauss now. There's something, too, in

the floors—I speak of the Continent—they over-wax the "parquets;" and then the trains, these detestable appendages of heavy satin or cumbrous silk that women insist on sweeping after them, and which require the agility of a lamplighter

to avoid. All these combined have had their influence on me, and if there be other contributing causes, there is enough said for explanation. All the more as I hinted I would not explain, and so I come back to whence I started, that I am not so fond of dancing as of yore.

If, however, I no longer stand in the ring impatient for the first bars of the waltz that is to set me whirling like a Dervish—if Dervishes permitted themselves to clasp the waist of beauty—I fall back upon the humbler pleasure of observation, and watch with a moralist's eye the busy scene before me: but even that is not what I remembered it. I know well the incredulity I shall meet with—the scornful incredulity—when I say that the women were prettier some, let us say, twenty years ago. No, no; it's no question of coiffure or costume, it's not a matter of back hair, or long or short waists, or shoes with heels or without. It is a question of expression; and I do assert that the women who read the *Waverleys*, and fashioned their talk by the criticisms that were so popular over these wonderful stories, and who imbibed that tone of womanly tenderness and womanly grace that Scott threw over his female characters, were pleasanter to talk to and pleasanter to look at than those bold-faced damsels brazened and Braddoned, with their fearless eyes and reckless gestures.

It would have been well for us if we could have kept sensationalism to the circulating libraries, and only took it in three-volume doses from *Mudie*; but we have it everywhere—in the park on horseback, in the afternoon tea, at the dinner-table, and in the ball-room. Nor is this taste confined to dubious company and inferior condition; it prevails in very high places indeed; and as in the days of *Marie Antoinette* it amused a Queen and her ladies to imagine themselves shepherdesses and milk-

maids, a less fastidious caprice leads our present-day fashionables to believe they are Courtesans and Circeas. After all, it is very perilous fun. It is playing with fire, and with your pocket full of lucifer matches besides. Now, when gentlemen learn as a matter of amusement certain juggling tricks with cards, which enable them, cut and shuffle how you may, to deal themselves thirteen trumps and turn up whatever ace they like, they make it a rule never to play for money. The bare fact of their ability to "correct fortune" would be impossible to endure either as partner or adversary; and why cannot women take a lesson from this? and why will they not—as I know they used to do—play the game of life without what Americans call the "advantages"? Why must they compass the success they could win fairly and honestly by arts that are not in the game, and which suggest devices against them less reputable still? The frauds of fashion are proceeding now at such a rate that it would not in the least surprise me to hear of their becoming the subject of legal interference and enactment.

We make a prodigious fuss about forgeries, and what forgery ever equalled that chignon yonder? You talk of false trade-marks; and tell me, do you know of a case to compare with the enamel on that face and neck, and the youthful bloom on that hardened old visage at the tea-table? A man's horse is returnable if he discover him to have been "bishopped;" but what redress have you the day after your early visit to St George's, Hanover Square, even though you have found out that your charming bride has been made beautiful for ever by *Madame Rachel*, and that the almond-shaped eyes that captivated you owe their symmetry to strychnine?

I remember once hearing from the Irish Chief-Justice Bushe—a

mine of good stories, and the best relater of them I ever listened to—how a young lady, a relative of his own, was brought back the day after her marriage by her husband, who addressed her father thus, “I have come, sir, to restore to you your daughter.” The father, startled and shocked, as well he might be, could only find words to convey his astonishment, but after a while mildly asked for some explanation of what he meant. “I mean simply, sir, that it is impossible for us to live together; we are like-minded at least on this point, and no more need be said.” “Pardon me,” interposed the father, “but as I am a party in the cause, I too ought to be satisfied; will you then favour me with the reasons for this grave decision?”

After a considerable hesitation and delay, and with evident reluctance to open the case, the husband declared that he and his wife held opinions so diametrically opposed on the most momentous of all subjects, that all thought of agreement and happiness between them was utterly hopeless. Being further pressed, he owned that the matter on which they stood opposed was the question of eternal punishments. “She maintains them, sir,” cried the excited husband; “she has the bigotry and the cruelty to declare that they are essential to Christianity—that the whole system of Gospel truth crumbles to dust without them—that they are the rock on which revealed religion is based. I cannot, I never will believe it.” “I’m not so sure of that,” said the father, thoughtfully—he remembered certain traits of his daughter, and grimly smiled to himself as he recalled them—“I’m not so sure the case is hopeless.” “What, sir! would you say that she might yet lead me to her opinions?” “It is just what I was thinking; and if you only go back and live with her, you’ll believe in them yet—*she’ll convince you!*”

VOL. CHH.—NO. DCXXX.

On the whole, however, I am not in favour of elastic matrimony. I think that all the late suggestions and hints on that subject, whether they come from Mr Prince or Hepworth Dixon, are a mistake. Every man that has had any experience in driving knows that the worst sore shoulders he has ever seen have come of saving-collars, and that the true way to accustom your nag to his work is to make his shoulder gradually and patiently, letting it harden by practice, till at last the day will come when pressure will be little felt and no soreness come of it. There are people, however, who would unharness the team at the first kick; but I wish any one would tell me what they do with the beasts afterwards.

I am sick of this cant about ill-assorted couples. To come back to where I was a while ago, are the people who dance together in a ball-room always the most perfectly mated? Does not Six-feet-two discover that he must shorten his stride, or his little dumpy partner will be unable to follow him? and is *he* the worse for the compliance, or has *she* no consciousness that his courtesy is an act of graceful homage? There is a pretty bright-eyed girl there dancing with a plethoric gentleman, bald, and blowing like a grampus, while that slim light dragoon has taken out a heavy mass of flesh and finery; but the bald man is a banker with millions at his disposal, and the fat lady is a dowager-duchess with a splendid dowry. Perhaps the blond ringlets would dance more lightly with the guardsman—he thinks so at any rate; but remember, madame, what a long cotillon matrimony is, and one occasionally likes to sup besides, and likes besides to drive home at last in a well-appointed carriage, and not sidle off in a hansom;—these are the compensations to be thought of, and the spiritual-wife people will only look at one branch of the subject.

2 H

A NEW OPENING FOR YOUNGER SONS.

What is it that has turned the domestic mind of England so vigorously to economy, and instigated this fierce attack on butchers and bakers, and grocers, brown and green? Why are the newspapers filled with letters showing what paterfamilias pays for his pickles, and rejoinders from his tradespeople to prove it to have been all his own fault? After a great deal of small personal experiences, and a considerable exposure of particular individuals, the controversy resolves itself simply into this, that between the dealer and the consumer stands a third party whose interests, however unofficially recognised, are not to be questioned, and that he, virtually deciding what tradesman is to be dealt with, must be conciliated by a high percentage, and that without his goodwill no transaction can be effected.

Nothing short of the severe assault made upon the tradespeople could have wrung from them this cry against the servant class. It was the last squeeze of the thumb-screw only that evoked it. They bore up manfully, heroically, under all the charges of extortionate prices and disparaging comparisons with country dealers. They meekly replied by referring to the certain and unvarying accommodation they offered the public, the cost of their establishments, the high quality of whatever they vended, the pressure of taxation, and so on. It was only at the last, when human fortitude could endure no more, when the agony of restraint became insupportable, that they screamed out, "And the flunkeys!"

Now, I am not about to become the apologist of my butcher or my grocer. I have dealt with scores of them in all parts of the world, and have found them pretty indifferent honest in all—that is, I

know of nothing in sirloins or ribs that peculiarly disposes to roguery any more than in Cocoa, or Souchong, or brown Mocha. They have been to me, in short, like other men—neither better nor worse than the bootmaker, the tailor, the harness-man, or the coal-merchant. I was, then, somewhat surprised to see so much of the space of our best newspapers given up to a controversy about these people, as though they were the patented rogues of Great Britain—the only classes who ever overcharged for anything, and the men who alone of all the community calculated on a few years of trade to amass fortunes for life; and I asked myself, Has England really so much changed since I left it? Has the morality of the trading classes made such remarkable progress that the whole nation is stirred to its inmost heart by finding it has been paying fourpence too much for its figs, and twopence a-pound too dear for its mustard? I remember when I used to think so highly of my country for its splendid liberality—the grand way in which we carried out the maxim of live and let live—when high prices were a sort of test of prosperity, and we gloried in not being like "the confounded foreigner," with his cheap and nasty notions; and now I find all this has changed, and a mere penny more on the income-tax has set the whole country speculating whether it could not kill its own mutton and import its own Hyson.

I must confess I look with suspicion on this movement. The great characteristic of England has always been, that it is a country that pays well—extremely well—for everything thing that it has. Our first conviction is, that all we deal in, all that we expose to sale, is the very best in the universe. It is not only our colonials or our minerals,

our farm produce or our machinery, but that we have the best public men, the best preachers, the best post-office officials, and the best police that ever existed. It would grieve me sorely to be obliged to disabuse myself of this belief. I like to think of England as I knew it, a "land of quick careers." I like to remind myself of the men I saw going out, as it were, yesterday, hard-up and needy, in the P. and O. for Egypt, coming back small Croesuses after an absence that only enabled myself to get rid of a rheumatism at Wildbad. I like to think of the meagre curates swollen into portly archdeacons, and the sallow-cheeked juniors ripened into Queen's Counsel. I do like these "quick returns," so little resembling anything one sees elsewhere; and I would say, Let us not rashly surrender what gave us a type and a character amongst nations; let us not grow stingy in our old age, and become misers at the moment the world has agreed to regard us as the richest of mankind.

What I would suggest is this, the inevitable march of Democracy of late years has made great inroads on all the privileges which once on a time were believed to be the essential belongings of certain favoured classes. The army, high office, diplomacy, were actually looked on as the preserves of the upper ranks. As these became invaded from below, gentlemen were forced to enter other careers. Some went to the bar, some to the colonies, a few tried physic, and a few—a very few—adventured into trade. The pressure increasing, men in office began to see that various small employments under the Crown might be advantageously transferred from lackeys and cast-off butlers, and given to men of education and breeding. It was not easy to do this at a moment, nor was it a simple matter to persuade Lord Charles, or the Hon. Augustus, that he could be a tide-waiter,

or a customhouse clerk, or a consul, or a Queen's messenger; but when two or three did the thing together, made a sort of lark of it, and declared that five or six or eight hundred a-year was a better thing than a cornetcy, the victory was won. The gentlemen had the good sense to see that it was far better to suffer small offices to be well paid, and thereby worth holding, than to cut down the Estimates and give them to the flunkeys.

This is exactly my own sentiment—I am for keeping things well paid, and getting the best men to take them. It is in this spirit I say, Don't persist in this cruel attack on your tradesman who has fairly told you why he cheats you, that the black-mail to the house-keeper and the butler represents three-fourths of his overcharges. The man asserts no more than what you know to be the truth, and I would say, Be fair with him. The only change I would make is to open Flunkeydom to younger sons. Prejudice, I am aware, would revolt against it; but remember there is no livery, there is no hardship, it is a life of actual ease, of a very dignified leisure, with excellent diet. What the income may be, West-end shopkeepers can tell us; it is assuredly large, otherwise the present "incumbents" would not own all Duke Street and a considerable part of St James's.

Open Flunkeydom, then, to the upper ten, and see what a splendid service you will make of it. If the foreign envoy finds no difficulty in receiving the bag from a messenger more than his equal in birth and blood, why should the master have any delicacy in taking his sherry from the hands of a *ci-devant* captain of hussars, or a plucked attaché? Pages were once the initiative of all youths of family, and why not carry on the profession to its higher ranks and higher rewards? It is not merely that you will open a very lucrative career to younger sons, but you will carry in-

to daily life a more refined species of service. The influence of the Hon. Dick must be felt through the whole household, and Yellow Plush will try to imitate the quiet decorum and the unobtrusive assiduity of the superior artist.

It is well known to every one who has studied life what an immense influence is exerted over every man's daily habits—over his temper, his bearing, and his general behaviour—by the class of servants he keeps. In one of Dickens's novels he adverts very skilfully to the terror a butler exercised over an underbred master, and in what fear he lived lest his ignorance of many small details of life should be detected by his servant. This

fact, duly dwelt on, will teach us the incalculable benefits to be derived from my suggestion, and how the decorous manner of the gentleman behind the chair shall impart itself to him who sits in front.

All these, however, are merely accessorial benefits. It is especially to the financial part of my scheme that I desire attention, and to point out the fact that it will be an immense saving when we learn to pocket with our left hand what our right pays forth. The law by which the dew supplies the rainfall will then be renewed in domestic life, and the very excesses of our expenditure will redound in commendable provision for younger children.

ON "GETTING BEHIND THE PUMP."

It is quite clear that as the world progresses, and the inventive genius of man arrives at a higher development, War will become at last far less a trial of prowess and daring, than of skill in mechanics and chemical compounds. We have already done a good deal in this direction, and by our explosive shells, rockets, and torpedoes have gone far to convince men that individual bravery is one of the very smallest elements in a modern war. There was something eminently characteristic in the French Emperor's invention of an ironclad. It was the type of the man. The idea of first securing immunity before commencing the attack—of looking before all to safety before any thought of damaging the enemy—this was thoroughly indicative of the inventor, a perfect *idée Napoléonienne*, if ever there was one. Nor is it less characteristic of the age that the discovery should have been hailed as a grand and wonderful one, and that when this great man of war and battles put on his coat of mail, we all should straightway have gone off to order similar garments for ourselves.

From the time his influence began to be exerted in Europe, the whole character of war underwent an immense change. The whole aim of generalship seemed to be, first of all, safety—safety *à tout prix*. Soldiers could not, like sailors, move about with six inches of hammered iron and four feet of teak backing in front of them; so the next best thing was to give them an arm which might enable them to fight at a long distance from the enemy, out of his reach if possible, and the Minié rifle did this. As others, however, provided themselves with the long-range weapon, the effect was, who should succeed in obtaining the gun that would kill at the greatest distance—that is to say, with least risk to the man that fired it,—a very Napoleonist idea, one must admit, and whose application assuredly he carried into other matters than those of warfare. We now began that wonderful race between attack and defence which has continued ever since. At each new discovery of a more powerful cannon, a more penetrating projectile, we put another inch of iron on the armour-plates, till the great

question arose, how to float the mass, which threatened to go down bodily without any aid from the enemy.

The most costly experiments, the most laborious trials, were instituted to test the question whether our own ships could resist our iron shot, and thence to infer what they might do against the projectiles of people more intently bent on smashing them. So far as mere newspaper records convey, the results would seem pretty much like those of a game of chess played by a gentleman against himself, where he favours red at the expense of black, or *vice versa*. Where Messrs Tinkerton, Smelton, & Crash of Manchester exhibited plates for trial, it was usual to give them the victory. When the issue was what chilled shot or electrified projectiles could effect, the courtesy was to let *them* win; so that outside Woolwich I doubt if there was a man in England who could tell how the contest was faring, or if it were to be a matter to bet on, would have known where to lay his money. Perhaps the nearest thing to any precise fact we arrived at, was that there was a gun whose fire would sink any ship that could come against it, if only another ship could be found to carry the gun; and this at once took us away from the battering question, and set us to work to ascertain how big a gun a vessel might carry, and not go down when she fired it.

In the old duelling days of Ireland—days, by the way, not to be so heartily despised in some respects as certain moralists would persuade us—it was no uncommon practice for neighbours to pass a morning in a trial of their respective pistols, so that, if the time of actual conflict should arise—by no means an impossible event—each might have some knowledge of the peculiarities of the weapon the chance of a die might place in his hand; and so they would talk of how M'Haggerty's pistols threw

high, or M'Blake's were hard on the trigger, or Tom Bodkin's were low in the sight, with an acuteness that showed perfect familiarity with the arm.

Now, we are not exactly so generous as these old fire-eaters, but we do suffer enough of the result of our trials to ooze out to let our neighbours know what terrible fellows we are, and what poor fun it will be to fall out with us. Indeed, a Yankee captain went further; for a short time back, on a friendly visit to England, he proposed that the whole Channel Fleet should have twelve hours at *him*, in return for which he only asked two hours the next day to send *them* all to the bottom—an amicable and pleasing proceeding, which, for some unaccountable reason, was declined.

The first condition, therefore, as we have seen, of modern war, was to insure as much as possible the safety of the combatant. First hide yourself, then shoot at the enemy. And now I am reminded of an incident that I heard related in the county Clare—a very classic land for adventure—I can't say how many years ago. If I mistake not, the story was told me by the old servant himself who was an actor in the drama. A quarrel occurred in the hunting-field between two gentlemen of the county, Mr Vandeleur and Mr Studdert; very hot words passed between them; and though friends interposed, and a sort of truce was accomplished, by ill luck they chanced to be thrown together as they rode homeward, when the altercation was renewed even more angrily than before. At last, just as they reached the gate of Mr Vandeleur's domain, the dispute had passed all bounds of decent discussion, and high insult had been hurled by each at the other.

"Let us settle the business at once," cried Vandeleur; "I have pistols ready in the house."

"Nothing better," said the other; "I'm your man!"

And so they rode side by side up the avenue, Vandeleur's groom alone following. When they arrived at the house it was already dark, and the question was how to proceed without causing any alarm to the family; and it was at length decided that they should fight in the stable-yard, at fifteen paces, each man to hold a lantern as a mark for his antagonist's fire.

I am not certain that I shall be relating events with the most scrupulous adherence to veracity, but, in justice to my informant, I must try to give the rest of the incident in his own words.

"Where are you, you scoundrel?" says my master when they came out into the yard.

"I'm here, you shoeblack!" cried out Studdert.

"Stand out bowld!" says my master.

"It's what I'm doing," says the other. 'Give the word, and no more talking.'

"Get behind the pump, yer honour," says I, pulling my master by the coat. 'Get behind the pump before you fire.'

"And so he did; and when they blazed, by my conscience, it was Studdert that got it, and it was more than three months before he could sit down again."

And now let me ask, Is there not a good deal of this "getting behind the pump" in these latter days in Europe?

Is not all we are doing in plated ships and ironclad forts very much like "getting behind the pump"? I do not for a moment deny that the object in all war is to damage your enemy as far as possible with as little injury to yourself as you can; but is it not possible also, I would ask, to carry the thought of personal safety too far? Is it not possible, by incessantly directing the mind to measures of defence, that the whole of that heroic spirit which alone elevated war above mere slaughter may come to be merged in mere precautions for

protection, and the man of heart and courage be confounded with the creature without either pluck or endurance? And will it not come to this, that the first nation who will despise these conditions of combat, and who will risk the chances of a bolder tactic, will, at heavy loss doubtless, and some severe disasters, end by mastering the others, and dominate in Europe? The Americans are already building unarmoured vessels of heavy armament and great speed—vessels that unquestionably would be no match for the plated monsters of our late construction, but very ugly customers, indeed, at long range and in rough weather. Is not this a sign that men see that there is something to be done besides "getting behind the pump"?

Tegethoff, too, the other day, did not exactly see the policy of assuring safety; and though there was some "getting behind the pump" at Lissa, they were not the Austrians who went there.

What were all the Garibaldian successes in Sicily and Naples except the results of impetuous dash and daring? What were the brilliant achievements of the Southern armies in the late war in America? What that last Prussian charge at Sadowa? Take from war these and suchlike feats of hazardous enterprise, and it becomes a dreary scene of carnage and bloodshed, and the man who regulates the motion of a guillotine is as much a hero as he who commands an army.

There is no stronger evidence of the decline of manhood in Europe than the facility with which we have, one and all, adopted these *idées Napoléoniennes* about war. The man of the shirt of mail has inoculated us all; our only thought is not how much injury we can do our enemy, but how long we can resist him without risk, and how ready we shall be to do him a mischief when we are once sure we can "get behind the pump."

CHARLES KEAN AND THE MODERN STAGE.

THE departure from the world of a man so eminent in his vocation as the late Charles Kean, deserves more notice than the passing eulogy and the brief biographical sketch, which are all that the newspaper press in our busy age can afford to bestow upon the ornaments and benefactors of our time, when death removes them from amongst us. That Mr Kean was an honour to his profession, and by many noble and endearing personal qualities shed a light round the private society in which he moved—that he was a great actor—an accomplished gentleman and a blameless citizen in every relation of life,—all these facts have been freely admitted wherever his professional and private character has been discussed. But more than this is due to the memory of our lost tragedian. His departure marks an era in dramatic history; and in the interest of that art which he did so much to adorn, we proceed to discuss at somewhat greater length than was at the command of our daily and weekly contemporaries, not alone the biographical incidents of his career, but the general condition of the stage during his time, and the influence which he exercised upon it. This is the more necessary as he has left no successor. Mr Macready “still lives, a prosperous gentleman,” but the stage has not known him for nearly twenty years, and will know him no more. Mr Phelps, though it cannot be said of him, that “the veteran lags *superfluous* on the stage,” is at a time of life when he cannot undertake the great Shakespearian characters which make and sustain a reputation in the highest walks of the art; and unless it be Edwin Booth in America, there is no living actor who can claim equality with these, or hope to fill their places. Even

if the material out of which could be evolved a new Garrick, a new Kemble, or a new Kean, existed in the younger ranks of the theatrical profession, there is no demand for his appearance. The taste of the public does not run in the direction of old or new tragedy. The romantic as well as the classic drama is out of date; the melodrama, the farce, the burlesque, and the ballet, carry all before them, to the accompaniment too frequently of beer and tobacco; and although such great actresses still survive as Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs Charles Kean, and Miss Glynn, there is no metropolitan theatre willing to receive them; no actors to support them in such tragedies as *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, or the other masterpieces of Shakespeare; and no public to appreciate them, even if they could obtain a hearing. The great names of Betterton, Macklin, Garrick, Young, Cooke, Booth, the Kembles, Macready, the two Keans, and many others known to our fathers and great-grandfathers, exist on the page of history, or in the voice of tradition, and will be remembered possibly as long as our literature; but they all illustrate a time and a taste that have ceased, and that are not to be renewed in form or spirit.

There has been no generation of Englishmen—and we may extend our survey, and say no generation of Europeans—since the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, in which complaints have not been made of the decline of the drama. People still flourishing among us, who have safely passed the grand climacteric, speak of the days of their youth as the “palmy days” of the stage; and do not remember that when they were boys the old men spoke as themselves speak now, and were never tired of lamenting the dearth

of good acting, and the degeneracy of the public taste. There is no doubt that these complaints, which can be traced through the literature of two hundred years, are to be partially attributed to the keener enjoyment taken in the drama by the young than by the old; and that the pleasures of youth, when they are hoarded in the memory, seem brighter than those which advancing age can offer. The effete, the disappointed, and the cynical are always ready to disparage the present and to exalt the past, and to deplore the melancholy fact that the golden age has been succeeded by an age of base metal. But making due allowance for this tendency—which applies to the depreciation of other things than the stage—it must be admitted by all who bestow any thought upon the subject, that the higher kinds of dramatic representation have no longer the hold upon the public favour which they had in the days of Shakespeare. As far as England is concerned, the only “palmy days of the drama” were those Elizabethan days, when the noblest intellects of the nation devoted their genius to the service of the stage; and when Shakespeare towered high above the heads of the many poetic giants who were his contemporaries or who either preceded or immediately followed him. The stage and the pulpit were the only teachers of the people in that comparatively primitive time. The vulgar and brutal crowd—both rich and poor—sought their diversion in the bear-garden or the cockpit; but the educated, the refined, and the gentle, found instruction combined with amusement in the theatre only. The stage had a virtual monopoly of the public ear. Few books were printed, and these were rather for the scholar and the politician than for the multitude. The ladies, who are now such great—we might say voracious—readers, scarcely permitted themselves to read any book at all, except the Bible; and vast numbers of

them, even of the highest rank, were unable to write or to spell. The publication of a novel or a romance was extremely rare; and the novel or romance was not good for much when it made its appearance, unless it contained a story sufficiently striking to be converted by such a cunning artificer as Shakespeare into a tragedy or a comedy. There were no newspapers to distract attention, and compel everybody to read them. There were no music-halls or concert-rooms. The Italian opera was unknown; and the ballet, that in our day offers infinitely greater attraction to some people than Shakespeare, was uninvented, and perhaps unimagined. The stage had literally nothing to compete with it; and though its appurtenances were of the meanest as regards scenery, dress, and decoration, the good plays and the good acting were sufficient to make amends for all shortcomings, and to provide for the public a highly intellectual gratification. Though a notification to the audience to imagine that the scene was a forest, the sea-shore, a meadow, or the hall of a palace, did all the work now performed by the scene-shifter and the scene-painter; though the sounding of a trumpet three times before the delivery of the prologue was the substitute for the modern orchestra; and though the stage was not graced by the presence and genius of women in any of the parts; and when boys or young men acted the queens and princesses, and other heroines of the tragedy or the comedy (once, as we are informed, a real king had to wait impatiently for the commencement of the play in order to give time for the fictitious queen to be shaved),—the audiences, unaccustomed to anything more perfect or refined, put their hearts into the play; and if that appealed strongly to their pity or their sense of the ludicrous, wept or laughed with a genuine emotion,

and loved the art for the art's sake, and not for its accessories. To them the drama itself was beautiful as Aphrodite in her unadorned nudity, and needed no aid of ribbons or furbelows to show her off to advantage. This "palmy" state of dramatic performance did not long survive the days of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. There were troubles preparing for the nation. A struggle broke out in the next reign between the king and his people, which diverted men's attention from the theatre. A religious as well as a political spirit was aroused. The printing-press became a rival power to the drama, and gave the earnest citizens of those troublous times something else to think of than the amusement of the passing hour. And when the civil broils of the seventeenth century had come to an end, when the Revolution had run its course, and the theatre no longer found itself in sole possession of the power of arousing the public; when books had multiplied; when the political pamphlet had become a power in the State, and the newspaper press, a power still greater, was beginning to establish itself,—the greatest minds, the noblest wits, the most fertile imaginations of the day, no longer devoted themselves to the production of plays. In this new and changed era, plays very different from those of Shakespeare, and of which the characteristics were the reverse of pure and ennobling, displaced for two generations the sublime tragedies and the graceful comedies which English literature owes to the Elizabethan writers. As a necessary consequence, the stage fell from the favour which it formerly monopolised. In ceasing to be the teacher of the people, and in pandering to the amusement of the profligate, it lost the support of the best order of critics. These began very speedily to condemn the perversion of public taste, and to lament the decline of the drama.

Sir Richard Steele, in No. 502 of the 'Tatler,' for the 6th of October 1712, describes a theatrical audience of that day as "composed of two sorts of people—those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insurrections of those who know no satisfaction, but what they have in common with all other animals." In No. 12 of the same admirable series, Sir Richard complains "that the world will not understand that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age as the Bank on the credit of the nation." The same complaints have been repeated from that day to this with varying emphasis and authority, and have never ceased in literature or society.

But during all this time the fame of Shakespeare has continued to spread from his own to every civilised country of the globe. As a dramatic poet he stands by universal consent at the very head and front of his own and of every other time. He is so great that he dwarfs every rival and competitor. He prevents by his magnitude and sufficiency the growth of any one like him. We can have no second Shakespeare, because the first Shakespeare fills the only place that can be found or made in our civilisation for a genius so lofty, if it should seek for its development upon the stage. The nearest approach to a Shakespeare that the British nation has produced is Sir Walter Scott. He, like Shakespeare, found his genius a marketable commodity; but there being no demand for it on the stage, he poured the full tide of its power and beauty into the poem, the novel, and the romance; and did for literature what Shakespeare did for the drama—provided it with a long and gorgeous gallery of great,

noble, and sublime characters, that live in all memories, and become, though they are fictitious, as real as if we all of us had actually seen and conversed with them. Shakespeare not only prevents the avatar of a new Shakespeare, but his genius is of so lofty a nature that to procure the proper representation of his masterpieces on the stage, an actor, and in some of them an actress, of a genius little inferior to his own is required to do them justice, and present them properly to the public. In the two hundred and fifty-two years that have elapsed since Shakespeare's death it is scarcely possible to disinter the names of twenty Shakespearian actors, who rendered themselves in all respects the worthy representatives of Hamlet, Romeo, Othello, Macbeth, King John, Richard II., Richard III. Henry V., Henry VI., Wolsey, Shylock, and Lear; or of as many actresses who satisfied the public in their impersonations of Ophelia, Desdemona, Lady Macbeth, Miranda, Hermione, Portia, Rosalind, Cleopatra, Queen Catherine, Cordelia, Juliet, and other stars in that glorious galaxy of feminine loveliness, grace, and sorrow, which we owe to Shakespeare. For inferior plays there have always been actors and actresses to be found, in more than sufficient number; but for Shakespeare's plays there has always been, and always must be, a dearth of adequate performers. This is but one of the circumstances which help to banish him from the modern stage. Among other causes may be mentioned the increasing love of music and of the Italian opera, and of that display of the female form—no longer of the legs and bust merely, as in the olden times, but of the shape above the knee—a display which would have shocked the modesty of the not very modest age of Charles II., but which does not seem to shock any one in the second half of the nineteenth century, though it appeals,

Sir Richard Steele said of much

less meretricious exhibitions in the days of Queen Anne, to no higher sensation than man shares with the lower animals. Another circumstance that powerfully restrains people from visiting the theatres, either to witness representations of Shakespeare, or any meaner but more attractive and fashionable performances, is the inconvenient, unwholesome, and dangerous construction of every theatre in Great Britain. Cultivated and refined people, living in luxurious homes, in the enjoyment of books, music, or social intercourse, do not always care to leave their firesides in the evening, to be cramped in a box or a stall at a theatre, to breathe a vitiated atmosphere, and to incur the serious risk of catarrh or rheumatism when issuing from the heated interior of a crowded house into the cold air of the lobbies, where they have to wait for their carriages, to say nothing of the more serious risk of fire, and the panic that the least alarm of such a calamity is almost certain to cause in a large audience. Last, and not least, of the causes that are and have long been tending to relegate Shakespeare to the library, along with Sophocles and Euripides, and to withdraw him from the stage except on rare occasions, is the low and degenerate taste of the multitude, who prefer a semi-nude ballet, or what they call a "screaming farce," to the most moving tragedy or the most delicate comedy that can be enacted before them.

Some of these causes came into operation at the Restoration of Charles II., continued to operate in the days of Steele and Addison to those of Johnson, and were extended and increased at the commencement of the present century. Time has not diminished their influence on the fortunes of the stage, and at the present moment their combined pressure has all but driven what used to be called the legitimate drama out of existence. Fifty, and even forty, years ago there was rather a glut than a dearth of

Shakespearian actors and actresses, as the names of Young, Cooke, the two Kembles, Macready, and the elder Kean, and those of Mrs Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Miss Kemble are sufficient to prove; and there was consequently a greater taste for the legitimate and tragic drama than there is now. Yet even in those days, so "palmy" in the memory of the old playgoers that still survive to talk over the lost joys and unrenewable sensations of their youth, the great actors who not only desired to gain the fortune, but the fame which sometimes, but not invariably, leads to it, had to fight a hard battle with the indifference of the town. In the year 1813, the fortunes of Drury Lane and of other patent theatres were at the lowest ebb. Shakespeare did not pay, although so many great performers, male and female, were ready to personate his principal characters if opportunity afforded. The committee of management, of which Mr Whitbread the eminent brewer was the chairman, and Lord Byron the great poet an influential member, was at a loss what steps to take to carry on the business, or to avoid impending bankruptcy. Chance threw a treasure in their way of which they had never heard, and of whose value they were utterly unaware when they took it into their keeping, in the shape of Edmund Kean, an obscure and needy actor from the provinces. No part in a play was too lofty for his ambition, or too mean for his necessities. He had married in his nineteenth year—was at this time twenty-four—and had a son of two years old in the cradle. For the support of himself and this small family he was willing to undertake the hardest and most harassing drudgery of a theatre. He would sing a comic song—play harlequin—dress himself up as a monkey, and climb a pole—or enact Hamlet, Macbeth, or Othello, with equal readiness, preferring the grandeur of the tragic parts as most consistent with the

display of a genius which he at least had never doubted, but not despising any kind of stage work that would bring in eighteen shillings per week, and looking hopefully to the future on all those rare occasions when fortune favoured him so far as to raise his weekly wage from eighteen shillings to five-and-twenty. "Let me," he often used to say to his wife in those days of misery and neglect, "but once get upon the boards of old Drury with the footlights before me, and I will show them what I can do." His aspiration was unexpectedly gratified. Towards the close of the year 1813 he obtained a trifling engagement from Mr Whitbread, and set off to London with his family in a waggon, being too poor to afford the expense of the stage-coach. On the 16th of January 1814 he made his first appearance in London in the character of Shylock—put his whole soul and energy into it—and at once established his position as an actor of great and original genius. The management of Drury Lane Theatre did not immediately recognise the success he had achieved. It had to be tested in other parts before the terms of his existing engagement could be augmented. But Edmund Kean knew his powers. He felt that he had touched the great heart of the people, and had no fears for the results. On the night of his triumph, the first of a long and brilliant series, he went home exultant to his wife, removed the sleeping child from the cradle, kissed it, and said, "Now, Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and Charles shall go to Eton." Mary *did* ride in her carriage—Charles *did* go to Eton; but what the happy husband by no means anticipated, the son also became an actor—in some respects as great as, and in many others much greater than, his father.

The success of Edmund Kean, though decided and unmistakable as far as regards the opinion of the critics and all intelligent playgoers,

was not so fully appreciated by the great bulk of the public, who then as now cared but little for Shakespeare's plays, unless when extraordinary circumstances forced them upon the stage. The Drury Lane committee, led by the sagacious man of business who was its chairman, doubted whether the new actor was so great a man as he thought himself—whether his success would be durable—and, above all, whether it were worth while to re-engage him on liberal terms. But Lord Byron was also a man of business, and none the less so because he was also a man of genius; and with the poetic insight which can read men's souls as clearly as it can read the book of nature, discovered in Kean a genius as mighty as his own, though it assumed another form of expression, and prevailed upon the committee to retain him, make the most of him, and trumpet abroad his growing fame by all the means at their disposal. The men of business, much to the profit of their business, listened to the counsels of the poet, and the result was that in six months the all but empty treasury of Drury Lane Theatre was replenished with the handsome sum of £20,000, after the payment of all expenses, and that Edmund Kean took rank thenceforth, by general though not quite unanimous consent, as the greatest theatrical genius which the century had produced. At the annual meeting of the proprietors, held at the close of the season, Mr Whitbread made the unusual but very gratifying declaration that a dividend of five per cent on the capital was payable to the shareholders; and took occasion to impress upon their minds the fact, which was doubtless well known to them, that the result was mainly, if not entirely, due to the new actor, whose services they had been fortunate enough to secure. He said—

“The extraordinary powers of this eminent actor had, as well might be imagined, drawn forth the criticisms of all

theatrical amateurs and judges; and though there might be some few who did not agree with him in regarding Mr Kean as the most shining actor that had appeared in the theatrical hemisphere for many years, yet he was happy to find that the general opinion concurred with his own in that respect. A combination of all the qualities that were essential to form a complete actor was found to unite in one man very rarely indeed; and though objections might be set up to the figure of Mr Kean, as objections had at all times, and in all ages of the world, been set up to some one or other of the qualities and proportions of every actor, yet, judging of him in all the great attributes of the art, he was one of those prodigies that occur only once or twice in a century.”

It is not within our purpose to trace through all its stages the career of this gifted but unfortunate man of genius. We have no desire to revive old stories, none the less scandalous for being true, or to point attention to aberrations from the rightful path, which inferior men commit without the punishment of publicity, but which are doubly and trebly punished in the case of the highly-placed and illustrious, by a malevolence that, even in telling the truth, cares less for the truth than for the chance it affords of pulling down the great to the level of the small, and of proving that if the externals of fortune and position be removed, the man of the divinest intellect and genius is but little if any better than those whom Fortune has blessed with the gifts of harmless mediocrity and comfortable stupidity. Suffice it to say, as leading to our proper subject—the theatrical career of his son, and the influence which the latter exercised upon the dramatic taste of his time—that Edmund Kean remained, for nearly twenty years after his first appearance at Drury Lane, the idol of the play-going public; that he assumed with success all the great parts of the Shakesperian repertory, besides many others of secondary note; that the demands made upon a constitution not naturally very

strong, were so incessant and so debilitating that recourse to artificial stimulants to keep up his inadequate strength to the point of efficacy developed itself into a necessity; that in his, as in other cases, these stimulants became the more imperative the more they were supplied, and increased in quantity until they caused greater evils than those which they were intended to alleviate; and that in the end, the finely-adjusted moral balance of the brain was put rudely out of gear. The son Charles was sent to Eton at the proper age, was properly and liberally cared for, and made the acquaintance and friendship of schoolfellows such as Mr Gladstone, of Mr Spencer Walpole, and the late Duke of Newcastle, and many others whose names live honourably in the annals of their time. But while the son was thus preparing himself for a less arduous and perhaps more brilliant career than the stage, Edmund Kean fell into irregular habits, deserted the wife of his youth and partner of his early sorrows, and allowed his pecuniary affairs to drift into entanglement and insolvency. All the while, however, he continued with fitful lightning bursts of grandeur and genius to charm and astonish the town, and maintain his position as the greatest actor of his time. But no gifts of native genius, no acquirement of talent, can enable any one to steer his way through the world who pertinaciously ignores the fact that two and two are four, or that more money cannot come out of a purse than is put into it. Kean's affairs went into irretrievable ruin. Knaves speculated upon his weakness and forgetfulness: and honest men could not always get their own; and the great actor, the paragon and marvel of the stage, notwithstanding the magnitude of his earnings, was unable to continue the allowance which he had made either to maintain his son at Eton, or contribute to the support of the wife whom he had deserted. As

soon as the painful truth became evident to Charles Kean, he resolved to supply his father's place as far as the support of his mother extended, and in default of any other profession, to which at his youthful years he could have devoted himself with the hope of immediate return for his labour, to try his fortunes upon the stage. The impediments in his career were enormous. His father's celebrity seemed to be no help to him, but the reverse. He was very young, he had no training, no experience, no advantages of presence or person, nothing but a stout heart, indomitable self-reliance, a firm faith in the goodness of his cause, and a longing hope that the filial piety of his motive, strengthened no doubt by the knowledge that he had in himself the perilous stuff of which genius is compounded, and that the public would discover it, would remove all difficulties from his path. His name proved to be of more value to him than he could have anticipated, for it procured him an interested patron, if not a disinterested friend, in the person of Mr Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane theatre. A misunderstanding had arisen between that gentleman and the elder Kean, in consequence of which the great tragedian had transferred his services to the rival management of Covent Garden. Mr Price, thinking that there was commercial value in the name of Kean, no sooner heard of the determination of Charles, and of the pressure of poverty which had driven him for his mother's sake to appear on the stage, than he offered him an engagement at a salary of ten pounds a-week, to be continued for three years, and increased in case of success. Such an offer was not to be refused; and on the 1st of October 1827, being then within three months of his seventeenth year, Charles Kean made his first appearance before an audience on the same boards whence his father had, fourteen years previously, mounted by one rapid stride the pinnacle of

theatrical fame. The part he chose for his *début* was Norval in Home's not very excellent tragedy of 'Douglass.' The hopes of the aspirant were greater than his fears. He might offend his father, it was true, but he might rescue his mother from destitution; and if his filial affection were due to both parents, it was due in the first instance to the more helpless of the two, whose innocence pleaded for her even more powerfully than her weakness. His father's admirers condemned the son's rashness; many of his own and his mother's friends were apprehensive of the results; but the necessity was imperious and the motive highly honourable. So with the confidence of youth, not "fearing fate too much," or thinking "his deserts too small," he resolved to obey the promptings both of his heart and his ambition. From the account given in 'The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean,' by J. W. Cole—avowedly compiled under Mr Kean's own direction—it is evident that the young actor was of opinion that he had made what in our day is called a *succès d'estime*; not a signal success, but not exactly a failure.

"The debutant," says Mr Cole, "went through his part, at the opening, with hesitating doubt; but as he warmed into the business of the scene, with courage and gradually increasing animation. Some unprejudiced judges (and more than one were present who took an interest in his fate) could detect, even through all the rawness of an unformed style, and the embarrassment of a novel situation, the germs of latent ability, and the promise of future excellence. The audience received him throughout with indulgence, encouraged him by frequent approbation, and called for him when the tragedy concluded. It was success certainly, but not decided success. Charles Kean felt that although he had passed his examination with tolerable credit, he had neither carried away 'high honours' nor achieved what in theatrical parlance is termed 'a hit.'"

But if he had partially pleased the public, had he partially or in any way pleased the professional critics—the men who had, or thought they

had, the power of writing up theatrical reputations, or writing them down? Mr Cole, or Mr Kean himself narrating the critical verdict through another's pen, more than thirty years afterwards, declares it to have been unanimously hostile.

"On the following morning," says the biographer, "Charles rushed with feverish anxiety to the papers, and, without pausing, read them to his mother. His fate and hers, their future subsistence, the hope that sustained them, the bread they were eating, the roof that covered them—all lay in the balance, and all depended on the dictum of the all-powerful press! It was unanimous in condemnation. Not simple disapproval or qualified censure, but sentence of utter incapacity—stern, bitter, crushing, and conclusive. There was no modified praise, no exceptional encouragement, no admission of undeveloped faculties, no allowance for youth and inexperience. The crude effort of a schoolboy was dealt with as the mature study of a practised man. The papers gave no quarter, but went in unanimously to burn, sink, and destroy—an overwhelming fleet against a little light-armed gunboat. The hearts of both mother and son were struck with dismay; they wept in concert; and Charles Kean's first impulse was to abandon the stage in despair. He hastened to Mr Price and proposed to cancel the engagement, but this the manager considerably declined, and urged him to persevere."

"Never say die" is a good though a vulgar maxim. Charles Kean made it the guiding principle of his life. Like Byron, when stung to the quick by the virulent criticism of the 'Edinburgh Review,' he became defiant, and resolved to show his assailants that he was not to be crushed, or even greatly discouraged, and that, if not then, he would at some later day chain public opinion to his chariot-wheels, and ride in triumph through the multitude. It was a great aspiration and a mighty struggle, but he was of tough fibre, not perhaps of body, but of soul; and his dauntless spirit, like that of his father, though not kept up to the enthusiastic pitch by gross and carnal stimulants, but by the electricity of a strong mind that

despised physical difficulties and obstructions, bore him safely through many bitter trials. He performed several times during the season of 1827-28, but made no attempt to assume any of the great characters in Shakespeare, judging wisely that much hard work and hard study had to be undergone before he could prudently run the risk of failure in any attempt so ambitious. Mr Price seems to have believed in him, and to have stood his friend when friendship in such a quarter was peculiarly valuable, and, without removing him from the Drury Lane company, recommended him to play in the provinces in the interval between the close of one London theatrical season and the commencement of the next. The provincial press was not so difficult to please as that of the metropolis, and, under the stimulus of a little of that praise of which most actors are immoderately fond, and the love of which, Hughes, in No. 467 of the 'Spectator,' declares to be "a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person," the young actor made a more rapid progress in his art than he might perhaps have made under the influence of the cold and bitter east wind of London criticism. Say what we will, a little of the sunshine of commendation is as useful to the expansion of talent as the real sunshine is to the unfolding of the flowers, and to some natures is absolutely essential. To be well spoken of is more necessary to the actor than to any other professional person who earns his bread by the favour of the public. To be ill spoken of, especially if a malicious animus be apparent, is endurable, but not to be spoken of at all is to be insignificant; and to be insignificant is to be on the highroad to nonentity. Charles Kean was peculiarly sensitive to praise or blame; and it was not until the praises began to shower upon him that he became thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that, after all his

efforts, he had not mistaken his vocation. Performing at Glasgow in 1828, while his father was rusticated in a favourite cottage which he had built for himself near Rothesay in the beautiful Isle of Bute, he sought for a reconciliation with him; and found not reconciliation alone, but encouragement to persevere in the dramatic career—encouragement which, coming not alone from a father, but from the first actor of the day, and given, it is to be presumed, with all the sincerity of the fullest conviction, made amends for much previous disparagement which he had suffered at the tongues and pens of men, who had a theory that genius was never hereditary, and that the son of a great actor could never be half so great as his father. The elder Kean on this occasion consented to appear at the Glasgow theatre for his son's benefit. The play chosen was Howard Payne's tragedy of 'Brutus,' in which Mr Kean took the part of Brutus, and Mr Charles Kean that of Titus. The house was filled to overflowing, and the receipts amounted to nearly £300; results that flattered the vanity of the father, and helped to replenish the pockets of the son. Mr Cole relates that "the strong interest of the play, combined with the natural acting of the father and son, completely subdued the audience. They sat suffused in tears during the last pathetic interview, until Brutus, overpowered by his emotions, falls on the neck of Titus, exclaiming in a burst of agony, 'Embrace thy wretched father!' when they broke forth into loud and prolonged peals of approbation. Edmund Kean then whispered in his son's ear, '*Charlie, we are doing the trick!*'"

It has been said by a modern poet that—

"The clown in the ring who grins and
tumbles,
Till the joyous crowd all shout and
start,
May be sick and fainting beneath his
painting,
And wring his jests from a breaking
heart."

This little incident, and genuine touch of nature—of a “canniness” that, had it been exhibited by a Scotchman, would have been considered extremely national—shows the reverse of the picture, and that in the very whirl and tempest of tragic passion, in real life or on the stage, the comic, and even the grotesque, may intermingle. Shakespeare thoroughly understood human nature when he introduced comedy into tragedy, and made the gravedigger sport with the horrors of the grave, and pat the skull of the dead Yorick as if he were still a living man and a boon companion. Great wit, as an older bard informs us, is nearly allied to madness; and all experience shows that the boundaries between tears and laughter, the tragic and the ludicrous, are hard either to be defined or discovered.

For the next two years father and son were occasionally seen performing in the same theatre in the same pieces, and the younger man was emboldened to appear in such great Shakespearian characters as *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, and others for which his youthful appearance more peculiarly fitted him. His first appearance as *Romeo* at Drury Lane, in December 1828, though it appeared to satisfy Mr Price, the manager, did not please the professional critics of the morning press. The London season of this year did nothing for his fame and little for his fortune, but was otherwise remarkable in his personal history, as in the performance of ‘*Lovers’ Vows*’ on boxing night, the lady who played the part of the heroine, and whom on that occasion he met for the first time on the stage, was no other than the gifted and beautiful Ellen Tree, destined in after years to share his name and his fortunes, and to be the aid, the comfort, the joy, and the recompense of his life.

His ascent on the ladder of fame was slow and painful; so slow sometimes as to appear to be no ascent at all, and in the moments

of discouragement to look like retrogression. But he was not of a nature either to despond or to be inactive; and thinking to snatch the prize of success from the verdict of the kindred people of the United States, who look upon Shakespeare to be as much the inheritance of America as of England, he resolved to try his fortunes in the New World. He appeared at New York in September 1830, before he had completed his twentieth year. He chose the arduous character of *Richard III.*, not daunted by the fact that the elder Kean had twice crossed the Atlantic, and that his magnificent acting in this very part was well remembered in all the principal cities of the Union, and that he might, and probably would, be subjected to invidious comparisons at the hands of hostile critics. But “fortune favours the bold.” His *Richard* was cordially received and constantly repeated; and he successively appeared as *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, with the same satisfactory results—the praise for which he hungered and thirsted, and the more solid returns in money, for which, perhaps, he did not care so much. How forlorn he felt when he first went to America, and how gratified and elated he was by the applauses he received, he told the people of his native town of Waterford at a public dinner some years later.

“Thrown,” he said, “before the public by untoward circumstances, at the early age of sixteen and a half, encompassed by many difficulties, friendless, and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were criticised in so severe and spirit-crushing a strain, as almost to unnerve my energies, and drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study could ever enable me to correct the faults of my youthful inexperience. The very resemblance I bore to my late father was urged against me as an offence, and condemned as being ‘strange and unnatural.’ Sick at heart, I left my home, and sought the shores of America. To the generous

inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first ray of success that illumined my clouded career."

Charles Kean remained in the United States for two years and a half, and on his return in February 1833, a stronger man and a better actor than when he left, he was engaged by Mr Laporte, the manager and lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of thirty pounds per week. He did not, however, in theatrical parlance, "draw" as he had "drawn" in America. His welcome back to the London stage was neither enthusiastic nor chilling. The critics respected his perseverance, and admitted his talents, but were not prepared to recognise his genius; for his father still lived, and, in critical opinion, there was not room for two Keans in one hemisphere. The fortunes of Covent Garden Theatre under Mr Laporte were not very flourishing. But the manager, ever on the lookout for a novelty or a sensation to catch the fleeting favour of the public, bethought himself that the appearance of father and son in the same tragedy for the first time in London might attract the crowd. He therefore made overtures to Edmund Kean, which were at once accepted. The play chosen was 'Othello'—to Edmund Kean being assigned the part of Othello, to Charles Kean that of Iago, and to Miss Ellen Tree that of Desdemona—a strong cast, but for the circumstance that Edmund Kean was unequal to the task, and that reckless dissipation and excess had done their work on a frame that was never very powerful. "The powers of the elder Kean," says Mr Cole, "had long been on the decline, and it was now painful to behold the poor remains of the once great delineator of Shakespeare's noblest characters. He was reduced to a mere shadow and wreck of what he had formerly been. There was still the occasional flash which, as usual, electrified the audience; but the effect was momentary; the piercing brilliancy

of the eye, the varying expression, the epigrammatic distinctness, the sustained passion, were gone for ever." When Charles Kean arrived at the theatre on this memorable night, March 25, 1833, he was told that his father desired particularly to see him. He found him in his dressing-room shivering with cold, and excessively weak and despondent. "I am very ill," he said, "and afraid I shall not be able to act." He had been in similar conditions before, and stimulants of brandy and water had given him temporary strength. These were again resorted to, and he appeared in his part, acting with something like the old fire, until he came to the mournful and memorable passage—in his case a prophetic one—though he little knew within how few moments the prophecy was to be fulfilled—

"Oh! now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind—farewell content—
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue."

He recited these and the succeeding lines until the climax, "Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," with all the impressive pathos of his best days, and was greeted with rounds of enthusiastic applause. But his fast-fading powers were exhausted in the effort, and in the passionate address to Iago, "Villain! be sure," &c., his strength finally failed him, his head fell on his son's shoulder, and he whispered faintly in his ear, "I am dying; speak to them for me." He was led off the stage by his son, and Mr Payne, who, having a part to play in the tragedy, was waiting at the side. Help was at hand, but was unavailing except to prolong a shattered existence for a few unhappy weeks. He never again appeared on the stage; but after remaining a week at the Wrekin Tavern, closely adjoining the theatre, until he should regain as much strength as would justify his removal to his house at Rich-

mond, he was taken home, where he died on the 15th of May. Charles Kean, assiduous in his filial attentions, took the first opportunity when his father's intellects shone clear and unclouded through the weakness and wreck of his body, to suggest a reconciliation with his wife. The dying man, whose own thought spoke in his son's voice, wrote a short, penitential, and humble letter, which immediately brought the afflicted lady to his bedside. He received her blessing and forgiveness, and a few days afterwards Charles Kean was left to fight the battle of life for himself and for his mother, with no inheritance but his name, and nothing to support them both but the earnings of his profession. The elder Kean's pecuniary affairs were found to be so hopelessly involved that everything he left, even his books and wardrobe, had to be sold to pay his creditors. Dark indeed was his eclipse, and sad, though instructive, the fate of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, dramatic genius that ever appeared on the English stage.

For nine years after the death of his father Charles Kean steadily, conscientiously, and ardently laboured in his vocation, not always cordially received in London, but always cordially received in the provinces. He perfected himself in his art, "bating no jot of heart or hope," whoever might thwart his progress or deny his talents. By the year 1838 he had achieved, under an immensity of difficulties, a reputation so solid that Mr Bunn, lessee of Drury Lane, thought himself justified in offering him an engagement for twenty nights at £50 per night. Mr Kean accepted the terms. They were found so satisfactory by Mr Bunn that the engagement was extended to forty-three nights. The first part he played under this agreement was that of Hamlet—always a favourite with ambitious performers, and to succeed in which confers the first rank in the profession. He had

made what might be called a series of false starts in his extreme youth. This time, in his growing maturity, the start was real, and he won the race. There was no mistake about the genuineness of the success. The audience of the night and the critics of the morning agreed in their favourable verdict; and from that time—though he had many opponents and detractors, as all eminent actors have had in all times, and must continue to have in the future unless human nature shall in the new time be wholly revolutionised by the elimination of envy and jealousy from the list of human passions—his position on the London boards was established too firmly to be shaken. During this his first important season in the metropolis, he assumed only two other parts besides that of Hamlet—both ambitious ones, in which his father had excelled, and of which the vivid remembrance still dwelt in the minds of the theatrical public—those of Richard III. and Sir Giles Overreach. He had attempted them in America, and did not fail. He attempted them in London, and succeeded. During the next three years he not only visited the United States for the second time, but performed for two seasons at the Haymarket Theatre, and made a tour of the provinces, working hard in winning his way, and vindicating his right to wear his father's mantle. In January 1842, while performing in Dublin along with Miss Ellen Tree, who had long been the light and guiding star of his heart, the greatest and happiest event of his life was consummated by his marriage with one who was as eminent for her genius as an actress as for her graces and virtues as a lady. Such a union was as appropriate as it was auspicious. In winning the heart and hand of Ellen Tree, Charles Kean won not only a tender wife, but a sagacious friend, and an invaluable partner and assistant in his profession.

Three months after their marriage they accepted a joint-engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, which extended over a period of fifty-three nights, and in which they performed the leading parts in 'As You Like It,' 'The Gamemster,' and 'The Lady of Lyons.' In the following year Mr Kean's services were transferred to Drury Lane, under the management of his old ally and supporter Mr Bunn. Here he continued to satisfy the manager and the public, but only partially to satisfy the press, and to perpetuate a *succès d'estime* which was by no means enough to satisfy himself, but which nevertheless had in no degree whatever the effect of damping the courage, or weakening the all-sustaining self-reliance which were the main supports of his life and character. He lost no ground, even if he did not triumph so signally as he wished. Mrs Kean had been once before in America, and desired to revisit the scenes of her early success in a foreign land; and Mr Kean, yielding, if the word can be fairly applied to wishes that did not run counter to his own, resolved to pay his third visit to the United States, with the added and powerful attraction of his wife's assistance. Renouncing several lucrative offers made them in London and the provinces, they embarked for New York in August 1845, taking with them a new play entitled 'The Wife's Secret,' written by Mr Lovell, the author of the 'Provost of Bruges,' expressly to fit the peculiar genius of the husband and wife. In this play, and in the usual round of Shakespearian characters, they continued to perform in all the great cities of the Union—with satisfactory results to their exchequer, and with added lustre to their fame—until the summer of 1847, when they returned to England and fulfilled the various provincial engagements which they had postponed, but not abandoned, before their departure. They were again before the London public in 1849,

when Mr Kean's only great rival, Mr Macready, was preparing to retire from a profession which he had so long adorned. Mr Macready's friends and admirers thought he had left no successor. Mr Macready himself did not think so; and although he seems to have leaned to the opinion that Mr Phelps, and not Mr Charles Kean, was destined for a few years longer to keep up the vestal flame of Shakespearian purity in the temple of the drama, Mr Kean was a silent dissenter from the verdict of his great contemporary, and resolved to bide his time and fight his way to that chief place, which his soul coveted. In this year, or the close of 1848, he was selected, without application on his part, to conduct the Christmas theatricals at Windsor Castle, adopted by the Queen and the Prince Consort with the double object of promoting the interests of the British drama and gratifying their own personal tastes and predilections, without subjecting the Court to the ordeal and the labour of State appearances at the theatres of London. For ten years Mr Kean filled this arduous and in some respects invidious position, receiving at the close of the first season, from her Majesty, a diamond ring in token of her recognition of his services. In August 1850, Mr Kean, in partnership with Mr Keeley, entered on a new phase of his career, and added the perils of management to the toils of theatrical performance, by taking a lease for two years of the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. In 1851 Mr Keeley retired from the management, and Mr Kean became sole lessee. At last he was in his proper element, and in possession of the means, the opportunity, and the courage to make that grand experiment on the public taste which he had long desired, and to discover whether it were possible to attract to the theatre large masses of the people by representations of

the noblest tragedies and the finest comedies in our language—to revive, in fact, the legitimate drama, which seemed to be fast fading away in the freezing atmosphere of public neglect. Mr Macready had made a gallant attempt in the same direction some years previously. He wrote to Mr Kean in 1837, notifying him of the fact that he had taken Covent Garden Theatre, and embarked in a hazardous enterprise, congenial neither to his habits nor his disposition, “with a view of retrieving in some measure the character of our declining art.” How nobly Mr Macready upheld the dignity of the stage during his management of Covent Garden, is a fact that has passed into dramatic history. But his efforts, though great, were but partially successful, and had not the effect upon the public mind which Mr Kean, by greater labour, by more refined taste in matters extraneous to his position as an actor, by more indomitable perseverance, and by a more lavish expenditure of money, was enabled to accomplish. All that art, all that skill, all that learning, all that gold could do to place the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare upon the stage in a more gorgeous form than had ever before been attempted, or had ever before been dreamed of as either possible or desirable by Mr Macready or any other manager, was done by Mr Kean during the years from 1852 to 1859. For the first year, and for a long time subsequently, he did not receive from the professional critics all the support which he had a right to expect, and which will in all probability never be given to any manager who prefers old plays to new ones, as long as the two trades or professions of critic for the newspapers, and writer or adapter of farces or burlettas, original or from the French, continue to be united in the same person. This point, which is one of real importance in the interests of the dramatic art, is one which would occupy too much of

our space to discuss at full length, but which cannot be justly omitted in any sketch, however short, of the life and labours of so great an actor and so skilful and enterprising a manager as Mr Kean. “Go and see ‘King John’ at the Princess’s,” said the writer of this article in 1852 to a critic and dramatic author, whom he met in Pall Mall. “I have seen it,” replied the critic, “not because I had any desire to see it, but because professional duty compelled me. I do not like such waste of money on stage upholstery and gewgaws of decoration. Only fancy! Kean has spent no less than £3000 in getting up ‘King John,’ while he could have purchased five new and original tragedies at £600 each for the money, and made five living men his friends!” The incident was repeated to Mr Kean, though the name of the critic was withheld. “Ah,” he replied, with a chuckle of delight, “the name is not necessary. I know it. Shakespeare is good enough for me. Everybody knows him—nobody dares depreciate him. He does not write critiques in the morning papers; he is not jealous of everybody; he does not come and bully the actors at rehearsal; and he never asks for any money. Shakespeare for ever!”

The plays which Mr Kean produced during his management at the Princess’s, and in which he and Mrs Kean performed the principal parts—aided by a company singularly cohesive and homogeneous, and united in support of the management and of one another (a result due perhaps in a greater degree to the tact, delicacy, and kindly feeling of Mrs Kean, who took a personal and affectionate interest in any one employed in the theatre, than to Mr Kean himself, though in this respect he always seconded his wife’s efforts), were many, and various in style and character. The first was ‘The Merry Wives of Windsor,’ with which he commenced his opening season in February

1852. This was speedily followed by his first great historical revival, 'King John,' and an afterpiece not quite so gorgeous, but highly popular and successful, entitled 'The Corsican Brothers,' in which Mr Kean displayed a versatility of talent which even his warmest admirers had not anticipated. To these succeeded 'Macbeth,' 'Sardanapalus,' 'Richard III.,' 'Faust and Marguerite,' 'King Henry VIII.,' 'The Winter's Tale,' 'Louis XI.,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'King Richard II.,' 'The Tempest,' 'King Lear,' 'Pizarro,' 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'Much Ado about Nothing.' Most of these pieces "ran" for upwards of one hundred nights, and attracted to the Princess's Theatre not only the crowd—without whose presence theatrical speculations inevitably end in pecuniary failure—but all that was fashionable, intellectual, and elevated in London society. The sneers about theatrical "upholstery" grew stale, flat, and unprofitable on the public ear, and gradually ceased; and when Mr Kean retired from the management in 1860, there was but one feeling of admiration for the exertions he had made in the best interests of his art, and of regret that such magnificence of stage effect and accessories, combined with such excellence of acting in the highest and most difficult characters in all the round of the drama, were not likely to be witnessed again in this generation. At a public dinner given to him at St James's Hall on his retirement from the Princess's—a dinner organised by a committee of gentlemen educated at Eton, and most of whom had been his school-fellows, including Mr Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who presided—Mr Kean, as was to have been expected, reviewed his past career, and expatiated with natural and manly pride on what he had done, and on what he had attempted during the most busy and successful period of his life. A testimonial, in the form of a

silver vase valued at 2000 guineas, having been presented to him by Mr Gladstone in the name of the committee and the subscribers, Mr Kean, after expressing in feeling terms his gratification at receiving such a mark of esteem and approbation, explained the principles by which he was actuated in the historical revivals which had made his name and his management so famous.

"I may," he said, "perhaps be expected, on an occasion like the present, to make some allusions to the principles of management I have invariably adopted. I have always entertained the conviction that, in illustrating the great plays of the greatest poet who ever wrote for the advantage of men, historical accuracy might be so blended with pictorial effect, that instruction and amusement would go hand in hand; and that the more completely such a system was carried out, so much the more valuable and impressive would be the lesson conveyed. In fact, I was anxious to make the theatre a school as well as a recreation; and the reception given to the plays thus submitted to your judgment, combined with the unprecedented number of their repetitions, bears, I think, conclusive evidence that my views were not altogether erroneous. I find it impossible to believe, as some have asserted, that because every detail is studied with an eye to truth, such a plan can in the most remote degree detract from the beauties of the poet. My admiration of Shakespeare would never have allowed me to do that which I could possibly conceive would be detrimental to his mighty genius; nor can I suppose that this great master would have been more highly esteemed had I been less correct in the accessories by which I surrounded him. I would venture to ask if, in the play of this evening, you have lost one jot of the dramatic interest, because in the ballroom at York Place, and at the Queen's trial at Blackfriars, every incident introduced is closely adopted from the historical descriptions recording those very events as they actually occurred above three hundred years ago! I would ask, I repeat, whether the fall of Wolsey has been thereby rendered less effective, or the death of Katharine less solemn and pathetic? I would also venture to add, that I do not think you would have been more impressed with the address of King Henry V. to his army at Agincourt had it been delivered to a scanty few, incor-

rectly attired, and totally undisciplined, instead of a well-trained mass of men, representing the picture of a real host, clothed and accoutred in the exact costume and weapons of the time."

The argument was conclusive, though the success of the experiment had rendered it superfluous as a vindication. Yet successful as it was, in the highest sense of the word, as applied to the public, and to the fame of the actor, it was no great success in a pecuniary point of view.

"Having said thus much," continued Mr Kean, "I need not deny that I have been no gainer in a commercial sense. More restricted notions, and a more parsimonious outlay, might, perhaps, have led to a very different result; but I could not be induced by such considerations to check my desire to do what I considered right, and what would, in my opinion, advance the best interests of my profession. Whatever loss I have sustained is amply recompensed by the favour you have bestowed upon my efforts. So far, indeed, from regretting the past—if I could recall the years gone by, with renewed health and strength, I would gladly undertake the same task again for a similar reward. I do not now retire from the direction of this theatre through any feelings of disappointment, but from the remembrance of the old adage, 'The pitcher goes often to the well, but the pitcher at last may be broken.' Mind and body require rest after such active exercise for nine years, during the best period of my life, and it could not be a matter of surprise if I sank under a continuance of the combined duties of actor and manager of a theatre where everything has grown into gigantic proportions. Indeed, I should long since have succumbed had I not been sustained and seconded by the indomitable energy and devoted affection of my wife. You have only seen her in the fulfilment of her professional pursuits, and are, therefore, unable to estimate the value of her assistance and counsel. She was ever by my side in the hour of need, ready to revive my drooping spirits, and to stimulate me to fresh exertion."

But Mr Kean, in retiring from the management of the Princess's, had no intention of abandoning the stage. His heart was in

his profession. Those who knew him most intimately thought it probable that he would "die in harness" rather than quit the stage as long as his bodily energies remained unimpaired or the light of his intellect shone with its ancient lustre. At this time he and Mrs Kean had realised a handsome competence, sufficient for themselves and for their only child—a daughter—whom he had named Mary, after his mother. But there were other claims, which, though they might not have been imperative upon a man of feelings less refined, and sympathies less tender, were to him sacred. The husband of his wife's sister, the printer and part proprietor of a London weekly journal of considerable note, had died in the prime of his manhood, when he had the prospect of prosperity before him had his life been spared, leaving behind him a large family of destitute children. It was not for Charles Kean, under these circumstances, to enjoy the not inglorious ease which he had so laboriously won. He took charge of the maintenance and education of his nephews and nieces; and for their sakes resolved to continue yet a little longer in the active exercise of his profession.

As far as London was concerned, his work on the stage was ended when he left the Princess's. He had lived his life; he had had his dream; he had striven successfully to allure the people into the temple of Shakespeare; and he had had such reward as was possible—the appreciation of the refined and the intellectual, and a place in the dramatic history of his country. Perhaps to his mind these things were enough; perhaps not: none can tell. At all events he had had enough of management, and of the toils, the responsibilities, the jealousies, the envies, the misapprehensions, the attacks, and the defences which it entails in all cases, but which it entails with

double force and poignancy when the actor and the manager are united in the same person. It must have been with a sense of freedom—like that of the caged lark when its prison bars are thrown open—that he escaped from the twofold drudgeries which he had imposed upon himself in the metropolis, and winged his way to every city and town, and every theatre, that was willing to receive him. This comparatively easy life—not easy in itself by any means, but only easy in comparison with the toils of the nine best years of his life which he had expended at the Princess's—lasted until July 1863, when Mr and Mrs Kean, accompanied by their estimable and favourite niece, Miss Chapman,—the eldest of the family that he had adopted in the helplessness of their bereavement; and who reciprocated his care and affection with a fervour and genuineness that no daughter could have surpassed—took their departure from England, on what fifty years ago would have been considered a most extraordinary, if not foolhardy, enterprise—a voyage round the world. But time and space, though they are positively, are not comparatively, what they used to be. The people who speak the noble English language, and who are proud of the glorious heritage of Shakespeare, are scattered all over the world, and form the nuclei of great nations that are yet to be. Steam has played such havoc with our old ideas of distance, that a ship can cross from Great Britain to America in less time than it took King James of Scotland to travel up from Perth to London, to take possession of a more splendid throne than that of his ancestors. The Keans and Miss Chapman travelled first to Australia; from Australia they made their way to California; and from California to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. They were engaged to appear in New York on the evening of the day when Abraham Lincoln was

so cruelly assassinated by the insane son of a semi-insane actor. The appearance was of course postponed, for New York was in no humour for amusement during that grim and ghastly week, or until the funeral rites had been performed over the body of the murdered President. Mr and Mrs Kean appeared in due course after the fearful excitement had subsided; and, having exhausted the round of their engagements in the United States, proceeded to Canada. Success attended their efforts, and the best and most intellectual part of the American people, both in the United States and Canada, gathered around them. After the conclusion of this remarkable tour, Mr and Mrs Kean undertook a series of engagements in the British provinces, preparatory to a final leave-taking of the stage, of which London, the arena of his greatest histrionic triumphs, was to be the scene. The idea was not destined to fruition. On the 29th of May 1867, when performing the character of Louis XI., to which he rendered a justice, not alone of art, but of genius, and of physical and moral aptitude in all its intricate idiosyncrasies, he was unexpectedly taken ill. He never appeared again upon the stage. He was removed to London as soon as locomotion was safe, to a house which he had recently bought, and had not wholly furnished, in Bayswater. In that house he died on the 22d of January, at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven, in full possession of his faculties, surrounded by all the love and affection which he deserved; and that was not little, as all who knew him will acknowledge—leaving behind a name which, evanescent as are the names of actors in our, as in all previous times, the world will not willingly let die. He was buried on the 29th of January, in the quiet little village of Catherington in Hampshire, near to which he had previously bought a small estate for his mo-

ther, and where her remains were interred. It was his own wish that he should be buried beside her, and that the funeral should be as private and unostentatious as possible. His injunctions were obeyed. His wife, his daughter, and his niece followed him weeping to the tomb; a few private friends and his medical attendants joined in the last sad honours to mortality; while the sympathising villagers and several members of the theatrical company of Portsmouth filled the little edifice, and listened reverentially to the solemn service of the Church, impressively read by the Rev. Dr Gatty, Subdean of York, Vicar of Ecclesfield, and one of the oldest friends of the departed.

The merits of Charles Kean as an actor were not, during his lifetime, very ungrudgingly conceded. He did not spring into popularity and fame at one bound, but had to fight hard to make good every step of his progress. All who aspire to fill the highest place in this most arduous of professions must undergo the same ordeal. From the days of Macklin, Quin, and Garrick, to those of Cooke, Young, the Kembles, the elder Kean, and Macready, the recognition of the public was never easy to win. The most successful had to extort it by dint of energy and perseverance, rather than to expect it as a matter of grace and favour, until they had reached that turning-point in their career when the hostile became friendly and the indifferent were roused into acclamation. Many considered that Charles Kean was as truly a man of genius as his father, or any other great tragedian who had ever graced the stage; others were of opinion that his talent was but the perfection of art that almost approached to genius, but did not attain it; while a third section denied his claim to rank as a tragedian at all, either in the first or the second rank. But this is always

the fate of the living. The ill-natured too commonly judge of the great and the ambitious by their worst performances, and ignore their best. The grave, however, reverses these judgments; and when the tongue and the pen are silent, and the great actor and the great poet have gone to that bourne "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," the spirit of detraction is awed by the sanctity of the tomb, and the world remembers them no longer by their worst but by their best efforts, and begins to think that perhaps it will never look upon their like again. Though the earth is still fresh over the grave of Charles Kean, this result is already obvious; and when the day comes when those who were young and ardent, and in the first flush of manhood and womanhood, at the time, not now remote, when Mr and Mrs Charles Kean revived at the Princess's the masterpieces of Shakespeare, shall arrive at old age, the world will doubtless hear from their lips, when grown garrulous, the same laments of the degeneracy of the stage, and the same recollections of those "palmy" days of their youth when Kean, as Hamlet, as King John, as Cardinal Wolsey, and as Louis XI., delighted the town; and when Mrs Kean, as Katharine of Aragon, as Hermione, as Portia, and as Rosalind, drew from all hearts a genuine and enthusiastic applause.

We cannot say that we look forward with hopefulness to any considerable revival of the Shakespearean drama in our day. Music, the ballet, the farce, and the vaudeville, native and imported, are more consonant to modern taste than the grandeur and magnificence of Shakespeare. There may be, of course, a reaction; but it will require great actors to bring it about, and since Charles Kean has left us we know not where to look for them.

THE NEW NOSTRUM FOR IRELAND.

A SONG.

O! MANY a nostrum's paraded and puffed,
And many a drug down our throttles is stuffed ;
But of no such humbug have we lately been hearin'
As this medicine of Mill's for the evils of Erin.

Derry down, &c.

" Make each tenant a laird : " well, supposing it done,
Still the battle you're fighting is scarcely begun :
You may soon make them lairds ; but reflection will show
You'll have some little trouble in keeping them so.

A tempter appears, with a purse in his hand,
To propose at a ransom to purchase the land ;
And I fear, if you're anxious to hinder the sale,
You must tie the laird's hands with a stringent entail.

The laird has six sons : are they all to be heirs ?
And how far will you go, subdividing their shares ?
Like the fleas on whose legs there are others to bite 'em,
And the larger get smaller ones *ad infinitum*.

Our laird at the village runs up a big bill :
Is the land to be seized to replenish the till ?
Then his quit-rent's behind : and what else must ensue,
Than eject him at last, as a landlord would do ?

Is it part of the plan to wipe off all arrear,
And restore things entire, every Jubilee year ?
This can scarce be intended ; for no one supposes
That Mill is the man who would imitate Moses.

So it seems that when once we have rigged out the boat,
We need old-fashioned maxims to keep her afloat :
Entail, primogeniture, freedom from debt,
And a law that would make it unlawful to let.

An Experiment, sure, such a plan we may style ;
But experiments only are made on the Vile :
And is Ireland so vile that each hare-brained projector
May here practise his hand, like a 'prentice dissector ?

Come, Irishmen, come, and together withstand
The Quack, or the Quixote, that threatens your land :
I daresay he's honest, but so much the worse,
For an ill-informed conscience is always a curse.

Good feeling he fosters by calling bad names,
And instead of the waves throws his oil on the flames :
With the fear of such laws and of Mill for their maker,
Who in Ireland would live, or would purchase an acre ?

But we will not succumb to this prophet of Evil,
Nor in rank revolution allow him to revel :
We'll hope that the gloom will but last for a season,
And to Mischief and Mill prefer Justice and Reason.

Derry down, &c.

THE BATTLE FOR PLACE.

THE struggle for place, of which we spoke by anticipation in our last number, has begun in earnest, and the Government accepts it under circumstances of no common disadvantage. They have lost a leader in whom all sections of the Conservative party, with not a few who scarcely profess to be of that party, reposed undoubting confidence. Lord Derby has succumbed to broken health, and retires from office never, in all human probability, to undertake its responsibilities again. It would be impossible to exaggerate the weight of this blow, falling upon us, as it does, at a juncture so critical as the present. Lord Derby's business habits, energetic yet methodical; his skill in the management of men, and in smoothing down differences of opinion; his tact in advancing exactly when it became him to advance in legislation, and in pausing or falling back as often as one course or the other might be recommended by prudence—these great qualities, as well as his fervid eloquence in debate, are no longer at hand to encourage and sustain his party. That he will be seen again, ere many weeks expire, in his place in the House of Lords, is, we are glad to think, a contingency quite to be reckoned upon; and come when he may, his presence there will be greeted with universal rejoicing. Because, true as he has ever been to his own friends, and fixed in his own opinions, not the bitterest of his political opponents can charge him with having ever forgotten, even in the heat of debate, the courtesy that is due from one gentleman to another. But though, as a private member of Parliament, we look to him still to fight our battles, and are confident that he will fight them vigorously as often as he enters into the arena, we cannot forget that the prestige of

his genius and great historic name no longer sheds its lustre over us; and it would be the merest affectation to deny that we feel the privation acutely. At the same time, our regrets are not untempered by other feelings. The mantle which Lord Derby lets fall has lighted upon the shoulders which are justly entitled to wear it. Mr Disraeli becomes the successor, not to Lord Derby's office alone, but to his policy; and it remains to be seen how far the House of Commons, which has long recognised in him one of its most distinguished members, will accept him as First Minister of the Crown, and its now acknowledged leader. Now this is precisely the point, the determination of which one way or another the chiefs of the Opposition are hurrying forward. Maddened by the recollection that, as Lord Derby's lieutenant, he tripped them up upon their own chosen field of battle, they are determined, now that he has become himself the head of an Administration, that he shall find no opportunity of explaining upon what principles of general policy it is to act. How bitterly in concert they are straining to effect that object! how ludicrously inconsistent are the reasons which they assign for their earnestness! To-day we are assured that the Tory party are unworthy of their leader, because they give him an uncertain confidence, and make no secret of their opinions; to-morrow we are overwhelmed with sarcasms, and told that the gentlemen of our party are too stupid to supply the Tories with a leader, and that, therefore, we have been forced to seek for him among the lowest of the people! The lowest of the people!! And this comes from the Liberals,—spoken, too, and written, of one whose lineage, though it connect him not with our English aristocracy, is far more

ancient than any to which the proudest of them can lay claim. Well, be it so. To us Mr Disraeli is a man of the people. As a man of the people he entered Parliament some thirty years ago, indebted for his seat to no faction, and looking for opportunities of advancing himself to no family connection. How he was then shunned, slighted, repulsed, snubbed, and, as it was supposed, extinguished, none who are old enough to look back upon the dawn of his public career can have forgotten. How vain the effort was to keep him down! A genius ever fertile in resources, an energy which no temporary failure could destroy, a natural disposition patient and forbearing, albeit brave and manly enough when provoked too far, lifted him by degrees above prejudice; and now, with the frank and hearty assent of the great Tory party, he has become at once their chief—the First Minister of the Crown. Is there in this anything of which the party or their leader need be ashamed? Is not the connection between them very much, on the contrary, to the honour of both? So we think, and so think, likewise, all in every grade and station who, within the compass of the four seas, put its rightful interpretation upon the term "Liberality." It is a beaten faction, calling itself Liberal, which alone pretends to believe that England is disgraced by having the councils of the sovereign mainly directed by "a man of the people." Against this "man of the people" all their violence is in consequence directed; and verily they are not scrupulous as to the means which they adopt in order to expel him from office.

We are far from denying to any body of independent statesmen the right to demand from the Government, at proper times and seasons, a specific avowal of its intentions on any point of policy, foreign or domestic, whether in explanation of the past or in anticipation of the future. We have therefore no charge to bring against the

member who questioned Lord Stanley on the subject of the relations of this country with the United States. It was a perfectly legitimate course of action, and its results have been most satisfactory. It enabled the Foreign Minister to make a clear exposition of his views on the vexed question of the Alabama claims, and to make them in such a way as not alone to satisfy both his own countrymen and all reasonable American citizens, but "to pave the way for the acceptance by England, and through England by other nations, of a new, pregnant, and most salutary doctrine of international law." These issues, whether so intended or not, have immensely strengthened Lord Stanley's position in the House of Commons and with the country. They bring into view a farsightedness of which his predecessor at the Foreign Office knew nothing. They make manifest the fact that, while yielding on principle not one inch of the ground which Lord Russell had taken up, nor conceding that, under existing circumstances, it is assailable, Lord Russell's successor is nevertheless prepared to inaugurate a new code of international law, and to do it gracefully. Lord Russell, let us remember, treated the fitting out and escape of the Alabama as a mere infraction of our own municipal law. On this ground he declined to submit to arbitration the claims for redress which the American Government brought forward. And looking at the question through the medium of usages actually in force, he had right upon his side. But arrangements which suit very well for one condition of society, are altogether out of place when applied to another; and this important fact, not Lord Stanley only, but the House of Commons, and the common opinion of all well-instructed Englishmen, has at length accepted. A new doctrine is thus established—viz., that the duties which neutrals owe to belligerents

shall be under the sanction, not of municipal, but of international law; and that one of these duties is, that not, under any circumstances, can neutrals escape censure and the liability to make amends, if vessels of war pass out of their territories to prey upon the commerce of the belligerent. The Government, therefore, is much indebted to the Opposition for enabling them to enunciate a principle so sound; from the general acceptance of which—and it cannot well fail to be universally accepted—no country on the earth will gain so much as our own. But having assented thus far to the tactics of the Liberals, we find ourselves constrained to stop short. Their manœuvres in the House of Lords may be less practically mischievous than the course which it has pleased them to take in the House of Commons; but they evince a pettiness of spirit for which it is impossible to invent an excuse, while they lay their party open to charges such as we should certainly not have brought against them had not they themselves, in their blind eagerness to misrepresent their rivals, broadly stated the facts.

On the 5th of last month, as soon after the accession of Mr Disraeli to his present office as circumstances would allow, Lord Russell took occasion, in his place in Parliament, to make an ill-natured attack upon him, not because of anything which he had done, or threatened to do, since called to take the lead in her Majesty's councils, but for certain words uttered while he was yet the colleague and subordinate of Lord Derby, at a dinner given in his honour by the Scotch Conservatives in Edinburgh. The obnoxious words, read them from what version of the speech we may, told a truth which nobody pretends to deny. But Lord Russell chose so to express himself on the subject as to convey a specific charge of wilful dishonesty against his rival—of a dishonesty so small

as to show itself in the intentional substitution of one set of words in what was to become the authorised version of a speech, different from another which had escaped the speaker while addressing his auditors. Now, we happen to have before us both the newspaper report and the pamphlet from which, as they stand respectively, we shall take the trouble to quote. The newspaper report runs thus:—

“During that period of seven years, with the advice—I may say under the instruction—of my colleagues, after constant communication with them, it was at their wish that I continued to express the principles upon which, in our opinion, a complete measure of Parliamentary Reform ought to be established. Now, mark this—because these are things which you may not have heard of in another speech which was made in this city of Edinburgh,—I had to prepare the mind of the country—to educate, if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to educate our party, which is a large party, and, of course, requires its attention to be called to questions of this character with some pressure; and I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and of the country on this question of Reform. Now, what were the points which, not only with the concurrence of Lord Derby and my colleagues, some of whom are in this room—what were the points that, during the course of these seven years, I tried to impress upon the conscience and conviction of the country?”

It was to this declaration, and to the statement of the five points, which is confessedly the same in the newspaper report as in the pamphlet, that Lord Russell endeavoured to pin Mr Disraeli, with a view to convict him of deliberate fraud. Who can trust a man who says one thing over-night, and, correcting next day the manuscript of his speech, alters it so as to say another? Did Mr Disraeli alter his speech on this occasion? Did he manipulate the pamphlet so that it should assert something different—we will not say in substance, but well-nigh in letter—from what had been said in the newspapers? Our

readers shall judge for themselves. Here is the pamphlet version :—

“During that period of seven years, with the advice—I may say under the instruction of my colleagues in *public life*, after constant communication with them—during these seven years, *I endeavoured continuously to lay down the principles upon which, in our opinion, a measure of Parliamentary Reform ought to be founded. Now, mark this—because these are things which you may not have heard of in another speech which was made in this city of Edinburgh. We had to prepare the mind of the country—to educate, if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—to educate our party on this subject of Reform. It is a large party, and its attention can only be obtained to the consideration of a great question by the pressure which is secured by frequent discussion.* Now, what were the points which, not only with the concurrence of Lord Derby and my colleagues, some of whom are in this room—what were the points that, during the course of these seven years, I tried to impress upon the conscience and conviction of the country ?”

And this is all ! absolutely all the difference that the most critical eye can detect between one version of the speech and another. As reported by the newspapers, Mr Disraeli used the first person singular in a particular sentence ; as reported by the pamphlet, he used the first person plural, and this in explaining how, under the *instructions of his colleagues*, and after constant communication with them, measures were taken to prepare the mind of the country for a certain course. What was, then, so flagitious in the substitution of the word *we* for *I*, when *we* and *I* expressed exactly the same thing ? Lord Russell brought a false charge, and Mr Disraeli's letter to the newspapers exposed its falseness. Why had not the noble Earl the manliness to confess that he had committed a mistake ?

With this one would have thought that there the matter might have rested. Lord Russell's misstatement had been made clear ; and if he did not consider himself bound as

a gentleman to retract, that was his concern—it concerned nobody else. For, in truth, after-dinner speeches, by whomsoever spoken, are rarely noticed in either House of Parliament ; and it is a significant fact that this particular after-dinner speech was never criticised at all in the House of Commons, where the speaker of it could be present to defend himself, nor in the House of Lords at any time during the autumnal session. But matters presented themselves in a different light to Liberal magnates ; and the Duke of Argyll, finding his quondam chief put out of court, determined to administer a second blow which should tell better. He gave notice of a motion to inquire into the inconveniences which had arisen out of the ratepaying clauses in the Reform Act of 1867, and engrafted upon it the announcement that he meant to put “to the test of fact certain statements on the subject of Reform which have recently been publicly made by the First Minister of the Crown.” There was no mistaking the point of this notice. It amounted to an assertion that what Mr Disraeli had either spoken or written was untrue, and to a declaration that he, the Duke of Argyll, was about to hold up the mendacious Minister to the scorn of mankind. The Duke stood to his guns. On the 14th of March he made his motion—such as it was. Whether he took anything by it is quite another question.

One object—professedly the most important object—which the angry Duke proposed to himself, was to convict the First Lord of the Treasury of having acted throughout the memorable session of 1867 not alone with duplicity towards the Tory party, but in open and gross violation of his own previously avowed opinions. In particular, the Duke dwelt with extraordinary satisfaction on the break-down, as he called it, of the ratepaying clause, and on the facility

with which Mr Disraeli threw over the coincidence of the personal payment of rates with the exercise of the franchise. We should be sorry to do the great MacCallumore the slightest injustice, and therefore give his statement in his own words:—

“Over and over again in the course of the contest last year, Mr Disraeli and other members of her Majesty’s Government insisted that the main security of their Bill was the personal payment of rates. It was represented as some new principle, and that the payment of rates was the discharge of a great public duty, the mere fact of which proved that the man performing it was so respectable and so responsible that he was a fit person to be intrusted with a vote, and it was under this representation that they persuaded their party to follow them in the direction of household suffrage qualified by the personal payment of rates. Now, it is a remarkable fact that the Bill which was passed last year contains no clause whatever for the personal payment of rates. It was a pure illusion. The clause in the Bill of last year was precisely the same as the clause in the Reform Bill of 1832. The voter must have a certain period of residence, he must be rated, and must have paid his rates. When the last Liberal Government were in office they were obliged to inquire into the question of the payment of rates, and the replies they received were of course, to a large extent, confidential. But the result was that the personal payment of rates was wholly inoperative for the purpose intended—to secure the solvency of the voter and the respectability of the class to which he belonged. We found that in a large number of towns there was a common agreement between political parties that they would take no notice whatever of the non-payment of rates. In other places there was an arrangement that the electioneering agents paid the rates for their voters. In some places it disfranchised a few persons, but the general effect was that in the main no notice was taken of the non-payment of rates, or that the agents paid them when it was found convenient for them to do so. It is possible, under the new law as under the old, to make the landlord the agent for the payment of rates, and if the voter pays through the landlord he becomes *ipso facto* entitled to vote. It therefore has no effect

in keeping out the lower classes of voters whenever there is a strong political object in placing them on the register.”

Before exposing the misstatement of facts embraced by this declaration (which we shall do by-and-by in the words of the Lord Chancellor), it may not be out of place if we draw the reader’s attention for a moment to the strange admission into which the noble Duke was hurried through his anxiety to cast dirt upon an opponent. From 1832 down to 1866—that is to say, for thirty-four years—the supporters of a Liberal Government systematically, and for a corrupt purpose, violated the agreement into which they had entered with the country. The Reform Act of 1832 had provided that one qualification to vote should be the personal payment of rates by the individual claiming to exercise the franchise. The supporters of the Government which had created a ten-pound constituency, subject to this among other conditions, systematically set the condition at naught. “When the last Liberal Government were in office, they were obliged to inquire into the question of the payment of rates; and the replies they received were of course, to a large extent, confidential.” Had the Liberal Government remained in office, the confidence thus reposed in them would never have been broken; but having lost their places, and seen a fresh Reform Bill carried in spite of their resistance to it, they are indifferent as to the exposure which they make of themselves and of their friends in bygone years. Of what worth would the Tory clause have been had it been carried as originally propounded? We know how easy it was, twenty or thirty years ago, to get rid of an inconvenient restriction; and we now assure the Tories that the restriction which they desired to impose would have been got rid of with equal facility. “We found that in a large number of towns there was a com-

mon agreement between political parties that they would take no notice whatever of the non-payment of rates. In other places there was an arrangement that the electioneering agents paid the rates for their voters." This is pretty well, considered as an arrangement. But what shall we say of the following?—

"Mr Disraeli, this great statesman, who tells us, who writes to the public papers, and who announces to the people of Scotland, in a speech at Edinburgh, that the principle of rating was one of those points which he had been urging for the last seven years on the conscience and intellect of the country—these are the words which he used in 1859. He said: 'There is a wish—I would once have said a general wish—that instead of the suffrage being founded on value it should be founded in preference on rating. I am not surprised that hon. gentlemen should have received that observation with marks of assent and sympathy. I confess that at one time I was captivated in favour of this idea. It appeared to me, to use a common phrase, that if we could make the rate-book the register we should greatly simplify the question. But when you come to examine this question in detail, you will find that there are difficulties in the way which are exceedingly formidable, and which, I am sorry to confess, are to my mind irresistible. For the purpose of having a rated register you must leave much to the discretion of the overseer. The overseer may have an interest in raising the rates, or he may be a political partisan and be tempted to lower them. Are you prepared to leave these important questions to the discretion of such men? And beyond this difficulty you will find others equally perplexing. There is nothing in the Parochial Assessments Act, nothing in its system of rating, to prevent the grossest irregularity between the assessment of one parish and another. In truth, it is only those who have made it their business to examine into this subject in its minutest details who can be aware of the preposterous consequences that would arise from the adoption of a rated instead of a valued register.' And this, my Lords, is the opinion of a Minister who now tells us that he has been for seven years engaged in pressing this as

one of five points upon the conscience and the intellect of the country."

We leave, for the present, unnoticed the sneer with which the abolition of the compound householder is greeted in the former of these quotations, while we place in juxtaposition under the latter its prompt refutation. The Duke of Argyll, when he gave notice of his damaging question, rejoiced in the consciousness that Lord Derby would not be at hand to reply to it. He did not anticipate that, ere the day of trial came, one scarcely inferior to Lord Derby as a debater would have taken office in the new Cabinet. Hear Lord Cairns on the subject of Mr Disraeli's declaration in 1859:—

"I own I was surprised to hear from the noble Duke that in what I may call the virulence of his attack he has taken hold of a speech which my right hon. friend made in the year 1859, when he introduced a Reform Bill under the Ministry of Lord Derby. My right hon. friend then pointed out, in words every one of which I would endorse, the evils of ratepaying, as applied to composition, for political purposes. He said that he was captivated with the idea of taking the rate-book for the register; but that he found the test and standard of rates were different in different parishes. The overseers in one parish would rate high, in another they would rate low, and there would be general inequality. That was a serious argument as it applied to the Bill then under discussion, because there was then a hard and fast line of registered £10 householders, and, as applied to them, the observations of my right hon. friend were perfectly just, for great injustice would be committed by the inequality of the rate-books where there was a hard and fast line. But what difference did the inequality of rating make in the Bill of last year? From the moment the hard and fast line disappeared, the opinion of different overseers as to the value of property became as immaterial as their social and political views."

But what about the abandonment of a condition which, as the Reform Bill first ran, treated the personal payment of rates as essen-

tial to the exercise of the franchise in boroughs? How came Mr Disraeli, after enunciating this as a principle of his measure, to change his mind, subjecting thereby parish authorities everywhere to gigantic inconvenience? Did Mr Disraeli change his mind or his tactics? Is he the author of the clause which has produced all this inconvenience in the country, and furnished the Duke of Argyll with so fruitful a topic to declaim upon? Hear Lord Cairns again:—

“What was the state of the law when the Bill of last year was introduced? Substantially there were three modes in which the ratepayers were dealt with in Parliamentary boroughs. In the first set of boroughs, which I think were 29 in number, there was no such thing as a composition for rates; the occupiers were rated, and those who were rated paid the rates. In another class of Parliamentary boroughs, 57 in number, composition of rates was the law. Your Lordships are no doubt familiar with the process, and I will describe it in a few words. The usual case was that in houses below £6 rent the occupier was not rated and the owner was; and in return for the owner being responsible for the rate and his trouble in collecting it, a certain allowance was made—that is to say, where the occupier would have to pay a shilling, the owner paid 8d. or 9d. There was a third class of boroughs, 99 in number, where in some of the parishes of the borough the system of composition was applied, and in others it was not. It is an interesting fact that at the time this Bill was introduced there were no less than 100,000 rated houses under £6 value, where, by agreement between the occupier and the owner, the owner paid the rate on behalf of the occupier, but paid it in full. Now, what did the Act of last year propose to do with these boroughs? With regard to those boroughs where there was no composition, the Bill left them exactly as they stood, effected no changes, and proposed to effect none. With regard to those boroughs where composition was the rule, the Bill, as introduced by the Government, made this proposition: it proposed that those persons whose rates were paid by the landlords might claim to be rated, and on their paying the full rate they would be entitled to a vote. That was the proposition of her

Majesty's Government. But what was the course which the matter took? When the question came to be introduced in the House of Commons, an independent member of the House—not a supporter of the Government, but a supporter of the party opposite—Mr Hodgkinson, made a proposition that composition in Parliamentary boroughs should be abolished altogether. So that it was not the Government, who are now accused of being wicked enough to wish to overthrow all the arrangements of the country, that made the proposition, but an independent member of the House of Commons, and a most respectable gentleman, who probably agrees with the noble Duke in everything except this question. But the matter did not end there. A third proposition was made by an eminent member of the late Government, the Secretary of the Treasury under the noble Earl, Mr Childers. Mr Childers's proposition, I venture to think, never received that consideration from Parliament to which it was entitled. It was this: He said, Abolish composition as a rule, if you please, but let the tenant have the power to return to composition if he prefers it. So that the proposition of Mr Childers was the exact converse of the proposition of the Government. The Government said, Let the person now under composition have the power of emancipating himself, and, by paying his rates, secure a vote. Mr Childers said, Let a person return to and remain in composition if he pleases, at the price and cost of sacrificing his franchise. When Mr Childers's proposition was first made to the House of Commons, it was favourably entertained, and the Government undertook to embody it in a clause which would be considered along with that of Mr Hodgkinson. But when all these propositions came to be considered together, the House of Commons thought that the proposition of Mr Hodgkinson was the better and safer plan, and they refused to adopt that of Mr Childers. I do not say that any division took place, but the temper of the House of Commons was so clear that the Government did not think it was their duty to press it further. The result was this, that not by the proposition of the Government, but by that of an independent member of the Liberal party, the system of composition where it prevailed in Parliamentary boroughs was entirely annihilated.”

We turn now, and turn gladly, from the shabby, because personal, attacks upon the head of the Gov-

ernment in the House of Lords, to efforts which have been made, and are still making, to damage his administration in the House of Commons. If there be as little of generosity in the line of operations entered upon with this view in that assembly, there is, at all events, a greater show of public spirit. It is not Mr Disraeli, as the educator of his party, or the writer of a letter in the 'Times' and the 'Daily News,' that is assailed; it is the First Lord of the Treasury that the leaders of the Opposition fall upon, with the avowed intention of driving him from office, even though in effecting that end they pledge themselves to measures which they may find it impossible to carry into effect. And seeing that they are powerless to accomplish anything serious against either the Scotch or the Irish Reform Bill, they interrupt the progress of both by bringing forward motions which are as vague in their terms as they are mischievous in their object. Their battle-ground is, of course, Ireland. They assume—as Whigs out of office have invariably done any time these thirty years—that Ireland is in a state of crisis, and that nothing can save the Empire from some immediate and terrible disaster except legislation for that unhappy portion of it, which shall be as prompt as it is decisive. It is true that the advocates of this prompt and decisive legislation are by no means at one among themselves in regard either to the ills which have brought Ireland to the brink of ruin, or to the remedial measures which are to save her. There is, on the contrary, the most remarkable discrepancy of views in all the speeches which were delivered in the course of the recent debate. But on one point agreement is universal. The Tory Government must go to the wall, and if it cannot be pushed back by the force of a Tenant-Right Bill, nor on the question of Education, nor by any milder process, it must come

to grief amid the ruins of the Irish Church. Nor can the Liberals undertake even this enterprise in a spirit of frankness. Rumours have been industriously circulated of splits in the Cabinet, of the Chancellor resisting all the blandishments held out to him to betray a cause of which he is understood to be champion, and of a besotted and unprincipled First Lord of the Treasury making arrangements to give his party the slip if he find it impossible to carry them with him in a fresh policy of surrender. The worth of these rumours is pretty well tested, we should think, by the course which the debate took on Mr Maguire's motion. Whatever the present Administration or any section of it may ultimately do, or endeavour to do, with the Land question, the Church question, and the question of Education in Ireland, they are at this moment in perfect harmony one with another. Lord Mayo's announcements have been endorsed by Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Stafford Northcote's declarations taken up and confirmed by Mr Disraeli; while the Opposition, beaten in argument and baffled in their purposes, withdraw from the contest without a division. Let us see what it is that ex-Ministers and their supporters assert, and on what grounds they place themselves, wittingly or unwittingly, in making these assertions.

The first attack on the Government fell to the guidance of Mr Maguire, the member for Cork city. This was a judicious arrangement, because Mr Maguire, being neither a member of the late Government nor likely to be included in any which may be formed hereafter, could have no further claim upon the support of the party than the party might as individuals be disposed to give him. He was pretty sure, moreover, to paint his picture so coarsely that it would gain rather than lose in effect by toning down; and if such were indeed the expect-

tations of Mr Gladstone and Mr Fortescue, the results can be said to have disappointed them only in part. Mr Maguire did paint a very loud picture, and its toning down, under the application of facts, has been complete. He spoke, as was to be expected, generally of the political oppression under which Ireland suffers :—

“The position of affairs in Ireland was enough to fill the mind of any commonly thoughtful man with feelings not merely of anxiety, but of foreboding and alarm. Ireland presented the aspect of a country on the eve of a great struggle, not as part of a powerful empire at peace with all the world. It was occupied by an army, as if it were a Poland or a province of European Turkey. Its towns were strongly garrisoned, its barracks were filled to their utmost capacity; and detachments of infantry were to be seen in quarters where the face of a British soldier had not been seen for many years before. Besides these, there were 13,000 of a nominally civic force, but really a supplemental army, one of the finest bodies of men in Ireland, whose ordinary duties would be the suppression of a street riot, but who were drilled, disciplined, and manœuvred like a military force, and now ostentatiously supplied with the most effective and deadly weapons known to modern military science. Their stations were to be converted into so many village fortresses, loop-holed, with iron stanchions and shutters. In the harbours of Ireland they had from time to time a powerful fleet; gunboats were placed on rivers which had never been cut by the keel of a man-of-war before, and all round the coast there were cruisers on the look-out for suspicious craft. Then there were trials at assizes, at commissions, and at quarter sessions; there were searchings of houses for arms of any kind; and, beyond all this, the Constitution was suspended in Ireland. Constitutional liberty in Ireland was so far dead, and individual inviolability was at an end.”

But if the political condition of Ireland be bad, its social and economical state is still worse :—

“There were in Ireland 113,000 head of cattle, 107,000 horses, and half a million acres of land under cereals less in 1867 than in 1859, and 1,139,000 acres of land under cereals less in 1867 than there

were twenty years since. Such a diminution of the agricultural wealth could hardly be looked upon as evidence of the prosperity of the country. But not only was there this decrease in the number of acres under cultivation, but the productive power of the land actually under cultivation had diminished—a result which showed that the farmers had lost heart, and would rather keep their money in their pockets than put it into the land, to be at the mercy of those landlords who were not guided by any higher law than that which Parliament had established. And what was the condition of the country towns of Ireland? It was evident to every English tourist, and to every amazed American traveller, that those towns, with the exception of the few where manufactories were established, were gradually sinking, and were mouldering into decay. The minds of the traders and shopkeepers of those places were bowed down by a sense of despair, and their sole remaining hope was in emigration to another land.”

But not only is all this true in the aggregate—it is especially true in particular instances; for agriculture is almost the sole industry of Ireland. The Irish tenant-farmers are the most abject and harshly-used class of persons in the world. “The great mass of the Irish tenantry have no better title to the holdings than the will of the landlords;” and how this will is habitually exercised, there was crushing evidence to show :—

“Would hon. gentlemen opposite be loyal if their position in the seats of their ancestors depended upon the will of another nation? They would be slaves if they were. But he would give them three cases by which Ireland's condition should be judged, and the facts should be only those sworn to in a court of law. . . . Mr John Carden, whose memory is honoured in Tipperary, decided to sell a property not very long since, and the condition of sale was that he should clear the estate of the Queen's subjects, to drive them either to the workhouse or to America, to be Fenians at home or Fenians abroad. He died before his amiable object could be accomplished, but his successor had been called on in a court of justice to complete the contract, and those tenants were driven from the land across the Atlantic to be your enemies for ever.”

It would be waste of our own and our readers' time were we to attempt the further analysis of a speech which, dealing mainly in the vaguest generalities, either proves nothing, or, when it descends to specialties and endeavours to prove something, utterly fails. Take, for example, the case adduced in confirmation of the alleged abuse of their powers over the tenantry by Irish landlords—the behaviour of Mr John Carden, “whose memory is honoured in Tipperary.” As stated by Mr Maguire, nothing could be more harsh and offensive. But Mr Carden's brother and successor in the Tipperary estates has, by the simple process of a letter to the ‘Times,’ demolished the entire structure set up by Mr Maguire, and left his assailant to choose between being put down as the most arrant of gulls, or the most unscrupulous of libellers.

After this we may safely throw over, if not all, certainly very much of what Mr Maguire details to us of the oppression of landlordism in Ireland. Let us contrast next the view which he takes of the general condition of the country and its inhabitants with the facts of the case as they were stated by Lord Mayo, —himself an Irishman, and better qualified than perhaps any other member of the House of Commons to speak upon the subject. Remember that the wrongs of Ireland are all attributed to its misgovernment by England—not alone some centuries ago, but at the present moment. It is England which drives the Irish people to despair. She allows them no part in the management of their own affairs. She makes laws for them alien to their habits of thought, and intrusts the administration of these laws to persons who have really no connection with them in language, religion, or blood. What truth is there in these allegations?

“There is another statement—one

which to the fullest extent has been adopted by the hon. member for Cork and the hon. member for Cashel—that owing to the Government and the laws of this country the industry of Ireland has been checked and its progress retarded. Those three statements I propose to deal with one after the other. First, then, it is alleged that Ireland is governed by English power, by English rule, for English interests, and with English objects; that she is governed as if governed by a foreign Power. Some writers have gone so far as to say that Ireland is the Poland of the West. Well, if Ireland is so treated, if she is subjected to so much tyranny, I must say it is most unfortunate that in this case the tyrants are the Irish themselves. To examine the matter it is necessary to see how the Government of Ireland is at present constituted. Who are the persons that govern that country? They are five in number: His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant, the Chief Secretary, the Lord Chancellor, the Attorney-General, and the Under-Secretary. Who is the Lord-Lieutenant? A nobleman of ancient descent, intimately connected with Ireland, who possesses a large property there, and who for many years has been actively engaged in discharging with success the duties of his station as an Irish landowner. Sir, I should be very sorry to take up the time of the House by speaking of the Chief Secretary. That individual has never aspired to any other character than that of an Irish country gentleman, who has devoted some years of his life to what he believes to be the service of his country in Parliament. He belongs to a house whose ancestors shared the fortunes of the Irish people; and, if I may allude to so completely unimportant a circumstance, he has in his veins considerably less Anglo-Saxon blood than many of the gentlemen who are flourishing about New York. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland is a man who for forty years held a high position in his profession, and who at the time of his appointment was admitted on all hands to be the first advocate at the Irish Bar. He is an Irishman, intimately acquainted with the feelings of his countrymen, and thoroughly and entirely connected with Ireland. The same may be said of my right hon. and learned friend the Attorney-General. The principal portion of his life has been spent in Ireland. Of the Under-Secretary, Sir Thomas Larcom, I may say that for many years he has exercised a great, and, I believe, a

most beneficial influence in Ireland. I know of no man possessing a more thorough knowledge of Ireland and her history, or of Irish business and the feelings of the Irish people. Since he went to Ireland, twenty-four years ago, as a young Engineer officer engaged on the Ordnance Survey, he has been actively employed in that country. Now, I cannot conceive anything more Irish than that. Then we go on to the judicial bench. The Equity Judges are all Irishmen, and the same may be said of the Common-Law Judges—twelve in number—nine of whom profess the religion of the majority of the people. Then the local magistrates are Irish to a man, and they are assisted by paid magistrates, who are also, with three or four exceptions, natives of Ireland. So much, therefore, for the executive government and the judicial staff. But by whom are the laws of the country and the decrees and orders of the Government enforced? By constabulary wholly Irish, and taken from the lower ranks of the people. In the force, too, is to be found almost the same proportions as regards religious belief as exist generally throughout the country; and this constabulary have always done their duty with as great loyalty and fidelity as any portion of her Majesty's subjects. Add to this the fact that the country enjoys a Parliamentary representation which until now has been based upon a franchise much lower than the English franchise. Again, in every town of Ireland you find a municipality elected on a very wide franchise, and these municipalities administer local affairs under the provisions of various Acts of Parliament. The primary education of the poor is intrusted entirely to teachers nominated by the patrons of the schools, and these patrons are in an enormous proportion the Roman Catholic clergy, so that I do not think there can be anything unnatural in the system of education prevailing in that kingdom. Then the Poor-Law system is administered to a great extent by guardians who are nominated through a very wide franchise by the people at large. I mention all these facts with a view of showing how fallacious, how absurd, and how baseless, is the statement which is constantly put forward, that Ireland is governed by English rule, in accordance with English system, and in a manner repugnant to the feelings of the natives. Indeed, I am almost ashamed to mention these things to the House, for there are very few hon. members who are not perfectly well aware of all the

facts of the case; but as the statements to which I have referred are so constantly and broadly put forward by the people on the other side of the Atlantic, and as they are believed to a great extent, not only on the Continent, but also by a considerable portion of the people of this country, I have thought it right to give a plain account of the real facts."

Stubborn as these facts are, they still fail to contradict the assertion that, be the causes what they may, Ireland is going backwards; that her commerce is decaying, her land passing out of cultivation, her people heartless, because hopeless; poverty-stricken, and therefore universally disaffected. Bring these allegations also to the test of facts, and see how they collapse:—

"But the most important point for the House to consider is, whether there is anything in the present state of Ireland which shows that there is a progressive falling off in wealth, in prosperity, and in improvement. Now, it has been broadly put forward to-night that there is nothing to show that any real and sound progress is being made in Ireland. I think, however, that I can prove most conclusively to the House that very considerable progress has been made. And, sir, I do not intend to go back to old times. I propose to go back merely to the beginning of what I may term the present situation, about thirty-five years ago; and I have a right to do so, because I believe that since then the whole policy of this country towards Ireland has altered. I shall endeavour, therefore, to show the House how the new policy has been carried out, and what have been its effects. In the first place, I must beg the House to reflect for a moment what Ireland has gone through during the period to which I am referring. We have been subjected to three great political agitations, to a most terrible famine, and to an enormous emigration; so that if I can show that, notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, improvement has been steadily going on, it will be pretty evident that this House and the institutions of this country cannot be very much to blame for the present state of Ireland. First of all, I will take the state of our staple industries. Of course, in a country like Ireland, which is dependent so much upon agriculture, and where the seasons have a decided effect

upon the national prosperity, there must necessarily be a great many 'ups and downs,' so that I will not take any small number of years to illustrate my argument, but will spread my facts over the period which has elapsed since 1830. In the first instance, I will take the number of arable acres, including in that term not merely land over which the plough goes, but all land which is usefully employed for the general purposes of agriculture. Well, in 1841 there were 13,000,000 cultivated acres in Ireland, while in 1861 the number had increased to 15,400,000. But it has been said that the effect of the changes which have taken place during the last few years in Ireland has been to convert almost all the land into pasture. No doubt many changes and vicissitudes have occurred, but still the main fact remains, that, in 1849, 5,500,000 acres of land were being cultivated under the plough, whereas in 1860 the number of acres so cultivated had increased to 5,900,000. Since then, owing to three or four bad seasons, there has been a decrease, and last year there were only 5,500,000 of cultivated acres, being the same number as in 1849. But, sir, if you go to the value of stock, which is the real test of the wealth of a country, particularly of a country like Ireland, which is so well adapted to the rearing and production of stock, you will find a most remarkable improvement. I will take the years 1841 and 1866. I wish the House to understand that these numbers have been ascertained with the greatest possible care. I give them on the authority of Mr Thom, the author of the most valuable Almanac that bears his name, and who himself verifies every statement made in his work. In 1841 the value of the live stock was estimated at £21,000,000, and in 1866 at £50,500,000. I venture to say that in no agricultural country in Europe, considering the vicissitudes of that period, will you find that so extraordinary an increase has taken place. Again, take the live stock per square mile; the same authority gives the value as £649 in 1841, £853 in 1851, and £1028 in 1861—figures which show a steady increase. One of the principal products of the south of Ireland is butter, which there represents the wealth of the agricultural population, and particularly of the small holders of land. I have had accurate inquiries made respecting the butter trade of Cork, and have arrived at results which have been confirmed by reports from other markets, including Waterford and Wexford.

In 1831, Cork market received 244,000 firkins; in 1841, 219,000 firkins; in 1851, 306,000 firkins; and in 1867, 470,000 firkins. Quantity represents only half the story; but take the increase in price, which indicates a remarkable increase in wealth. In 1851 the highest price of butter at Cork was 90s.; in 1861 it was 118s.; in 1867 it was 127s. So much for agriculture. I know that gentlemen who make eloquent speeches do not like facts. They do not trouble the House with statistics, because they say that the decrease of prosperity is patent to all, and figures can be made to prove anything. I believe that the more you inquire into the facts by which the state of Ireland during the last thirty years can be tested, the more you will be convinced of the truth of the position I have taken. A remarkable illustration of the increase of wealth among the agricultural classes is the steady rise in the value of land, in almost all the counties in Ireland, during the last fifty or sixty years. The rental of the county of Cork was, in 1779, £256,000; in 1848, £200,000; and in 1867, £920,000. I have ascertained from the very best authorities that pretty nearly the same increase of rent has taken place in all the other counties of Ireland; that increase has not been sudden, but steady and gradual, and I believe it is due to the larger quantity of land brought under cultivation, and the general improvement of the condition of the agricultural population."

But it is not in her agricultural industry alone that Ireland has made of late years enormous advances. She has thrown herself with vigour into the construction of railroads, and invested a large capital in the adventure. She is positively ahead of England in regard to the numbers of her children under education. The wages paid to her labouring people have risen since 1841 in many places by 50, in almost all by 30, per cent; and the customs returns show that the people do not stint themselves in the free use of excisable articles. But perhaps the most striking improvement of all is shown in two matters not necessarily connected—in the large increase which has taken place in church building and church endowments among

the Roman Catholics, and in the extension of Irish commerce and manufactures. With respect to the former of these points, we defy any traveller who visits Ireland now, and calls to mind what he recollects of it forty or fifty years ago, not to be astonished by the change which has come over the land. The wretched barnlike edifices in and around which the Irish peasantry used to assemble to hear mass early in the present century have given place to edifices, not a few of which cast into the shade the old churches and old cathedrals of the country. Monasteries flourish everywhere; bishops drive about in their carriages; the best horses in every parish are ridden and owned by the priests;—and all this is brought about, as we are ostentatiously assured, through the voluntary contributions of a laity who are said to be sunk in the depths of poverty and despair. As to the commerce and manufactures of Ireland, and the general condition of its ports and towns, Lord Mayo shall speak for us:—

“I will only trouble the House with one other fact with regard to the trade of Ireland. It has been said that Ireland is purely an agricultural country, and you would therefore say that no great improvement could be expected in its commerce. But, as tested by the increase in the tonnage of vessels, the improvement of trade has been enormous. A return of the tonnage of vessels entering and clearing out from the port of Dublin shows that in 1847 the total tonnage entered inwards and outwards was 722,000 tons, and in 1867, 1,400,000 tons. At Belfast, during the same period, the increase has been still greater, the total tonnage in the former year being 500,000, and in 1867, 1,300,000. In Waterford the increase in ten years was from 213,000 to 450,000 tons. And this increase has not been confined to the large ports; for while in Cork the increase of tonnage during ten years was 34 per cent, in Waterford the increase was 130 per cent; in Dundalk, 18 per cent; in Newry, 70 per cent; in Wexford, 33 per cent; in Sligo, 45 per cent; and in Coleraine, 100 per cent. There is one fact still more remarkable, for the re-

turns show that the increase of tonnage in Ireland has been greater than in England. I find that the increase of tonnage in the whole of Great Britain during the 20 years from 1847 to 1867 was 58 per cent, while in Ireland it was 67 per cent. I find that while the increase of tonnage in Dublin was 98 per cent, and in Belfast 143 per cent, in Liverpool, which is just opposite, the increase was only 58 per cent—far less than Dublin and Belfast. I will not try to persuade the House that Ireland is a rich country, or that in this respect it is in a condition which can be compared to this country or to Scotland; but comparing small things with great, and comparing the condition of the country with what it was, I think there is nothing to show decay, or a decrease of prosperity. The honourable member for Cork laid great stress upon the decay of prosperity in the country towns. I have no facts to lay before the House on that part of the subject, but I have a personal acquaintance with a good number of the country towns of Ireland, especially near Dublin and the railways, which might be supposed to be affected by any decay of prosperity among the agricultural classes; and my experience is that, so far from showing any decrease of prosperity or decay, there has been, during the last eight or ten years, a gradual improvement in the country towns with which I have any acquaintance. In a small town near my residence houses have been built, and the whole state of the town is far better than it was ten years ago; and although some may not have improved in the same way, there is, I believe, nothing in the state of the country towns of Ireland to show that they do not participate in the general advance and prosperity of the rest of Ireland.”

Lord Mayo's statements in regard to the actual condition of Ireland were irresistible. Neither Mr Bright nor Mr Mill, though they did their best to shake them, made the slightest impression on the House; and if such impression had been made, Mr Lowe's speech, so far as it touched the material state of the country, would have at once effaced it. As to Mr Horsman, he was, as usual, sarcastic, vague, inaccurate, and declamatory. He took up points not very relevant to the question at issue, and took them up

incorrectly. He received a becoming chastisement from Mr Hardy at the moment, and must have experienced something like moral torture when Mr Disraeli took the trouble to expose a few of his fallacies.

And thus it was, later in the debate—fencing, so to speak, with the subject before them—that throughout the two first nights the speakers on both sides of the House delivered themselves. The language of the assailants, though fierce, was hesitating. They seemed at a loss on what particular point to concentrate their strength, and therefore struck out wildly, now dealing blows at their avowed antagonists on the Treasury benches, now hitting hard at gentlemen below their own gangway, and receiving back, in return, hard hits from that quarter. Mr Maguire took as much damage at the hand of Mr Lowe as from Lord Mayo's more elaborate reply to his statistics. Mr Bright and Mr Mill both looked small after the eloquent member for Calne had relieved his mind; and before the quiet reasoning of Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr Hardy the impassioned generalities of The O'Donoghue, equally with the unsound arguments of Mr Olchester Fortescue, went down. Still there rested upon the minds of all who had followed the discussion thus far, the consciousness that as yet it was leading them nowhere. If the Ministers had said too little, the champions of the Opposition had said too much. There was an absence of concord from among them; they seemed to have no common object; because the proposal that the House should resolve itself into a Committee was tantamount to an acknowledgment of defeat beforehand. The truth is, that the Liberals felt that they had no leader; and that, without a leader whom all could trust, common action was impossible. If Mr Gladstone would only speak out! if he would but cast aside the reserve in which for months

back he appeared to have enshrouded himself, all might yet be well!! Any point seized frankly by him would give them something to look to; and they would at least be in a condition to decide whether or no they had pinned their faith to the right man. The extreme Liberals have had their wish. Mr Gladstone has broken silence. The last strand of the frayed cable which was supposed still to link him with the convictions of other days has parted, and he now stands forward, boldly and without circumlocution, as the enemy of religious establishments in general, and the determined foe of the Protestant, or, as he would have preferred calling it not long ago, the Reformed Catholic Church established by law in Ireland in particular. Talk of apostasy and the abandonment of principle after this! Had not our own ears heard the declaration, had we not read it reduced to print in the newspapers of the following morning, no amount of second-hand evidence would have induced us to credit the tale. And we will go farther. Without subscribing to the views of an able writer in the 'Standard,' that there must have been "a hard fight in the right honourable gentleman's mind between honour and conviction on the one hand, and ambition and personal rivalry on the other," we are as sure of this as we can be of anything still in the future, that Mr Gladstone, if he live—as we trust he may—to be an old man, will yet look back upon the course which it has now pleased him to take with bitter regret. For, disguise the truth from himself as he may at the present moment, the time is coming when he will recognise the real motive which drove him on; not as change of opinion caused by change of circumstances—not as the distressing surrender of abstract truth to expediency—but as a rancorous personal antipathy to the man who had got before him in the political

race, and a determination to cut short the career of his rival, even if in doing so he ruin the country. It is ridiculous to say that history never repeats itself. In the manoeuvres of the Radicals, headed by Mr Gladstone, we see at this moment the reflex of what was done two centuries and a half ago in our own country, as well as a not unfaithful copy of the conduct and the expressed purposes of those by whom, in France, the great Revolution was hurried on. Nobody supposes when Pym carried his point, and Stafford was impeached, that either he or the members who supported him entertained any thought of rebellion or regicide. Neither can we lay to the charge of Si  y  s himself that, in fusing the States into one national assembly, he had any settled purpose of bringing the king to the guillotine, and establishing a reign of terror; yet, in both instances, effects followed upon causes with unerring certainty; and who will venture to predict a more tranquil issue out of the enterprise on which Mr Gladstone has ventured? It may not come to-day, or to-morrow, or next day; in spite of all that is said and done, we do not expect it to come in the lifetime of the passing generation. But so surely as Mr Gladstone, on the night of the 16th of this last March, pronounced the words, that "the Irish Church, as a State Church, must cease to exist," assuredly he raised the sluices, and did his best to let out the waters of a flood which, if they once make way, it will take far more than his eloquence to turn aside from sweeping over all the established institutions of the country.

Our readers will do us the justice to remember that we anticipated, a month ago, the line of policy which Mr Gladstone was prepared to adopt. Ever since he avowed the absurd belief that the murders at Manchester and Clerkenwell were permitted by

Providence in order to fix the attention of Englishmen on the wrongs of Ireland, we were pretty well satisfied of the direction in which the wind was setting. It was a clap-trap acknowledgment that up to that moment he had never himself given to the subject the consideration which it deserved, and that the moment was come for throwing over, without scruple, all the cherished opinions and principles of a lifetime. We gave no credence to the sincerity of this confession at the time, and we give no credence to it now. The wrongs of Ireland were understood and rated at their true value just as perfectly before the Manchester and Clerkenwell murders as they have been since; and no man living is in his secret soul more fully convinced of that fact than Mr Gladstone. But the conditions under which the truth presents itself to his mind now are not the same under which he accepted it three years ago. Mr Gladstone was in office in 1865, and for a portion at least of 1866 also. He is now in Opposition, and the light falls upon him from quite a different angle, sitting, as he does, on the Speaker's left hand, from the direction which it took while he sat upon the Speaker's right. Let us not, however, keep him any longer from telling his own story. His speech of the 16th of March, as it is the most important which he ever uttered, so, more than all the rest, it deserves analysis, which we propose to give to it side by side with the masterly reply which it drew from his great rival.

Mr Gladstone began by adroitly throwing over the member for Cork, his argument and its object. The argument was too general, the object too vague, for him; he had sterner truths to enunciate, and a more specific and definite end to achieve. The affairs of Ireland have reached a crisis which her Majesty's Government fail to realise, and to meet which their pro-

posals are entirely inadequate. They reach this crisis, moreover, after not fewer than 700 years of controversy, during the more recent portions of which the laws have been administered with perfect impartiality, and the people made, as they continue to make, vast strides upwards in the scale of material prosperity. Not one of the statements of the Chief Secretary relating to the latter point does the eloquent speaker choose to controvert. He admits them all, and further, acknowledges that Irish emigrants to Australia and Canada are, in their habits and tempers, entirely the converse of too many Irish at home, and of almost all that have taken root in the United States. In spite of this material prosperity at home, however, and in the face of the growing conviction in the subjects of it, that the law is fairly administered among them, matters have suddenly arrived at such a point, that it becomes the duty of the Legislature to force on a revolution in Ireland, to the magnitude of which nothing that has been done or threatened there for two centuries and more will bear a comparison. Observe the reasoning which leads up to this conclusion, and take it in Mr Gladstone's own words :—

“I rejoice to hear of the progress that has been made by Ireland. I do not feel that by admitting that progress in the largest terms we in the slightest degree weaken—on the contrary, I believe we much enhance—the argument for taking the yet further steps which remain to complete the connection between the two countries. There is a diminution of that grievous distress which so long ground down the mass of the population of Ireland. I do not inquire now into the extent of that diminution ; I do not inquire how much of that distress yet remains to be remedied. I admit the progress, and I rejoice at it. There is a change, if possible, still more important, or at least equally important ; and that is, that in the classes above the want of the immediate necessities of life a sentiment has grown up within the

last generation of attachment to the law and order of the country—greater, more substantial, more likely, and more effectual, with a view to the administration of justice than was perhaps ever known in former times. A great achievement, and, let me add, a yet greater encouragement. Well, there is this decrease of agrarian crime. It is impossible, I think, to express the satisfaction with which we now see that it was nothing but the very extremity of want and misery which led to those outrages, prompted by what Mr O'Connell called ‘the wild justice of revenge,’ which long formed a scandal to the nation, and that immediately the direct sting of want was removed or rendered less poignant in its application, those outrages ceased, and a feeling of confidence arose in the ordinary administration of justice. This is a circumstance, I think, as to which we cannot too freely indulge our satisfaction. Let us consider what are the facts—and facts of recent occurrence—that give to this period at which I have the honour of addressing the House, and at which we are engaged in this debate, the character of a great political crisis, calling upon us to consider well the position in which we stand. In the first place, there is that depletion of the country which has been described in terms so vivid by the right hon. gentleman (Mr Disraeli) at a period when it was, I believe, more marked than it is at present, but which still continues on a scale, the economical importance of which I will not now attempt to appreciate, but which appears to me to assume what may well be called a portentous character, not on account of the numbers of those who cross the sea to seek a home elsewhere, but on account of the spirit with which they quit our shores. No amount of argument, no amount of pleading as to what we have done or endeavoured to do, even if the pleas were fuller and more perfect than they are, could, I think, remove from the very bottom of the heart and intelligence of every man sitting within these walls a painful and latent consciousness that where not one man, or, rather, not one set of men or another, but the population generally, or such a portion of the population as must form a sample and pattern of the whole mass,—that where such numbers quit these shores, bearing with them, on the one hand, a passionate attachment to the home which they abandon, and, on the other, a bitter and burning aversion to the laws and government they leave behind them—

no amount of argument, no amount of pleading, can remove from the mind a deep impression that where such feelings are carried away, and are so uniform and so permanent from year to year, and from generation to generation, something must be wrong. One may rely upon it that, idle as is the sentiment under many circumstances, *vox populi vox Dei*, when it is applied to fleeting and transitory movements, yet the deep, profound, and lasting convictions of a people are never formed and never stand the test of time and circumstances, without containing in themselves much of truth and of the sacredness of justice. Well, under these circumstances, how do we stand in the legislature? We have suspended in Ireland on, I think, four separate occasions, continuous and together covering a term of eight years, the main guarantee of personal liberty; and I own I am surprised at the facility with which some speakers have thought or seemed to think that they got rid of the extraordinary gravity of this act by urging on the one hand that the Government had most mercifully and discreetly used its arbitrary power, and, on the other hand, that the renewal of the suspension had been freely accorded in this House. Both of these facts were undoubted facts. But, so far as regards the free assent of Parliament to the renewal of the Habeas Corpus Act, I venture to repeat that which was well and opportunely said by my right hon. friend the member for Louth (Mr C. Fortescue), at one of the stages of the bill:—‘We assent to the renewal of that, because our first duty is to meet the necessities of public order, and to secure the protection of the law to the peaceable subject of the Crown; but we regard it as no light or trivial formality; on the contrary, we regard it as the testimony and the proof of a state of things so grave in Ireland as to call on us to consider what state of the laws and institutions it may be that stands in connection with the sacrifice of privileges so precious and invaluable.’ Well, under these circumstances, we have seen this portentous and loathsome disease of Fenianism overflow into England; we have seen it disturb the peace of towns and districts in this country; we have seen it create the necessity which, whatever else it may be, has led to the enrolment of the inhabitants of England by tens of thousands for special duty in the preservation of the peace, and to the increase in the metropolis of a large number of peace officers, supposed to be

requisite for the conservation of order. Are these circumstances nothing? and is there nothing else in Ireland that has happened? Is it enough to say—as we may say—that whatever the grievances of Ireland are, they are far less than they were; consequently there could be no great necessity. Yes, no doubt they are far less than they were at the time when you had not taught the people of Ireland how to understand and appreciate them. But you have established in Ireland an efficient system of public education, and that education has given eyes to the blind, and those who might have gone on from generation to generation with their uncultivated minds, allowing days and years to glide away and never comprehending the significance of political circumstances bearing on their conditions; while you have relieved them from a great part of the causes of their complaint you have left the rest in existence, and at the same time have given them means of forming a pretty accurate and a pretty acute judgment with respect to your relations to themselves. I may add, for I think it is an important feature in this discussion, that the political changes—the great political change introduced into the constitution of the representation by the bill of last session—have produced no inconsiderable effect in imparting an impetus to the public mind, and in quickening the temper that for many years had been somewhat sluggish to grapple closely and resolutely with the problems and the necessities of legislation.”

Having thus assigned his reasons for believing that the affairs of Ireland are in a state of crisis, Mr Gladstone goes on to weigh the value of the measures which the Government have proposed in order to meet the wants and wishes of the Irish people. He has nothing to allege against the coming measure of Parliamentary Reform. He had believed, and still believes, that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill will be repealed. He cannot say whether or no legislation on the railways of Ireland will be effective. On the subject of Irish education he agrees in principle with Lord Mayo, though he would prefer Mr Chichester Fortescue's mode of accomplishing the desired object. He would throw open Trinity Col-

lege, with its endowments and governing powers, to the professors of all creeds and of none. On the subject of the land, and the relations between owners and occupiers, he is even more than usually cloudy; but no cloud at all intervenes to obscure his purposes in regard to the Established Church. Now, observe to what all this amounts. We have a crisis in Ireland. You do not see it, but propose various measures—some good in themselves, others objectionable only in your manner of effecting them. You will not avert the crisis, even if you carry them all. That is to be done by the overthrow, prompt, decisive, and complete, of the Irish Church, and by nothing else. Get rid of that nuisance, and Ireland will become at once peaceable and loyal. Of Fenianism you will hear no more; there will be no more call to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. Don't tell me that a Commission of Inquiry is at work, to await the report of which would be only decent. Don't say that Fenianism is put down, that Ireland is quiet, and that there is no more demand for precipitate legislation on this head now than there was last year or the year before;—or that common-sense would suggest the propriety of leaving a matter so grave as this—the violation of one of the conditions on which the legislative union with Ireland is based—to be dealt with by the new constituencies which the Reform Bills are creating, and by the representatives whom they may send to the House of Commons. These are considerations which might have weight were I in office; but, office being held by my rival, it is necessary that he should be driven out of it; and, seeing that no other means present themselves of accomplishing that important end, I must use the Irish Church as the weapon wherewith to expel him. And it is gravely believed either that the

House of Commons will sustain a policy so rash, so unjust, so selfish; or that, if the House do sustain it, the Government will turn their backs on the duty which they owe to the Crown and to their country, and allow themselves to become the victims of the basest cabal of which political history makes mention!!! We doubt both assumptions.

We come now to the reply of the Prime Minister, of which it is not too much to say that, to be estimated fairly, it must be read at length. We content ourselves, therefore, with giving from it a few extracts. It opens thus:—

“The right hon. gentleman when he rose to-night made a charge against the Government. He made at the same time an announcement of startling import, for he told us that this was the crisis of Ireland and that the measures of her Majesty's Government proved that they did not realise that fact. And as the right hon. gentleman proceeded, it appeared that the crisis of Ireland, which had just arrived, was the culminating point of a controversy which had existed in Ireland for 700 years. I could not but feel that I was indeed a most unfortunate Minister; for the moment I had arrived, by her Majesty's gracious favour, at the position which I now fill, the controversy which had lasted for 700 years had reached its culminating point, and I was immediately called upon, with my colleagues, to produce measures equal to such a supernatural visitation. I was very curious to know what were the circumstances which had brought about a conjuncture so startling and unprecedented. I watched with great interest the right hon. gentleman as he proceeded, and, as I thought, with a dangerous rancour began to indicate to the House what were the elements of this portentous crisis. The first element of the crisis which is to bring about such great results was the existence of Fenianism. But I am not aware that her Majesty's Government are peculiarly responsible for the existence of Fenianism. When we acceded, under the auspices of Lord Derby, to office, two short years ago, Fenianism was in existence, and the suspension of the liberties of Ireland had taken place under the auspices of the right hon. gentleman, who was himself a member

of the Council to whom the fatal secret of Fenianism was communicated, and who came down to this House to propose those extra-legal remedies with which the country has now become too familiar. This is the first element of the crisis, and, therefore, so far as that is concerned, the right hon. gentleman did not feel at that moment the necessity of coming down to Parliament to recommend the violent course with which he concluded his oration this evening. But the right hon. gentleman proceeded to say that there was another cause and another element in the production of this awful crisis. And what was that? It was Irish emigration which rendered and brought about that critical state of affairs which demands these instantaneous and violent remedies. True it is that the right hon. gentleman himself admitted that the emigration had somewhat subsided. There was a time, certainly, when the emigration was greater than it is at present, and when the announcement from Ireland of the thinning of its population excited great alarm and apprehension in this House and throughout the country. But who was one of the most influential Ministers of England through all that period? The right hon. gentleman. With two of the elements of his crisis, the right hon. gentleman was silent as a mouse the whole time. He never made this arraignment of the Church of Ireland, which, indeed, for many years he vindicated with so much eloquence and power of reason. He never for a moment alluded to the critical state of affairs. There was a third element of the crisis, and what was that? It was the education of the people of Ireland. But the people of Ireland were not educated only yesterday. They have had the advantage of a system of education under circumstances more favourable than the people of England have had. For a very considerable period—for thirty years, more or less—the people of Ireland have had great advantages of popular education, and the fruits of that education, certainly within the last ten years, have been very perceptible. But the right hon. gentleman—although everybody was perfectly conscious of the beneficial effects of education in Ireland, and notwithstanding that he was so conversant with all the consequences of education in that country—he never came forward until now to state that the education of the people of Ireland recommended the course which he has now suddenly called upon the House to take. But there was

one more element, and that completes all the ingredients of this awful crisis. And what is that? The Parliamentary Reform Bill, which, fortunately, and in spite of the efforts of the right hon. gentleman, was passed last year. That is the fourth element of the crisis, and, in consequence of it, you are to destroy the Irish Church. We will consider the question of the destruction of the Irish Church if the House will permit me to address them at the right time, but that is not the logical consequence of the passing of the Reform Bill for England. I draw from it a more logical consequence, for I think we ought to pass a Reform Bill for Ireland, and the House well knows, and the right hon. gentleman admits, that her Majesty's Government are prepared to introduce, and would have introduced to-night, had it not been for this debate, a measure with that object. These are the four ingredients which the right hon. gentleman has brought before us as accounting for the production of a state of affairs which he describes as the crisis of Ireland, all the elements of this crisis being either of a somewhat obsolete character, or having no relation whatever with the consequences which he recommends."

Having thus got rid of the crisis, Mr Disraeli goes on to expose the misrepresentations of Mr Horsman on the subject of education, and of Mr Bright in his criticisms on the land question. We much regret that the space at our command prevents our making extracts from this portion of the right hon. gentleman's address. The member for Stroud looked marvellously ridiculous when light suddenly fell upon his "Ultramontane romance," and the member for Birmingham winced while the House cheered the sentences which utterly destroyed his argument.

"We say, let us revive, as it were, the Devon Commission, which was so advantageous at the time of its existence. Let us first practically realise all those results on which sensible men are agreed, but, at the same time, let us have further inquiry. But inquiry of this kind will be no excuse for non-legislation, and I hope the Bill which we shall introduce will become an Act before the Commission commence their labours; and when it is said that our propositions are made

because we desire to delay legislation on the subject of the land, I say that it is the very refuse and lees of factious insinuation. Look, what has happened in Ireland. Why, the Devon Commission was before the deluge—before the famine, before the emigration, before the Landed Estates Act and the Encumbered Estates Court; and the result is, that the Ireland of to-day is not the Ireland of the Devon Commission: and therefore we say, Let landlords and tenants come and tell their tale, and let the Commissioners realise the consequences of the famine and of emigration on a large scale upon the soil of Ireland. I cannot conceive any grounds for a Royal Commission more valid or sound than that upon which we propose this Commission, which is not intended to retard or obstruct legislation, but to supplement it upon the points which are not ripe enough for legislation. Then I say that our policy as regards education, and certainly as regards the land, is brought forward in no spirit of ostentation, but in the exercise of our duty, and is a sound and sober course, which the House of Commons should sanction and support, and they ought not to be deterred from a moderate, but a necessary, and, as I believe, a very judicious course on our part, by those monstrous inventions of a crisis in Ireland, got up by the right hon. gentleman opposite for the advantage of his party. When I say 'got up' by the right hon. gentleman, I do not mean to say that there are not many causes in regard to the state of Ireland which require our gravest consideration, and to which I will address myself. But I say that the right hon. gentleman, who has had the power of the Crown in a large proportion for a quarter of a century, has never done anything for Ireland but make speeches—make speeches in favour of the Irish Church. I say the Appropriation Clause was modest in comparison with these tactics."

Thus far Mr Disraeli spoke in reply to the general charges which had been brought against his policy. He addressed himself next to the particular question which Mr Gladstone has raised; and if, after the frank and cordial manner in which he has expressed himself, there be in either portion of the United Kingdom an individual who, professing Constitutionalism, hesitates to follow his leader, then all we can say is, that such a man had better go

over to the Radicals at once. Mr Disraeli is too acute a logician, too much master of Parliamentary tactics, to allow a distinction to be drawn, even in appearance, between the reasoning of Mr Gladstone and the reasoning of Mr Bright. The one cannot succeed in any endeavour without the support of the other. The one cannot stop short at a line which the other desires to cross. To this point Mr Disraeli pinned them both. After stating his own views, that it is necessary for the wellbeing of a nation to connect the principle of religion with Government, and that this can be effected only by maintaining an organised and endowed Church, he goes on:—

"I should say so particularly with respect to this country, because the spirit of our legislation of late years has extended to so many subjects—education, charity, reformation of criminals, and other such matters which will occur to the right hon. gentleman—which it seems to me utterly impossible that we could carry into effect unless the State had at its command the active and dignified co-operation of a body like the clergy set aside for such noble and spiritual purposes. The hon. member for Birmingham contests this principle in a speech which he made the other night, and which I listened to with deep interest, as I always do, at least generally speaking. The great feature of that speech, which was most adroitly conciliatory, was to contest the principle of endowment. That is his principle. The hon. member says, 'The grievances of Ireland are on the carpet for discussion at present. My remedy is prepared and prompt—Disendow the Church, and the whole thing is settled.' But the argument is not merely that it will settle the great grievance of Ireland; that is not the only reason why the hon. gentleman recommends disendowment, but it is also because the endowment is opposed to the spirit of the age. That it was which commended itself to the attention of every person who heard those opinions; and it is well that such opinions—or any opinions, however novel—should be brought forward by men of eminence and of eloquence, and not that they should be mumbled from a back hedge, or brought forward by a Robespierre, or some such person, when attempts are

made to revolutionise a country. It is well that such sentiments should have been brought forward by one possessing such charm of eloquence and such art of elocution, and it enables us to understand what is his proposition. The right hon. member for South Lancashire, who is always eloquent—he could not help being so if he would—is a recent convert to those principles. But I look to the member for Birmingham, who says that his training has given him great opportunities for framing an impartial opinion, and who at last has announced the new evangelism to the House of Commons, and the hon. gentleman says that this principle of endowment is opposed to the spirit of the age. Well, sir, if endowment is opposed to the spirit of the age, endowments will fail. It becomes the House well to consider that subject. Is endowment opposed to the spirit of the age? I will not argue this question in the spirit of the age—that is too vague an expression. The question is, whether endowment is opposed to the character and disposition of the inhabitants of these islands. There is something to consider besides the spirit of the age, and that has reference to the character of the country. There is a very active party in this country opposed to endowment—grave, organised, intelligent, and, as far as private life is concerned, eminently decorous and regular. But, sir, that party is not the creation of the spirit of the age. They are the Nonconformists; they are not the creation of the spirit of the age, but the descendants of men who entertained the same opinions three centuries ago. They were opposed to ecclesiastical endowment in the days of the Stuarts; they are opposed to ecclesiastical endowments in the days of Victoria. They were in the days of the Stuarts, even when they were successful and triumphant, only a minority of the people; and I believe they are only a minority of the people now. But they have allies. The Nonconformists of the present day have allies that the Nonconformists did not possess in the days of the Stuarts. They have with them a body very limited in numbers, but very influential from their intellect, and from another cause to which I will advert; and that is the philosophers. Now, the philosophers must always be very limited in number—but they are necessarily from their pursuits, and from their character, men of great intellect and intelligence, and they always exercise a great influence over the press. They exercised a great influence over the press

before the French Revolution by their command over, and indeed by their establishment of, the *Encyclopædia*; and at the present day in England there is not a leading article that strikes you, that you may not almost trace to a philosopher. The philosophers assist the Nonconformists, and although they have not a single point in sympathy, yet the Nonconformists and the philosophers make a most active and influential body in the state. But it becomes the House of Commons, when they hear speeches like that which we have just heard from the right hon. gentleman the member for South Lancashire, adopting opinions which he could not have shared for many years, but which he recommends to us with the ardour of conviction—I say it becomes the House of Commons not to be carried away, but clearly, if possible, to comprehend the scene, and not to be precipitately carried on to resolutions under the idea that they were acting in harmony with public opinion. I say that you must look to the general character of the people of this country in both islands. I say they are a religious people; that the people of England, notwithstanding much that may have occurred of late, and which may apparently seem not to be in accordance with that opinion—I say that the people of England, if you take a general view of their character, are a religious people. It is unquestionable that the Scotch are a religious people. But if there be a people who may be described as the most religious people in the world, it is the people of Ireland. It is there no affair of race; and whether a man be Presbyterian, or Anglican, or Roman, religion is one of the great elements of his life, and the day does not pass without religious convictions exercising an immense influence on his actions. Now, I say that a religious people will always be in favour of ecclesiastical endowments. They may quarrel among themselves upon particular points, but a religious people will always be in favour of corporations that give importance and precision to their convictions; and therefore I think that we are embarking on a very dangerous course, when, at a period in which no one could have anticipated it, a right hon. gentleman of the great standing in the country of the right hon. member for South Lancashire comes forward suddenly, as it were, from ambush, and announces that he proposes to destroy an institution which he has himself often advocated, and which he has told us to-night has existed from the time of the

Tudors; but when we are invited to follow this policy in deference to the principles of a greater master on this subject, who, with the honourable candour which I believe is part of his character, has told us what is the issue at stake—namely, whether we should terminate in this country ecclesiastical endowments. Now, I want the House to realise the gravity of the question upon which they are going to decide. Do not be hurried away, and do not suppose that the House of Commons has met in consequence of the state of Ireland from the development of the Fenian conspiracy, and that it must do something to put an end to this state of affairs. Do not be hurried into a decision which, if adopted and followed to its consequences—as it will most assuredly be followed to its consequences—must give a new colour to your society and alter all the principles on which you and your forefathers for years have acted. This is the gravest question that can be brought under the consideration of public men—of men of great intelligence and eminence. You constitute a senate that the world speaks of with pride, while it recognises your attributes and your actions with a consciousness that your deeds elevate the general character of human nature. But remember that you are something more than mere senators; you are the representatives of a nation, and of an ancient nation; and I deny your moral competency to come to such a decision as the hon. member for Birmingham recommends, and as the right hon. member for South Lancashire is prepared practically to carry out—I deny your moral competency to come to such a decision without an appeal to the nation. I say that is a question on which the country alone can decide. You cannot in an off-hand manner settle such a question. You are counselled to take a course to-night which would effect a revolution in this country. I am not treating of the limited issue to which the right hon. gentleman conveniently confined himself; I take the broader issue laid down by the great master of this subject, and upon which England will probably soon have to decide. How have you been introduced into this discussion! The Liberal party have been in power for more than a quarter of a century. Have that party prepared the mind of England upon this question—have they risen from seats of authority, and declared that the great principle upon which your society, and even your political condition, is founded, is erroneous! You and your forefathers, and

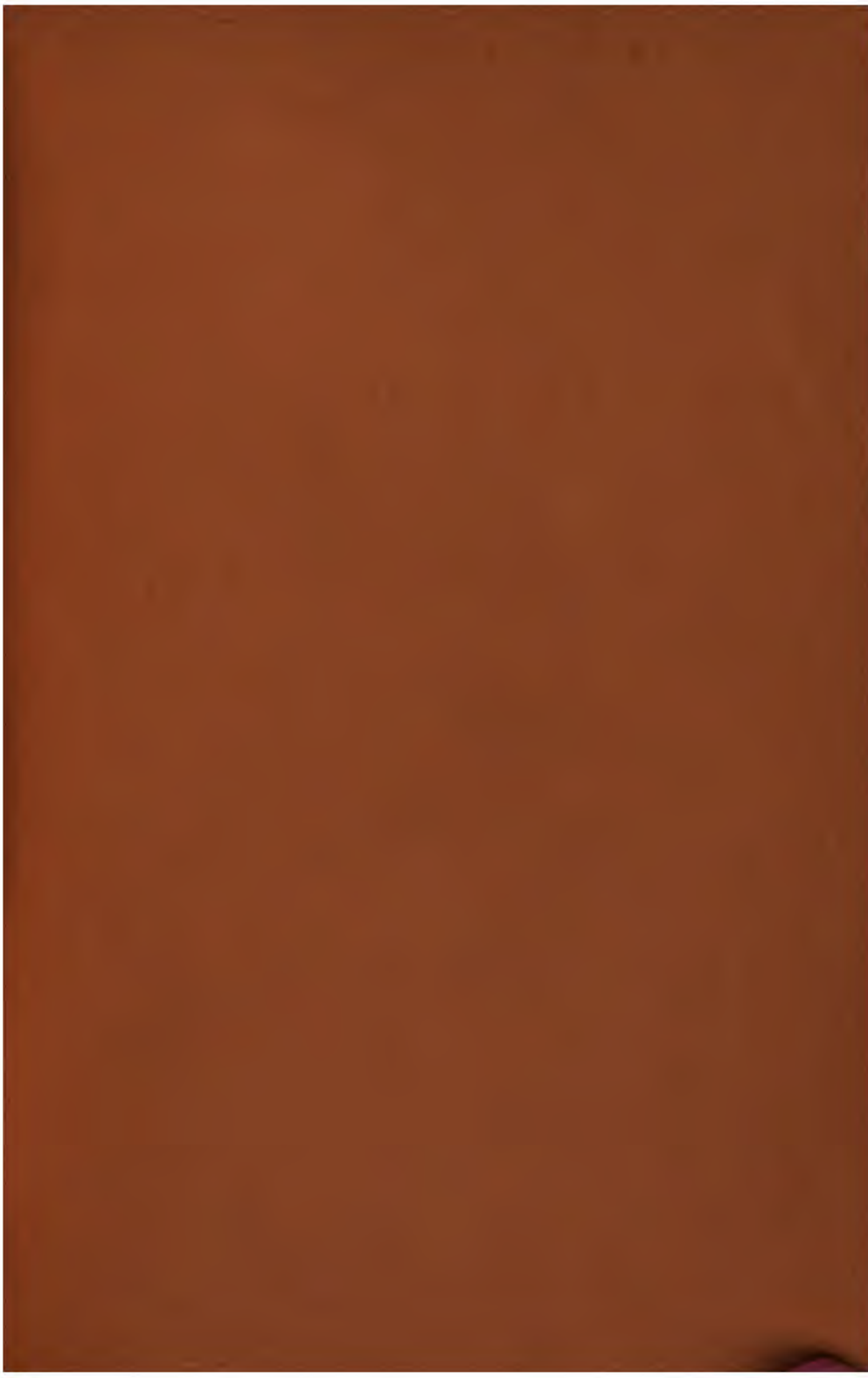
generations before them, and long centuries of men who have built up this realm of England—you have acknowledged, you have encouraged, you have supported, and stimulated, and lived and acted under the influence of ecclesiastical endowments; and have you, during all that time, in any way guided public opinion to doubt the propriety and wisdom of that course, or the immense munificence of that which you were born under and which your forefathers created? Not a syllable. There have been plenty of political economy, of treaties with France, of repeals of laws, great and successful efforts made for the advance of the comforts and convenience of the population; but not a word has been uttered for the last twenty-five years by the party that has had the monopoly of power in this country to form the minds of the people on this great issue, upon which they ought not to be called on to give a decision in this hasty manner. At the last general election the Liberal party had been seven years in power, but not one word during those seven years had ever issued from any person in authority—certainly not from the right hon. member for South Lancashire—as to his having doubted the wisdom of the cardinal principle upon which our whole social system is founded."

No words of ours could add anything to the force of this most argumentative appeal, for giving which in detail we do not pretend to apologise; but one fact, in addition to the conclusions arising out of it, may be added. We all profess—Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone equally with ourselves—to be hostile to a dissolution of the Union. We are prepared, it is believed, to appeal in earnest to the sword, rather than consent to an arrangement so suicidal. Let us remember that when the Legislatures of the two countries became one, so did the Churches; and that the Church of Ireland was, at the period of the Union, much more in a minority, as compared with the Roman Catholics of Ireland, than it is now. You have no right, then, moral or legal, on a mere comparison of numbers, to violate that particular article in a great contract, which was accepted without hesitation by both

parties to the contract, at a time when the balance of numbers was more unfavourable to Protestantism than it is now. Neither is it just to put out of view the fact, that the blow aimed by Mr Gladstone at the Irish Church is a blow aimed at the settlement of property both in Ireland and in Great Britain. It may be wise—we do not say that it is not—carefully to consider how far the Irish Church, in its present position, is or is not working well for the empire at large; but that is a matter on which, till the Royal Commission report, every impartial statesman would desire to reserve at least the expression of his opinion. Nor, with the Report of the Commission before them, would any, except the most morbidly ambitious of place-seekers, ever think of referring the final settlement of the question to a Parliament which has admitted, by the Act of last session, that it does not fairly represent the people of this country. We cannot, therefore, believe that Mr Gladstone will succeed in carrying, in a moribund House of Commons, a resolution so outrageously unjust as that which he threatens, not to the Queen's Ministers so much as to the country.

Since the above was written, Mr Gladstone has given formal notice of his motion, which will be in full debate about the time that this paper passes into the hands of our readers. The resolution which he brings forward is most adroitly worded. It seems to affect only the connection of the Irish Church with the State—in reality it touches the whole question of endowment. The saving clause, which would

appear to pay “due regard to all personal interests and all individual rights of property,” is at once inconsistent with itself and transparently deceptive. We know what “personal interests” may be understood to imply, that the existing incumbent shall retain his benefice for his life, or receive a just equivalent for it. But how individual rights of property are to be preserved, while you deprive the patrons of benefices of their patronage—which, let it not be forgotten, is a marketable commodity—that is more than we can understand. The whole affair is, however, a delusion and a sham. Mr Gladstone believes that he will carry his resolution; and that, having carried it, he will compel Mr Disraeli to resign. We are of a different opinion. If carried, the duty of the Government is plain. They must accept the vote for what it is worth, but refuse, point-blank, either to legislate upon it or to resign. Let the Opposition bring in a Bill, and carry it through both Houses if they can. Meanwhile the business of the country must be carried on, the supplies voted, the Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland passed, and boundaries settled; and then, and only then, the people will have a legitimate opportunity of declaring what they want. If the Irish Church is to fall, and the Scotch, and the English too, let it be by the will of a whole people, pronounced through their representatives. Do not let us have the fabric of the Constitution undermined by an assembly which exists, so to speak, only by sufferance, and must soon cease to exist at all.



For Amateurs and Gardeners.

HANDY BOOK OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN:

BEING PLAIN, PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE
PROPAGATION, CULTURE, AND ARRANGEMENT
OF
PLANTS IN FLOWER-GARDENS
ALL THE YEAR ROUND;

EMBRACING ALL CLASSES OF GARDENS FROM THE LARGEST TO THE SMALLEST; WITH
ENGRAVED PLANS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE VARIOUS SYSTEMS OF
DRYING IN BEDS AND BORDERS.

By DAVID THOMSON,

Gardener to LADY MARY C. NISBET HAMILTON,
Archerfield and Dirlston Gardens,

Author of a 'Practical Treatise on the Culture of the Pine-Apple.'

In Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

REVIEWS.

"This is essentially a book for amateurs, and every amateur who is fortunate enough to be its possessor, or who may merely skim over its pages, will, we are assured, agree with us in regarding its author as being entitled to great praise for the simple and clear manner in which he has explained the cultural directions, which, if carefully complied with, will enable the non-professional dilettantist to grow plants as well as any gardener."—*Gardener's Chronicle*, March 14, 1868.

"In conclusion, I will commend to all your readers an admirable work which has just been published by Mr David Thomson, of Archerfield, and which contains excellent practical directions for the propagation, culture, and arrangement of plants in flower-gardens all the year round. Such a manual has been long wanted, and the right man is in the right place as its author."—*S. R. H. in Gardener's Chronicle*, March 14, 1868.

"There are some men who never write upon any subject unless they perceive that relative information is needed, and that they possess such information. Mr Thomson is one of those men, and the consequence is, that the book before us is thoroughly good. . . . It is a practical volume, which we recommend to our readers without any reservation."—*Journal of Horticulture*, March 12, 1868.

"Nowadays the flower-garden is such a very important and interesting subject to many, that almost any book on the subject is sure to find readers; but, as this is written by one of the best gardeners in the country, and one, moreover, thoroughly master of the modern system of decoration, it deserves more attention than any book published on this or allied subjects of recent years. Let us permit the author to speak for himself, and on a point we have often pressed—the desirability of introducing beauty of form to the flower-garden, and chiefly by the introduction of hardy plants of elegant habit or desirable aspect. . . . We are acquainted with the results produced by the able author, as well as with his book, and can therefore pronounce the book the best on the subject yet written, or likely to be written for a long time to come."—*The Field*, March 21, 1868.

"To the performance of such a work no man could be more competent than the writer of this volume, who has long been manager of a splendid garden, which has been generously thrown open to persons of all ranks, and whose rare abilities and extensive experience have eminently qualified him to become a public instructor on the subject."—*The Observer*, March 8, 1868.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

NEWELL'S GOWN

MAY MDCCCLXVIII.

—

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

N^o. DCXXXI.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
45 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
Agents for Ireland,
HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN.

PRICE 2/6.

Printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXXI.

MAY 1868.

Vol. CIII.

CONTENTS.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. No. III.

—THE MAN OF THE WORLD,	511
LINDA TRESSEL—CONCLUSION,	534
HORSE-FLESH,	547
UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.—PART I., .	557
THE ODES OF HORACE,	573
COUNTRY GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS,	601
CORNELIUS O'DOWD,	620
THE BOBBERY PACK.—THE FRAUDULENT INSURERS.	
MR GLADSTONE AND THE STATE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH THE CHURCH,	626
A MISTAKE OF MR GLADSTONE'S,	648

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET.
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXXI.

MAY 1868.

VOL. CIII.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

NO. III.—THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

THERE are few things in the world so sad as biography ; which is but another way of saying that there is nothing so sad as life when it runs its ordinary course and lasts its appointed time. History, being on a larger scale, saves itself from the burden by the constant succession of new figures which crowd after each other on its canvass. The tragic element is kept in check by the larger story behind, in which each individual has but a passing share. The literature of imagination in all its varied forms, poetical, dramatical, or simply narrative, occupies itself with but some culminating point in life, some grand exceptional episode, some striking incident—or the story of youth, ever new and ever varied, though always the same. But the sober Muse of individual biography, which traces over and over again the same inevitable career, is a veiled and mournful figure at her best. Where her subject is one of those brief and passionate tragedies which sweep a great soul suddenly out of

the world on the fiery breath of battle, or by the fierce struggle of genius with misfortune, she is at her happiest. Whom the gods love die young : the sun that goes down at noon surrounds itself with a thousand lurid clouds and wild reflections of light in darkness ; but it avoids all the *morne* monotony, the insufferable depression, the pitiful pathos and weariness of the life which lingers out to its last moment amid the wreck of all things. Age is sad, not so much because it is age, as because the man who attains it stands on a pedestal of melancholy isolation. Death upon death must have fallen heavy on his heart ere he could reach that point of unenviable superiority. The air about him echoes dully with the sound of lamentation ; his friends have fallen around him like the leaves in autumn ; his hopes in all probability have shared the same fate. If love survives for him at all, it is the love of self-sacrifice—the devotion which leads some child or friend to give up individual happiness for the

sake of duty—an offering bitter-sweet. Thus the story of men's lives is always sad. There could be no more awful commentary on existence than is implied in such a series of sketches as we are at present engaged upon; and in this commentary there are few chapters more painfully instructive than that which concerns the courtly figure now before us, the urbane and polished Chesterfield, statesman, orator, and moralist, but, above all, man of the world.

Chesterfield was born to the possession of most of the good things for which men sigh. The heir to an English earldom, well-born (to use a word at which he himself scoffs), highly educated, highly endowed, a man to whom every prize of life was open, there is something in the very splendour of the circumstances under which he made his entrance into the world which, to a certain extent, explains his character. He was full of individual ambition—the good things won for him by his ancestors were not enough to satisfy his restless mind. To make greatness for himself, to advance by his own merits, to secure admiration, applause, and advantage on purely personal grounds, was the great object of his desire. The vantage-ground from which he set out was to such a mind a positive injury. Had he been the son of a poor gentleman compelled to win his way slowly, in the first place to a living, and after to all attainable honours, the chances are that Chesterfield would have been a better man. But his position changed the character of all the rewards to which he could aspire. It shut out the possibility of wholesome toil for wholesome advantage. It made the favour of a king, the admiration of society his highest aim. From his first outset in the world until the moment when, with a certain pathetic humour, going out for his daily drive, he explained to his French visitor

that he was going to rehearse his interment, the man Chesterfield was swallowed up in the actor whose part it was to please, to dazzle, to outshine all his surroundings, “to make every man he met like, and every woman love” him. In pursuance of this object he laboured as men labour for the noblest purposes of ambition—he educated, polished, pruned, and cultivated himself as at a later period he endeavoured, with less success, to cultivate his son. He kept himself before the public eye; he said his say upon everything, publicly with the fine periods of elaborate oratory, privately with stinging epigrams of wit. Even his pursuit of pleasure was laborious and for a purpose. When he formed his style with all the pains of a professional elocutionist, he was not more completely at work than when he put himself through a course of such pleasant vices as were then supposed to complete and ripen the reputation of a gentleman. Consciousness of himself and his intentions go with him through everything. Nothing spontaneous, nothing unpremeditated, is in the fatally well-balanced being which rises before us in all his self-revelations. We are not sure even how far it is possible to apply such a word to the utterances of Chesterfield. The self which he reveals is an artificial self. It is not the natural coxcombry which calls forth a not unkindly smile, nor the wisdom which, however limited, has some truth of experience in it, that he places before us when he draws the curtain, but rather the impersonation of a carefully-manufactured social creed, a system which he himself knows to be hollow, though he thinks it needful. What true self there was in the man, what human sense there might be in him of the failure that attended all his efforts—failure in himself, failure in his boy, humiliation, loss, abandonment—there is not a word to say. With a certain fidelity to

his creed which is almost touching in its steadiness, the old man even tries, after these two failures, to leave the inheritance of his philosophy, with his lands and his titles, to the far-off kinsman who was his heir. Strange faith, which almost outdoes in its pertinacity the highest religious devotion! The prophet had made but little by it, and had failed totally in transmitting it to his first disciple. But with the humility of a fanatic he is ready to grant that his must have been the fault, and gives testimony with the pale lips of the dying that his system itself was divine!

Chesterfield was born in September 1694, and seems to have been brought up chiefly by his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax. In 1712 he went to Cambridge, from which place he writes, with a curious evidence of the difference of education in those days and in our own, to his former tutor, M. Jouneau, a French pastor to whose care his grandmother had confided him. It was the month of August, and he had been passing a week with the Bishop of Ely. "In this short time," writes the lad, "I have seen more of the country than I had before seen in all my life, and it is very pleasant hereabouts." A youth of eighteen who could find a landscape like that which surrounds Ely novel and agreeable is indeed a variety upon the experienced boys of our own day. Already, however, the young undergraduate betrayed his tendency towards the study which was to distinguish his life. "I find this college," he adds (Trinity Hall), "infinitely the best in all the University, for it is the smallest, and is full of lawyers who have been in the world, and *qui savent vivre*." The account of his life at Cambridge which he gives to his son forty years after, is far from agreeing with the boyish wit and sophistication of his letters. "At the University," he says (writing, no doubt, at poor Philip, who loved learning better than the art of

savoir vivre), "I was an absolute pedant. When I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained everything that was necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not even without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns." Lord Chesterfield plainly does himself injustice in this, after the manner and with the same object as does the converted coalheaver, who describes to his astonished audience the horrible depths of iniquity in which he once wallowed. His early letters show none of this pedantry. They are in embryo very much what his later letters are—full of well-turned sentences, a lively if somewhat elaborate wit, and intense appreciation of all the arts and graces of society. In one, indeed, the budding politician discloses himself with a little outburst of youthful freedom. The accession of George I., which occurs while he is in Paris, fills him with satisfaction. If he had not liked it for himself, he says, the sadness of the French and the English Jacobites on the death of the Queen would have convinced him of its benefit. "But when I see," he adds, "how far things had already gone in favour of the Pretender and of Popery, and that we were within an inch of slavery, I consider the death of this woman (to wit, Queen Anne) as absolutely the greatest happiness that has ever befallen England; for if she had lived three months longer, she would no doubt have established her religion, and, as a natural consequence, tyranny; and would have left us after her death a bastard king, as foolish as herself, and who, like her, would have been led by the nose by a band of rascals." This is strong language for a man to use whose

future efforts to lead kings by the nose were most unwearied, though seldom successful. In the same letter the young traveller gives an amusing description of the way in which he had profited by his travels. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he says, "because I am very often taken for one of them, and some have paid me the highest compliment they think it in their power to bestow, which is, 'Sir, you are like one of ourselves!' I shall only tell you that I am insolent. I talk a great deal, loudly and with arrogance; I sing and dance as I walk; and above all I spend an immense sum in hair-powder, feathers, and white gloves."

A curious story is told by Dr Maty of Chesterfield's entrance into public life. He was elected member for the borough of St Germain in Cornwall, in the year 1715. It was the first Parliament under the house of Hanover, and the young legislator took the earliest opportunity of letting loose his opinion with a freedom not unlike that with which he had expounded it in writing, in the letter we have just quoted. He said, speaking of Harley and Bolingbroke, that "he was persuaded that the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who betrayed it in so infamous a manner." When he had ended his speech, a member belonging to the opposite party went over to the new orator: he "complimented him upon his *coup d'essai*," and added "that he was exactly acquainted with the date of his birth, and could prove that, when he was chosen a member of the House he was not come of age, and that he was not so now: at the same time he assured him that he wished to take no advantage of this, unless his own friends were pushed; in which case, if Chesterfield offered to vote, he would immediately acquaint the House with it." The young man still wanted some weeks

of being one-and-twenty when this conversation took place, and he knew the consequences, which were the instant annulling of his election and a fine of £500. In such a case discretion was evidently the better part of valour. Accordingly he "answered nothing; but making a low bow quitted the House directly and went to Paris." Thus abruptly his first attempt at politics came to a premature end.

Soon after this amusing incident the smouldering feud between the King and Prince of Wales broke out into open enmity, and Chesterfield, who had been appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the latter, was for nearly a dozen years shut out from all preferment. With the hopes natural to the adherents of a young prince, he bore this tacit exclusion from all gains and honours, believing in a better time to come. The Court at Leicester Fields was gay and young, and much more worth frequenting than the heavy old Hanoverian Court at St James's. And though Chesterfield made the mistake of devoting himself to the special service, not of the true mistress of the house and society, but of Lady Suffolk, yet no doubt the life was one that suited him and developed his mind. The wittiest men and the prettiest women in England met there in the slipshod grandeur of the time, with the high spirits of youth, and the stimulus of a common butt as well as of a common expectation. The nasty old Court half a mile off, the heavy wicked German women, the old King with his hideous favourites, must no doubt have afforded the best of subjects for social satire and high-spiced gossip. How it could possibly have happened that Chesterfield found his wife there it is impossible to divine. But there could not have been any question of Mademoiselle Schulemberg when he and the wits of the time met the pretty maids of honour in the apartment of the Princess's bedchamber woman in

waiting, "the fashionable evening rendezvous," as Horace Walpole tells us, "of all the most distinguished wits and beauties."

Towards the end of this pleasant period of expectation, Chesterfield was unwillingly obliged to go through his share of domestic duty in the way of attending his father during his last illness. The Earl had been a harsh and unloving father, and, indeed, seems to have treated his eldest son with downright injustice, preferring a younger brother, upon whom he heaped favours—a circumstance which gives what excuse is possible to the tone in which his son speaks of him. Bretby, the seat of his family, to which Lord Chesterfield's illness called his heir, was intolerable to the young man of fashion. In the whole series of letters, extending over so many years of his life, only two are dated from this ancestral house. In the first he declares that if his imprisonment lasted much longer he should go mad of it. "This place," he writes, "being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen seem willingly to dwell; for as for the very few human faces that I behold, they look, like myself, rather condemned than inclined to stay here." Fortunately, the sentiments of our grand seigneurs, as well as their habits, have changed since that time. The modern country-house system, with its heaps of visitors, seems to have been attempted by Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, to the grave displeasure and animadversion of his neighbours, to whom it was an instance of *luxu effrené*. But Chesterfield loved town, and claved to it. It was "filial piety" alone that induced his exile,—a piety, he writes coarsely—though it was Lady Suffolk, a woman not without delicacy of mind and feeling, who was his correspondent—surpassing that of Æneas, "for when he took such care of his father he was turned of

fourscore, and not likely to trouble him long. . . . Had his father been of the same age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after." He was delivered, however, from this bondage in a few months, and became Earl of Chesterfield at the ripe age of thirty-two, shortly before his Prince became King: so that all the good things of life seemed about to fall at once into his expectant hands.

These expectations were but poorly realised. The new reign did not, as has been already described, produce the overturn that was looked for, and the dependants of the Court were grievously disappointed. Chesterfield, however, seems to have been one of the few for whom the King, so curiously baffled and cheated out of his own way at the outset of his career, felt it incumbent upon him to do something. And accordingly the ambitious Lord of the Bedchamber was sent off as Ambassador to Holland, the Minister probably being very glad to be rid of so sharp a tongue and so keen a critic. It is at this point in his career that Lord Hervey pauses in his story of Queen Caroline and her Court to describe with cutting and bitter force the character and appearance of his rival courtier. We are not told of any personal quarrel existing between them, but the picture is so uncompromising, so venomous and vindictive, that it is impossible not to see some sharper feeling than mere political opposition behind. Chesterfield, with other too-subtle politicians, had paid court to Lady Suffolk, the supposed possessor of George's affections, instead of his wife, his real sovereign. And this piece of over-wise folly was punished by the dislike and tacit enmity of the Queen. But even Hervey's sympathy with the Queen's dislike is not enough to point such periods as those he devotes to the description of this new claimant of honour. "His person was as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure

to be without being deformed," he says. "He was very short, disproportioned, thick and clumsily made, with black teeth and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant, which was a humorous idea, and really apposite." He then proceeds, evidently by way of making his sketch more impressive, to compare the character of Chesterfield with that of his friend Lord Scarborough. The latter, he tells us, "always searched after truth, loved and adhered to it; whereas Lord Chesterfield looked on nothing in that light—he never considered what was true or false, but related everything in which he had no interest just as his imagination suggested it would tell best; and if by suiting, adding, or altering any circumstance, it served either the purpose of his interest, his vanity, or his enmity, he would dress it up in that fashion without any scruple and often with as little probability; by which means, as much as he piqued himself upon being distinguished for his wit, he often gave people a greater opinion of the copiousness of his invention and the fertility of his imagination than he desired. Lord Scarborough had understanding with judgment and without wit; Lord Chesterfield, a speculative head with wit and without judgment. Lord Scarborough had honour and principle, Lord Chesterfield neither: the one valued them wherever he saw them; the other despised the reality, and believed those who seemed to have most had generally only the appearance, especially if they had sense. Patriotism, adherence to a party, the love of one's country, and a concern for the public, were his common topics for ridicule; he would not scruple to own that he thought the laws of honour in man and the rules of virtue in woman, like the tenets

of an established religion, very proper things to inculcate, but what the people of sense and discernment of both sexes professed without regarding, and transgressed while they recommended. Nor were the tempers of the two men more unlike than their understanding and their principles. Lord Scarborough being generally splenetic and absent, Lord Chesterfield always cheerful and present; everybody liked the character of the one without being very solicitous for his company; and everybody was solicitous of the company of the other without liking his character. In short, Lord Scarborough was an honest prudent man, capable of being a good friend; and Lord Chesterfield a dishonest, ir-resolute, imprudent creature, capable only of being a disagreeable enemy."

It is strange to think that all this concentrated essence of ill-will should have lain bottled up for more than a century in a friendly English country-house to be poured forth, so long after both were dead, upon the memory of an ancient rival. It will be clear to the reader that the harmless figure of Scarborough is introduced only by way of foil to the darker lines that describe his companion. And yet there appears no quarrel between Hervey and Chesterfield to justify this post-humous rancour. Unless in some secret path unknown to history, they never seem to have come in each other's way; and Chesterfield, though more immediately successful in public life than his painter, was never successful enough to call forth the bitterness of envy to such a point. The defects of his personal appearance are evidently exaggerated in this truculent sketch; but his portrait by Gainsborough, which is said to be the best, affords some foundation for the picture. The face is heavy, rugged, and unlovely, though full of force and intelligence; and his unheroic form and stature are points which Chester-

field himself does not attempt to conceal.

The embassy to Holland, Lord Mahon informs us, was his first public appointment; and it reveals a good point in his character, a power of interesting himself, not for the moment but permanently, in those whose public interests were placed in his hand. Holland throughout his life continued one of the objects of his care. Besides his letters to the Minister, which are filled with public affairs, there are a few addressed to Lady Suffolk, in which the private life of the Ambassador is reflected. He sends a "tea and chocolate service" for the Queen's acceptance, made "of metal enamelled inside and out with china of all colours"—and is "extremely sensible" of the honour she does him in accepting it; and he informs his fair correspondent that "there is an extreme fine Chinese bed, window-curtains, chairs, &c., to be sold for between seventy and eighty pounds," which he imagines she might like for her retirement at Marble Hill. He gives her at the same time a sketch of his daily existence. "I have all the reason in the world," he says, "to believe that my stay here will be beneficial both to my body and soul; here being few temptations, and still fewer opportunities to sin." . . . "My morning," he adds, "is entirely taken up in doing the King's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, when the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the *patronazza* and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five (!) o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as for instance the Fornalt (a public promenade) till six; then either a very bad French play, or a *reprie* at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which with a very ill run one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with

satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day which leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven with the testimony of a good conscience. In this serenity of mind I pity you who are forced to endure the tumultuous pleasures of London." For these pleasures of course the exile sighs—but he bears with sufficient equanimity his banishment among the Dutchmen, entering into all their affairs with a zeal which made him ever after an authority on the subject, yet with an eye upon the West Indian ships and their curiosities, as well as on the sentiments of the Pensionary and the politics of Europe in general. It would seem that he did so well as to merit on his return not only the white wand of Lord Steward, but the greater honour of the Garter, for which he had addressed a petition to Lord Townshend during his exile, and which was bestowed upon him at his return.

It was after the conclusion of this mission that his marriage took place, an event to all appearance utterly unimportant in his life, and difficult to account for in any way. His wife was Melusina Schulemberg, niece, or, as some thought, daughter, of the Duchess of Kendal the mistress of George I., a woman belonging to a totally different *milieu* from his, and who had by no means escaped with clean hands from the intrigues of the shameless German council which surrounded the Hanoverian King. Hervey describes her somewhere as "an avaricious fury;" but Hervey, as we have seen, could be bitter. Only a few years before she had been one of the central figures in a scheme for the recall of Bolingbroke, for which little business twelve thousand pounds were, it is said, paid to her by his French wife. She had been created Countess of Walsingham in her own right by George I., and "her fortune," Dr Maty tells us, "was suitable to her rank." Had this mar-

riage taken place in the previous reign, it might have been supposed a step in that elaborate pursuit of success which was Chesterfield's object in life; but this could not be the case in the reign of Caroline. According to Dr Maty, however, it had been projected years before, but prevented by George I. on the ground of the lover's gambling habits; by which suggestion two very unromantic figures are quaintly placed before us as plaintive victims of a long engagement, like any suffering curate and his humble love. The result, however, of the postponed union, and the difficulties with which love had to struggle in this case, is curious enough. "On changing her condition," says the same authority, "she did not leave the Duchess of Kendal; and Lord Chesterfield, *who was their next-door neighbour* in Grosvenor Square, most constantly divided his time between his business in his own house and his attentions and duties in the other. Minerva presided in the first, and in the last Apollo with the Muses!" Chesterfield, perhaps, of all historical figures, is the one that harmonises best with the droll idea of having a wife who lived next door!

After this marriage, however, we hear next to nothing of Lady Chesterfield; the only reply her husband makes to the congratulations of a friend at so early a date as a month after, is the composed remark, "I will not take up your time with any compliments to you upon the part you are so good as to take in whatever concerns me——"! Her name does not occur half-a-dozen times in his correspondence. They had no children; and the wife, it is evident, made little difference in, and was of very small importance to, his life.

A short time previous to this marriage, however, a little event had occurred which was of more account to the hard and brilliant man of the world than all the revolutions of Europe. A poor little

illegitimate boy stole into the world in which he had no business to be; a creature without rights, or name, or any lawful place on this earth: and straightway a miracle happened greater than any in Moses. The dry rod budded, and felt through all its arid fibres the rushing in of new life; a heart woke in the cold bosom, filling it with the strangest inspiration that ever possessed a man. It was love, half noble, wholly pathetic in its devotion, which thus sprang up in the hitherto barren existence,—such a love as few have felt, and none except himself revealed; divine, yet most earthly, patient, tender, pure, ignoble, vile. We give for form's sake the record of Chesterfield's existence—so many years in office, so many incidents, pleasures, and honours. But he himself has presented to us the quintessence and sublimated spirit of his life, the best and worst of him, blended in one of those amazing human combinations which nothing can resolve into their absolute elements. This new created heart, where no one ever expected a heart to be, beating high with tenderness, yearning, fond ambitions, fears, and hopes—yet so mean in its highest flight, so earthly, base, and sensual, so heavenly patient and forbearing, so devilish in counsel, so wise in care, brooding with an infinite and untiring love over every minute detail of the cherished being dependent on it—is one of the strangest sights that ever was opened up for the wonder of men and angels. Philip Stanhope was no more worthy to be the object of it than Lord Chesterfield was to exhibit this typical, awful, divine passion; at once the love of a devil and the love of a God.

It began in 1732 with the life which this wonderful paternal affection alone made remarkable. The urchin could scarcely have been out of petticoats before, amid all his political occupations, between the cares of office and the cabals of op-

position, the statesman, happy in his task, wrote out his little epitomes of history, his little sketches of schoolboy mythology: "Romulus and Remus were twins, and sons of Rhea Sylvia," writes the father; and next moment turns to the affairs of Europe, to hot debates in Parliament, to all the whirl of imperial business. Nothing distracts him from that sweet occupation. He could not transmit either name or rank to the one creature whom he loved; but he would make of him, if mortal might could do it, the most shining man of his generation, the captain of a new age. Poor Chesterfield! If he had been a better man, and his aim a nobler aim, it is possible that the heart of the bystander would have felt an ache less keen for all his wisdom and folly and downfall. As we look at him in his many occupations in that bustling world so different from our own, there is little to love, little to honour in the brilliant worldling; but to see him smile over his little letters, and compose his careful abridgments, makes the heart melt and the eye fill with tears. There is nothing in history more touching, more pathetic than this picture; especially as all along, from the tender childish beginning, throughout the patient course of years, the spectator standing far off, and seeing all, knows that this grand enterprise, in which the man has embarked his life, must fail.

Lord Chesterfield's personal political career was a curiously unsuccessful one. His powers seem to have been fully acknowledged on all sides. He not only studied to be, but was, a good speaker; though Dr Maty admits that he was more popular in the House of Lords than he had ever been in the House of Commons. There were, however, reasons for this, which his biographer gives with delicious gravity. "One nobleman was not heard with so much applause in the Lower as in

the Upper House," he says. "Refined wit and delicate irony are often lost in popular and numerous assemblies. Strength either of argument or voice, a flow of pompous words, and a continual appeal to the passions, are in such places the best arms to support a good cause or to defend a bad one. The case is very different in the House of Peers. Minds cast in a finer mould affect to despise what they call the vulgar arts; and, raised equally *above fears and feelings*, can only be affected by wit and ridicule, and love to find some of that elegant urbanity and convivial pleasantry which charms them in private life." This explanation is as fine as the minds of those peers to whom the physician-biographer looks up with *naïf* and loyal adoration. Horace Walpole, however, though nothing but a commoner, seems to have been capable of comprehending the qualities of Chesterfield, and describes him on one occasion as having made "the finest oration I ever heard." Even Lord Hervey admits "that he was allowed by everybody to have more conversable entertaining wit than any man of his time." Thus popularly gifted, and at the same time a man of really enlightened views on some points, a sturdy partisan, faithful to his friends and considerate of his dependants, and a personage of sufficient importance in the public eye to be worth any minister's attention, Chesterfield was yet invariably snubbed, held at arm's length, and kept down by everybody in power. Considering what was his peculiar ambition, and the immense efforts he made to further it, the fact of his constant failure is very curious. The few essays he was permitted to make in government seem to have been decidedly successful, especially his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. But his useful work stood him in as small stead as his gift of oratory, or his brilliant social powers. Notwithstanding that he had every quality necessary to command suc-

cess, he attained it only by moments. In the time of the first George he was related to the powerful minister Stanhope, but neutralised this advantage by attaching himself to the interests of the Prince of Wales; and when his Prince became King, Chesterfield, once more unlucky, lost the benefit of his favour with the Sovereign by opposition to the Queen and her Minister. He was one of the men whose fortune it is to be perpetually in opposition. His first embassy to the Hague won him, as we have already said, a Garter and a place in the Household; but he lost the latter very shortly after by opposing Walpole in his Excise scheme. This was in 1732. For ten years afterwards he not only set himself in bitter enmity against the Government, but was even an exile from Court, the home of his soul, so to speak, and betook himself to the new Prince of Wales as by a decree of fate. Even Walpole's downfall did not bring back his adversary into office. The new Ministry had maintained a troubled existence for two or three years, before necessity compelled the King and Cabinet to receive the obnoxious statesman among them. In 1744, when it was thought his influence with his old friends the Dutch might be of use, he was called back to office, with a grudging promise of the Lord-Lieutenancy in Ireland after he fulfilled his mission. His mission was to persuade the Dutch to join in the war then being waged throughout Europe on behalf of Maria Theresa. The trifling circumstance that he did not approve of this war, does not seem to have been taken into account either by himself or his colleagues; though it is stated with delightful perspicacity by Dr Maty. "Were the account he is said to have written of this embassy ever to see the light," says this candid historian, "it would appear how earnest he was to obtain from the Dutch what he believed they ought to, and perhaps wished

they would, refuse." After he had fulfilled with indifferent success this uncongenial mission, he went to Ireland,—a post in which he remained for less than a year, and where he distinguished himself by good intentions at least, and a desire for the real advantage of the country, which, according to Dr Maty, made his name "revered by all ranks and orders of men;" and of which Lord Mahon, less ecstatic and at a greater distance, can still say, "His name, I am assured, lives in the honoured remembrance of the Irish people as perhaps next to Ormond, the best and worthiest of their long viceregal line."

This is a great deal to say, if we could have the least confidence that the Irish people herein mentioned were in any way identical with the real nation as now recognised. We fear it is not possible to come to any such conclusion. The Ireland which Lord Chesterfield, briefly and justly, according to the views of his time, governed, was one from which he hoped to be able to extirpate the "Popish religion and influence" by "good usage, supporting the charity schools, and adhering strictly to the Gavel Act." This Gavel Act (heaven be praised not one in a thousand of the present generation so much as know it by name!) was a law by which "all Popish estates at the death of the Popish possessor were divided in equal parts, share and share alike, among his Popish relatives who are the nearest of kin, if they all continue in their religion; but if one of them turn Protestant, he becomes the heir-at-law." The Irish nation which applauded Chesterfield—the people who a few years before had been roused by Swift into a unanimous popular opposition against Walpole's copper money—could only have been the dominant Protestants, who had still their foot upon the neck of the conquered country, and who have left us so many pleasant tangles to unravel.

It was in '45, that fatal date for the Highlanders and the Stuarts. The last most sad, hopeless, and magnanimous of rebellions was in full career when Chesterfield landed in Ireland, of which great fears were also entertained. "In an island esteemed not less boisterous than the element that surrounds it, he was particularly happy in quieting and captivating the turbulent disposition of the inhabitants; and Cicero, whom he had constantly before his eyes as an orator, became also the object of his imitation in his government," says his biographer. He addressed himself, in opening the Irish Parliament, Dr Maty also tells us, to "a feeling people, with the authority of a ruler, and the affection of a father." But he did a great deal better than propose to himself the example of Cicero, or please the "feeling people" with addresses. He was wise enough not to irritate the Popish helots into too much sympathy with their rebel brethern in Scotland. He did not follow the example set him in England of shutting up the Roman Catholic chapels, and banishing the priests, but let everything go on as usual, keeping a wary eye upon possible malcontents, and warning them that, indulgent as he was, not Cromwell himself could be harder, if once roused. He was as tender of their finances as if they had been his own; he took pains to provide arms and other munitions through means of honest men, and not by ruinous and villanous contracts. He saw justice done impartially, without respect of creed; and did everything in his power to promote the beginnings of industrial enterprise, in which, he was enlightened enough to see, lay the real hopes of Ireland. In the letters which he wrote after his return to various people in Ireland, this subject is the continual burden. He suggests the manufacture of bottles, of paper, of potato-starch, of every new invention he can hear of. "These are the sort of jobs," he writes to

his correspondent, Prior, who was a member of the Dublin Society, and a man of energy and public spirit, "that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care as they do jobs of a very different nature. Those honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you; think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against Poverty as against Popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter."

In other letters, Chesterfield repeats and enlarges upon this advice, with many warnings against the familiar demon claret, which was wasting the means of the Irish gentry. "I wish my country-people," he says,—"for I look upon myself as an Irishman still—would but attend half as much to those useful objects as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland. Nine gentlemen in ten are impoverished by the great quantity of claret which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses. This expense leaves them no room to improve their estates by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine merchants." . . . "It may seem vain to say so," he continues in another letter, "but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious

and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasant visions of public good. . . . Fortune, chance, or providence—call it which you will—has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination, but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interests and prosperity of Ireland, and I shall always retain the truest affection for and remembrance of that country—I wish I could say, of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation.”

These anxious wishes and affectionate sentiments sprang from a connection with Ireland which lasted little more than six months. At the first glance it does not seem a likely post for Chesterfield. But he liked it, took to it kindly, and threw himself into it heartily; which, of course, was reason enough why he should be called away and the post given to an utterly indifferent man, who cared nothing about Ireland. He left his viceregal court to go to Bath, being ill, with the intention of making a speedy return. But the Ministry were at the time in great difficulties, labouring between peace and war, and unable to hold together, and Chesterfield had recovered in some degree his ancient favour with King George, and was useful to them. He amused the King, or rather, to use the much finer language of Dr Maty, “he was assiduous in paying his court at those hours when kings may sometimes lay aside majesty and remember they are men, and, ready to seize any opportunity to divert and to please, he sometimes succeeded in unbending the bow of his master, and seducing him into a laugh,” a sublime result of which an instance is given. An important place in the Government had been allotted to some one personally disliked by the King, and to whose nomination he refused his consent. When matters went so far that nobody dared speak of this appointment again, Lord Chesterfield took

it in hand. “As soon as he mentioned the name, the monarch angrily refused, and said, “*I would rather have the devil!*” “With all my heart,” said the Earl; “I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind that the commission is indited *to our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin.*” This sally had its effect. The King laughed, and said, “My lord, do as you please.”

When a man could be had to lighten in this way the communications between the King and his Ministers, it was not to be supposed that he could be permitted to return to Ireland, especially as one of the Secretaries of State, Lord Harrington (another Stanhope), finding himself crossed, balked, and humiliated by his colleague the Duke of Newcastle, had just resigned his office. It was conferred upon Chesterfield “in a manner,” his biographer says, “which made refusal impossible,” and he was “transferred from a post where he enjoyed ease, dignity, and profit, to one attended with great difficulties, and, in the present circumstances, with danger.” His post was that of “Secretary of State for the Northern Department,” and the ticklish condition of the States of Holland, in which he had a special interest, was, or ought to have been, his particular charge. But Chesterfield was not more fortunate than Harrington had been. He found his efforts neutralised, and his labour made vain, by the interference of his colleague, “who left him scarce a shadow of power.” The one thing he seems to have succeeded in doing was getting his friend Mr Dayrolles, one of his chief correspondents, appointed Resident at the Hague. But as for any real influence over the troubled affairs of the time, it is evident that Chesterfield might as well have been in Ireland or at the end of the world. “The two brothers” were managing or mismanaging the allied armies abroad. Holland was on the brink of general ruin and bankruptcy,

with nobody ready to help her, Marshal Saxe on her borders, and England her only ally, refusing terms of peace, yet unprepared for war. Chesterfield struggled his best, but was thwarted on every side by secret correspondences and underhand intrigues. "Charles Bentinck arrived here the day before yesterday," he writes to Dayrolles; "but what his business is is yet a secret to me, neither his brother nor he thinking it necessary to communicate anything to me, though in my department. The affairs are all transacted secretly with the Duke of Newcastle, Sandwich, and Chabannes." "You judge very right," he adds, "in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be so paddling as to hinder you from rowing. . . . Neither the state of foreign nor domestic affairs will permit me to continue much longer in my present situation. I cannot go on writing orders of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *commis*, and in which I have not been able to do one service to any man, though ever so necessitous, lest I should be supposed to have any power, and my colleague not the whole."

Thus disgusted with the plottings which took away everything but the semblance of power from his hands, he resigned his office, and with it political life. This was in the beginning of the year 1748; so that, notwithstanding his long devotion to politics, he was in office altogether only about six years out of the two-and-twenty which he had spent in the service of the public. When it is considered how great and versatile his talents were, what a thirst for "pleasing" possessed him, and how many advantages he had in the

outset of his career, this is very unaccountable. No other statesman of his day was so continually thwarted, so thrust aside by every possible rival. The scraps of power he enjoyed were wrung from the governments under which he held office chiefly by the impossibility of finding any one else fit for the post. No party wanted him, or sought his support. And yet, in addition to his personal claims, he had the positive recommendation of having done all the work intrusted to him well, and of having, in one case at least, shown real meaning and intention, and a true idea of the position. Whether it might be that he was too clever for his colleagues, none of whom were men of genius, or in reality too subtle for the work itself, going about it with craft that overshot its mark, as in his idea of ruling George II. by means first of Lady Suffolk and then of Lady Yarmouth, it is impossible to say. But notwithstanding that success was the object of his life, notwithstanding what has been called the marketable morality which moved him, and the want of any harsh and uncompromising principle that could have stood in his way, it is evident that Chesterfield's political life was a failure—a weary, thankless, hopeless struggle for an end which he could never attain.

A curious evidence of the conscientiousness of a man from whom we are little disposed to expect such a quality is conveyed to us in the fact that, though intensely addicted to gambling, he gave it up entirely while in office. The night after his resignation he went back to his favourite weakness; an example of public, if not of personal, virtue.

All this time, however, while he had been fighting in opposition and struggling in office, "the boy," the great object of his life, had been growing into intelligence and early manhood. We have no absolute ground on which to form a judgment of what this boy was. He

appears to us in the curious seclusion of a being continually addressed but never replying, covered as with a veil of silence and passive opposition. We do not know that he put himself in opposition; indeed what evidence there is would seem to say that he never opposed anything in actual words; but the fact that all the volumes addressed to him are left without audible reply, invests the unseen figure with this air of resistance, silent and unexpressed. So far as appears, Philip Stanhope must have been a lout of learning, sufficiently good intentions, and talent enough to be the despair of any ambitious father—a boy capable of solid instruction to any amount, taking in his education with a certain stolid persistence, and following the counsels addressed to him with exasperating docility, but no sort of spontaneous impulse. As we glance over these brilliant, worldly, hideous pages, the often repeated injunctions, the elaborately varied advice, the repetition, line upon line and precept upon precept, of all that code of manners and morals,—a profound pity for the unhappy lad upon whom this stream descended will by times move the mind of the reader. How it must have worried, vexed, disquieted, and discouraged the cub who was more bear than lion!—how his languid ambition must have sickened and his feeble desires languished under the goad of that enthusiasm which never flags!—how he must have hated the mere idea of “pleasing” or attempting to please! We have no record that the boy was wicked, as he might well have been. Judging by human nature in general, indeed, one would be more disposed to believe that he must have subsided into dull virtue, of that tame domestic order which dismayed his father’s soul. Such a hypothesis would be justified by the discovery of his marriage, which Chesterfield made only after his death. In his wan-

derings over the Continent and in his life in Paris he appears but dimly, under the rain of command, counsel, direction, criticism, railery, and persuasion which shrouds him round like a mist. The position is tragic from the father’s side, but it is half absurd and half pitiful on that of the son. If any kind of response had but come now and then out of the stillness, it would have broken the spell a little. But the voiceless soul stands mute, and takes all in—throws all off from the armour of *amour propre* and self-will—one cannot tell which. It is the most curious situation, humorous, touching, laughable. Out of the clouds and darkness appears the one man talking eagerly, straining his eyes, straining all his faculties, employing all the resources of infinite skill and patience to touch and influence the other; and that other opposing a dead silence, a heavy acquiescence, a passive resistance to all this vehemence, eagerness, and passion. The poor fellow’s brains must have got confused with the eloquence poured forth upon him, the keen pricks of ridicule, the instructions which omit nothing and leave nothing to private judgment. The spectator weeps a tear of blood for the father, thus staking all upon one throw; but there is also a certain pity in his mind for the boy. What effect could such perpetual stimulants have upon a tame nature incapable of any sovereign impulse? Philip Stanhope must have listened with weariness, with dull struggles of impatience, with a growing bewilderment—he must have sought refuge in silence, in obscurity and concealment. No doubt he felt with the infallible certainty of self-consciousness that he was not a man who could ever fill up the ideal set before him. The desire of his soul must have been to be let alone. On the other side, that passion of parental love which insists on perfection, and demands

success—which would give its last drop of blood for its child, yet requires a strain of excellence, a height of attainment to which only genius could reach—has, notwithstanding all its faults, but too sure a claim upon our sympathies. Yet the object of this too ambitious affection, the dull soul that could neither rise to the mark nor catch the contagion of enthusiasm, is to be pitied too.

Nothing could be more careful and elaborate than Philip Stanhope's education. When the child had attained his eighth year, we find him in the hands of three masters—Mr Maittaire, who seems to have had the principal charge of him, a classical tutor, and a French one—besides the unceasing letters of his father, who had already begun to discourse to him on his own improvement, mental, social, and spiritual. Already at this early age a thousand inducements, warnings, subtle little strokes of wit, and delicate raileries, are poured forth upon the boy to convince him of the necessity of those graces which he seems from the beginning to have held at arm's length. It must have been a certain hunger of the heart, and aching need of companionship, which induced Chesterfield to set up this little boy into the position of a reasoning and reasonable creature, and address him almost as man to man; or else the child must have revealed his character at a singularly early period to the keen eye which scrutinised him from every point, and to which nothing that concerned him was indifferent. At eight years old the burden of the strain is very much what it is at eighteen. "Il suive souvent," the anxious father says to the awkward urchin, "qu'un homme qui a beaucoup d'esprit, et qui ne sait pas vivre, est moins bien reçu qu'un homme qui a moins d'esprit mais qui a *du monde*. . . . Cet objet merite votre attention : pensez y donc, et joignez la modestie

à une assurance polie et aisée." A little later Philip was sent to Westminster School, where, Dr Maty informs us, "he acquired a great fund of classical erudition," and where his progress in every possible way was watched over and accompanied by the same running commentary of advice, encouragement, soft railery, the tender humour of a much-experienced man flowing forth on the young soul from whom he expects everything with a hopefulness of love which no experience can teach. "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," he says, and goads the boy thereupon with playful pricks of ridicule. Chesterfield was busy in his short reign in Ireland at this moment, and his letters were few. But his many occupations did not interfere with the one correspondence of his life. Amid all his cares he had time to attend to "the book that I published not quite fourteen years ago. It is a small quarto," he says, with that soft laugh in his voice which is so near tears and so tremulous with love; "and though I say it myself, there is something good in it: but at the same time it is incorrect, and so inaccurate that I must have a better edition of it published, which I will carefully revise and correct. It will soon be much more generally used than it has been yet," he adds, with fond hopefulness; "and therefore it is necessary that it should *'prodire in lucem multo emendatior.'*"

And here begins the tragedy of Chesterfield's life—his chief claim on human regard, detestation, and sympathy. The reader will be more than man to whose eye there steals no moisture, and whose heart swells with no emotion, before this wondrous record. The soul of the scheming man of the world was moved with the purest, the noblest ambition. A fresh life, a new creature was in his skilled and able hands. He would

mould it to the highest form that manhood could take. The excellence of all the nations should concentrate in this English boy. Whatever wisdom, love, wealth, troops of friends, the power of literature, the grace of courts could do to inform and improve, should be done for him. The stuff was there, the father said to himself, with proud affection—it wanted but cultivation, labour, care; and he himself, master of all arts, with masters of every art under the sun to back him, was ready for the work. He saw his son already the chief diplomatist in Europe, the greatest statesman in England, adding a new lustre to the name of Stanhope, though he could make no claim to its titles. When he accepted, reluctantly, the post of Secretary of State, it was with an eye, his biographer tells us, to the probable fulfilment of its duties, one day or other, by his boy. From the moment of Philip's entry into the world, a self-abnegation, most touching and perfect, a reference of everything to the new life, appears in his father's mind. Henceforward his studies, his labours, his ambition, have all an object out of himself. His friends become precious to him chiefly in proportion to their power to serve his son; his wealth, his position, the prestige of his own talents and powers, stream all into one current, tributary to the advancement and perfection of Philip Stanhope. It is a standing wonder to the reader how any man could have so enlarged on one subject without becoming utterly monotonous and wearisome; and it is a greater wonder still to mark the sublime love which inspires the whole, which condescends to the most trifling subjects, and stoops to the lowest vices, yet never altogether loses its innate divinity. It is a love which goes so far as to veil itself, to abjure all its natural majesty, to bring itself to the level of its object, and discourse to him with the assumed

calm of an ordinary companion. We doubt whether such a sight has ever been seen in the world either before or since. Even in the estimate which has been made of him by posterity, it is as the author of a system of social philosophy, a polite moralist and sage, that Chesterfield holds rank; and not as a martyr and prophet of sovereign and fatal love.

When the boy was still very young, he was sent to travel under the charge of a tutor, "Mr Harte, a gentleman of Oxford,"—"d'une erudition consommée," as Chesterfield describes him to his friend Madame de Monconseil, but whom Dr Maty gives no very good account of. He "certainly had none of the amiable connecting qualifications which the Earl wished in his son," says the biographer. "Whoever will take the trouble of tracing the different steps of Mr Stanhope's education, will perceive that this fundamental error in the plan was the source of all the future mistakes in his conduct." Under the charge of Mr Harte, the boy went to pursue his studies first in Lausanne and then in Leipzig, pursued everywhere by his father's letters, which exhorted him to learn everything that was to be learned, to make himself acquainted with the national economy of every place he passed through, with its history and relations to other countries, and with everything that could be of use to him in his future career as a diplomatist. His residence in Leipzig was specially with the intention of learning German, an accomplishment so uncommon in those days, that he is supposed to be "almost the only Englishman who either can speak or understand it." But, above all, it was good manners, good breeding, politeness, the arts of society, which Philip was required to cultivate. On this subject his tender counsellor is diffuse,—he cannot exhaust it, or come to an

end of the exhortations, the entreaties, the examples, and warnings he thinks necessary. "My plan for you from the beginning has been to make you shine," he says. "*Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les graces, le je ne sais quoi qui plaît*, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit as the polish is to the diamond." "You must always expect to hear more or less from me upon that important subject of manners, graces, and address." This is the prevailing tone of the long and patient letters lavished upon the boy. The skill with which the subject is varied is wonderful. When the heavier labour of education is over, the young fellow goes to Italy to begin in earnest that process of polish to which all his life his father has been directing him—and then there comes to be a certain solemnity in the paternal exhortations. It is thus that Chesterfield explains to his son, aged seventeen, the system of education according to which he had been brought up:—

"From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow; in this view, I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education; convinced that education more than nature is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you thus got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And, indeed, they are so plain and clear that they require but a moderate degree of understanding either to comprehend or practise

them. Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake if nobody were to know it, as he would be clean for his own sake though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you on these subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained. My next object was sound and useful learning. My own care first, Mr Harte's afterwards, and *of late* (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular, and I have reason to believe will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding, without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and to a certain degree unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient." . . . "A man of sense," Chesterfield adds, in another letter, "carefully attends to the local manners of the respective places where he is, and takes for his models those persons whom he observes to be at the head of the fashion and good-breeding. He watches how they address themselves to their superiors, how they accost their equals, and how they treat their inferiors; and lets none of those little niceties escape him which are to good-breeding what the last delicate and masterly touches are to a good picture, and of which the vulgar have no notion, but by which good judges distinguish the master. He attends even to their air, dress, and motions, and imitates them liberally and not servilely—he copies, but does not mimic. These personal graces are of very great con-

sequence—they anticipate the sentiments before merit can engage the understanding—they captivate the heart, and give rise, I believe, to the extravagant notion of charms and philters. Their effects were so surprising that they were reckoned supernatural. The most graceful and best bred men, and the handsomest and genteel women, give the most philters; and, as I verily believe, without the least assistance of the devil. Pray be not only well-dressed, but shining in your dress—let it have *du brillant*. I do not mean by a clumsy load of gold and silver, but by the taste and fashion of it. Women like and require it: they think it an attention due to them: but, on the other hand, if your motions and carriage are not graceful, genteel, and natural, your fine clothes will only display your awkwardness the more. But I am unwilling to suppose you still awkward; for surely by this time you must have caught a good air in good company. . . . If you will be pleased to observe what people of the first fashion do with their legs and arms, heads and bodies, you will reduce yours to certain decent laws of motion. You danced pretty well here, and ought to dance very well before you come home; for what one is obliged to do sometimes, one ought to be able to do well. And you should endeavour to shine. A calm serenity, negative merits and graces, do not become your age. You should be *alerte, adroit, vif*: be wanted, talked of, impatiently expected, and unwillingly parted with in company. I should be glad to hear half-a-dozen women of fashion say, '*Où est donc le petit Stanhope? Que ne vient-il? Il faut avouer qu'il est aimable.*' All this I do not mean with regard to women as the principal object, but with regard to men, and with a view of making yourself considerable. For, with very small variations, the same things that please women please men; and a man whose manners are softened and

polished by women of fashion, and who is formed by them to an habitual attention and complaisance, will please, engage, and convince men much easier and more than he would otherwise."

Alas, poor Philip! Pleasing was not his occupation in this world. All these, and a thousand more advices to the same effect, he must have received with the docility of habit and despair. His unwearied Mentor lays curious tender transparent traps for him in the shape of letters he professes to have received about *le petit Stanhope*—all couched in Chesterfieldian language, noting the same advantages and the same defects; he approaches the everlasting subject now from one side, now from another; he embodies it in sparkling little treatises; he drags it in unawares in unexpected postscripts; he prays, bribes, threatens, shows how easy it is, how indispensable, how attractive. Two large and closely printed volumes, of which this is the perpetual burden, were shed upon the lad, notwithstanding all the double difficulties of posts and distances in those days, between his eighth and his one-and-twentieth year; but Philip major and Philip minor seems to have remained the same lout, with the same deficiencies throughout all.

We may remark, while quoting these letters, that they contain some very remarkable bits of literary criticism, in one of which he assures his son that the works he finds difficult to understand are generally not worth reading; giving as an instance "*Dante, whom the Italians call Il Divino,*" but whom Chesterfield himself never could read, and thought, "depend upon it," not worth the while!"

Philip was launched upon the world in Paris before he had attained his nineteenth year, and his father's instructions were redoubled. At even an earlier age, Chesterfield had not hesitated to address his son familiarly on the subject of those

common vices which nowadays are shrouded in decent silence, and certainly do not form a common subject of discussion between (comparatively) innocent sons and (comparatively) well-behaved fathers. It is in this respect that these pages become hideous. The man whose care for his boy is as anxious and as minute as that of a mother, gives to his eighteen-year-old pupil direct injunctions to licentiousness. He does what he can to fix his wavering youthful fancy on one or half-a-dozen persons, and urges upon him as a duty to himself the breach of all honour, purity, and decency—indicating even by name the individuals to whom he ought to attach himself. These horrible suggestions are made with a composure and good faith which astounds the reader. It is evident that Chesterfield meant no particular harm, that he was only recommending to his boy such conduct as became a young man of spirit, and would be to his credit and advantage. The same letters which convey those hideous instructions, convey also the best of advice, the evidence of the tenderest anxiety. The glimpse herein afforded of the corruption of society is appalling. It was a corruption which had even lost all conscience of itself. Nobody can be more emphatic than is Chesterfield against *low* vice—the wretchedness that dragged a man down to the lower classes of society. But things bore a different aspect on the higher levels. "Above all," he cries, "may I be convinced that your pleasures, whatever they may be, will be confined within the circle of good company and people of fashion. These pleasures I recommend to you; I will promote them, I will pay for them; but I will neither pay for nor suffer" (says the stern father) "the unbecoming, disgraceful, and degrading pleasures—they cannot be called pleasures—of low and profligate company. I confess the pleasures of high life are not always strictly phi-

losophical; and I believe a Stoic would blame my indulgence; but I am yet no Stoic, though turned of five-and-fifty; and I am apt to think you are rather less so at eighteen. The pleasures of the table among people of the first fashion may, indeed, sometimes by accident run into excesses, but they will never sink into a continued course of gluttony and drunkenness. The gallantry of high life, *though not strictly justifiable*, carries at least no external marks of infamy about it; neither the heart nor the constitution are corrupted by it; and manners possibly are improved."

This fine distinction, and the still finer indignation with which the line is drawn, takes away the spectator's breath. He stands astonished and listens to the good father recommending with a benign smile to his son's assiduities a certain fair young matron whom nobody had yet beguiled from her duty. Chesterfield does it with such an air of indicating the right thing to do, that the reader, as we have said, is too much amazed to be able for the moment to realise any other feeling. When the poor boy was but fifteen, in Switzerland, his father had asked him playfully if he had yet found, "*quelque belle, vos attentions pour laquelle contribueroient à vous décroter.*" He was not twenty when this other villainous piece of advice was given to him. What can be said for such a counsellor? He is awful in his smiling experience, his horrible suggestions. Of all depravity in the world there can be none so great as that of the father who would corrupt his boy. And yet this devil's counsellor, with his wicked words on his lips, looks out over sea and land after his nursling with a yearning love that is almost divine. Such problems are beyond human power to solve. They can be cleared up only by One who knows and sees, not in part, but all.

At the very moment when he offered these abominable advices to his son, Chesterfield placed him, with many a detail of his wants and wishes, under the care of various ladies in Paris, among others of Lady Hervey, the "sweet Lep-ell" of old, a woman against whom scandal had never breathed. He conciliates these ladies, especially Madame de Monconseil, with the delicate flattery of confidence at once in her friendliness and her powers: "votre garçon—votre fils adoptif," he calls the boy, and receives her report of him, and artfully acts upon it in his letters, while concealing from Philip who his critic was. It would seem that the worst of which the poor boy could be accused was an ungraceful manner,—"*une pente à désapprouver tout, et un penchant à disputer avec aigreur et empire*,"—sins which were natural enough in a youth forced to premature blossom, and more highly educated than almost any one he knew. His sojourn in Paris, with all the care of the ladies, and all his father's appeals, does not seem to have had any effect upon him; nor indeed had anything. A bear he had come into the world, and a bear evidently to the last he remained. His establishment in Paris would have been sufficient had he been heir of all the Stanhopes. "You will have your coach, your valet-de-chambre, your own footman, and a valet-de-place, which by the way is one servant more than I had. . . . I would have you very well dressed," Chesterfield adds, "by which I mean dressed as the generality of people of fashion are—that is, not to be taken notice of for being more or less fine than other people; it is by being well dressed, not finely dressed, that a gentleman should be distinguished." All these expenses, however, the young man was to keep up on two thousand francs a-month—a proof that Paris was a less expensive place a hundred years ago than it is now.

Politeness and good manners, *les graces*, though they hold the largest place in these letters, leave space for another subject which is urged upon the neophyte with almost as great persistency; and that is the art of public speaking. *Orator fit* is the text of many a discourse. Everything can be made but a poet, Chesterfield adds, with steady adherence to the proverb, "It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon you making a figure," he says; "it is there I want you to be justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must*, because I know you may if you will. . . . Let you and I analyse this good speaker. . . . and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common sense who reasons justly and expresses himself eloquently on that subject upon which he speaks. There is surely no witchcraft in this. A man of sense without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject, nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. . . . I have spoken frequently in Parliament and not always without some applause, and therefore I can assure you from my experience that there is very little in it. The elegance of the style, and the turns of the periods, make the chief impression on the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgment; tickle those ears, and depend upon it you will catch their judgments such as they are." "You will be of the House of Commons as soon as you are of age," he continues in another place, "and you

must first make a figure there, if you would make a figure or a fortune in your country. . . . In your destination you will have frequent occasions to speak in public ; to Princes and States abroad ; to the House of Commons at home : judge then whether eloquence is necessary for you or not ; not only common eloquence, which is rather free from faults than adorned by beauties ; but the highest, the most shining degrees of eloquence. For God's sake have this object always in your view and in your thoughts. Turn your tongue early to persuasion ; and let no jarring dissonant accents ever fall from it. Contract a habit of speaking well upon every occasion, and neglect yourself in no one. Eloquence and good breeding alone, with an exceeding small degree of parts and knowledge, will carry a man a great way ; with your parts and knowledge, then, how far will they not carry you ?"

Thus flattering, arguing, remonstrating, entreating, the anxious artist laboured at the work which he was determined to elaborate into perfection. Alas for such determinations ! Had Chesterfield been working in clay or marble, his perseverance must have had its reward. But the material in which he worked was one which even genius cannot move. The boy on whom all these efforts were spent defeated them by that dumb power of human stupidity which is perhaps the most awful of all forces. Nothing could be higher than the ambition which his father entertained for him in those days of his youth, when everything might yet be hoped. That he should make a figure in Parliament was the indispensable and undoubted beginning, anxiously looked forward to, yet still a matter of course ; and that being secured, everything else would naturally follow. "If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleasing," he writes, "you may very probably come in time to be Secretary of State ; but take my

word for it, twice your merit and knowledge without the art of pleasing would at most raise you to the *important post* of Resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon." The father did not know when he said these words that he was uttering an unconscious prophecy. Almost the only posts which poor Philip ever held were these two very missions which are here mentioned with contempt.

We are not told by what gradual process the statesman's high hopes were brought down to a certain satisfaction, or pretended satisfaction, with this poor level of possibility. Chesterfield is heroic in his silence ; he leaves not a word behind him to express the passionate disappointment, the bitter mortification, which must have been his as he looked on the commonplace figure of which his imagination had made a hero. Neither to the young man himself, nor to any of his correspondents, does he bewail the downfall, or blame the heavy soul which thus resisted all his efforts. In the silence, amid all the gathering shadows of his own infirmities, in his deafness and seclusion and the sufferings of approaching age, the father must have taken his burden to him, and made up his mind to it with a dumb fortitude which is more noble than any speech ; his patience, like his love, being half divine.

At last the moment arrived when all these anxious preparations were to come to the trial. The boy took his seat in Parliament at the age of twenty-one ; and with "infinite pains" his father attempted "to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker." "The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well on the whole," says Dr Maty, "but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some

other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."

Thus came to an end all the high expectations with which Chesterfield for twenty years had beguiled his own troubles, the tedium of declining health, of forced inactivity, and an unsuccessful public career. His son had been to mend all and create a new lustre for the fading life; and now the cherished boy had taken his first step, not within the brilliant boundaries of success, but to that flat plain of mediocrity from which no efforts could ever raise him. The event was one of as great importance in the life of Chesterfield as the loss of an empire, and his personal condition was such as to give every blow of the kind double weight; but not a moan, not a complaint, escapes from the lips of the vanquished man. He must have reconciled himself to the extinction of all his hopes with an incredible force of will, a power of self-restraint which reaches the sublime. He describes himself with pathetic playfulness as "conversing with my equals the vegetables" in his Blackheath garden immediately after. "All the infirmities of an age still more advanced than mine crowd in upon me," he says. "I must bear them as well as I can,—they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but, on the other hand, thank God," adds the indomitable soul, "I have not one melancholy one, and I rather think my philosophy increases with my infirmities." Thus he takes up his burden with a patience worthy a nobler creed. No more hope for him—no dream of tender glory in his boy. Life over, health over, the dear fiction scattered to the winds that had been his joy. But not a word breaks from the father's compressed lips—not to Dayrolles even, not

to Madame de Monconseil, who had shared his hopes and schemes, does he ever acknowledge that Philip has failed. Never was there a picture of proud patience, love, and self-command more complete.

Some years after, young Stanhope went to Hamburg as Resident there, a post which his father immediately, with the strange half-conscious cunning of affection, represents to himself and everybody else as for the moment exceptionally important. He afterwards went to Ratisbon, as if a certain fate had attended Chesterfield's words. A better appointment, that of Resident at Venice, of which he had been confident, was refused by the King himself, on account of his illegitimate birth—a sting which his father must have felt in all its keenness. Finally he went to Dresden, and after repeated attacks of illness died at the age of thirty-six. The fact of his failure does not diminish Chesterfield's care of him, nor make his eagerness to seize every opportunity of advancing or improving both him and his position less apparent. But the interest of the reader fails in Philip when his education is over. From the moment we ascertain how little credit he will ever do to all those pains, how little he will ever realise all those hopes, a certain anger and contempt takes possession of the spectator's mind. We are less patient with him than is his father. Indignation takes the place of forbearance. But yet the unfortunate young fellow, forced upwards to a point of attainment which nature forbade him to reach, put upon a strain to which his strength was totally unequal, is not without a certain claim upon our sympathy. No doubt his father at the last, opening his sad eyes, came to recognise the limits of nature, and suffered the last pang of paternal pride,—the consent of his own judgment that nothing else was possible—the melancholy indulgence of contempt.

After Philip's death a discovery almost more miserable was made by his father. The son for whom he had done so much, and with whom he had given up, as it were, the privileges of a father, to insure perfect confidence and trust, had contracted a secret marriage, which he had not the courage, even on his deathbed, to reveal. We judge of the effect of this communication only by analogy, for Chesterfield still says not a word of his own pangs; no plaint breaks from him on his son's death, no word of reproach or unkindness disturbs the grave politeness with which he addresses the widow of whose existence he had no idea. There is something awful in the silence with which the old man shrouds his heart,—that heart which had spoken so lavishly, so minutely, so tenderly in the old days. Deaf, old, feeble, racked with pain, worn out with the exquisite contrivances of suffering which are permitted to strike us, body and soul, in our most susceptible parts, not one cry still breaks from his lips. Half Christian, half Stoic, he stands alone and sees everything he had loved and trusted crumble down around him; and says nothing. It is as a polished trifler, a social philosopher, an instance of extreme cultivation, *finesse*, and falsehood, that the ordinary English reader looks upon Chesterfield; yet there he stands, sad as any prophet, stern as a Roman, patient as a Christian, forgiving all things, bearing all things. Strange, solemn, almost sublime ending to an unheroic life.

For at the very last of all, after all those griefs, his heart does not close up, as a heart ravaged by overmuch love might well be expected to do. He could still take thought for his heir, and put down, over again for his use, his epitome of philosophy; and the last letter we shall quote is one addressed to his grandsons, Philip's boys, born in secret, whose very being he might

have taken as an injury, had he been as worldly a man as he gave himself out to be, but whom, on the contrary, he took to his heart, and at once undertook to provide for from the moment he was aware of their existence. It is thus he writes in the last year of his life, when worn down by weakness and suffering, to these two children:—

TO CHARLES AND PHILIP STANHOPE.

"I received a few days ago two of the best written letters I ever saw in my life—the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it, for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters; but you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well that one can almost say of you two, *Et cantare pares et respondere parati*? Charles will explain this Latin to you.

"I am told, Phil, that you have got a nickname at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways, and that they called you Master Strangerways—for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true?

"Tell me what you would have me bring you both from home, and I will bring it you when I come to town. In the mean time, God bless you both!—"

With this last touch of nature let us wind up the pathetic record. "Give Dayrolles a chair," were the dying man's last words, they say, and the attendant doctor calls the world to observe that "his good-breeding quitted him only with his life." But with all deference to established prejudices, we believe our readers will conclude with us that the tender little letter above is a more true conclusion to that strange force of paternal love which lasted as long as Chesterfield's life.

We are aware that in all this we have departed entirely from the traditional usage which should have made Chesterfield's letters and his system of philosophy our subject instead of himself. These letters are within everybody's reach; but they are not so wonderful, so unique, or so manifold, as was the man.

LINDA TRESSEL.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL January had passed by. That thirtieth of January had come and gone which was to have made Linda Tressel a bride, and Linda was still Linda Tressel. But her troubles were not therefore over, and Peter Steinmarc was once again her suitor. It may be remembered how he had reviled her in her aunt's presence, how he had reminded her of her indiscretion, and how he had then rejected her; but, nevertheless, in the first week of February he was again her suitor.

Madame Staubach had passed a very troubled and uneasy month. Though she was minded to take her niece's part when Linda was so ungenerously attacked by the man whom she had warmed in the bosom of her family, still she was most unwilling that Linda should triumph. Her feminine instincts prompted her to take Linda's part on the spur of the moment, as similar instincts had prompted Tetchen to do the same thing; but hardly the less on that account did she feel that it was still her duty to persevere with that process of crushing by which all human vanity was to be pressed out of Linda's heart. Peter Steinmarc had misbehaved himself grossly, had appeared at that last interview in a guise which could not have made him fascinating to any young woman; but on that account the merit of submitting to him would be so much the greater. There could hardly be any moral sackcloth and ashes too coarse and too bitter for the correction of a sinful mind in this world, but for the special correction of a mind sinful as Linda's had been, marriage with such a man as Peter Steinmarc would be sackcloth and ashes of the most salutary kind. The objection which Linda would feel for the man would be the exact

antidote to the poison with which she had been infected by the influence of the Evil One. Madame Staubach acknowledged, when she was asked the question, that a woman should love her husband; but she would always go on to describe this required love as a feeling which should spring from a dutiful submission. She was of opinion that a virtuous child would love his parent, that a virtuous servant would love her mistress, that a virtuous woman would love her husband, even in spite of austere severity on the part of him or her who might be in authority. When, therefore, Linda would refer to what had taken place in the parlour, and would ask whether it were possible that she should love a man who had ill-used her so grossly, Madame Staubach would reply as though love and forgiveness were one and the same thing. It was Linda's duty to pardon the ill-usage and to kiss the rod that had smitten her. "I hate him so deeply that my blood curdles at the sight of him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach had prayed that her niece's heart might be softened, and had called upon Linda to join her in these prayers. Poor Linda had felt herself compelled to go down upon her knees and submit herself to such prayer as well as she was able. Could she have enfranchised her mind altogether from the trammels of belief in her aunt's peculiar religion, she might have escaped from the waters which seemed from day to day to be closing over her head; but this was not within her power. She asked herself no questions as to the truth of these convictions. The doctrine had been taught to her from her youth upwards, and she had not realised the fact that she possessed any

power of rejecting it. She would tell herself, and that frequently, that to her religion held out no comfort, that she was not of the elect, that manifestly she was a castaway, and that therefore there could be no reason why she should endure unnecessary torments in this life. With such impressions on her mind she had suffered herself to be taken from her aunt's house, and carried off by her lover to Augsburg. With such impressions strong upon her, she would not hesitate to declare her hatred for the man, whom, in truth, she hated with all her heart, but whom, nevertheless, she thought it was wicked to hate. She daily told herself that she was one given up by herself to Satan. But yet, when summoned to her aunt's prayers, when asked to kneel and implore her Lord and Saviour to soften her own heart,—so to soften it that she might become a submissive wife to Peter Steinmarc,—she would comply, because she still believed that such were the sacrifices which a true religion demanded. But there was no comfort to her in her religion. Alas! alas! let her turn herself which way she might, there was no comfort to be found on any side.

At the end of the first week in February no renewed promise of assent had been extracted from Linda; but Peter, who was made of stuff less stern, had been gradually brought round to see that he had been wrong. Madame Staubach had, in the first instance, obtained the co-operation of Herr Molk and others of the leading city magistrates. The question of Linda's marriage had become quite a city matter. She had been indiscreet; that was acknowledged. As to the amount of her indiscretion, different people had different opinions. In the opinion of Herr Molk, that was a thing that did not signify. Linda Tressel was the daughter of a city officer who had been much respected. Her father's successor

in that office was just the man who ought to be her husband. Of course he was a little old and rusty; but then Linda had been indiscreet. Linda had not only been indiscreet, but her indiscretion had been, so to say, very public. She had run away from the city in the middle of the night with a young man,—with a young man known to be a scamp and a rebel. It must be acknowledged that indiscretion could hardly go beyond this. But then was there not the red house to make things even, and was it not acknowledged on all sides that Peter Steinmarc was very rusty? The magistrates had made up their minds that the bargain was a just one, and as it had been made, they thought that it should be carried out. When Peter complained of further indiscretion on the part of Linda, and pointed out that he was manifestly absolved from his contract by her continued misconduct, Herr Molk went to work with most demure diligence, collected all the evidence, examined all the parties, and explained to Peter that Linda had not misbehaved herself since the contract had last been ratified. "Peter, my friend," said the burgomaster, "you have no right to go back to anything,—to anything that happened before the twenty-third." The twenty-third was the day on which Peter had expressed his pardon for the great indiscretion of the elopement. "Since that time there has been no breach of trust on her part. I have examined all the parties, Peter." It was in vain that Steinmarc tried to show that he was entitled to be absolved because Linda had said that she hated him. Herr Molk did not lose above an hour or two in explaining to him that little amenities of that kind were to be held as compensated in full by the possession of the red house. And then, had it not been acknowledged that he was very rusty,—a man naturally to be hated by a young woman who

had shown that she had a preference for a young lover? "Oh, bah!" said Herr Molk, almost angry at this folly; "do not let me hear anything more about that, Peter." Steinmarc had been convinced, had assented, and was now ready to accept the hand of his bride.

Nothing more had been heard of Ludovic since the day on which he had come to the house and had disappeared. Herr Molk, when he was interrogated on the subject, would shake his head, but in truth Herr Molk knew nothing. It was the fact that Valcarm, after being confined in prison at Augsburg for three days, had been discharged by the city magistrates; and it was the case, also, though the fact was not generally known, that the city magistrates of Augsburg had declared the city magistrates of Nuremberg to be—geese. Ludovic Valcarm was not now in prison, but he had left Nuremberg, and no one knew whither he was gone. The brewers, Sach, by whom he had been employed, professed that they knew nothing respecting him; but then, as Herr Molk declared, the two brothers Sach were men who ought themselves to be in prison. They, too, were rebels, according to Herr Molk.

But in truth, as regarded Linda, no trouble need have been taken in inquiring after Ludovic. She made no inquiry respecting him. She would not even listen to Tetchen when Tetchen would suggest this or that mode of ascertaining where he might be. She had allowed herself to be reconciled to Tetchen, because Tetchen had taken her part against Peter Steinmarc; but she would submit to no intrigue at the old woman's instance. "I do not want to see him ever again, Tetchen."

"But, fraulein, you loved him."

"Yes, and I do. But of what use is such love? I could do him no good. If he were there, opposite,—where he used to be,—I would not cross the river to him."

"I hope, my dear, that it mayn't be so with you always, that's all," Tetchen had said. But Linda had no vestige of such hope at her heart. The journey to Augsburg had been to her the cause of too much agony, had filled her with too real a sense of maidenly shame, to enable her to look forward with hope to any adventure in which Ludovic should have to take a part. To escape from Peter Steinmarc, whether by death, or illness, or flight, or sullen refusal,—but to escape from him let the cost to herself be what it might,—that was all that she now desired. But she thought that escape was not possible to her. She was coming at last to believe that she would have to stand up in the church and give him her hand. If it were so, all Nuremberg should ring with the tragedy of their nuptials.

Since Peter had returned, and expressed to Madame Staubach his willingness to go on with the marriage, he had, after a fashion, been again taken into that lady's favour. He had behaved very badly, but a fault repented was a fault to be forgiven. "I am sorry that there was a rumpus, Madame Staubach," he had said, "but you see that there is so much to put a man's back up when a girl runs away with a man in the middle of the night, you know."

"Peter," the widow had replied, interrupting him, "that need not be discussed again. The wickedness of the human heart is so deep that it cannot be fathomed; but we have the word of the Lord to show to us that no sinner is too vile to be forgiven. What you said in your anger was cruel and unmanly, but it has been pardoned." Then Peter sat down and lighted his pipe. He did not like the tone of his friend's remarks, but he knew well that there was nothing to be gained by discussing such matters with Madame Staubach. It was better for him to take his old seat quietly, and at once to

light his pipe. Linda, on that occasion, and on many others subsequently, came and sat in the room, and there would be almost absolute silence. There might be a question asked about the household, and Linda would answer it; or Peter might remark that such a one among the small city dealers had been fined before the magistrates for some petty breach of the city's laws. But of conversation there was none, and Peter never on these evenings addressed himself specially to Linda. It was quite understood that she was to undergo persuasion, not from Peter, but from her aunt.

About the middle of February her aunt made her last attack on poor Linda. For days before something had been said daily; some word had been spoken in which Madame Staubach alluded to the match as an affair which would certainly be brought about sooner or later. And there were prayers daily for the softening of Linda's heart. And it was understood that every one in the house was supposed to be living under some special cloud of God's anger till Linda's consent should have been given. Madame Staubach had declared during the ecstasy of her devotion, that not only she herself, but even Tetchen also, would become the prey of Satan if Linda did not relent. Linda had almost acknowledged to herself that she was in the act of bringing eternal destruction on all those around her by her obstinacy. Oh, if she could only herself be dead, let the eternal consequences as they regarded herself alone be what they might!

"Linda," said her aunt, "is it not time at length that you should give us an answer?"

"An answer, aunt Charlotte?" As if she had not given a sufficiency of answers.

"Do you not see how others suffer because of your obstinacy?"

"It is not my doing."

"It is your doing. Do not allow any such thought as that to get into your mind, and assist the Devil in closing the door of your heart. They who are your friends are bound to you, and cannot separate themselves from you."

"Who are my friends?"

"I am sorry you should ask that question, Linda."

"I have no friends."

"Linda, that is ungrateful to God, and thankless. I say nothing of myself."

"You are my friend, but no one else."

"Herr Molk is your friend, and has shown himself to be so. Jacob Heisse is your friend." He, too, using such wisdom as he possessed, had recommended Linda to take the husband provided for her.

"Peter Steinmarc is your friend."

"No, he is not," said Linda.

"That is very wicked,—heinously wicked." Whereupon Madame Staubach went towards the door for the purpose of bolting it, and Linda knew that this was preparatory to a prayer. Linda felt that it was impossible that she should fall on her knees and attempt to pray at this moment. What was the use of it? Sooner or later she must yield. She had no weapon with which to carry on the battle, whereas her aunt was always armed.

"Aunt Charlotte," she said, suddenly, "I will do what you want,—only not now; not quite yet. Let there be time for me to make myself ready for it."

The dreaded visitation of that special prayer was at any rate arrested, and Madame Staubach graciously accepted Linda's assent as sufficient quittance at any rate for the evil words that had been spoken on that occasion. She was too wise to demand a more gracious acquiescence, and did not say a word then even in opposition to the earnest request which had been made for delay. She kissed her niece, and rejoiced as the woman

rejoiced who had swept diligently and had found her lost piece. If Linda would at last take the right path, all former deviations from it should be as nothing. And Madame Staubach half-trusted, almost thought, that it could not be but that her own prayers should prevail at last. Linda indeed had twice before assented, and had twice retracted her word. But there had been causes. The young man had come and had prevailed, who surely would not come again, and who surely, if coming, would not prevail. And then Peter himself had misbehaved. It must now be Madame Staubach's care that there should arise no further stumbling-block. There were but two modes of taking this care at her disposal. She could watch Linda all the day, and she could reiterate her prayers with renewed diligence. On neither points would she be found lacking.

"And when shall be the happy day?" said Peter. On the occasion of his visit to the parlour subsequent to the scene which has just been described, Madame Staubach

left the room for a while so that the two lovers might be together. Peter had been warned that it would be so, and had prepared, no doubt, his little speech.

"There will be no happy day," said Linda.

"Don't say that, my dear."

"I do say it. There will be no happy day for you or for me."

"But we must fix a day, you know," said Peter.

"I will arrange it with my aunt."

Then Linda got up and left the room. Peter Steinmarc attempted no further conversation with her, nor did Madame Staubach again endeavour to create any intercourse between them. It must come after marriage. It was clearly to her God's will that these two people should be married, and she could not but be right to leave the result to His wisdom. A day was named. With a simple nod of her head Linda agreed that she would become Peter's wife on the fifteenth of March; and she received visits from Herr Molk and from Jacob Heisse to congratulate her on her coming happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

Throughout February Linda never flinched. She hardly spoke at all except on matters of household business, but to them she was sedulously attentive. She herself insisted on understanding what legal arrangement was made about the house, and would not consent to sign the necessary document preparatory to her marriage till there was inserted in it a clause giving to her aunt a certain life-interest in the property in the event either of her marriage or of her death. Peter did his best to oppose this, as did also Madame Staubach herself; but Linda prevailed, and the clause was there. "She would have to live with you whether or no," said Herr Molk to the town-clerk. "You couldn't turn the

woman out into the street." But Peter had wished to be master of his own house, and would not give up the point till much eloquence and authority had been used. He had come to wish with all his heart that he had never seen Linda Tressel or the red house; but he had gone so far that he could not retract. Linda never flinched, never uttered a word of complaint; sat silent while Peter was smoking, and awaited her doom. Once her aunt spoke to her about her feelings as a bride. "You do love him, do you not, Linda?" said Madame Staubach. "I do not love him," Linda had replied. Then Madame Staubach dared to ask no further question, but prayed that the necessary affection might be given.

There were various things to be bought, and money for the purpose was in a moderate degree forthcoming. Madame Staubach possessed a small hoard, which was now to be spent, and something she raised on her own little property. A portion of this was intrusted wholly to Linda, and she exercised care and discretion in its disposition. Linen for the house she purchased, and things needed for the rooms and the kitchen. But she would expend nothing in clothes for herself. When pressed on the subject by her aunt, she declared that her marriage would be one that required no finery. Her own condition and that of her proposed husband, she said, made it quite unnecessary. When she was told that Steinmarc would be offended by such exaggerated simplicity, she turned upon her aunt with such a look of scorn that Madame Staubach did not dare to say another word. Indeed at this time Madame Staubach had become almost afraid of her niece, and would sit watching the silent stern industry of the younger woman with something of awe. Could it be that there ever came over her heart a shock of regret for the thing she was doing? Was it possible that she should already be feeling remorse? If it was so with her, she turned herself to prayer, and believed that the Lord told her that she was right.

But there were others who watched, and spoke among themselves, and felt that the silent solemnity of Linda's mode of life was a cause for trembling. Max Bogen's wife had come to her father's house, and had seen Linda, and had talked to Tetchen, and had said at home that Linda was—mad. Her father had become frightened, and had refused to take any part in the matter. He acknowledged that he had given his advice in favour of the marriage, but he had done this merely as a matter of course,—to oblige his

neighbour, Madame Staubach. He would have nothing more to do with it. When Fanny told him that she feared that Linda would lose her senses, he went into his workshop and busied himself with a great chair. But Tetchen was not so reticent. Tetchen said much to Madame Staubach;—so much that the unfortunate widow was nearly always on her knees, asking for help, asking in very truth for new gifts of obstinate persistency; and Tetchen also said much to Fanny Bogen.

"But what can we do, Tetchen?" asked Fanny.

"If I had my will," said Tetchen, "I would so handle him that he would be glad enough to be off his bargain. But you'll see they'll never live together as man and wife,—never for a day."

They who said that Linda was mad at this time were probably half-right; but if so, her madness had shown itself in none of those forms which are held to justify interference by authority. There was no one in Nuremberg who could lock a woman up because she was silent; or could declare her to be unfit for marriage because she refused to buy wedding clothes. The marriage must go on. Linda herself felt that it must be accomplished. Her silence and her sternness were not now consciously used by her as means of opposing or delaying the coming ceremony, but simply betrayed the state of mind to which she was reduced. She counted the days and she counted the hours as a criminal counts them who sits in his cell and waits for the executioner. She knew, she thought she knew, that she would stand in the church and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc; but what might happen after that she did not know.

She would stand at the altar and have her hand put into that of Peter Steinmarc, and she would be called his wife in sight of God and man. She spent hours in solitude

attempting to realise the position with all its horrors. She never devoted a minute to the task of reconciling herself to it. She did not make one slightest endeavour towards teaching herself that after all it might be possible for her to live with the man as his companion in peace and quietness. She hated him with all the vigour of her heart, and she would hate him to the end. On that subject no advice, no prayer, no grace from heaven, could be of service to her. Satan, with all the horrors of hell, as they had been described to her, was preferable to the companionship of Peter Steinmarc. And yet she went on without flinching.

She went on without flinching till the night of the tenth of March. Up to that time, from the day on which she had last consented to her martyrdom, no idea of escape had occurred to her. As she left her aunt on that evening, Madame Staubach spoke to her. "You should at any rate pray for him," said Madame Staubach. "I hope that you pray that this marriage may be for his welfare." How could she pray for him? And how could she utter such a prayer as that? But she tried; and as she tried, she reflected that the curse to him would be as great as it was to her. Not only was she to be sacrificed, but the miserable man was bringing himself also to utter wretchedness. Unless she could die, there would be no escape for him, as also there would be none for her. That she should speak to him, touch him, hold intercourse with him, was, she now told herself, out of the question. She might be his servant, if he would allow her to be so at a distance, but nothing more. Or it might be possible that she should be his murderess! A woman who has been taught by her religion that she is and must be a child of the Evil One, may become guilty of what most terrible crime you please without much increase of damage

to her own cause,—without much damage according to her own views of life and death. Linda, as she thought of it in her own chamber, with her eyes wide open, looking into the dark night from out of her window, declared to herself that in certain circumstances she would certainly attempt to kill him. She shuddered and shook till she almost fell from her chair. Come what might, she would not endure the pressure of his caress.

Then she got up and resolved that she would even yet make one other struggle to escape. It would not be true of her to say that at this moment she was mad, but the mixed excitement and terror of her position as she was waiting her doom, joined to her fears, her doubts, and, worse than all, her certainties as to her condition in the sight of God, had almost unstrung her mind. She had almost come to believe that the world was at its end, and that the punishment of which she had heard so much was already upon her. "If this is to be a doom for ever," she said to herself, "the God I have striven to love is very cruel." But then there came an exercise of reason which told her that it could not be a doom for ever. It was clear to her that there was much as yet within her own power which could certainly not be so in that abode of the unblest to which she was to be summoned. There was the window before her, with the silent river running below; and she knew that she could throw herself from it if she chose to put forth the power which she still possessed. She felt that "she herself might her quietus make with a bare bodkin." Why should she

"Fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after life,
The undiscovered country from whose
 bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we
 have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Linda knew nothing of Hamlet, but the thought was there, exact; and the knowledge that some sort of choice was still open to her, if it were only the choice of sending herself at once to a world different from this, a world in which Peter Steinmarc would not be the avenger of her life's wickedness, made her aware that even yet something might be done.

On the following morning she was in the kitchen, as was usual with her now, at an early hour, and made the coffee for her aunt's breakfast, and for Peter's. Tetchen was there also, and to Tetchen she spoke a word or two in good humour. Tetchen said afterwards that she knew that something was to happen, because Linda's manner to her had been completely changed that morning. She sat down with her aunt at eight, and ate a morsel of bread, and endeavoured to swallow her coffee. She was thinking at the time that it might be the case that she would never see her aunt again. All the suffering that she had endured at Madame Staubach's hands had never quenched her love. Miserable as she had been made by the manner in which this woman had executed the trust which circumstances had placed in her hands, Linda had hardly blamed her aunt even within her own bosom. When with a frenzy of agony Madame Staubach would repeat prayer after prayer, extending her hands towards heaven, and seeking to obtain that which she desired by the painful intensity of her own faith, it had never occurred to Linda that in such proceedings she was ill-treated by her aunt. Her aunt, she thought, had ever shown to her all that love which a mother has for her child, and Linda in her misery was never ungrateful. As soon as the meal was finished she put on her hat and cloak, which she had brought down from her room, and then kissed her aunt.

"God bless you, my child," said

Madame Staubach, "and enable you to be an affectionate and dutiful wife to your husband." Then Linda went forth from the room and from the house, and as she went she cast her eyes around, thinking that it might be possible that she should never see them again.

Linda told no lie as she left her aunt, but she felt that she was acting a lie. It had been arranged between them, before she had entertained this thought of escaping from Nuremberg, that she should on this morning go out by herself and make certain purchases. In spite of the things that had been done, of Valcarm's visit to the upper storeys of the house, of the flight to Augsburg, of Linda's long protracted obstinacy and persistently expressed hatred for the man who was to be her husband, Madame Staubach still trusted her niece. She trusted Linda perhaps the more at this time from a feeling that she had exacted so much from the girl. When, therefore, Linda kissed her and went out, she had no suspicion on her mind; nor was any aroused till the usual dinner-hour was passed, and Linda was still absent. When Tetchen at one o'clock said something of her wonder that the *fraulein* had not returned, Madame Staubach had suggested that she might be with her friend Herr Molk. Tetchen knew what was the warmth of that friendship, and thought that such a visit was not probable. At three o'clock the postman brought a letter which Linda herself had dropped into the box of the post-office that morning, soon after leaving the house. She had known when, in ordinary course, it would be delivered. Should it lead by any misfortune to her discovery before she could escape, that she could not help. Even that, accompanied by her capture, would be as good a mode as any other of telling her aunt the truth. The letter was as follows:—

"Thursday Night.

"DEAREST AUNT,—I think you hardly know what are my sufferings. I truly believe that I have deserved them, but nevertheless they are insupportable. I cannot marry Peter Steinmarc. I have tried it, and cannot. The day is very near now; but were it to come nearer, I should go mad, or I should kill myself. I think that you do not know what the feeling is that has made me the most wretched of women since this marriage was first proposed to me. I shall go away to-morrow, and shall try to get to my uncle's house in Cologne. It is a long way off, and perhaps I shall never get there: but if I am to die on the road, oh, how much better will that be! I do not want to live. I have made you unhappy, and everybody unhappy, but I do not think that anybody has been so unhappy as I am. I shall give you a kiss as I go out, and you will think that it was the kiss of Judas; but I am not a Judas in my heart. Dear aunt Charlotte, I would have borne it if I could.—Your affectionate, but undutiful niece,

"LINDA TRESSEL."

Undutiful! So she called herself; but had she not, in truth, paid duty to her aunt beyond that which one human being can in any case owe to another? Are we to believe that the very soul of the offspring is to be at the disposition of the parent? Poor Linda! Madame Staubach, when the letter was handed to her by Tetchen, sat aghast for a while, motionless, with her hands before her. "She is off again, I suppose," said Tetchen.

"Yes; she has gone."

"It serves you right. I say it now, and I will say it. Why was she so driven?" Madame Staubach said never a word. Could she have had Linda back at the instant, just now, at this very moment, she would have yielded. It was beginning to become apparent to her that God did not intend that

her prayers should be successful. Doubtless the fault was with herself. She had lacked faith. Then as she sat there she began to reflect that it might be that she herself was not of the elect. What if, after all, she had been wrong throughout! "Is anything to be done?" said Tetchen, who was still standing by her side.

"What ought I to do, Tetchen?"

"Wring Peter Steinmarc's neck," said Tetchen. "That would be the best thing." Even this did not bring forth an angry retort from Madame Staubach. About an hour after that Peter came in. He had already heard that the bird had flown. Some messenger from Jacob Heisse's house had brought him the tidings to the town-hall.

"What is this?" said he. "What is this? She has gone again."

"Yes," said Tetchen, "she has gone again. What did you expect?"

"And Ludovic Valcarm is with her?"

"Ludovic Valcarm is not with her!" said Madame Staubach, with an expression of wrath which made him start a foot back from where he stood.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, when he had recovered himself, and reflected that he had no cause for fear, "she is no better than she should be."

"She is ten times too good for you. That is all that is the matter with her," said Tetchen.

"I have done with her,—have done with her altogether," said Peter, rubbing his hands together.

"I should think you have," said Tetchen.

"Tell him to leave me," said Madame Staubach, waving Peter away with her hand. Then Tetchen took the town-clerk by his arm, and led him somewhat roughly out of the room. So he shall disappear from our sight. No reader will now require to be told that he did not become the husband of Linda Tressel.

Madame Staubach did nothing and said nothing further on the

matter that night. Tetchen indeed went up to the railway station, and found that Linda had taken a ticket through to Mannheim, and had asked questions there, openly, in reference to the boats from thence down the Rhine. She had with her money sufficient to take her to Cologne, and her aunt endeavoured to comfort herself with thinking that no further evil would come of this journey than the cost, and the rumours it would furnish. As to Peter Steinmarc, that was now all over. If Linda would return, no further attempt should be made. Tetchen said nothing on the subject, but she herself was by no means sure that Linda had no partner in her escape. To Tetchen's mind it was so natural that there should be a partner.

Early on the following morning Madame Staubach was closeted with Herr Molk in the panelled chamber of the house in the Egidien Platz, seeking advice. "Gone again, is she?" said Herr Molk,

holding up his hand. "And that fellow is with her of course?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Madame Staubach.

"Are you sure of that? At any rate she must marry him now, for nobody else will take her. Peter won't bite again at that bait." Then Madame Staubach was compelled to explain that all ideas of matrimony in respect to her niece must be laid aside, and she was driven also to confess that she had persevered too long in regard to Peter Steinmarc. "He certainly is a little rusty for such a young woman as Linda," said Herr Molk, confessing also his part of the fault. At last he counselled Madame Staubach that she could do nothing but follow her niece to Cologne, as she had before followed her to Augsburg. Such a journey would be very terrible to her. She had not been in Cologne for years, and did not wish to see again those who were there. But she felt that she had no alternative, and she went.

CHAPTER XVII.

For very many years no connection had been maintained between the two women who lived together in Nuremberg, and their nearest relative, who was a half-brother of Madame Staubach's, a lawyer, living in Cologne. This uncle of Linda's was a Roman Catholic, and had on this account been shunned by Madame Staubach. Some slight intercourse there had been on matters of business, and thus it had come to pass that Linda knew the address of her uncle. But this was all that she knew, and knowing this only, she had started for Cologne. The reader will hardly require to be told that she had not gone in company with him who a few weeks since had been her lover. The reader, perhaps, will have understood Linda's character so thoroughly as to be convinced that, though she had submitted to be

dragged out of her window by her lover, and carried away to Augsburg in the night, still it was not probable that she should again be guilty of such indiscretion as that. The lesson had not been in vain. If there be any reader who does not know Linda's character better than it was known to Herr Molk, or even to Tetchen, this story has been told in vain. All alone she started, and all alone she made the entire journey. Long as it was, there was no rest for her on the way. She went by a cheap and slow train, and on she went through the long day and the long night, and on through the long day again. She did not suffer with the cold as she had suffered on that journey to Augsburg, but the weariness of the hours was very great, and the continuation of the motion oppressed her sorely. Then joined to

this suffering was the feeling that she was going to a strange world in which no one would receive her kindly. She had money to take her to Cologne, but she would have none to bring her back again. It seemed to her as she went that there could be no prospect to her of returning to a home which she had disgraced so thoroughly.

At Mannheim she found that she was obliged to wait over four hours before the boat started. She quit-
ted the railway a little after midnight, and she was told that she was to be on board before five in the morning. The night was piercing cold, though never so cold as had been that other night; and she was dismayed at the thought of wandering about in that desolate town. Some one, however, had compassion on her, and she was taken to a small inn, in which she rested on a bed without removing her clothes. When she rose in the morning, she walked down to the boat without a word of complaint, but she found that her limbs were hardly able to carry her. An idea came across her mind that if the people saw that she was ill they would not take her upon the boat. She crawled on, and took her place among the poorer passengers before the funnels. For a considerable time no one noticed her, as she sat shivering in the cold morning air on a damp bench. At last a market-woman going down to Mayence asked her a question. Was she ill? Before they had reached Mayence she had told her whole story to the market-woman. "May God temper the wind for thee, my shorn lamb!" said the market-woman to Linda, as she left her; "for it seems that thou hast been shorn very close." By this time, with the assistance of the woman, she had found a place below in which she could lie down, and there she remained till she learned that the boat had reached Cologne. Some one in authority on board the vessel had been told that she was ill; and as they had reached Cologne

also at night, she was allowed to remain on board till the next morning. With the early dawn she was astir, and the full daylight of the March morning was hardly perfect in the heavens when she found herself standing before the door of a house in the city, to which she had been brought as being the residence of her uncle.

She was now, in truth, so weak and ill that she could hardly stand. Her clothes had not been off her back since she left Nuremberg, nor had she come prepared with any change of raiment. A woman more wretched, more disconsolate, on whose shoulders the troubles of this world lay heavier, never stood at an honest man's door to beg admittance. If only she might have died as she crawled through the streets!

But there she was, and she must make some petition that the door might be opened for her. She had come all the way from Nuremberg to this spot, thinking it possible that in this spot alone she might receive succour; and now she stood there, fearing to raise the knocker on the door. She was a lamb indeed, whose fleece had been shorn very close; and the shearing had been done all in the sacred name of religion! It had been thought necessary that the vile desires of her human heart should be crushed within her bosom, and the crushing had brought her to this. She looked up in her desolation at the front of the house. It was a white, large house, as belonging to a moderately prosperous citizen, with two windows on each side of the door, and five above, and then others again above them. But there seemed to be no motion within it, nor was there any one stirring along the street. Would it not be better, she thought, that she should sit for a while and wait upon the door-step? Who has not known that frame of mind in which any postponement of the thing dreaded is acceptable?

But Linda's power of postpone-

ment was very short. She had hardly sunk on to the step, when the door was opened, and the necessity for explaining herself came upon her. Slowly and with pain she dragged herself on to her feet, and told the suspicious servant, who stood filling the aperture of the doorway, that her name was Linda Tressel, and that she had come from Nuremberg. She had come from the house of Madame Staubach at Nuremberg. Would the servant be kind enough to tell Herr Grüner that Linda Tressel, from Madame Staubach's house in Nuremberg, was at his door? She claimed no kindred then, feeling that the woman might take such claim as a disgrace to her master. When she was asked to call again later, she looked piteously into the woman's face, and said that she feared she was too ill to walk away.

Before the morning was over she was in bed, and her uncle's wife was at her bedside, and there had been fair-haired cousins in her room, creeping in to gaze at her with their soft blue eyes, touching her with their young soft hands, and calling her Cousin Linda with their soft voices. It seemed to her that she could have died happily, so happily, then, if only they might have been allowed to stand round her bed, and still to whisper and still to touch her. But they had been told that they might only just see their new cousin and then depart,—because the new cousin was ill. The servant at the front door had doubted her, as it is the duty of servants to doubt in such cases; but her uncle had not doubted, and her uncle's wife, when she heard the story, wept over her, and told her that she should be at rest.

Linda told her story from the first to the last. She told everything,—her hatred for the one man, her love for the other; her journey to Augsburg. "Ah, dear, dear, dear," said aunt Grüner when this was told to her. "I know how wicked I have been," said Linda,

sorrowing. "I do not say that you have been wicked, my dear, but you have been unfortunate," said aunt Grüner. And then Linda went on to tell her, as the day so much dreaded by her drew nearer and nearer, as she came to be aware that, let her make what effort she would, she could not bring herself to be the man's wife,—that the horror of it was too powerful for her,—she resolved at the last moment that she would seek the only other relative in the world of whom she knew even the name. Her aunt Grüner thoroughly commended her for this, saying, however, that it would have been much better that she should have made the journey at some period earlier in her troubles. "Aunt Charlotte does not seem to be a very nice sort of woman to live with," said aunt Grüner. Then Linda, with what strength she could, took Madame Staubach's part. "She always thought that she was doing right," said Linda, solemnly. "Ah, that comes of her religion," said aunt Grüner. "We think differently, my dear. Thank God, we have got somebody to tell us what we ought to do and what we ought not to do." Linda was not strong enough to argue the question, or to remind her aunt that this somebody, too, might possibly be wrong.

Linda Tressel was now happier than she had remembered herself to have been since she was a child, though ill, so that the doctor who came to visit her could only shake his head and speak in whispers to aunt Grüner. Linda herself, perceiving how it was with the doctor,—knowing that there were whispers though she did not hear them, and shakings of the head though she did not see them,—told her aunt with a smile that she was contented to die. Her utmost hope, the extent of her wishes, had been to escape from the extremity of misery to which she had been doomed. She had thought often, she said, as she had been making that jour-

ney, that her strength would not serve her to reach the house of her relative. "God," she said, "had been very good to her, and she was now contented to go."

Madame Staubach arrived at Cologne four days after her niece, and was also welcomed at her brother's house. But the welcome accorded to her was not that which had been given to Linda. "She has been driven very nearly to death's door among you," said the one aunt to the other. To Linda Madame Staubach was willing to own that she had been wrong, but she could make no such acknowledgment to the wife of her half-brother,—to a benighted Papist. "I have endeavoured to do my duty by my niece," said Madame Staubach, "asking the Lord daily to show me the way." "Pshaw!" said the other woman. "Your always asking the way, and never knowing it, will end in her death. She will have been murdered by your prayers." This was very terrible, but for Linda's sake it was borne.

There was nothing of reproach either from Linda to her aunt or from Madame Staubach to her niece, nor was the name of Peter Steinmarc mentioned between them for many days. It was, indeed, mentioned but once again by poor Linda Tressel. For some weeks, for nearly a month, they all remained in the house of Herr Grüner, and then Linda was removed to apartments in Cologne, in which all her earthly troubles were brought to a close. She never saw Nuremberg again, or Tetchen, who had been faithful at least to her, nor did she ever even ask the fate of Ludovic Valcarm. His name Madame Staubach never dared to mention; and Linda was silent, thinking always that it was a name of offence. But when she had been told that she must die,—that her days were indeed numbered, and that no return to Nuremberg was possible for her,—she did speak a word of Peter Steinmarc. "Tell him, aunt Charlotte, from me," she

said, "that I prayed for him when I was dying, and that I forgave him. You know, aunt Charlotte, it was impossible that I should marry him. A woman must not marry a man whom she does not love." Madame Staubach did not venture to say a word in her own justification. She did not dare even to recur to the old tenets of her fierce religion, while Linda still lived. She was cowed, and contented herself with the offices of a nurse by the sickbed of the dying girl. She had been told by her sister-in-law that she had murdered her niece. Who can say what were the accusations brought against her by the fury of her own conscience?

Every day the fair-haired cousins came to Linda's bedside, and whispered to her with their soft voices, and looked at her with their soft eyes, and touched her with their soft hands. Linda would kiss their plump arms and lean her head against them, and would find a very paradise of happiness in this late revelation of human love. As she lay a-dying she must have known that the world had been very hard to her, and that her aunt's teaching had indeed crushed her,—body as well as spirit. But she made no complaint; and at last, when the full summer had come, she died at Cologne in Madame Staubach's arms.

During those four months at Cologne the zeal of Madame Staubach's religion had been quenched, and she had been unable to use her fanaticism, even towards herself. But when she was alone in the world the fury of her creed returned. "With faith you shall move a mountain," she would say, "but without faith you cannot live." She could never trust her own faith, for the mountain would not be moved.

A small tombstone in the Protestant burying-ground at Cologne tells that Linda Tressel, of Nuremberg, died in that city on the 20th of July 1863, and that she was buried in that spot.

HORSE-FLESH.

CERTAIN adventurous gentlemen have lately been eating the meat hitherto reserved for dogs and starving garrisons, and have taken some credit to themselves for having imperilled their vile bodies for the public weal, but do not seem to have been aware that their exploit may have put soul and estate also in jeopardy. Had the recent horse banquets taken place at an earlier period of English history, every man present would have incurred grave religious, legal, and social disabilities; in fact, in the existing hazy state of English ecclesiastical law it is by no means certain that all these innovators are not *ipso esu* excommunicate, for the opinion of ancient Christendom is very decided on the point, and the judgment of the medieval Church has been most unmistakably set forth by the voice of Councils, Popes, and Archbishops. "Ignorantia legis neminem excusat," is the stern maxim of the State. The regulations of the Church have always been more elastic; and the canons against the eaters of unclean and forbidden meats imposed mild penances upon ignorant transgressors. This ignorance we propose to remove, and we shall proceed to marshal such an array of hostile authorities in Church and State as will daunt the most thoroughgoing partisan of the right of private judgment.

This is not the first time the English public has tasted horse. Although spoken of with loathing for the last thousand years, in the eighth century it was common, if not fashionable; for St Egbert, Archbishop of York, a friend of Venerable Bede, in a sort of episcopal charge, gives very minute directions what to eat, drink, and avoid. He says, "It is lawful to eat fish that have died a natural death, but not birds or any other animals which have been suffocated

in nets, or have been torn by a hawk. I do not forbid horse-flesh, although many families object to it." He adds the valuable suggestion that boiled herring is good for a fever, and peppered gall excellent for a sore mouth. But the fathers of the English Church soon began to set their faces against the practice, as we see by a decree of the Council of Culcheth in Lancashire, held A.D. 785:—

"Let every good Christian fling from him all remains of Pagan customs. The very garments ye wear are those of the heathen whom by God's grace ye have cast out of the land. Ye cast lots, and very many of you eat horses, which is a thing done by no Eastern Christian: refrain from this habit."

The heathens referred to are of course the Danes, who are rather prematurely said to have been expelled, for they had only just come and virtually never went away. Why all orthodox Christians are said to abstain from this food, and how it came to be spoken of as a Danish abomination, are interesting questions for all intending horse-eaters to consider.

It was on account of the very prominent part assigned to the horse by the Danes in their public worship, and further because of strange magical powers inherent in him, not derived from the old religion or in any way recognised by it. The scruples excited by these associations received most of their weight from a feeling with which at the present day we have little sympathy, that the soul of man can be stained by uncleanness, in which we should be disposed to say the body only has taken part.

The Danes, like the English of an earlier time, and the Norsemens for centuries afterwards, were adherents of the old faith of Odin and Thor, once held by the com-

mon ancestors of them all in the forests of Germany. It excited the curiosity of the Romans and the indignation of the early Christians; but we should know little of its nature were we obliged to depend only on the narratives of missionaries and invaders. We have to sketch an outline from half-a-dozen lines of Tacitus and a few notices scattered about in the letters of bishops in *partibus*, far too busy taming their unruly flocks to care about preserving their uncouth features for the amusement of posterity; but for colour and expression we must go to the songs and sagas of the north, many of which are the work of heathen authors, and most of which are full of the spirit of Paganism. Nearly all of these have been preserved in Iceland, and sometimes an enthusiastic German antiquarian will hint a tender regret that little far-away Iceland was not allowed to remain longer undisturbed by intruding Christianity. Enough, however, has been saved from the wreck to give us a very good idea of the old religion, and, in particular, to make us understand why its adherents ate horse, and why its perverts did not.

These old gods were not thought to be careless of mankind, but were always roaming over the earth putting down goblins and witchcraft, causing war or peace, and making corn to grow. They delighted in the brave and true; but what pleased them as much as anything, was liberality in bloody sacrifices. "I am bound to aid him," says the goddess Freya. "He has raised me an altar, and made it red and slippery with the blood of cattle." We are told of Leif, one of the discoverers of Iceland, that he never would offer sacrifices, and we know he came to a bad end. They accepted every kind of living offering, but delighted most in the costliest; sheep, oxen, horses, captives, the king's son, or the king himself. When Earl Hako was sorely pressed by the rovers

of Jom, he cried for aid to his favourite goddess, but she made no answer. Then he offered a thrall, but she would not listen. At last he offered the blood of his son, which she graciously accepted, and, descending in a bodily shape, sate on the prow of his vessel, with arrows darting from every finger. And we hear of an atrocious old king who sacrificed one son after another to prolong his own life, and died when his subjects would not permit him to kill any more. If there was a famine, it was usual with the Swedes to sacrifice the king, just as we turn out a ministry in times of disaster.

But human sacrifices were made only on very great occasions, such as the defeat of the Romans under Varus, or the threatened introduction of Christianity into a country. The usual offering was sheep, oxen, or horses. Herds of these holy animals were usually fed apart in sacred places until their time was come; "*memoribus ac lucis candidi et nullo mortali opere contacti*," says Tacitus. They were treated with the utmost respect, and we are expressly told that to pull their tails was an act of daring impiety: "*Jubæ aut caudæ pilos convellere nefarium*." — Sax. G. Probably every temple had a sacred enclosure, within which grazed the horses or cattle of the god. The particulars of one or two of these are very interesting. St Willibrod, an English saint of the eighth century, came to Heligoland in the course of his missionary labours. Here he found a meadow, in the midst of which was a spring so holy that men durst not speak while they drew water: it was not lawful for a layman so much as to touch the cattle that were feeding around it. The saint polluted the spring by baptising three men in it, and killed and ate the holy cattle, to the horror of the heathens, who thought to see him smitten with frenzy or sudden death.

Olaf Tryggvason is said to have found a similar holy meadow in

honour of Frey at Drontheim, where were kept sacred horses for the god himself to feed on. (We find other stories of Frey's kindness in eating and drinking with men. At Upsal he even condescended to espouse a mortal maiden.) Olaf mounted one of the horses and rode on him to the temple, where he defied the god and hewed off his limbs.

Many of these sacred animals have individual histories of their own. The following account of one of them is taken from a somewhat rare Icelandic saga :—

"Hrafnkell loved Frey best of the gods, and gave him half share in all the best things that he had. What he loved best was a bay horse, half of which he gave to his friend Frey, calling it Freysteede. He loved the horse so dearly, that he swore an oath he would be the death of him who should mount him without his leave." He had fifty sheep and thirteen horses, which he gave in charge to one Einar, bidding him beware of mounting Freysteede, or he would be the death of him ; but adding, he might ride any one of his remaining twelve horses he pleased. One morning the sheep were missing, and Einar, being in a hurry, rode after them on the sacred horse, and when he came home "the horse was all wet with sweat, and dripping from every hair, and he was mightily tired : then he turned round twelve times and neighed loudly, and ran down the valley to Hrafnkell's house, where he sat at table : when the horse came to the door he neighed aloud. Then said Hrafnkell to the woman that was waiting, 'Go to the door, for a horse neighed, and it is like the neighing of Freysteede.' So she told him he was outside, in very evil condition. Then out he went and saw Freysteede, and said, 'Ill usage hast thou received, my foster-child, but thou hadst thy wits about thee in coming to tell me : it shall be avenged ; so now go home to thy mates.'" With that

he turned about and went home to his herd. Next morning Hrafnkell informed Einar he had the highest regard for him and his family, but for his oath's sake he felt he quite owed it to himself and to Frey to put him to death after what had passed ; and he did so forthwith. The result of this scrupulous fulfilment of his vow was a bloody feud, in the course of which Einar's relations—who behaved, we are told, with absurd leniency—hung up Hrafnkell and his family by a rope passed through their ankles, till the blood ran into their eyes, stripped him of all that he had, and finally drowned poor Freysteede as the cause of all the mischief. The death of the sacred beast gave his master's religious principles such a shock, that he left off saying his prayers ; "For," said he, "I do not see the use of worshipping the gods after this." But faith in the divine power of the horse survived this blow, and long afterwards we hear of another Freysteede who was worshipped by his fond master, and who was the only horse in Western Iceland that durst draw a sledge through the snow-storm a witch had conjured up. This bold beast had a holy contemporary, whose story shows how these sanctified animals were looked on by Christians. Thorgils, one of the early discoverers of Greenland, was making his first voyage into the unknown icy ocean. He dreamt that Thor appeared to him, and endeavoured by threats and promises to win him back to the old religion. But when he was not able to persuade him, he said, "Albeit thou make me not thy god, yet pay me my own." Thorgils mused on this, and perceived the god must be demanding an ox which he had given him whilst yet a calf. When he awoke he determined to throw the ox overboard. And this he did, although they were short of provisions, in spite of the angry remonstrances of his heathen shipmates. As a proof of the antiquity of the practice, we may remember that

crazy Caligula, who wanted to raise his horse to the consulship, had seen a good deal of the Germans.

The actual sacrifice consisted in slaughtering the devoted animal; sprinkling his blood over the holy place; cutting off his head and setting it apart for the god; and eating the rest of the flesh in his honour. We have numerous accounts of these banquets in the sagas and Church historians. The most remarkable festival of the kind was held in Denmark every ninth year, when ninety-nine men and ninety-nine horses were sacrificed. The recurrence of the number nine shows the solemnity of the occasion; for there are nine worlds, nine holy trees, and nine fatal maidens who tarry nine years with mortal lovers; the grim mother of the giants has nine hundred heads, and when this world is passing away, Thor shall reel nine paces and die; the wer-wolf is doomed to his unholy shape for nine days; his sister, the night-mare, has nine foals; the blood of a nine-year-old ox is a mighty charm, and a valuable augury is obtained by observing how a horse steps over nine spears. To refuse to partake of the meal which accompanied a sacrifice was to insult the god and his guests; but it is obvious that for a Christian to share in such an entertainment was little short of open apostacy. How such a deed actually was regarded on all hands is best seen in the famous incident in the life of Hako the Good, himself an excellent Christian, but before his age: it has often been told before, but will bear telling again. Snorri writes:—

“King Hako was at a great religious banquet at Lade. It had always been his custom to feed apart with a few friends while the sacrifice was being offered, but the landowners clamoured against him because he did not sit on

his seat of honour on this great occasion; so he came and ate there, and when the first bowl was filled Earl Sigurd called upon the name of Odin and drank and passed it on to the King, and he took it and signed over it the sign of the cross.

“Then said one of the guests, ‘Why has the King done this thing? does he refuse to offer sacrifice?’ But the Earl answered, ‘The King has drunk in honour of Thor, as a strong man should, and he made over it the sign of Thor’s hammer.’ So the matter passed; but in the morning the guests said he must eat some horse-flesh: he stontly refused, neither would he drink horse-broth. Then they threatened to fall upon him; but Earl Sigurd strove to pacify them, and bade the King lean open-mouthed over the caldron whence ascended the steam from the horse-flesh. So the King bound over the vessel a linen cloth, and did as the Earl bade him; but both parties were ill-pleased. At Yule was another great festival, and twelve men who had most to do with sacrifices banded themselves together to compel the King to sacrifice. So first they slew three Christian priests and burnt three churches, and then they came to the feast with as many followers as possible. As soon as they were met together they came to the King in war-like fashion and required him to sacrifice, or it should go ill with him. And, by the mediation of Earl Sigurd, it was agreed that the King should eat some mouthfuls of horse-liver and drink all the toasts without making the sign of the cross. But the King was very sad, and went away immediately, threatening to return with more followers and avenge this outrage.”

Poor Hako never quite recovered his spirits, and was ashamed even to ask for Christian burial. As an additional outrage a heathen bard sang such verses over his body as might have made him turn in his grave. The poet describes Odin sending for his friend Hako, and all the gods welcoming his arrival at Walhalla, where he shall revel till the day of doom.*

This story makes very intelligible the frequent cautions of popes and bishops of the eighth and ninth

* Hako's Lament is a very fine specimen of the old Norse war-song, and the bard has worked in several passages from the Edda; thus giving to the song a little of the tone of a heathen hymn, and showing how completely Hako's fatal

centuries to abstain from meat offered to idols. St Boniface asks Pope Gregory whether the faithful may eat food offered to idols if it be marked with the cross? and is told to observe the apostolic injunction and abstain if eating would offend his brother; but the sin of eating such food profanely is so great, that baptism by a priest who has done it is of doubtful validity. Pope Zachary's directions are more precise: "Abstain," he writes, "from jackdaws, crows, and storks; eat no beavers or hares, and touch no wild horse: my reverend brother must know all this from Holy Writ." He further advises him not to eat bacon before it has been smoked and boiled too, if circumstances permit.

As soon as the Christians got the upper hand they began to employ more forcible arguments against all these abominations, and in the penal codes of the time we see breaches of religious duty and offences against public order denounced on the same page. As every crime is ticketed with its appropriate penalty, we can understand at a glance the comparative heinousness of each transgression, and are at once impressed with the fact that no offence which a reasonably respectable man of the period

would be likely to commit—such as theft, bigamy, or the murder of a stranger—rivalled in atrocity a deliberate violation of Church regulations, and that no ecclesiastical crime was of deeper dye than the advised eating of horse. "He that, having a wife," says the old law of Norway, "taketh unto him another woman, shall pay a fine of three marks." If a man murdered another without aggravating circumstances—that is to say, if the murdered man was not a relation or bosom friend, if the fatal blow was not given in the churchyard, and if the murderer lost no time in telling the neighbours what he had done—he simply retired into honourable banishment. But the eating of horse was a far more serious matter, and was as heavily punished as high treason, eating meat in Lent, or deeds without a name. "If a man eat horse or dog let him lose cattle, land, the king's peace, and his goods, and go to a heathen country and return no more to Christian men." Then follows the singular qualification: "Howbeit if he lose his way in a storm let him fast seven days and then eat dog or horse, for it is better to eat dog than to be eaten by him. Nevertheless when he cometh to a dwelling-house let him

horse-banquet had identified him with his religious antagonists. We feel tempted to append a rough translation of a few lines:—

"Spoke the Mighty Monarch
Of men and gods,
To his daughters the Dealers-of-loom:
'Fly down to the fighters
And find me a king
Who is worthy of Woden's hall.'"

Then follows a grand description of Hako's last battle, in which he carries all before him, until the admiring Doom-Maiden's voice, which he alone can hear, summons him to Walhalla.

The bard ends with the mournful lines,—

"His bonds shall be broken,
The Beast shall rise
From hell to the homes of men,
Ere so kindly a king
Shall come once more
To walk in the ways of earth.

"Dying are our cattle,
And dying our kin,
And fallow lie field and lea:
The good king is sitting
With the gods of his race;
But many are the men that mourn."

confess his fault to the first priest he shall meet, and submit to such penance as shall be laid upon him; but if he shall conceal what he hath done he shall lose land and goods, and be banished from the land." When the faith was introduced into Iceland the natives strenuously resisted this paternal legislation, and succeeded in carrying a compromise, by which it was mercifully provided that, in consideration of the severity of the climate and the difficulty of bringing up a large family, it should still be lawful for a man in reduced circumstances to put to death any babies that were in his way, or to eat horse-flesh, provided always that he carried on the latter time-honoured practice in an unobtrusive manner, without shocking his weak brothers by an open indulgence in the forbidden dainty. But as Christianity gained strength these last shreds of toleration were swept away; in a few years the Norwegian Ecclesiastical Law was in full force in Iceland: if a man ate horse without starving for a fortnight, any man who met him was not only allowed but commanded to put him to death; and so far from being permitted to kill an unwelcome infant, the father was obliged under pain of banishment to have him baptised, and was bound by a very stringent poor-law to see to his support. The antipathy to horse-flesh soon grew so strong that the word "horse-eater" became an abusive epithet equivalent to "foul* Paynim," and it is so applied to the Swedes, whose conversion took place later than that of the other northern nations.

But why was horse-flesh singled out for reprobation, when beef and mutton, which had also been largely used at heathen festivals (there was mutton on the board when Hako was obliged to eat horse), were allowed unless actually offered to idols? The reason is, the horse was not holy

because he was offered, but was offered because he was holy. Quite apart from his consecration he possessed many mysterious virtues, and seems to have been considered a kind of living goblin of more or less kindly disposition, but a goblin still. When Mad Tom in 'King Lear' sings—

"Swiethold footed thrice the wold,
Met the Night Mare and her nine fold,
Bade her alight
And her troth plight,
Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

he is not stringing together nonsensical rhymes about courting an indigestion, but is misquoting a widely known charm against a demon of the darkness. According to a Danish legend, the night-mare is the sister of the wer-wolf, and both are the dreaded offspring of a woman, who, by wicked spells, has eased the pains of childbirth. In old English, and in many kindred languages, the word "mare" means "horse," and also "goblin," and no doubt derives the latter meaning from the well-known magical powers of the animal: thus, in a Norse saga, a wise woman interpreting the dream of a man who has seen a red horse, says with a kind of pun on the double meaning of the word—"It is bad luck to dream of a horse, for a horse is a mare, and mare is man's wraith." These two meanings are capitally illustrated by another very old Norse legend:—

"King Vanland spent the winter in Finland with Snow the old, whose daughter Drift he married. In the spring he went away, promising to return after three years; but, as ten years passed and he did not come, Drift sent for Huld the witch, and prevailed upon her by gifts so to work that Vanland must either come to Finland or die. When the witchcraft had been set to work, it made him long to go to Finland, but his advisers dissuaded him, saying, This longing to travel must be the device of the Finns.

* "The King of Spain is a foul Paynim, and 'lieveth on Mahound."

Then a heavy slumber fell upon him and he lay down to sleep; and when he had slept a while he cried out, 'The mare tramples me.' So his men went and would have helped him: and when they took him by the head, she trampled on his legs till they were wellnigh broken: then they took him by the feet, and she kicked his head that he died." This supernatural power of the horse is referred to in an old heathen spell of such power that the Christian writer who records it lacks courage to put it all down, and warns honest men not to take it into their mouths after dark. The witch, who seems to be laying on her foe the curse of the sleepless eye, mutters—

"May the horse trample on thee,—
May thy straw prick thee."

Whether the horse gained this equivocal reputation from the frequent use made of him in spells and auguries, or whether he was so used because he was previously deemed uncanny, we do not know. It is true we frequently hear of a cat possessed by the devil, and sometimes of a heathen cow that puts an army to flight; but the horse, living or dead, is always being employed for supernatural purposes. Tacitus tells us his neighing was a most trustworthy omen, and in some parts of Germany it is lucky to hear it to this day. Grimm, from whom we have drawn several curious particulars on the subject of German superstition, quotes a singular story of a friar whom the Livonian pagans were about to put to death, but first they consulted a horse: if he moved his right foot the prisoner was to live; if he moved his left he was to die. In answer to the friar's prayer the animal moved his right foot; but the heathen priest who stood by cried out, "The god of the Christians is upon the horse's back; rub him down and the god will fall off." But after they had done so, the horse still moved his right foot, and the friar was spared. He mentions

also similar customs among the Pomeranians; and among his modern German superstitions is one which directs a sick woman to allow a horse to eat out of her apron. When a warrior died, his horse, in obedience to Odin's precept, was laid under the same mound; and in old stories of profane men who violate the sanctity of the grave, and wrestle with the dead man for his buried treasure, the ghost of the departed becomes more dangerous when the bones of the horse lie by him.

The magical power of a horse was in his head, which had the power of terrifying men and spirits. If placed on a pole, especially of hazel wood, and carved with runic characters, the most daring enemy could not face it. There is a long story in Saxo of the employment of this device in battle: the foes against whom it was directed were obliged to execute a flank march to avoid the evil influence, just as Napoleon eluded the Mameluke battery at the Pyramids; and an old Saga tells us of a duel in which one of the combatants was prevented by a storm from keeping his appointment, whereupon his antagonist carved a horse head on a pole, the other end of which he drove through the heart of a mare and planted in the earth: as the head looked towards his enemy's dwelling he was thought to have sustained a fearful affront. Even the plague itself had no power to pass such a spell.

These and other similar rites did not at once disappear with the religion which had given them their chief force. The sermons and letters of missionary bishops show us that their converts were thorough believers in the efficacy of their old usages, and were very unwilling to drop them. "Sacrilege is a mortal sin," preaches St Boniface, "by which I mean the worship of idols or the practice of divination by dead bodies." "If a man destroy his neighbour by incantations he shall fast seven

years," says Archbishop Egbert. "Suffer not your subjects," writes Pope Gregory to the Queen of the Franks, "to work enchantments with the heads of animals;" a request which seems to have been complied with, as we find Charlemagne imposing a fine of fifteen shillings on any one who should perform the magical rites which were condemned by the Council of Lippstadt. In some nooks of Germany the head of a horse is still held to possess strange powers to ban and to bless; and many readers will remember the excellent old fairy tale of Falada, the horse who could talk, and whose head was cut off lest he should tell what he had seen; but the murderer, being unacquainted with magic, nailed the head upon a door-post, to her own confusion; for that is the precise situation which is most favourable to the development of the animal's mysterious power.

Horse-flesh is only one of many articles of food which were continually being prohibited by popes, councils, and bishops. Some of these were forbidden as being contrary to the spirit of the apostolic injunction to abstain from things strangled and from blood: such as dogs, cats, and all beasts which habitually eat carrion, the flesh of clean-feeding animals which had tasted human blood, or the honey of bees which had stung a man to death; some again because of their employment in sacrilegious rites, such as beef or mutton which had been offered to idols—even a starving man might not eat such food without guilt; and many others because they were disgusting, for the Fathers of the early Church felt themselves bound to teach the decencies of daily life as part of their religion; and some of their instructions convince us that if an age of primitive innocence ever

existed, we need not look for it among our heathen forefathers. Here is an episcopal direction which we will leave in the Latin: "Qui comedit scabiam aut vermiculos qui pediculi dicuntur, vel corporis aquam bibit, sive stercora comedit, xx dies peniteat;" and that this prohibition of filth was not superfluous we see by a curious story of an early explorer on the coast of Greenland, who, in stress of weather, was sorely tempted by the devil, in the likeness of a gull, to resort to one of the practices mentioned above; but he had power to withstand the trial.* It is, however, possible that some of these unseemly habits were connected with witchcraft, for many of the spells with which we are acquainted were of a disgusting character.

The sin of a breach of these rules was only lessened, not removed, by ignorance; for some small penance, usually one-half, is imposed upon the man who has unwittingly eaten a filthy or accursed thing. That the soul could be polluted by a mechanical act of the body was a notion more nearly allied to the old pagan superstitions than to the Christian religion; it was but natural for a convert to be sick with horror when he discovered that the whale, whose flesh he had eaten, had been sent as an answer to a prayer to Thor;† but the feeling was encouraged by the missionaries, because they found it begot a horror of the loathsome practices with which heathen spells and incantations were accompanied. It was of course possible for a half-hearted convert to eat horse without intending any reverence to Odin; but he was more secure from any temptation to sacrilege if persuaded that the animal had become so contaminated by long employment in a variety of wicked ceremonies, that even unknowingly to taste his flesh

* This story is pleasantly told by Mr Baring Gould in his amusing and valuable work on the Sagas of Iceland; but here as elsewhere he not unnaturally shrinks from calling a spade a spade, so, for the benefit of Arctic voyagers, we will append a few words of the original Norse—"Menn hafa blandat saman síð ok hlendi."

† This happened to some ante-Columbian discoverers of America.

was to commit a sin requiring special absolution. Abstinence from horse-flesh in those days closely resembled teetotalism at present. We do not indeed find in old writers the reasonings with which we are now so familiar; for the Church in the eighth century was not in the habit of employing verbal arguments; but we can easily understand what is to be said in favour of legislation against a man if he persists in eating a steak that recalls to the minds of his neighbours certain scenes of impious revelry into which they half long to relapse.

For good or for evil, the horse has had his day; the military emblem in which our forefathers hailed the protecting presence of Frey, and of other unknown but mighty agencies, and before which Roman and Pict quailed in religious panic, is now seen only on the useless shield of Brunswick, or on the caps of Kentish volunteers. Men whose ancestors thought horse-flesh exactly half as foul an abomination as human flesh itself, sit down to this strange food as calmly as though they were about to make trial of eland. We readily acquit the hundred and fifty respectable gentlemen who on a recent Thursday made the experiment, of any intention to do reverence to him from whom that day is named; but there are many bitter old laws, civil and ecclesiastical, in which allusion is made to "Christianos illos qui sive verbis sive operibus diabolum colunt." The penalties are too numerous to mention, but a few of them are loss of goods and chattels, perpetual imprisonment, and the burial of a dog. All things pertaining to the jurisdiction of the Church of England over a disaffected member are enveloped in awful and daily-thickening obscurity; and the projectors of the next equine orgy would do well first to satisfy themselves that recent legislation has abrogated the laws of Canute. That they will readily obtain a favourable opinion of counsel we do not

doubt—when does any unnatural son who seeks to inflict a wound on his poor old spiritual mother fail to find a flaw in her rusty armour? But we entreat those well-meaning persons who are striving to change the diet of a race, and also other conscientious introducers of new-fangled practices in Church and State, to pause before they lend further strength to the perilous maxim, that all things may rightly be done which are not forbidden, *totidem verbis*, by some lawful authority. For innovation is like horse-flesh, *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, and when we have robbed our cats and dogs of the morsels we now distribute to them temptingly displayed upon skewers, we shall soon proceed to cast a greedy eye upon Grimalkin and Toby, all whose grossness will then have been purged away by a purely vegetable diet. These successive steps of the unbridled appetite which has cast aside all the restraints of conventionality seem to be foreshadowed in the following graphic lines of the Scottish ballad:—

"In there came a griesly ghost,
Stood stamping on the floor."

* * * * *

(*Ghost loquitor.*)

"Some meat, some meat, ye King Hen-

rie,
Some meat ye gie to me!"

"And what meat's in this house, ladye,
That ye're na welcome tie!"

"O ye'ae gae kill your berry-brown steed,
And serve him up to me."

"O when he killed his berry-brown
steed,

Wow gin his heart was sair!
She ate him a' up, skin and bane,
Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye King Hen-

rie!
Mair meat ye gie to me!"

"And what meat's in this house, ladye,
That I hae left to gie?"

"O ye do slay your gude grey houndes,
And bring them a' to me."

"O when he slew his gude grey houndes,
Wow but his heart was sair!

She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,
Left naething but hide and hair."

This terrible visitor was really a lady of high degree, who was in the

habit of acting in this extraordinary manner in order to test the politeness of her hosts ; but King Henrie may be pardoned for having inferred, as at first he did, that the stranger was none other than "the fiend that wons in hell."

There is really no saying where we shall arrive at last if we once make up our minds to overstep all the barriers of custom and instinct unless they are fortified by the precise words of some recent Act of Parliament, or of one of the ten commandments ; for we cannot call to mind any text, or any modern canon, article, or statute, which forbids the eating of an animal that is far dearer to us than horse or dog : like other startling practices which disquiet our Churches and parks, it has been thought an impossible evil, against which legislation is superfluous. Nay, we may perhaps find we have opened the door to a yet more serious mischief, for we have seen that the two abominations which the professors of the old superstition were the most unwilling to relinquish were horse-eating and infanticide. Now there is a curious sort of family likeness between the motives which underlie these two pestilent habits. We have already shown that a man ate horse partly because he was anxious to propitiate the powers that dwell in heaven or "in another place," and partly because there was little else for him to eat. So when a man "carried out" a child, as it was euphemistically expressed, he too was trying to make the best of both worlds, for by the infant's death he at once relieved himself from the burden of a large family, and he did the gods a pleasure. The religious character of the act was so fully recognised that in Iceland it was considered a great liberty to pick up the child of a neighbour after he had "carried it out," even if the compassionate busybody intended to be at the expense of educating the infant himself. Both these customs were very properly put down by the strong arm of the

Church without any regard to scruples of conscience or family inconvenience, and we are not aware that the strict prohibitions which were then recorded have ever been withdrawn. May we not fear that if we of our own private judgment venture to revive one of these long-disused rites we shall weaken the feelings which condemn the other ? There is indeed too much reason to dread that the discussion has already done mischief, for it is stated by a writer in the 'Church and the World,' a publication which itself warmly advocates the revival of old-world customs, that the benighted wayfarer in London streets dares not pick up a bundle of rags, because he knows it contains a baby, and that the metropolitan canals are choked with the bodies of murdered innocents. Matters could not have been much worse in Iceland in the year of grace 1000, and the Norseman seems to have had a softer heart than the Londoner, for we do sometimes read in the Sagas of a castaway infant being picked up. However, all evils bring with them some countervailing blessings, and it is possible that our growing familiarity with strange flesh and "carrying out" may help us to settle the great question of the day. When Swift brought forward his famous suggestions for ameliorating the condition of the Irish peasantry, he was far in advance of his age ; and his "modest proposal for preventing the children of the poor in Ireland from being a burden to themselves and their country," shocks our feelings even at the present day ; but "they are dangerous guides the feelings," and public opinion ripens so rapidly nowadays that we shall no doubt soon hear that some right honourable gentleman has become suddenly impressed by the urgency of the crisis, and has introduced certain Resolutions the effect of which will be to make Young Ireland a valuable addition to the resources of the Empire.

UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.

PART I.

MOST of us, in the range of our intimacies, must be acquainted with certain individuals who seem to succeed in everything, and with certain others who are as uniformly unsuccessful. I allude, of course, to cases where there is no outwardly visible reason for the difference, but, on the contrary, an apparent equality of conditions and advantages.

In another age—in a more golden age than this—the outside world looking on, lazily accounted for the phenomenon by describing these persons as “lucky” and “unlucky” respectively. Men who prospered exceptionally had a certain amount of personal merit deducted from their credit side and placed to their debit under the title of “good fortune ;” while a reverse process, in the case of the exceptionally unprosperous, toned down for them the net result of personal incapacity. In the “brave days of old” a general among the Romans was not more valued for his address and valour than for his *fortuna* or “good luck ;” and, in the same age, a man whose undertakings miscarried, could transfer the blame from himself to some such personification of ill-luck as a raven croaking at him from the left-hand side of the way, or a stumble of his own shambling feet on his threshold of a morning. And so, for a long time, these ideas of good and bad luck thrived, and did very well in the world, and, modified by time, descended through many generations of men, none of whom need, by his own admission at least, be either a blockhead or an incapable, when Bad Luck, with flocks of attendant scapegoats, was ready to take up and bear away his burthen. No wonder the idea thrived.

But all that has changed now ;

for we have lighted upon an iron, inexorable age, with a passion for analysis—a requiring age that refuses to believe in abstract ideas as final causes of tangible effects—an age that is not given to euphemisms—wherein a spade is merely a spade, and a noodle a noodle, the leftward croakings of a myriad ravens notwithstanding ; finally, on a prosaic age, in which a tree is known by its fruits : and so, if you would not quarrel with the age, you must abjure the doctrines of luck, good and bad, as “damnable doctrines and positions,” and keep shouting and believing that

“Man, if Man, is master of his Fate.”

I thus abjure, shout, and believe ; but a rule without an exception falls to the ground, and for me Tim Griffin supplies the necessary prop. Advisedly I write him down an unlucky man—the unlucky man, if you please ; for if there never was another, his is a case in which the epithet seems justified. He never succeeded in anything, and yet it would have puzzled the acutest analyst to say why. In ability and energy he was quite above the average of his compeers, nor was there any apparent deficiency in his character of the other elements which promote success ; yet he failed. The worst of it was that his *fiascos* and misfortunes were not simply *fiascos* and misfortunes over which sympathising friends might sorrow with him ; they were generally aggravated by an *entourage* of the ludicrous, in presence of which pity was dissolved in mirth.

Puck must have presided at his nativity, and tweaked him in the cradle, roughened the nap of his flannel wrappings, and intensified the gastric pangs of his infancy. Certain it is that the “shrewd and

knaveish sprite" has dogged him persistently through his maturer life, all the leading episodes of which are stamped with the impress of his malignant gambols. It is an episode thus characterised that I am now going to chronicle.

Tim and I began life together on the same form at Harrow, and I thus became acquainted, at a very early period, with his idiosyncrasies, or rather with those of his evil genius. He must have spent no inconsiderable part of his school life in expiating the offences of undiscovered criminals; for at this time the bias of his evil genius seemed to lie in the direction of fathering ownerless offences upon him. In all large societies, whether of men or boys, there is always a vast amount of unappropriated crime; but as long as Tim was at Harrow, I am sure the average of that institution, in this respect, must have been exceptionally low, for no sooner was an offence committed than straightway there sprang up around my hapless friend a thicket of criminating circumstantial evidence, in which, innocently and vicariously, but inevitably, he played the rôle of the entangled ram. I left school a year before Tim, and entered the army; he remained behind to qualify for the University, whither he, in due time, repaired. Puck, however, had other views for him, so ere long circumstances "over which he had no control" induced him to shake the academic dust from his feet, and, like me, to exchange the gown for the sword. Thus it came about that, some few months before the commencement of my narrative, my old friend and I found ourselves once more together, our respective regiments being both quartered at Gibraltar.

At the time my story opens the Gibraltar season was nearly over; that season so delightful on a first experience, and so especially wearisome on a repetition. It had been a brilliant one. The picnics in

the Cork wood had been frequent and successful; there had been many great runs with the Calpe hounds. It is even a tradition in the garrison to this day, I believe, that they killed a fox that winter, but with this I am unable to charge my memory. There had been a six weeks' season of garrison theatricals, in which the most eminent sons of Roscius had surpassed even themselves; but, above all things, there had been lots of balls. A hospitable Governor reigned on the Rock—a kind old man who loved to see young and happy faces about him,—and the venerable walls of "The Convent" (his official residence) were constantly thrown open, not for mere humdrum "at homes," receptions, conversaciones, and the like, but for downright good balls, with lots of good music and lots of good floor for the dancers, lots of supper for the chaperons, and a perpetual buffet for tipling papas who might otherwise have been restive. Can more be said in favour of his Excellency's entertainments? The Rock took its cue from the Convent—"dressed by the centre," in fact—and all the inhabitants, English and Spanish, vied with each other in keeping alive the game of gaiety. It is an axiom in social chemistry that when red-coats and bright eyes are brought into close propinquity, combustion ensues, and nowhere is this truer than at "Gib," where the bright eyes of the Spanish señoritas are manoeuvred with a skill peculiar to themselves, and almost as unique as their faculty of expressing in the airy movements of the fan the language of all the passions. It must be confessed, however, that the "faces *tædæque Cupidinis*" which there burned brightly during the season were by no means composed of *asbestos*; the love that sprang on the Rock was not generally a plant of that nature which thrives on the watering of memory and absence. It sprang up, sudden

and mature, like the wondrous plant of the Eastern magician, and disappeared as rapidly when the last notes of 'The girls we left behind us' warned the partners in its culture that the hour had come to say "Good-bye."

But if the red-coat loved and sailed away, the maiden who remained did not wear the willow. The same pocket-handkerchief that waved a tear-draggled adieu to Transport A. flaunted its still damp bunting in tribute of welcome to Transport B. as it steamed into the harbour with a cargo of new adorers. This season had been one of many conquests. In all the six barracks there was sighing and tearing of hair. Ensigns and lieutenants had been bowled over by the dozen, several captains had been hit, and it was even whispered that a field-officer, whose age and rotundity should have been a guarantee against such frivolities, was the victim of a secret flame. Old Boraccio, the Spanish master, had been nearly worked to death in teaching conversational Spanish of an amatory tendency to the young Britons, and in gracefully rounding the periods of certain billets-doux, which were written "merely as exercises, don't you see?"

It had by no means escaped my notice that Tim Griffin had been carrying on a very desperate flirtation with the Señorita Amalia Cayrasso, the only child of a rich merchant prince of the town, a *ci-devant* (perhaps not altogether *ci-devant*) smuggler. Old Curaçoa, as he was called, was a terrible reprobate, in every sense of the term—a violent, brutal, domineering old reprobate, the detestation of society and the terror and torment of his daughter's life. She was a very pretty girl, and a very nice girl, too, in her way, but deeply addicted to flirtation. Several suitors had wooed and even won *her* consent, but her father was always a stumblingblock. He hated the English, and he loved money.

VOL. CIII.—NO. DCXXXI.

Amalia's suitors were invariably English, and coinless as the English officer is apt to be, so matters were never arranged. I had watched several of her little affairs, and notably one with a certain Captain Buttonshaw of the Rifles, who had been Tim's immediate predecessor, and whom the harsh refusal of Cayrasso *père* had driven into a six months' exile in England. He had returned, indeed, just at the end of the season, but there was no renewal of their relations—patent, at least, to the public. On one occasion, certainly, I had come upon them unawares, when they were in close and eager conversation of a—well, certainly not of a hostile character. That, however, might have been the "eternal adieu" which all well-regulated lovers bid each other under such circumstances; the gentleman solemnly undertaking that, from that date, his heart shall be dead and marbly, and the lady that her hand, which (oh, ye tears!) is ere long wielding the helm of the next eligible offerer's establishment, shall shrivel in eternal spinsterhood.

This may have been the nature of the rather florid interview in which I surprised them. At any rate, the Señorita smiled with unmistakable kindness upon Tim. As for him, he was evidently in the last stage of imbecility.

During this gay season I had seen a great deal of my old chum. He had been in the thick of everything, and he had been a success. Who so daring as he to ride up the crags, or swim his horse across the Guadiaro, or dive into the eerie recesses of the Cork forest behind the "Calpes," in full cry? Who so esteemed for the deadly precision of his left-hand bowling, or for his "service" in the racket-court? What debutant on the boards had had a better success? Tim was a "card" in the garrison; always popular, here he was really a "card," and now his triumph was culminating in the smiles of the prevailing

belle and heiress of the Rock. I rejoiced over all this, but I rejoiced with trembling. It was contrary to experience that his evil genius should fail ere long to check this career of prosperity. Something dreadful must be in store for him. To me thus meditating, one morning, towards the close of the carnival, appeared my friend himself. His countenance wore a most baffling combination of expressions, in which joy, anxiety, doubt, and perturbation were all represented. "Halloa!" I thought, "a crisis." "Good morning, Tim."

"Good morning, Fred," he replied abstractedly, lighting a cigar, and folding himself out in an arm-chair. His eye was vacant, and he smoked in silence for some minutes, I curiously regarding him through circumambient mists.

"You're lively this morning, Tim," I said, at last.

"What! eh? oh yes, of course: look here, Fred" (suddenly waking up), "I don't know whether I'm a d—d fool or not." I intimated that the problem presented no difficulty to my mind, and he went on. "The fact is, Fred, I'm in love—horribly in love—horribly."

"I know you are," I replied.

"You do? How on earth do you know?"

"You told me," said I.

"I told you? I never said a word to any one but *her*."

"Nevertheless you told me, and all Gib into the bargain. You don't suppose, you owl, that it's necessary to stand in the Alameda, beat a drum, and shout, 'O yez! O yez!! O yez!!!' I Tim Griffin am in love," to advertise the fact, when you are everlastingly hanging on to Amalia Cayrasso; dancing or riding or walking with her, or if not, glaring with these great gooseberry eyes of yours" (Tim was very proud of the features in question) "like an indignant sheep, at any fellow who is—— Yes, you're in love, Tim; and, to revert to your

original train of thought, you're a d—d fool for your pains."

"No, Fred," he replied, "I don't think I am; at all events I'm the happiest fellow in the world. I've proposed, Fred!"

"I know you have,—last night at old Ravello's ball."

"How the deuce,—now, how on earth can *you* know that?" cried Tim.

"Never mind, you did propose, and she accepted you, and you celebrated the event by immediately upsetting a glass of champagne and a liberal-sized lemon-ice on to the shoulders of a venerable Contessa who did not bless you for it."

"Why, you're a conjuror, Fred!"

"No, mi amigo, tengo los ojos."

"Well, then, I *am* engaged; and talk of my bad luck! Why, I'm the luckiest fellow upon earth! to think of an angel—a perfect thorough-bred angel—with eyes——"

"We'll sink that, Tim, please."

"Well, to think of such a girl taking a fancy to me!—a mere soldier—a——"

"Force of habit, Tim," I said.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Why, it's a way she has; she had exactly the same game with——with Buttonshaw of the Rifles, for instance, and——"

"Buttonshaw be blowed!" shouted the lover. "She told me all about that; it was a childish affair—ages ago—she was but an infant, and rather looked on Buttonshaw as an uncle than in any other light, yet the gossips did talk, she said."

As uncle Buttonshaw had been in the ascendant seven months before, Miss Amalia must have achieved a rather rapid transit from infancy to well-fledged adolescence; however, I spared the lover and went on—"Well, Tim, you're in love, and engaged to an angel, the brevet-niece of Buttonshaw, and you're happy and lucky and all the rest of it; but *après?* what are you going to do?"

"Do I marry her, of course."

"Hm! of course; yes, and the means of livelihood?"

"Well, I have two hundred a-year and my pay, and my aunt is good to cut up for twenty thousand; and then old Cayrasso ought to stand something, if he doesn't object."

"But he will object—he objected to Bu—that is, he's a cantankerous old pig, and is sure to object."

"I don't see why he should," said Tim. "I'm of good family and decent prospects; the only thing is the religion—that's a bore. I might recant, though—why the dickens shouldn't I recant? A cousin of mine married a Jewess, and he recanted—went to synagogues and things; got his wife, annexed her fortune, and then decanted himself back again into the Christian faith. Yes, Fred, I'll recant, I think; or I'll tell him I've got undeveloped leanings—yearnings, Fred, eh?"

"All right," I said; "but what are you going to do now?"

"That's the very thing I've come about. I want to consult you about tackling Cayrasso; shall I write or speak, which?"

"Oh! write certainly."

"Then you'll help me, like a good fellow; come on."

I liked Tim, I even loved him, but I liked mischief and a lark almost as well; so, being very young, I plunged into the affair without a thought beyond the present amusement, and taking up a pen prepared to act as Tim's scribe and friend in council.

"Spanish or English, Tim?" I inquired.

"Oh! English, of course; he knows I could not write a word of Spanish, and the old fellow speaks English like Johnson's Dictionary."

So we struggled through the following, with many pauses for disputation:—

"DEAR SIR,—The graces of your daughter—the beautiful Señorita Amalia—must have often suggested to her father's heart that the time would come when some aspiring suitor would seek to deprive him of his treasure. You will not be surprised, therefore, when I announce myself as that suitor; when I tell you that I love your daughter and that she loves me; when I say to you, 'Give me this fairest floweret of the Rock, that I may wear her next my heart for ever and ever.' To advert to more sub-lunary matters. I cannot, at present, offer my bride much of this world's wealth. You are aware that in the British army we look for our reward rather in honour than in pelf; but my regimental pay, which may be roughly stated at £100 per annum, is fortified by a private income of twice that amount. This is not a large income; but Amalia has frugal tastes, and with prudence and any little addendum which your kindness may suggest, we shall, I doubt not, do very well with it as a beginning. There is but one other subject and I have done; it is one of delicacy, and I approach it with constraint. It is that of religion. I am well aware that my Amalia and I have been reared in different folds. I am, however, no bigot, and of late my mind has been much turned towards your noble faith, and certain vague and undefined yearnings in that direction tell me that fuller light and kindly instruction might eventuate in making your daughter and me one in faith as we are already united in love. A parallel case in my own family has been attended by the happiest results. Pardon me if I ask you to contemplate for a moment a picture of exceeding beauty which suggests itself to my mind. It is that of a venerable parent (yourself) guiding with a firm but gentle hand the faltering steps of a wayward son-in-law (me),

and leading him back, as a worshipper, to those altars at which the old man had recently, in faith, resigned his daughter (Amalia) to the neophyte. I will add no more but to pray you for an early answer, as, if all goes well, I should hope to offer you, in the course of the afternoon, the right hand of filial affection.—I am, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

“TIMOTHY GRIFFIN,
“Ensign, —th Regiment.”

“Bravo, Fred.”

“Bravo, Tim.”

The precious production was read over, approved *nem. con.*, and despatched with all convenient speed.

We had not long to wait for an answer. Tim turned pale when it arrived, and after fumbling it in his hands for a little, gave it over to me, saying, “I’m too nervous to open it,—take the plunge for me, old fellow.”

“Halloa!” I cried, “it’s in Spanish; how about Dr Johnson, eh?”

I soon saw the reason. The writer had been too eager to vent his wrath to hamper himself with an unfamiliar language; for though the tone of the epistle was calm, each particular letter was spurdy and bristling with indignation. The following is a translation:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of to-day’s date. I am a man of business. In trade, reciprocity is a fundamental idea. In the arrangement you propose (which your highflown verbiage at once discovers to be of a purely business nature) I recognise no such element. I am a rich man, and my daughter, if I choose, will be rich; whereas you, by your own showing, are virtually a beggar. Therefore, there can be no fair transaction between us. I admire speculation even when it is bold, but it requires

a basis. To speculate successfully a man must have some more convertible capital than ‘vague and undefined religious yearnings,’ which have no exchangeable value in any market known to me. Declining, therefore, your alliance on behalf of my daughter, and, on my own account, the honour of becoming your spiritual supervisor, I will conclude by advising you for the future, when writing to a stranger, not to assume that he is necessarily as imbecile as yourself.—I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

“JUAN CAYRASSO.

“P.S.—You will please to consider *all* acquaintance between yourself and my daughter as absolutely at an end.”

It was a deathlike silence that reigned for some minutes in Officers’ Quarters No. 24 after the descent of this outrageous bomb-shell. The intended neophyte sat bolt upright in his chair, with his legs tucked under it, his eyes and mouth “at their full extension,” motionless. I was seized with a fierce desire to laugh, but it was no surprise to me; I had pretty well foreseen it. Yet I had never thought that Tim was seriously hit, and had believed that, after a due amount of swearing at his luck, his “rebound” would make him acquiesce in the inevitable. But Tim didn’t swear or express himself spasmodically at all. He sat quite still, “staring right on with calm, eternal eyes.” This was serious, so after a time I essayed consolation, bursting out into those rough and cheery commonplaces which are supposed to meet occasions of the sort.

“Why, Tim, old boy! never hang your head for a thing of the sort. Curaçoa is an old hound, no doubt of that, but, after all, Miss Amalia is—well, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. You could never have

seriously meant to marry *her*, you know, so it's as well to be out of it at once. Fancy a fellow marrying at your age! and obliged to cut the service, or stay in it and lose all the fun. Liberty, my boy—nothing like liberty! *A bas* pinafores and perambulators, and

“Vive la joie! cigars and cognac

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

With these we'll bivouac—ac—ac—ac.”

And I accompanied the last bars of my melody with those whole-souled thumps on the back of the patient with which such arguments of consolation are invariably clinched. Tim woke up, but he betrayed no healthy symptom; on the contrary, he was perfectly calm. Evidently a bad case. At last he spoke.

“You're a good fellow, Fred, and I'm grateful and all that, but it won't do; you mistake the case; I'm serious, and I'll marry that girl in spite of all the fathers in Christendom.”

“Whew!” I whistled, “don't be a fool, Tim; come and have a game of rackets—nothing like exercise for dispelling the vapours.”

“No, I won't; I won't stir from this room, Fred. Send for a brandy-and-soda, and give me your biggest cigar, and let me think.”

I yielded: the required refreshments were produced, and Tim thought. What a pace the fellow smoked and drank at to be sure! and what a pace he seemed to be thinking at too as the stimulants began to take effect. He knit his brows, clenched his fists, twisted his hair into Mephistophelian horns—he beat the devil's tattoo, he rose up and tore wildly round the table, cracked my aquarium with the shod of his sword, and sat down upon my shako, which collapsed. At last he emptied his glass with a gulp, and, dashing the butt of his cigar into the grate, stood up an altered man.

“Fred, I've made up my mind.”

“High time,” said I, ruefully,

de-indenting my martial head-dress.

“Well?”

“You'll stand by me, won't you?”

“Let me hear—yes, of course I'll stand by you in any case.”

“I shall want your assistance, for I've made up my mind to elope with Amalia!”

“Elope with her! why, you're crazy.”

“Not a bit of it. I'll fight the old scoundrel with his own weapons. I'll smuggle her, Fred—carry her off from under his nose. I've thought it all out, and I only want your assistance.”

A thrill of joy shot through my mischievous soul.

An elopement!—unhoped-for bliss! But conscience whispered that I should make some show of doing the mentor, so I replied, “It would be dreadfully imprudent—it would aggravate the fact of matrimony—it would make a row at home; but, after all, do you think the *Señorita* would consent to such an escapade?”

“I have no doubt about it, Fred. When I proposed to her, I spoke of the chances of her father refusing his consent, and, oh! Fred, she—the angel—fixing her beautiful liquid eyes upon me with an expression of—of—”

“Never mind her eyes, please; what did she say?”

“Well, she said something in Spanish, out of the Bible, about Ruth, and having no father or mother but me, from which I gathered that she doesn't love her parent, and would rather prefer eloping to not. Fred, that girl adores me!” I was aware that there is no act of impetuosity and self-sacrifice too wild for a Spanish damsel when her affections are engaged, and that such was the case with Amalia at present I was half-inclined to believe.

“Well but, Tim, you must think of the sinews of war; if Curaçoa refuses to be reconciled, which is

most probable, how about money? The aunt won't forgive a Popish niece, will she?"

"I've thought of that: my aunt is a good old girl—a stiffish Methodist certainly, but the soul of good nature; besides, I have only to hint that her influence might attract a Romish lamb into the Protestant fold, and she'll be all right. Amalia shall have the 'undefined yearnings' this time, Fred."

"Tim, you're a villain, and I disapprove of you; but there's no good reasoning with you—never was; besides, your happiness is at stake, and I'm your oldest friend, and I've given you my word, so I'll see you through it, *coute que coute*."

Conscience thus appeased, I received Tim's thanks with the air of a man who is about to commit an act of heroic self-sacrifice in friendship's cause.

"And have you thought of details, Tim? It's easy to say 'elope,' but how? whither? when?"

"I've thought it all out. First of all, you and I (for you must go with us to do propriety) will get a week's leave to go and shoot on the other side. We'll have a felucca, and lots of guns, dogs, grub, and all that, put on board. We'll give out to the public that it's to be a tremendous *chasse*, and then Amalia, and you and I, and your fellow Zebedee (we must take him), will quietly go on board at night, ten hours before programme, and whip over to Tetuan. The Vice-Consul there is a young fellow, and an old friend of mine. He'll make no bones of executing a civil marriage, and then—why then we're all right—we'll come back with colours flying, and drums beating, go to church in both folds, and snap our fingers at papa. You'll give the bride away, and a *déjeuner* after, if you like; I'll get six months' leave, go home and square my aunt, and—and live happy ever after. Now, what do you say to that?"

"I say it is a scheme that does

honour to your head and heart, Tim; admirable, if Amalia will consent, and we can extricate her."

"Don't you fret about that; I see it all. The only thing is, we must take time by the forelock. The carnival's almost over, and after it is, meetings and arrangements would be difficult. Let me see; this is Sunday, and next Wednesday is Ash Wednesday. By Jove! it's short notice, but we must do it either to-morrow night or on Tuesday. There's a big municipal feast on Tuesday, I know, which Curaçoa is sure to attend. That would suit exactly, for he'll stay out late and be too drunk to think of Amalia when he comes in, so we should have a long start, and then he'd never think of our going to Africa, and with a wind, we'll be there before he has begun to growl at his head in the morning. She'll be at the Larangas' usual Sunday 'at home' to-night, and so will the old boy, in case I should be there, which I won't, for we must lull his suspicions. You'll go for me, Fred, and tell Amalia you are a confidant, and impart my scheme to her (you'll find her game, I promise you), and then arrange everything with her, either for to-morrow night or Tuesday."

"Very well; I've taken it in hand, Tim, and I'll make the best of it; it's an awkwardish thing, though, to propose elopement, for another fellow, to an engaging young female; still what must be, must. And now I'm obliged to join a riding party, so Adios. I'll look in and report progress to-night after the party."

The Sunday evening reunions at "Gib" were said to be the pleasantest parties there. Several Spanish families received in this way. There was no formality about them. One got *carte blanche* for the season, to go or stay away as the spirit moved. The English residents, discountenancing them on Sabbatarian grounds, stayed away as a body,

which seemed to free the Spaniards from a certain incubus of restraint, for their gay and charming characteristics shone to special advantage on these occasions. The amusements consisted of music, "innocent games," and cards—seldom of dancing; but there was "ample scope, and many a nook retired" where souls with an affinity might hold heavenly communion. The soul with which mine had desired to establish an affinity had thrown me over some two months before, since which time I had sulkily abandoned these reunions. I went late, and the first person I saw on entering the room was Cayrasso. He had probably stationed himself near the door to take Tim under his surveillance from the first. The lady of the house came graciously up to me.

"Welcome! Señor the devotee! So you have conquered your scruples and come to me again. I thought you had been scolded by the English ladies, and were afraid to come; but tell me what has become of your bosom-friend who never forsakes us? Where is Mr Griffin?"

"Is he not here?" I said, carelessly glancing round the room to ascertain that Cayrasso was on the alert. "He said we should meet to-night; but, by the by, he starts to-morrow morning, I think, for Estepona, for a great *chasse* in the mountains; and as he is to be away for some time, no doubt he will be busy with his arrangements."

I did not look at Cayrasso, but I had magnetic consciousness that he was drinking in my fable.

My hostess passed on, and after a few moments' conversation with some one in my neighbourhood I sauntered up to the group which she had joined. Amalia was its centre. Her face told me at a glance that she had had explanations with her father. Yet she carried herself bravely, was brilliant in her repartee, and lavish of

the heart-piercing glances which she dealt around her on the circle of her adorers—male and female.

They were arranging a charade-party for Tuesday night, and Señora Laranga was just remarking, "But I have bad news—a desertion—we are losing our Star. It is too provoking of him: Mr Griffin is going away to-morrow morning" (flip! flap! flop! went Amalia's fan—three distinct interjections signifying surprise, horror, and woe, immediately followed by a cataract of flutters on the same instrument) "to Estepona, to shoot for ever so long, and what we're to do without him, I don't know. Amalia, my love, we all know your power with that devoted cavalier; will you intercede and get him to stay for the party?"

"Yes, yes; do, Amalia!"

"Tell him you'll never dance with him again."

"Threaten him with eternal disgrace."

"Write him a nice little coaxing note," were the suggestions that rose on all sides.

"You overrate my influence," said Amalia.

"Oh! you pretend to be humble, but you know you can make him do what you please;" and so they continued till Amalia rose laughing and said,

"You are all too teasing, and I will not stay with you; I pray some kind cavalier to deliver me. Ah! Mr Onslow, you never tease; take me away from these naughty people, and give me some ice, and tell me all about your conversion to Sunday evenings—come."

I gave her my arm and led her away into one of those delightful alcoves where the wide-opened jealousies admitted the rays of the moon, and the gentle breath of the southern night floated in on its fragrant wings, the thrilling melodies of—in short, an alcove where it was hard lines to be with some one else's "affinity" instead of

one's own. How nervous I was when I got into it! I believe I should have broken down altogether, if I had not had an instinct that the Señorita would give me a lead. She seated herself at the window and gazed silently out. No lead. Awkward. My heart beat very fast and my tongue felt thick and dry.

"Señorita!" at last I gasped, in a glutinous voice.

"Yes, Señor," and she turned on me so sharply that I fell abjectly into the state of the weather.

"What a heavenly night it is, Señorita!"

"It is beautiful." A pause.

"D-d-do you like the smell of the nightingales, Señorita?"

"What, Mr Onslow?" very sharply.

"I beg your pardon, do you like the perfume of the acacias?—they are very fragrant to-night."

"Yes."

"And the moon, Señorita, is it not brilliant?"

The Señorita's patience gave way. "I'm afraid the moon cannot return the compliment, Mr Onslow. What is the matter with you? you who are generally so merry. Is conscience tormenting you for coming to a Sunday party?"

"N-n-no, it isn't that—the fact is I'm a missionary."

"What?"

"I don't mean that; I'm on a mission—I'm an envoy—an ambassador—a plenipotentiary."

"Anything else?"

"Come, Señorita, you understand me. I know all about it. I'm in the secret——"

"Oh! pray do, do tell me all about it, I do so love secrets," and she clapped her hands and looked the personification of eager curiosity. This was a little too bad. Calm with desperation, I replied,

"I'm Tim Griffin's bosom friend."

"Ah! that is no secret, Señor;

but, apropos, perhaps you can persuade him to oblige our friends and put off his trip till after their charade-party."

"Ah, ha!" I thought, the lead at last. "It is unnecessary," I replied; "he is not going to-morrow" (fr-r-rap went the fan); "at the same time he will not be at the charade-party; but what is the good of fencing? I have an awkward duty to perform, but it must be done, so here goes. I have a message for you from Mr Griffin, Señorita."

"Speak it in English," she said, hurriedly, her manner changing on the instant, "so it will for us be safer."

This was a great help, and I went ahead swimmingly. "Yes, Miss Cayrasso, Timothy has made me his confidant, and I have seen your father's letter."

"Ah, that letter! was it too bad? too brutal? too furious, as he was to me?"

"He has spoken to you, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, the letter was a strongish one certainly, and was, as you will know, to forbid all intercourse between you."

"And Timo—Mr Griffin, will he forgive it to me?"

"Forgive you?"

"Yes, forgive me that I am daughter to the man who did him insult?"

"My dear Miss Cayrasso, what a question! Tim adores you, worships you, and"—she looked so captivating I couldn't help adding—"small blame to him."

"And then?"

"Well, then comes the point—I scarcely like to mention it."

"Ah, he will forsake me!" she cried.

"Far from it; he wishes you to a—a—what shall I say?—fly [no-vellesque, but *the* word], to fly with him from an uncongenial parent, and—and—what you said to him the other night, you know—out of

the Bible—Ruth or some one—eh? in short, to elope and get married at Tetuan! There, thank God, it's over!" I thought there might be a tornado, but no transport could have surprised me so much as her calm monosyllable.

"When?"

"To-morrow night or Tuesday night," I replied, encouraging her businesslike brevity, and repressing a strong desire to shake hands with her.

"I will go, for I esteem him and I *hate* my father. I could not longer stay with him, for me he is too cruel, and if I did not go away, I would beg the good sisters at Algesiras to take me back to them for always."

Here was something like a Señorita! Now why the dickens shouldn't a girl like this occasionally take a fancy to me, instead of squandering herself on fellows like Buttonshaw or—well, even Tim? I stifled these thoughts, however, and went into detail with the heroine as to plans.

The municipal banquet was to be on Tuesday night, and that night, therefore, was the best suited to our purpose; but as it was also the last night reasonably practicable for the purpose, we thought it desirable to have more than one string to our bow, and decided to make the attempt on Monday. It was arranged, therefore, that at eleven o'clock the next night Tim and I should parade ourselves in a certain nook of the umbrageous garden in which the Casa Cayrasso stood, and that there Amalia should meet us finally prepared for flight.

"But if anything prevents it?" she said—"any accident? what am I to do?"

"If anything prevents it, then on Tuesday night you must meet us, as early as possible—say nine o'clock—a little above the Moorish tower, where the vineyard begins, not three hundred yards from your home; and if that should fail——"

"That shall not fail," she exclaimed, "if I have to fly through the roof and over the town!"

"Brave girl!" I cried, with enthusiasm; "who could fail with you to inspire him? Till eleven to-morrow night, then, adios."

"Adios."

"Miss Amalia," said a voice from behind, as I was shaking hands with her, "I am sent by the Señora to say that you are particularly wanted in the drawing-room." The voice was the voice of Buttonshaw, Amalia's ex-lover, and the expression of that officer's countenance was not angelic, as he glowered upon our leave-taking.

"You wanted our pluck and finesse, Master Buttonshaw; *we* are not thwarted by violent parents, not *we*—ha! ha! Genius, sir! all things are possible to genius." I only thought this; what I said was, "You'll find this alcove deliciously cool, Buttonshaw; let me recommend you to bring a partner in here;" and so *exco*, darkly scowled upon by the Rifleman.

I sauntered back to the room, and shortly after took my leave and went to report progress to Tim. I found my hero in a most maudlin condition—a state of things which was much aggravated by the account I gave him of my interview. That narrative he constantly interrupted by minute inquiries as to the exact appearance of her eyes, hair, teeth, &c., at such and such junctures, and by much amatory quotation in various languages dead and alive. I did not protract my stay with him, therefore. The next day we spent in making our arrangements for the flight of the evening. We got our leave, chartered a felucca, put our stores on board, had her moored at the "New Mole," from which we were to start; gave out the *chasse* ostentatiously to the garrison; in short, did what was necessary. I must here make a few explanatory remarks, in order

that the difficulties we had to contend with in attempting to leave the Rock by night may be appreciated.

The Rock of Gibraltar runs out from the mainland like a tongue into the sea, and forms, with the neck of land which connects it with Spain, and with a bold curve of the Spanish coast, which sweeps round opposite its western side, a deep and noble bay. The town is built along this face, covered, towards the bay, by the "Line Wall," which is protected by a series of batteries and bastions, and furnished here and there with landing-places and water-gates. The evening gun is fired at sunset, when all the gates are shut and drawbridges pulled up, so that he who is without must stay without, and he who is within must, nilly willy, there remain till the morning gun. Also in the harbour (for the prevention of smuggling) there is no arriving or departing allowed between sunset and sunrise—no movements, in short, of any kind; and the boat offending in this respect is liable to be fired at or made prisoner of by the sentries on the Line Wall. There were some exceptions to this rule in favour of men-of-war's boats. At one landing-place and gate—the "Ragged Staff"—situated about the centre of the Line Wall, they might arrive or depart up to ten o'clock; indeed this gate was not closed until that hour; and they had the same privileges all through the night at the "New Mole," a pier which projected at right angles from the southern extremity of the Line Wall. But these privileges could not, at that time, be *legally* extended to other than boats of the royal navy; and even in their case, it was at the discretion of the officers commanding the two guards to withhold or to concede them. We had decided upon starting from the Mole for various reasons. The guard there was at that time al-

ways furnished by my own regiment, and I flattered myself I could overcome the scruples of any of my brother-subalterns as to the legality of letting us depart after gun-fire,—indeed at any hour of the night. Moreover, we should have a much longer margin as to time than at the Ragged Staff, which closed at ten o'clock inexorably, and the further advantage of a clear run out to sea, with no liability to detention by the sentries on the Wall.

Our business of the day, therefore, included a diplomatic visit to the officer of the New Mole Guard; and, he being tractable, we moved, as I have said, the felucca to the Mole, instructing the crew and my factotum and familiar spirit, Zebedee (who, in consideration of his great aptitude for all sorts of crime, was to accompany us), to expect to sail that night, any time after eleven o'clock. And so the day wore on. I dined with Tim at his mess, and, shortly before eleven o'clock, we found ourselves *en route* for the tryst.

The Casa stood in its own grounds of about an acre in extent, surrounded by a high white wall, pierced in front and rear by two solid green doors. Turning the handle of one of these, in passing along to look for an eligible climbing place, we found to our surprise that it was open.

"Luck!" said Tim.

"I'm not sure of that," I replied. "Amalia said the doors were locked at ten, unless her father was out; and if he is at this late hour he will return soon, and may surprise us."

"Oh! there's lots of cover—we must skirmish."

We waited in a clump of shrubs which Amalia had described. Hence we commanded the back door of the house, which was every now and then brightly illuminated, as the moon burst from thick masses of cloud which were sweeping

across the sky. The cathedral clock struck eleven. The Hour. A lugubrious wail of "All's well" passed over the Rock, and all was silent. The windows of the house were dark—the jalousies all shut; there was that sort of stillness about the place that suggested the impossibility of any one being awake. Minutes passed; and the house, with the wavering lights and shadows that played over it, seemed to acquire a human expression—a bantering air, as if it said, "Amalia, to-night? Good,—ha! ha!—so likely—very good!"

The half-hour struck—no Amalia!

"Give her ten minutes more," I said, "and then we'll go. Something must have happened to detain her."

Another quarter chimed, and I said, "Now, Tim, it's no use waiting—let's be of: the arrangements for to-morrow night are perfectly clear, and it will be ten times as simple. Come along."

"No," said Tim, "let us make a cast round the house, and see if we can discover something; after that I promise I'll go."

Cautiously, from clump to clump and tree to tree, and always in shadow, we stole round the left flank of the house—all quiet; round the front—nothing stirring; round the right flank—all blank and still.

"Let us give it up," I whispered; and I had hardly said the words, when I heard the sound of a female voice, the jalousies of an upper window were thrown open, and Amalia's figure was visible, but only for a moment. A stream of light poured from the window, and we heard the hum of voices from within.

"What does it mean?" whispered Tim.

"I can't make out," I replied; "but stay you here, and I'll creep up and reconnoitre."

All this side of the house was

overgrown with the thick horizontal branches of an old fig-tree, interlaced with some luxuriant creeper. The tree and its parasites offered me a handsomely decorated staircase, and up I went, cautiously cleaving my way through dense masses of tendrils and foliage. I ascended in a line to the left of the window. The jalousies had not been folded back to the wall, but stood out at right angles, so, when I was abreast of the window, I could stand behind the leaf of the jalousy next me, and observe through it what was going on inside, unseen myself. The room had three occupants. Cayrasso sat at the end of the table. A pile of books and papers was beside him, shut, however, and methodically arranged, showing that business was over; while divers drinking appliances ranged in front of him, indicated that the work of refreshment was going on. On his right was Amalia, and beside her also were certain account-books and papers, from which I gathered that she had been acting as scribe. The third person I could not make out at first. A broad round back, a head bald and polished like an egg, and a huge mutton fist perpetually carrying refreshments to the mouth of its owner, were all I had to go by. He spoke, however, and doubt vanished. It was old Finucane, the Commissary, and my heart died within me, for he was the greatest proser and the greatest liar in the British army, and would sit there as long as any one would listen to his exploits. No doubt he had been having a business evening with Cayrasso in connection with the victualling of the garrison, and hence the open door and Amalia's non-appearance. My heart died a second death when I heard the vein of anecdote he was in. It was his Indian career; and all who found themselves on the threshold of that repertory, abandoned hope.

"You'll have heard of the battle of Roomfeeguzzlefee! No! Ah! that was an engagement. I was serving at the time in the —th Light Dragoons, the old Balbrigians—bless them. I was but a captain" (the scoundrel had been lieutenant and quartermaster in the Madras Fusileers, and nothing higher), "but the carnage of the day, after seven desperate charges, had placed me in command. Well, Señor, it was two o'clock, and the sun blazing hot, when Lord Gough rode up to a position near where I had my men in leash. I saw his Lordship's eye upon us, and I determined to show him what we could do. In front of us was a nullah" (was there ever an Indian banger without this foreground!), "beyond was the entire artillery of the Chowringees—eighteen batteries loaded to the bung with grape, canister, shrapnel, and other explosives. On our left were the fierce Baboos of Kidderpore, twenty thousand strong, awaiting with cries of impatience the order to advance; on our right were ten regiments of Ghoorka cavalry—their cuirassiers in front, conspicuous by their gleaming breastplates and towering cummerbunds. This was our situation when I turned to the corps (composed of Irish Anabaptists to a man) and cried, 'Which will we take first, boys?' and there was a loud shout of, 'Thim wid the white weskits, yer anner'—in allusion to the Ghoorkas' cuirasses. I sat down upon Dilkooahah, my pet Arab, and led them straight at the nullah, which we cleared, all but the bugle-major; gave the word—'Threes about,' and we were down upon the Ghoorkas like the wind. We charged twice through and back, when they broke and fled, leaving twelve hundred and seventy-six dead on the field. I killed sixty-nine to my own sabre; so my trumpeter told me, who notched them off on his holster as they fell. Among these was the Kabob of

Amritzur, for whose head I got a lac (which I lost the same night, at blind hookey, to Sir Henry Hardinge, worse luck), the Kitmudtgar of Howrah, and his son Prince Muckan, the Ranees of Cuddalore, three Begums, two Matranis, and several minor princes whom I singled out on account of the regal Gummoorees which they imprudently wore. We then formed up in our old position to get breath, and I had just given the words—'Unbutton your jackets and make much of your horses,' when Lord Gough rode up.

"'Who are ye at all, ye tirrible man?' says his Excellency, addressing me, and using the Irish idiom, which he did in moments of excitement.

"'Captain Patrick Finucane, please your Excellency,' said I.

"'Didn't I tell yez?' said his Lordship, turning to his Staff; 'didn't I say it was Finucane? but the blood that's on the face of ye, alannah, bothered me intirely. Well, Finucane, I must have yer sword, and it's mesilf that's vixed to say the word.'

"'What have I done, my Lord, to be put under arrest in the field, when I have still these' (pointing to the Baboos and the Chowringees) 'to deal with?'

"'The divil an arrist about it, Pat,' says his Excellency, 'but I must have yer sword before the charge, mee jool. It's in the cause of humanitee I ax it,' says he, 'for I can't bear to see the slotter ye make wid that dridful wipp'n. Take this,' says he, handing me his marshal's baton, 'it will be enough for you, and give me the sword—a fair exchange is no thayvng annyhow. Now go, and God be wid yez!' I at once gave the word—'Form a rallying square,' and——"

This was too much for me, and I gave a sob of laughter which my awful situation could not stifle.

"What's that at all?" said

Finucana. "I heard somebody groaning and sneezing; didn't you hear it, Señor?"

"No," said Cayrasso; "it would be the winds or a cat."

"I did hear something," said Amalia, who, no doubt associating it somehow with her friends outside, rose and came hurriedly to the window, to anticipate a similar movement on the part of her companions. She leaned out of the window, and was so close to me that if I had breathed she would have felt it through the jealousy. "Shall I speak?" thought I—"shall I whisper?" No, she might scream or start; what a chance though! Shall I? Yes, I will—here goes; and I whispered soft and low as the most juvenile of zephyrs, "Amalia!" Thank Heaven! no scream—a little start, that was all, and she leaned farther out, so that she could whisper round the edge.

"Is it Timo?" she breathed.

"No, he's down below; are you coming to-night?"

"Impossible at present; but watch that man go out. My window is round the corner, where there is also a tree, and you and Timo may climb and help me down. I will open the jalousies as a signal; but if it is impossible I will keep tryst to-morrow night. Now, go!" and she turned into the room remarking carelessly, "Nothing there."

Stealthily as a nocturnal cat I stole back to Tim, who from his coign of vantage had beheld the interview, and then we waited for the departure of the Commissary. A long wait we had of it, too; but at last out they came, Cayrasso and his guest; they crossed the garden, wished each other good-night at the gate, and the Señor having locked it, recrossed the lawn and entered the house. The sound of bolting and barring ensued, the windows of the sitting-room were closed, and all was again dark and silent.

"Let us go now under the window," said Tim; "but which is it?"

"She said, 'Round the corner, where there is a tree;' but, hang it! there are four corners and trees all over the place. We must wait here till she makes the signal."

We hadn't long to wait. Presently the jalousies of the corner window at the back were thrown open, light streamed from it, and a female figure was visible; whereupon Tim bounced like a tiger across the lawn towards the house. I followed more cautiously, but before either he or I had got under the window the light was extinguished and the figure consequently became invisible.

"Hist! hist! Amalia!" said Tim, in a strong whisper.

"Si! si!" replied a voice from above; "espera un poco."

We waited silently for a minute, and then there was a movement above; one shutter was closed and a voice whispered, "Ven aca mi querido!" and Tim began to climb like a lamplighter. The fig-tree here was not so accommodating as its relative round the corner, and Tim came to a stop before his head was up to the window-sill.

"Amalia! mi alma! mi corazón!" he began in a low bubbling voice, inexpressibly revolting to a man out of love.

"Si, si," whispered the voice; "mas arriva—mas arriva."

"But I can't," said Tim, breaking into English; "this confounded fig-tree does not go any higher: show me your dear face and reach down your beloved hand that I may kiss it."

It was at this moment intensely dark, and even the eyes of love would have failed to recognise a foot off any features, however dear; a white-sleeved arm was, however, stretched down, and Tim clutching the hand was beginning to operate on it with soft cooings,

when suddenly the voice of love was changed into a yell of horror and surprise, and Tim seemed to be caught up to the window as if by magic. Open burst the other leaf of the *jalousies*, and the moon, flashing from the clouds, revealed the burly form of Cayrasso ! He had seized Tim by the wrist, and with his other strong arm, having now grappled him by the collar, proceeded to pump him up and down like the piston of a steam-engine.

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" he yelled with fiendish laughter. "Ha ! ha ! ha ! *ladron ! Trador !* you come *esteal* my daughter—you come" (pump, pump), "you come" (pump) "and you get a dance" (pump, pump) "with me. *Quiere usted bailar con mi, luz de mis ojos ?* ha ! ha !" (pump, pump, pump).

"Leave me—alone—you old—hound," gasped Tim, "or I'll—break—your—d—d old—neck" (pump, pump, pump). "Shy some—thing at him—Fred—the fiend's ch—ch—ch—oking me" (pump).

But Cayrasso's arm began to tire no doubt, and by way of finish he caught Tim close up to the window by the collar, and disengaging his other hand administered four ring-

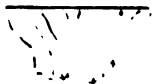
ing boxes on the lover's ears. Click ! clack ! click ! clack !—down came Tim's forage-cap, and immediately after down dropped Tim himself, collapsing at my feet like a telescope.

"Good-night !" screamed the victor—"good-night ! I will come see you in the morning, and ask how you do after the ball, *mi hermoso compañero ;*" and he shut the shutters with a bang. Tim sat still on the ground and rubbed his ears.

"Hurt, old boy ?" I inquired.

"No—yes—no—he's barked my knees awfully, he's denced near garotted me : his hand tasted so of garlic, it's made me very sick ; and I feel as if my ears were on fire—that's all. Gad, I'd burn his house if it were not for Amalia."

"But come away, Tim ; let's get out of the place ; no good sitting there ;" and Tim ruefully picking himself up, we scaled the garden-wall, and soon found ourselves in the Casemate Barracks. Long and deep were our cogitations and confabulations. This serious check only made us both more determined to carry out the scheme ; but the situation was puzzling.



THE ODES OF HORACE.

(Continued from p. 398 in our last Number.)

WE proceed to place before the reader specimens of the metres in which it is proposed to translate the Odes.

We commence with the Dedicatory Ode to Mæcenæa, which is the first of the five varieties of metre technically called *Asclepiadean*, from a Greek poet, *Asclepiades*, who flourished after the time of *Alcæus*. Our version of this ode will be followed by experiments in the treatment of the *Alcaic* metre, the other four varieties of the *Asclepiadean*, and, lastly, the *Sapphic*.

In the preface to his translation of Horace's Odes, Mr Conington states, with a modesty which enhances the respect due to a scholarship so eminent, the principles he adopted for the construction of his measures. Two rules in especial he commends to consideration: 1stly, That it is necessary, in translating an ode of Horace, to choose some analogous metre; 2dly, That a translator of the odes should appropriate to each ode some particular metre of its own, and adhere systematically to the metre so chosen.

To the propriety of the first rule we entirely subscribe; but, with all submission to so high an authority, we are persuaded that more would be lost than gained by a rigid adherence to the second rule.

We think, for instance, that the metre selected for the version of the *Alcaic* or *Sapphic* stanza should invariably be in quatrain, and observe the relative proportion and compass of the Latin strophe, so that the translator may be neither tempted to expand nor compelled to retrench the meaning of his author. With regard to the rhyth-

mical form in which a sufficient analogy with the Latin strophe can be best obtained by the English, there will always be differences of taste and opinion. Our own plan, which we state with all diffidence, has been this—first, to make as exact an imitation as possible of the original form in each several metre employed by Horace, and then to adopt such modifications of flow and cadence as seemed to us best to harmonise its rhythm to the English ear. But as there are more ways than one in which such modifications may attain the object sought, so we think that a translator would do well to consult the general spirit of the ode translated, and vary his modifications according as the spirit most prevalent in the ode demands lively and sportive or serious and dignified expression. It will be seen, by comparing Book I. Ode ix. with Ode xxxv., in the specimens annexed, that in our mode of treating the *Alcaic* stanza we have thus employed two different forms of rhythm, either of which will admit of slight occasional variations without disturbance to what Mr Conington happily terms “the general type” of the measure. In point of fact, all translators of Horace's Odes whose versions have come under our notice have felt how impossible it is to preserve fidelity to the spirit of each ode in any given metre by adopting one invariable mode of versifying that metre in English; all have varied the English measures they employed from measures which in the Latin original are the same, according to their several perceptions of the distinction between the spirit and

regarding it as an imitation from Pindar. We think, on the contrary, that it is appropriate to the substance of an ode which describes the various passions and humours of men, to commence with the desire of applause apart from power and wealth—for that desire is the strongest motive power of all, and cannot better be typified than by the emulation for a branch of palm.

The punctuation and construction of the fifth and sixth lines of this ode have been a matter of much dispute; and in a well-argued note, Maclean, "after much consideration," adopts the reading which puts a full stop at "nobilis;" and by "terrarum dominos" signifies, not the Greek competitors in the games, but the Romans,—styled by Martial, xiv. 183, and Virgil, *Æn.* i. 282,—"Romanos rerum dominos." Yonge observes, however, in objection to these citations, "that the phrase is used of the Roman people collectively; used individually, 'rerum' or 'terrarum domini' would be improper, or unwelcome to a Roman ear.—(See Tac. Ann. ii. 87.)" But some critics interpret "terrarum dominos" simply as the great landed proprietors of the senatorial and

equestrian orders; a member of the first placing his happiness in the pursuit of the highest honours—a member of the second (which comprised in its ranks the chiefs of commercial enterprise) in the success of gigantic speculations. Though there are strong reasons in support of the text approved by Maclean, especially in point of grammar and style, we have deemed it the safest course for a translator to adhere to the popular reading as favoured by the preponderant authority of editors and critics.

It is now generally considered that the Odes (differing in this respect from the Epodes) are all reducible to quatrain stanzas—and the 8th Ode of Book IV., where this rule does not obtain, is supposed to have reached us in imperfect form. In the Dedicatory Ode, however, the first two lines and the last two have been printed by Stallbaum as the halves of one stanza; and Yonge justly observes "that this arrangement improves the harmony of sense and metre." In fact, otherwise, the stanzas, if treated as quatrain, will be found running into each other in a manner at variance with Horace's usual mode of treatment.

"Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus."

O Mæcenas, from forefathers regal descended,
Thou alike the sure guard and sweet grace of my being,

Joy to some, with the car, to have gathered together
Dust Olympic; the goal finely shunned by wheels glowing,
And the noble palm bear them transported in rapture
To the lords of the earth, the Immortals of heaven;

Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus,
O et presidium et dulces decus meum,
Sunt quos curriculo* pulverem Olympicum
Collegiasse juvat, metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos; †
Hunc, si mobiliū turba Quiritium
Certat tergemini tollere honoribus;

* "Sunt quos curriculo"—i.e., rather the car than the course.—ORELLI. "Collegiasse juvat." To have gathered together or collected the scattered atoms of dust into a whirlwind—"pulvis collectus turbine," Sat. I. iv. 31.

† "Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos" may be interpreted either, "transporte

Joy to one if the mob of Rome's fickle electors
 Vie to raise him aloft with the state's triple honours;
 And to one if he hoard in his own proper garner
 All that's fanned from the floors of the African threshers.

By no treasures Attalic * thou temptest the rustic,
 Hoe in hand blithely cleaving the soil of his fathers,†
 To set forth, a scared sailor, and plough the Myrtoan
 With the keel of a ship the best-built in Cyprus.

Sore-dismayed, when, with billows Icarian in struggle,
 Rage the blasts which fierce Africus marshals in battle,
 The pale merchant extols the sweet calm of the country;
 Near his safe native town, a few fields and a homestead;

But anon, taking heart, he refits battered vessels,
 And can never be schooled to content on small fortune.
 One there is who disdains not the bowls of old Massic,
 Nor from day's solid block lazy moments to sever,—

*Illum, si proprio condidit horreo
 Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.*

*Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo
 Agros Attaliciis conditionibus
 Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria ‡
 Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.*

*Luctantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
 Mercator metuens otium et oppidi
 Laudat rura sui; mox reficit rates
 Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati. §*

*Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici
 Nec partem solido demere de die*

(literally, conducts out, exports) the lords of the earth to the gods," or, "transports to the gods (who are) the lords of the earth." Most modern scholars prefer the latter interpretation. Yonge has a brief but good note on it.

* A proverbial phrase for great riches.

† i.e., the small peasant proprietor, like those cultivators by spade-labour now so common in France. The "sarculum," of which the form is not known, was an implement by which, after covering up the seed, the husbandman loosened the roots of the young blades in order that air and moisture might gain free access.—See Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, art. "Agriculture."

‡ "Cypria trabe—Myrtoum mare," are instances of Horace's habitual mode of rendering generals more picturesque by individualising them into particulars. But here something more definite seems implied—Cyprus being celebrated for ship-building, and the Myrtoan Sea a short though a rough passage: i.e., you could not tempt him even to a short voyage on board the best-built ship.

§ "Indocilis pauperiem pati." "Pauperiem" does not here mean what is commonly understood by poverty, but, as Maclean expresses it, "a humble estate." Maclean, indeed, states "that 'pauperies,' 'paupertas,' 'pauper,' are never by Horace taken to signify privation, or anything beyond a humble estate." This assertion is, however, too sweeping. In the lines—

*"Neque in sepulchris pauperum prudens anus
 Novendiales dissipare pulveres."*

—Epod. xvii. 47, 48,

"Pauper" clearly means a person of the very poorest class. May not the same be said of "Pauperum tabernae" in contradistinction to "Regum turres"? Lib. I. Od. iv. 13, 14. The words "pauper," "pauperies," "paupertas," have, indeed, some of the elastic sense of our own Poor Man, or Poverty, which may imply only comparatively restricted means, or sometimes absolute want. The English language has expressions denoting the gradations of stunted circumstances correspondent to those in the Latin. The English has poverty, penury, destitution: the Latin, paupertas, inopia, egestas.

Now outstretched at his ease underneath the green arbute,
Now by soft-purling well-head of nymph-hallowed waters.
Tented fields delight many; hoarse trump and shrill clarion
Commingled; and war, the detested of mothers.

Of his tender spouse thoughtless, waits ling'ring the hunter
Under sharp chilly skies, at his post to discover
If the doe come in sight of his trusty young beagles,
Or the Marsian boar rend the close coil of his meshes.

Me the prize of skilled foreheads, the chaplet of ivy,
Intermingles with heaven-born companions immortal.
Me the shades that lie cool in the depth of the forest,
And the dances of nymphs in light chorus with satyrs,

Set apart from the life and the world of the many;
If the breath of her flutes be not checked by Euterpe,
And the chords of the harp, which was vocal in Lesbos,
Polyhymnia disdain not to tune for my touches.

But enrol my name, thou, 'mid the great lyric singers,
And I strike with proud crest the starred clusters of heaven.

Spemnit, nunc viridi membra sub arbute
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ
Permixtus sonitus bellæque matribus
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,

Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,
Seu rupit teretes* Marsus aper plagas.

Me† doctarum hedere præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis, me gelidum nemus

Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori
Secernunt populo, si neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboux refugit tendere barbiton.

Quod si me lyricis vatibus inæres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.‡

EXCURSUS.

"Me doctarum hedere præmia frontium."

Hare, Tate, and some other commentators would substitute "Te" for "Me"—applying the line to Mæcenas; "*Thee* the ivy—the prize of learned brows—associates with gods above; *Me* the cool woods, &c., set apart from the common crowd." This reading is rejected by the highest critical authorities, including Orelli and Maclean; but it appears in itself entitled to more respect than is shown by the latter. For there is some force in the remark, that in referring to the various tastes and characteristics of men, Horace would scarcely avoid all complimentary reference to Mæcenas himself; and there is yet more force in another remark that, if Horace says that the ivy

but it appears in itself entitled to more respect than is shown by the latter. For there is some force in the remark, that in referring to the various tastes and characteristics of men, Horace would scarcely avoid all complimentary reference to Mæcenas himself; and there is yet more force in another remark that, if Horace says that the ivy

* "Teretes plagas." "Teretes" implies "smooth and rounded," also "long," and, here used, seems to signify that the nets are made smooth, even, and lengthened by stretching; and implies also, perhaps, the rounded coil of the twisted ropes. Orelli interprets it "festgedreht." It has been sought to give this somewhat complicated meaning in the translation.

† See Excursus.

‡ "Sidera," the constellations, clusters of fixed stars. To touch the "sidera" was an expression denoting supreme felicity—the happiness of a god,—"*Et dis cara ferar et vertice sidera tangam.*"—OVID, Met. VII. v. 61.

wreath associates him with the higher or celestial gods, there is a certain bathos, if not contradiction, in immediately afterwards saying that his tastes associate him with the inferior or terrestrial deities—i.e., nymphs and satyrs. It is said, in vindication of “Me” instead of “Te,” that “doctus” is a word very appropriate to poets; that the ivy, sacred to Bacchus, was the fit and usual garland for a lyric poet; and that Horace could never stoop to the absurd flattery of insinuating that Mæcenas was a greater poet than himself. But, in answer to all this, it may be urged that Horace elsewhere especially applies the word “doctus” to Mæcenas; in Lib. III. Od. viii. line 4—

“Docte sermones utriusque linguae;”

and again, more emphatically, Epist. xix. line 1—

“Præco si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino.”

And though the ivy was appropriate to poets, it was not appropriate to poets alone. Horace, Lib. I. Epist. iii., addressed to Julius Florus, speaks of it as the reward of excellence in forensic eloquence or jurisprudence, as well as of song:—

“Seu linguam causis acuis seu civica jura,
Respondere parus seu conditis amabile
carmen,
Prima ferēs *hædæ* victricis præmia.”

And if the ivy crown may be won by pleading causes or giving advice to clients, it can be no inappropriate reward to the brows of a statesman so accomplished as Mæcenas. Thus, we think, there is much to be said in favour of the construction—“Thee, Mæcenas, the ivy-wreath—prize of learned or skilled brows—associates with the higher gods” (i.e., with those who watch over states and empires); “me, the love of rural leisure and the dreams that it begets set apart from the crowd.” And we must own it appears to us that such an interpretation would be an improvement to the poem. But the true and sufficient reason for rejecting the emendation “te” is that the emendation has no sanction in the MSS.; for we agree with those who consider that adherence to the authority of MSS. should be the first law of a judicious editor. Into what caprices and vagaries even the greatest critical scholar may be led if he take on himself to improve the verse of Horace according to his own taste, and in disdain of the best accredited MSS., the example of our illustrious Bentley sufficiently warns us. If it be the duty of an editor to adhere to the MSS., it is still more the duty of the translator to defer to the authority of editors tenacious of that rule.

SPECIMENS OF THE ALCAIC METRE.

BOOK I.—ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

Introduction.

Thaliarchus signifies in Greek “ar-biter bibendi”—commonly translated “feastmaster.” Some editors, as Dillenburger and Maclean, re-

fusing to consider it meant to be a proper name, print “thaliarche,” “O feastmaster.” Orelli and Yonge, however, retain the capital T, and it is

perhaps more agreeable to Horace's habit of individualising generals, and is certainly more animated in itself, to consider, with Buttmann, that the word is meant for a proper name, though of course a fictitious one, and invented to signify the official character of the person addressed. We may also add that there is no instance, we believe, in Latin authors, in which the word *thaliarchus* is used as a feastmaster; and that, therefore, if Horace did not mean it to be considered a proper name, it would have been unintelligible to those of his readers who did not understand Greek; and to those who did, would have appeared a pedantic affectation, which was precisely the reproach that a man of Horace's good taste and keen sense of the ridiculous

would not voluntarily have incurred. The references to the manner in which *Thaliarchus* may spend his day, all belong to the life of a town; and there is no reason to suppose the scene otherwise than at Rome. Valcknaer says that the isolated and singular form of *Soracte* strikes the eye on quitting the city by one of the two gates to the north.

Though, to judge by a fragment preserved in *Athenæus*, the poem is more or less imitated from an ode by *Alcæus*, the scene and manners are altogether Roman; in fact, when the fragments left of Greek poets are fairly compared with the verses in which they are imitated by Horace, the more Horace's originality in imitating becomes conspicuous.

"*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum.*"

See how white in the deep-fallen snow stands *Soracte* !
Weary forests no longer can bear up their burden ;
And the rush of the rivers is locked,
Halting mute in the grip of the frost.

Thaw the cold ; more and more on the hearth heap the fagots—
More and more bringing bounteously out, *Thaliarchus*,
The good wine that has mellowed four years
In the great Sabine two-handed jar.

Leave the rest to the gods, who can strike into quiet
Angry winds in their war with the turbulent waters,
Till the cypress stand calm in the sky—
Till there stir not a leaf on the ash.

Shun to seek what is hid in the womb of the morrow ;
Count the lot of each day as clear gain in life's ledger ;
Spurn not thou, who art young, dulcet loves ;
Spurn not, thou, choral dances and song

*Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.*

*Dissolve frigus ligna super foco
Large reponens atque benignius
Deprome quadrum Sabina,
O Thaliarche, merum diota.*

*Permitte divis cetera, qui simul
Stravere ventos æquore fervido
Depresciantes, nec cupressi
Nec veteres agitantur orni.*

*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere et,
Quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone, nec dulces amores
Sperne puer neque tu choreas,*

While the hoar-frost morose keeps aloof from thy verdure.
Thine the sports of the Campus,* the gay public gardens ;
Thine at twilight the words whispered low ;
(Each in turn has its own happy hour,)

And thine the sweet laugh of the girl—which betrays her
Hiding slyly within the dim nook of the threshold,
And the love-token snatched from the wrist,
Or the finger's not obstinate hold.

Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa. Nunc et campus et aræ
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repantantur hora,

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo
Pignusque deraptum lacertis
Aut digito male pertinaci.

BOOK I.—ODE XVII.

INVITATION TO TYNDARIS.

Introduction.

It is impossible to do more than conjecture whether the person addressed under the feigned name of Tyndaris actually existed or not. There are one or two touches in the poem which seem to individualise her as a creature of the earth—such as the selection of one particular song about the rivalry of Penelope and Circe, which is not a theme especially appropriate to the place of invitation, and may well have been the favourite song of some fair lute-player ; and the reference to the jealous violence of Cyrus looks like an allusion to some incident that

had previously occurred. On the one hand, nothing is more likely than that Horace should have known, and invited to his villa, some such accomplished freed-woman as is here addressed. On the other hand, nothing is more consonant to his exquisite art than the invention of attributes and incidents for the purpose of giving the interest of reality to a purely imaginary creation. A compliment to the beauty of the person addressed is insinuated by the name of Tyndaris, "as if," says Orelli, "she were another Helen."

"Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem."

For Lucretilis oft nimble Faunus exchanges,
So delightful its slopes, his Arcadian Lycæus—
From my she-goats still turning aside
Rainy winds and the scorch of the sun.

Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycæo Faunus et igneam

Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluviosque ventos.

* "Campus et aræ"—the Campus Martius, in which, in the forenoon, athletic sports were practised, and the public promenades (aræ) in different parts of the city, and especially round the temples, which were the resort of loungers in the afternoon. Orelli thus gracefully elucidates the concluding verse. "The scene," he says, "is this: the lover goes at the appointed hour to the door of his mistress, which stands ajar; he calls upon her with low whispers: the girl keeps silence, having playfully hid herself behind the threshold, until at last she betrays herself by her laugh. The lover then rushes in, and carries off as a love-pledge her bracelet or ring, after a struggle on her part not too pertinaciously coy."

All in safety the wives of the strong-scented husband
 Rove where arbuté and thyme lurk in woodlands secreted ;
 Never green adder daunts them, nor there
 Martial wolf from Hædilia descends,

Whilesoever, my Tyndaris, round and about us
 Ring the smooth sheeny lime-rocks of sloping Ustica,
 And the valleys embosomed below,
 With the sweet haunting pipe of the god.

Over me watch the gods with an aspect of favour,
 To the gods dear at heart are the Muse and my worship.
 Here our rich rural honours shall flow
 From a brimmed cornucopia to thee.

Here, within the deep vale, thou shalt shun the red dog-star,
 And shalt sing us that tale on the lute-strings of Teos,
 How Penelope vied with the Sea's
 Crystal Circe, for one human heart ;

Safely here shalt thou quaff, under cool leafy shadows,
 Sober cups from the innocent vineyards of Lesbos ;
 'Tis not here that gay Semele's son *
 Shall with Mars his encounters confound ;

Dread not here lest pert Cyrus, suspecting thee vilely,
 Lay rash hands on that form not a match for rude anger,
 Rend the garland which clings to thy hair,
 Or the robe—which deserves no such wrong.

Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
 Quærant latentes et thyma devæ
 Olentis uxores mariti,
 Nec virides metuunt colubras,

Nec Martiales Hædilæ lupos,
 Utæunque dulci, Tyndari, fistula
 Valles et Usticæ cubantis
 Levæ personuere saxa.

Di me tuentur, dis pietas mea
 Et Musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia
 Manabit ad plenum benigno
 Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.

Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ
 Vitabis æstus et fide Tela
 Dices laborantes in uno
 Penelopen vitreamque Circeen ;

Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii
 Duces sub umbra, nec Semeleus
 Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus
 Proelia, nec metues protervum

Suspecta Cyrum, ne male dispari
 Incontinentes injiciat manus
 Et scindat hærentem coronam
 Crinibus immeritamque vestem.

BOOK II.—ODE III.

TO L. DELLIIUS.

Introduction.

The commentator in Cruquius has Poplicola, brother of Messalla, the Gellius for Dellius, assuming the famous orator. But the common sup- person addressed to be L. Gellius position is that the poem is address-

* Bacchus.

ed to L. Dellius, to whose changeful and adventurous life its admonitions would be very appropriate. Dellius sided first with Dolabella, then went over to Cassius, then to M. Antony and Cleopatra. To Cleopatra he is said to have dictated the advice that she should rather subjugate M. Antony than be subjugated by him. Not long before the battle of Actium, he gave some offence to Cleopatra, probably more

serious than that which has been assigned—viz., a sarcasm on the meagreness of her entertainments—and deserted Antony for Augustus, by whom he was cordially received. Like so many other public men of his time he cultivated literature, and wrote a history (now lost) of the war against the Parthians, in which he served under Antony. A terse sketch of his versatile career will be found in Estré, *Proa. Horat.* 314.

"Æquam memento rebus in arduis."

With a mind undisturbed take life's good and life's evil,
Temper grief from despair, temper joy from vainglory ;
For, through each mortal change, equal mind,
O my Dellius, befits mortal-born,

Whether all that is left thee of life be but trouble,
Or, reclined at thine ease amid grassy recesses,
Thy Falernian the choicest records
How serenely the holidays glide.

Say, for what do vast pine and pale poplar commingle
Friendly boughs that invite to their welcoming shadow ?
Wherefore struggles and murmurs the rill
Stayed from flight by a curve in the shore ?

Thither, lo, bid them bring thee the wine and the perfumes,
And the blooms of the pleasant rose dying too swiftly ;
While thy fortune, and youth, and the woof
Of the Three Fatal Sisters allow.

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lestitia, moriture Delli,
Seu maestas omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bebris
Interiore nota Falerni.*

*Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis! * Quid obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo! †*

*Huc vina et unguenta et nimum breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube roses,
Dum res et ætas ‡ et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.*

* "The oldest and best MSS. have 'quo,' which signifies 'to what purpose;' as, 'Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti!' (Epp. I. v. 12.) He seems to mean, 'What were the stream and the cool shade given for? Bring out the wine and let us drink.'"—MACLEANE. Yonge, in his notes, cites parallels from English poets with the elegance of taste which characterises his edition.

† "Laborat—trepidare." "The stream struggles or labours to hurry on (trepidare), being obstructed by the curve in the bank (obliquo rivo), from which delay comes its pleasant murmur."—ORELLI.

‡ "Ætas," which Acron translates "youth," an interpretation approved by

Woodlands dearly amassed round the home proudly builded,
 Stately villa with walls laved by amber-hued Tiber,
 Thou must quit; and the wealth piled on high
 Shall become the delight of thine heir.

For no victim has Death either preference or pity,
 Be thy race from the king who first reigned o'er the Argive,
 Or thy father a beggar, thy roof
 Yonder sky,—'tis the same to the Grave.

Driven all to that fold; in one fatal urn shaken,
 Soon or late must leap forth the sure lot for an exile
 In the dark passage-boat which comes back
 To the sweet native land never more.

Cedes cōsumptis saltibus et domo
 Villaque flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
 Cedes et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur heres.*

*Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper et infima*

*De gente sub divo moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.*

*Omnes eodem cogimur,† omnium
 Versatur urna serius occlus
 Sors exitura et nos in æternum
 Exilium impositura cumbæ.*

BOOK II.—ODE XIX.

IN HONOUR OF BACCHUS.

Introduction.

Maclean appears to us greatly to underrate the beauty of this poem, in which he says the Greek fire is wanting. This is not the opinion of the earlier critics, nor of readers in general. It has as much of the character of the dithyramb as the taste of a Roman audience would sanction and the character of the Latin language allow. The date of the poem is uncertain. Maclean suggests that it was perhaps

composed at the time of the Liberalia, though in what year there are no means of determining. From its dithyrambic character, Orelli conjectures it to have been a copy from some Greek poem. The metre in this and the translation immediately following has some slight deviations from the preceding versions of the Alcaic, but not such as to affect the general character and form of the rhythm.

Estré and *Maclean*. It more accurately, however, means, "the time of life," including every period before that in which old age deadens the sense of such holiday enjoyments. *Dellius* was not young at the date of this poem; but, at years more advanced, *M. Antony* was young enough to enjoy the present hour rather too much.

* "*Cōsumptis saltibus*." "Bought up," "extensive properties added together."
 —*YONGE*.

† "*Cogimur*." "*Gregis instar compellimur*"—"we are driven like sheep."—*O'RELLI*.

"Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus."

Amid sequestered rocky glens,—ye future times believe it !—
Bacchus I saw, in mystic verse his pupil nymphs instructing—
Instructing prickèd ears intent
Of circling goat-hoofed Satyrs.

Ævoš, with the recent awe is trembling yet my spirit,
Filled with the god, my breast still heaves beneath the stormy rapture.
Ævoš! spare me; Liber, spare,
Dread with the solemn thyrsus.

Vouchsafed to me the glorious right to chaunt the headstrong Thyads,
The wine that from the fountain welled, the rills with milk o'erflowing.
And from the trunks of charmed trees,
The lapse of golden honey.

Vouchsafed to sing thy consort's crown which adds a star to heaven,*
Or that just wrath which overwhelmed the house of Theban Pentheus,
And doomed to so disastrous end
The frantic king Lycurgus.†

Thou bow'st the rivers to thy will, barbarian ocean rulest;
Bedewed with wine in secret hills, thy charm compels the serpents
To interweave, in guileless coil,
The locks of Thracian Mænads.

Thou, when aloft through arduous heaven the impious host of giants
Scaled to the Father's realm, didst hurl again to earth huge Rhoetus—
Fronting his might with lion-fangs,
And jaws of yawning horror;

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, credite posteri,
Nymphasque discentes et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Euoe, recenti mens trepidat metu
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum
Lætatur. Euoe, parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuende thyrsos!

Fas pervicacis est mihi Thyiadas
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella;

Fas et beate conjugis additum
Stellis honorem tectaque Penthei
Disjuncta non leni ruina,
Thracis et exitium Lycurgi.

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,‡
Tu separatis uvidus in jugis
Nodo coarctas viperino
Bistonidum sine fraude crines:

Tu, cum parentis regna per arduum
Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,
Rhetum retorsisti leonis
Unguibus horribilique mala;

* Ariadne.

† Lycurgus, the King of the Edones, persecuted Bacchus on his passage through Thrace, and imprisoned his train of Satyrs. The mythologists vary as to the details of his punishment for this offence, but he was first inflicted with madness, and finally torn to pieces by horses.

‡ "Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum."

"Flectis amnes" does not mean, as it is usually translated, "thou turnest aside the course of the rivers;" the reference is to the Hydaspes and Orontes, over which Bacchus is said to have walked dryshod; and "flecto" here must be taken either in the sense of "to bow," or "direct," or, in its more metaphorical sense, "to appease." By "mare barbarum" is meant the Indian Ocean.

Albeit thou wert deemed a god more fit for choral dances,
 For jest and sport the readiest Power, of slenderer use in battle;
 Yet peace and war found thee the same,
 Of both the soul and centre.

When flashed the golden horn that decks thy front through Stygian shadows,
 Harmless the Hell-dog wagged his tail to greet thy glorious coming,
 And gently licked with triple tongue
 Thine hallowed feet receding.*

Quamquam choreis aptior et jociis
 Ludoque dictus non sat idoneus
 Pugnae ferebaris: sed idem
 Pacis eras mediusque belli.

Te vidit insons Cerberus aureo
 Cornu decorum, leniter atterens
 Caudam, et recedentis trilingui
 Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

BOOK II.—ODE XX.

ON HIS FUTURE FAME.

Introduction.

Horace has no ode more remarkable than this for liveliness of fancy and fervour of animal spirits. It is composed half in sport, half in earnest, though we cannot agree with Macleane that it has in its style anything of "the mock heroic," properly so called, still less that it was written impromptu. Its rapid vivacity is no proof of want of artistic care. Dillenburg (in his Qu. Hor.) conjectures the ode to have been written in youth, and on the occasion of Mæcenas's first invitation (recorded Sat. i. 6), so interpreting "quem vocas, dilecte Mæcenas." But, as Macleane observes, "the epithet 'dilecte,' implying a familiarity of some standing, is opposed to this view;" to which we may add the remark, that it is scarcely probable

that Horace would have spoken with such confidence of his future fame till his claims as a lyrical poet were acknowledged by competent judges, to whom most of the odes in the first two, or perhaps the first three, books, if not yet collected into one publication, were familiarly known. It was probably enough written in some moment of joyous excitement occasioned by a success more signal than any private invitation from Mæcenas could confer; but we know too little of the various stepping-stones in Horace's poetical career to form any reasonable conjecture as to its date and occasion. It is enough that the poem itself so wonderfully vindicates the pretension of the poet to be also the prophet.

"Non usitata nec tenui ferar."

I shall soar through the liquid air buoyed on a pinion
 Not familiar, not slight; I will tarry no longer
 On this earth; but victorious o'er envy, two-formed,
 Bard and bird, I abandon the cities of men.

Non usitata nec tenui ferar
 Penna biformis per liquidum æthera

Vates, neque in terris morabor
 Longius, invidiaque major

* Orelli observes that in this stanza there are two images,—one at the entrance of Liber into Hades, when Cerberus gently wags his tail to greet him—the other when Liber is leaving and the Hell-dog licks his feet. The poet thus expresses the security with which the god passes through the terrors of the nether world.

Born of parents obscure though I be, O Mæcenas,
I who still from thy mouth hear the title "Belovèd,"
I pass not away through the portals of death,
I shall not be hemmed round by the waters of Styx.

Now, now on my nether limbs rougher skin settles ;
Now above to the form of white bird I am changing ;
Now, now from the hands and the shoulders behold
Smooth and smoother the down of the plumes springing forth !

Than the swift son of Dædalus swifter I travel.
I shall visit shores loud with the boom of the Euxine,
And fields Hyperborean and African sands,
And wherever I wander shall sing as a bird.

Me the Colchians shall know, me the Dacian dissembling
His dismay at the might of his victor the Roman ;
Me Scythia's far son ;—learned students in me
Shall be Spain's rugged child and the drinker of Rhone.

Urbes relinquam. Non ego, pauperum
Sanguis, parentum, non ego, quem vocas,
Dilecte * Mæcenas, obibo
Nec Stygia cohibebor unda.

Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ
Pelles, et album mutator in alitem
Superne, † nascunturque leves
Per digitos humerosque plumæ.

Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori
Syrtesque Gætulas canorus
Ales Hyperboreæque campos.

Me Colchus et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus ‡ et ultimi
Noscent Geloni, me peritus
Disceat Hiber Rhodanique potor. §

* "Quem vocas, dilecte." We agree with Mr Conington in accepting Ritter's interpretation that "dilecte" is Mæcenas's address to Horace. Upon this disputed point a very illustrious scholar, to whom, indeed, we are indebted for line 6 in the translation, writes to us thus: "I rather doubt the naked use of 'vocas' in the sense of invite to your society ('revocas' is used, Sat. I. vi. 61, but then of a particular repeated invitation, not of a general one); I therefore incline to prefer the interpretation 'Quem Mæcenas, vocas "dilecte," though I admit the boldness of this construction."

† "Album mutator in alitem superne." The white bird is, of course, the swan—"Multa Dirceum levat aura cygnum."—Lib. IV. Od. iii. 19.

‡ "Et qui dissimulat metum
Marsæ cohortis Dacus."

The Marsian infantry was the flower of the Roman armies, and the Marsian here represents the might of Rome. Either the interruption to the rapidity of the verse by the allusion to the Dacian's haughty dissimulation of the terror with which he regards the Roman arms must be considered, as it has been considered by critics, one of those "impertinencies," for the sake of a popular hit, which our preliminary essay has noticed as a defect in Horace; or it may possibly escape that reproach, and, pertinently to the purpose of the poem, mean that whatever the disguised terror in which the Dacian holds the Roman soldier, he will welcome the Roman poet.

§ "Me peritus

Disceat Hiber Rhodanique potor."

"Peritus Hiber" does not mean "the learned Spaniard," as it is commonly translated. The adjective applies, as in similar cases is habitual with Horace, both to "Hiber" and "Rhodani potor;" and as Dillenburger, Orelli, and Macleane agree, the meaning is, "that these barbaric nations will become versed in me." Macleane thinks that by "Hiber" is probably meant the Caucasian people of that name; we follow, however, the interpretation popularly accepted—and sanctioned by Orelli, that "Hiber" means "the Spaniard." The "Drinker of Rhone" is the Gaul.

Not for me raise the death-dirge, mine urn shall be empty ;
 Hush the vain ceremonial of groans that degrade me,
 And waste not the honours ye pay to the dead
 On a tomb in whose silence I shall not repose.

Absint inani funere nenias*
 Luctusque turpes et querimonias ;

Compescere clamorem ac sepulcri
 Mitte supervacuos honores.

BOOK I.—ODE XXXV.

(A graver mode of versifying the Alcaic metre.)

TO FORTUNE.

Introduction.

Maclean places the date of this ode A. U. C. 728, when Augustus was meditating an expedition against the Britons, and another against the Arabs. Fortune is here distinguished from Necessity, and recognised as a Divine Intelligence, rather with the attributes of Providence than those of Fata. As Fortune had her oldest temples in Rome, so she seems to have been the last goddess whose worship was deserted by the Roman emperors.

"O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium."

Goddess, who o'er thine own loved Antium reignest,
 Present to lift Man, weighted with his sorrows

Down to life's last degree,

Or change his haughtiest triumphs into graves ;—

To thee the earth's poor tiller prays imploring—

To thee, Queen-lady of the deeps, whoever

Cuts with Bithynian keel

A passing furrow in Carpathian seas.

Thee Dacian rude—thee Scythia's vagrant nomad—

Thee states and races—thee ev'n Rome's fierce children,

Thee purple tyrants dread,

And the pale mothers of Barbarian kings,

Lest thou spurn down with scornful foot the pillar

Whereon rest states ; lest all, from arms yet ling'ring,

To arms some madding crowd

Rouse with the shout to which an empire falls.

O diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,†
 Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
 Mortale corpus vel superbos
 Vertere funeribus triumphos,
 Te pauper ambit sollicita prece
 Ruris colonus, te dominam æquoris
 Quicumque Bithyna lacesit
 Carpathium pelagus carina.‡

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ§
 Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox
 Regumque matres barbarorum et
 Purpurei metuunt tyranni,
 Injurioso ne pede prorsus
 Stantem columnam,|| neu populus frequens
 Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
 Concitet imperiumque frangat.

* "Absint inani funere nenias." "Inani funere," because the body is not there.
 —ORELLI.

† "Gratum—Antium." Orelli prefers interpreting "gratum" as "dilectum," "dear to the goddess," rather than as "amœnum," or "pleasant."

‡ i.e., whether man ploughs earth or sea he equally prays to Fortune.

§ "Profugi Scythæ." The epithet "profugi" applies to the nomad character of the Scyth, not to simulated flights as those of the Parthian cavalry.

|| "Stantem columnam." The standing column was the emblem of fixity and

Thee doth untamed Necessity for ever
 Stalk fierce before ;—the ship nails and the wedges
 Bearing in grasp of bronze,
 Which lacks nor molten lead nor steadfast clamp.

But thee Hope follows, and rare Faith, the white-robed,
 True to thee, ev'n when thou thyself art altered,
 And from the homes of Power
 Passest away, in mourning weeds, a foe ;

While the false herd, the parasite, the harlot,
 Shrink back : their love is dried up with the wine-cask,
 Their lips reject its lees ;
 Their necks will halve no yoke that Sorrow draws.

Guard Cæsar, seeking on earth's verge the Briton,—
 Guard Rome's young swarm of warriors on the wing,
 Where they alight, to awe
 The rebel East and Araby's red sea .

Shame for the scars, the guilt, the blood of brothers !
 What have we shunned—we, the hard Age of Iron ?
 What of crime left undone ?
 What youthful hand has fear of heaven restrained,

Where stands an altar sacred from its rapine ?
 Hark, goddess !—steel made blunt in impious battles
 On anvils new re-forged ;
 Whetted for Scyth and Arab, not for Rome !

*Te semper anteit sæva Necessitas,
 Clavos trabales et cuneos manu
 Gestans aëna, nec severus
 Uncus abest liquidumque plumbum.**

*Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
 Velata panno nec comitem abnegat,
 Utunque mutata potentes
 Veste domos inimica linquit.*

*At vulgus infidem et meretrix retro
 Perjura cedit, diffugiunt cadis
 Cum facie siccatis amici
 Ferre jugum pariter dolori.*

*Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
 Orbis Britannos et juvenum recens
 Examen Eois timendum
 Partibus Oceanoque rubro.*

*Eheu cicatricum et sceleris pudet
 Fratrumque. Quid nos dura refugimus
 Ætas ! quid intactum nefasti
 Liquimus ! unde manum juvenus*

*Metu deorum continuit ! quibus
 Peperoit aris ! O utinam nova
 Incude diffingas retusum in
 Massagetæ Arabasque ferrum !*

firmness. "In ancient monuments," says Dillenburger, "the column is thus assigned to images of Peace, Security, Felicity." Horace naturally writes in the spirit of his laud and age in deprecating civil tumult as the most formidable agency for the overthrow of the column and the destruction of government and order.

* Most recent commentators of authority agree in rejecting the notion of the commentator in Cruquius, adopted by earlier editors, that "uncus" and "plumbum" are used here as emblems of punishment and crime, and consider them as emblems of tenacity and fixity of purpose. Maclean observes that the metaphor of molten lead for strengthening buildings is employed by Euripides.—ANDROM., 267. Herder suggests that the whole picture of Necessity and her attributes is taken from some picture in the temple of Fortune at Antium.

SPECIMENS OF ASCLEPIADEAN METRE.

(Second form of strophæ.)

BOOK I.—ODE III.

ON VIRGIL'S VOYAGE TO ATHENS.

Introduction.

There is a well-known dispute as to the date and the occasion of this ode, and it has been even called in question whether the Virgil addressed were the poet. It is, no doubt, difficult to reconcile the received chronology of the publication of the first three books of Odes with the supposition that this ode was addressed to Virgil the poet, on the occasion of the voyage to Athens, from which he only returned to die; but there is no reason why Virgil should not have made or contemplated such a voyage before the last one, and Maclean, here agreeing with Dillenburger, is "inclined to think such must have been the case." See his introduction to this ode.

"Sic te diva potens Cypri."

So may the goddess who rules over Cyprus,
So may the brothers of Helen, bright stars,
So may the Father of Winds, while he fetters
All, save Iapix, the Breeze of the West,

Speed thee, O Ship, as I pray thee to render
Virgil, a debt duly lent to thy charge,
Whole and intact on the Attican borders,
Faithfully guarding the half of my soul.

Oak and brass triple encircled his bosom,
Who first to fierce ocean consigned a frail raft,
Fearing not Africus, when, in wild battle,
Headlong he charges the blasts of the North ;

Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helensæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater
Obstrictis aliis præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium finibus Atticis

Reddas incolumem precor,*
Et serves animæ dimidium mæse.
Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum

* We side with Dillenburger and Maclean in rejecting the punctuation of Orelli, who places a comma before "precor," putting the word in parenthesis, for the reason thus ably stated in the following note, for which we are indebted to a friend, than whom there is no higher authority in critical scholarship: "It is not commonly observed, but certainly true, that the 2d pers. pres. subj. (reddas), is never used as a mere imperative, = 'reïdde.' It may be used *precatively* in addressing a deity, a superior (or in politeness), as 'serves' in Ode xxxv. l. 29. Where it is used with 'precor,' the verb is not in parenthesis, but distinctly governs 'reddas,' 'I pray you to render.' There should therefore be no comma between them; and this view shows 'precor' to be the true apodosis of the passage."

Fearing no gloom in the face of the Hyads ;
 Fearing no rage of mad Notus, than whom,
 Never a despot more absolute wieldeth
 Hadria, to rouse her or lull at his will.

What the approach by which Death could have daunted
 Him who with eyelids unwinking beheld
 Monster forms gliding and mountain waves swelling,
 And the Ceraunian heights dismally famed ?

Vainly a provident Deity parted
 Region from region by neighbourless seas,
 If, the inviolate ways spanning over,
 Impious rafts join what was severed by God.

Rushes man's race through the evils forbidden,
 Lawlessly bold to brave all things and bear :
 Lawlessly bold did the son of the Titan
 Bring to the nations fire won through a fraud.

Fire stolen thus from the Dome Empyræan,
 Meagre Decay fixed her rest on the earth,
 Leagued with a new-levied army of fevers—
 Death, until then the slow-comer, far off,

Hurried his stride, and stood facing his victim.
 Dædalus, upward, the void realms of air
 Sounded on wings that to man are not given ;
 Downward toiled Hercules bursting through hell.

Nought is too high for the daring of mortals ;
 Heaven's very self in our folly we storm.
 Never is Jove, through our guilty aspiring,
 Suffered to lay down the holt we provoke.

*Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti,
 Quo non arbiter Hadriæ
 Major, tollere seu ponere volt freta.*

*Quem Mortis timuit gradum,
 Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
 Qui ydid mare turgidum et
 Infames scopulos Acroceraunia ?*

*Nequicquam deus abscedit
 Prudens Oceano dissociabili
 Terras, si tamen impiis
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.*

*Audax omnia perpeti
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.*

*Audax Iâpeti genus
 Ignem fraude mala gentibus intulit.*

*Post ignem ætheria domo
 Subductum macies et nova febrium
 Terris incubuit cohors,
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas*

*Leti corripuit gradum.
 Expertus vacuum Dædalus ætra
 Pennis non homini datis ;
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.*

*Nil mortalibus ardui est ;
 Cælum ipsum petimus stultitia neque
 Per nostrum patimur scelus
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.*

ASCLEPIADEAN METRE.

(Third form of strophe.)

BOOK I.—ODE XV.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

Introduction.

This ode is considered by critics and fire of youth, but it is seldom to bear the stamp of an early com- that the poetry of youth is equally position. It has certainly the vigour terse and condensed.

"Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus."

When the false Shepherd bore through the waters
In Idæan ships, Helen his hostess,
Nereus buried swift winds in loathed slumber
That Fate's fell decrees he might sing.

"Woe the day that thou lead'st to thy dwelling
Her whom Greece shall ask back by great armies,
Sworn in league to dissolve, with thy nuptials,
The ancient dominion of Troy.

"Ah! what death-sweat to war-horse and warrior!
Ah! what funerals that move with thy rowers
Bring'st thou home to the race of the Dardan!
Already stern Pallas prepares

"Helm, and ægis, and chariot, and fury.
Vainly bold in the safeguard of Venus,
Trim thy locks, and charm women with ditties,
To chords never sounding to war.*

"In the bride-chamber vainly thou shunnest
Pond'rous spears and the darts of the Cretan,
And the roar of the battle;—and Ajax
So swift when he follows a foe;

"Late, alas, dust shall yet smear thy love-locks.
Dost thou see not Ulysses behind thee,
Thy race's destroyer, nor Nestor?—thee Teucer,
Thee Sthenelus skilled in the fight

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenen perfidus hospitam,
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera

Nereus fata: Mala ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Heu, heu! quantus equis, quantus adest
viris

Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! Jam galeam Pallas et ægida
Curruque et rabiem parat.

Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectus cæsarium grataque feminis
Imbelli cithara carmina divides;
Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hastas et calami spicula Cnosii
Vitabis, strepitumque et celerem sequi
Ajacem; tamen heu serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.

Non Lærtiaden, exitium tuse
Genti, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminii
Teucer et Sthenelus sciens

* "Carmina divides"—i.e., accompany your harp with singing.—YONGE.

"Or the chariot-chase fearlessly follow:
Thou shalt know, too, Meriones! yonder,
Grim and raging to find thee, Tydides,
More dread than his father, behold!

"Ah! from him, as a hart in the valley
Sees the wolf and forgetteth its pasture,
All unnerved and deep-panting thou fliest;
Not such was the pledge to thy love!

"Though the fleet of the wrathful Achilles
Bring a respite to Troy and Troy's mothers;
Ilion's domes, after winters predestined,
Shall sink in the flames of the Greek!"

Pugnae, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger; Merionen quoque
Nosces. Ecce furi te reperire atrox
Tydides melior patre,
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,

Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tæ.
Iraunda diem proferet Ilio
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achilles;
Post certas hiemes uret Achæus
Ignis Iliacas domos.

ASCLEPIADEAN METRE.

(Fourth form of strophe.)

BOOK I.—ODE XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

Introduction.

This ode has the appearance of being imitated, though but slightly, from a fragment in Anacreon preserved in 'Athenæus,' ix. p. 396. But it is not the less an illustration of the native grace with which Horace invests his more trivial compositions.

"Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë."

Like a fawn dost thou fly from me, Chloë,
Like a fawn that, astray on the hill-tops,
Her shy mother misses and seeks,
Vaguely scared by the breeze and the forest.

Sighs the coming of spring through the leaflets?
Slips the green lizard stirring a bramble?
Her knees knock together with fear,
And her heart beats aloud in its tremor.

Nay, but not as a merciless tiger,
Or an African lion I chase thee;
Ah! cling to a mother no more,
When thy girlhood is ripe for a lover.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,
Querenti pavidam montibus avis
Matrem non sine vano
Aururum et silus metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
Adventus foliis seu virides rubum

Dimovere lacertæ,
Et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera
Gætulæve leo, frangere persequor:
Tandem desine matrem
Tempestita sequi viro.

ASCLEPIADEAN METRE.

(Fifth form of strophe.)

BOOK I.—ODE XI.

TO LEUCONOE.

Introduction.

The desire to solve the doubts by which man is beset in the present, will, perhaps, so long as the world lasts, give an audience to those who pretend to divine the future; and of all modes of divination, astrology has been, from time immemorial, the most imposing, because it arrogates the rank of a science, and asserts that it bases its predictions upon deductions from a vast accumulation of facts. Rome, of course, abounded in astrologers, who called themselves Chaldeans, as Cicero calls them; and were probably as much Chaldeans as the Gipsies of Norwood are Bohemians

or Indians. Horace gives the fair friend, for whom he invents a name (Leuconoe) as playfully uncomplimentary as that which a good-natured man of the world bestows on a young lady by the pet phrase of "silly thing," a brief admonition, which, in proof of the common-sense that keeps him always modern, might be equally given to ladies, and even to the ruder sex, in our own day. For wherever we have travelled in England or Europe, we have never found a town, however deficient in books, in which a prophetic astrological almanac was not to be seen in the shop-windows.

"Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi."

Nay, Leuconoe, seek not to fathom what death unto me—unto thee (Lore forbidden) the gods may assign; nor the schemes of the Chaldee consult.*

How much better it is to learn patience, and that which shall be to endure. Whether Jove may vouchsafe our existence more winters, or this be the last,

Which now breaks Tuscan ocean in spray on the time-eaten rocks that oppose.

Wouldst be wise? strain thy wine, and cut down lengthened hope to the brief span of life.

While we talk, grudging Time will be gone, and a part of ourselves be no more.

Seize to-day—for the morrow it is in which thy belief should be least.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi,
quem tibi
Finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Baby-
lonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid
erit, pati,
Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Jupiter ulti-
mam,

Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus
mare
Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio
breui
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur,
fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem quam minimum cred-
ula postero.

* "Nec Babylonios Tentaris numeros"—i.e., the astrological calculations, or, in technical phrase, "schemes," for which the Chaldees were so famous.

SPECIMENS OF SAPPHIC METRE,

As adaptable to the Graver Odes.

BOOK I.—ODE XII.

IN CELEBRATION OF THE DEITIES AND THE WORTHIES OF ROME.

Introduction.

This poem is commonly inscribed the death of the young Marcellus, very inappropriately "De Augusto," A. U. C. 731; and Orelli and Macleane agree in accepting Franke's and sometimes more accurately "De laudibus Deorum vel hominum." date, A. U. C. 729. It was certainly composed before

"Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri."

What man, what hero, or what god select'st thou,
Theme for sweet lyre or fife sonorous, Clio?
Whose honoured name shall that gay sprite-voice, Echo,
Hymn back rebounding,

Whether on Helicon's umbrageous margent,
Whether on heights of Pindus or cold Hæmus,
Whence woods, at random, vocal Orpheus followed?
He who stayed rivers

In their swift course, and winds in their wild hurry
By art maternal;* and with bland enchantment
Led the huge oaks at his melodious pleasure
List'ning his harp-strings.

Whom should I place for wonted rites of homage
Before the Father-King of gods and mortals,
Who earth, and ocean, and heaven's varying seasons
Orders and tempers?

From whom nought greater than Himself proceedeth—
To whom exists no semblance and no second;
Yet where he hath a nearest, be its honours
Sacred to Pallas.

Quem virum aut heroa lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio?
Quem deum? Cujus recinet jocosa
Nomen imago

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris
Aut super Pindo gelidove in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere insecutæ
Orphea silvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus celeresque ventos,

Blandum et auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus, qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare ac terras variisque mundum†
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

* "Arte materna"—the Muse Calliope, mother of Orpheus.

† "Qui mare ac terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis."

"Mundum" here means "cælum," "sky"—i.e., the whole framework of nature, in sea, earth, and heaven, is under the dominion of Jove.

Left not unsung be Liber, bold in battle;
 Nor she, the brute-world's foe—virgin Diana;
 Nor thou, dread lord of the unerring arrow,
 Phœbus Apollo!

Sing let me, too, the demigod Alcides,
 And Leda's twins, the wrestler and the rider—
 At whose joint star, what time on storm-beat seamen
 Dawns its white splendour,

Back from the rocks recedes the rush of waters,
 Winds fall—clouds fly—and every threatening billow,
 Lulled at their will, upon the breast of ocean
 Sinks into slumber.

Should, after these, be Romulus first honoured,
 Numa's calm reign, or Tarquin's haughty fasces?
 I pause in doubt; or is it rather Cato's
 Noble self-slaughter?

Regulus, and the Scauri, and Æmilius,
 Lavish of his great life when Carthage triumphed,
 Grateful I name for song's most signal honours;—
 Thee, too, Fabricius;

He and rude unkempt Curius and Camillus,—
 These were the men whom hardy thrift, rude nurture,
 The ancestral farm, and unluxurious homestead
 Fitted for warfare.

Tree-like grows up through unperceived increases
 Marcellus' fame. As the moon throned in heaven
 'Mid lesser lights, the Julian constellation
 Shines out resplendent.

*Praeliis audax neque te silebo,
 Liber, et sævis inimica Virgo
 Beluis, nec te, metuende certa
 Phœbe sagitta.*

*Dicam et Alciden puerosque Lædæ,
 Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
 Nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis
 Stella refulsit,*

*Defuit saxis agitatus humor,
 Concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
 Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
 Unda recumbit.*

*Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
 Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos*

*Tarquini fasces, dubito, an Catonis
 Nobile letum.*

Regulum et Scauros animæque magnæ
 Prodigum Paulum superante Pæno
 Gratus insigni referam Camena
 Fabriciumque.*

*Hunc et incomptis Curium capillis
 Utilem bello tulit et Camillum
 Sæva paupertas et avitus apto
 Cum lare fundus.*

*Crescit, occulto velut arbor ævo,
 Fama Marcelli; † micat inter omnes
 Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
 Luna minores.*

* Either the Scauri enjoyed at that time a higher reputation than they have retained in history, or Horace had some special reason, personal or political, now inexplicable, for placing them in the rank of Rome's foremost worthies. Æmilius Paulus, having advised the disastrous battle of Cannæ, refused the horse offered to him by a tribune of the soldiers, and remained to perish on the field.

† "As the name of Marcellus, whom I understand, with Orelli, to be the Mar-

Father and Guardian of all human races,
 Saturnian Jove, to thee the Fates have given
 Charge o'er great Cæsar. Mayst thou reign supremely,
 Next to thee Cæsar.

Whether the Parthians over Rome impending
 Grace his full triumph, or the farthest dwellers,
 Indian and Seric, upon Orient margins
 Under the sunrise,

Wide earth with justice he shall rule, thy viceroy;
 With awful chariot Thou shalt shake Olympus;
 Thou, through the sacred groves profaned impurely
 Launch angry lightnings.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,
 Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni
 Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo
 Cæsare regnes.

Ille, seu Parthos Latio imminentes
 Egerit justo domitos triumpho,*

Sive subjectos Orientis oras
 Seras et Indos,†

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem;
 Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
 Tu parum castis inimica mittes
 Fulmina lucis.‡

BOOK II.—ODE XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

Introduction.

According to the scholiast in Cruquius, this Pompeius Grosphus, a Sicilian by origin, was of the equestrian order. Cicero, in Verrem, speaks of Ebulides Grosphus Centuripinus, as a man of eminent worth, noble birth, and princely wealth. Estré conjectures that this Grosphus was made a Roman citizen by Pompey, and took his name,

which descended to the Grosphus of the ode as son or grandson. In Epist. i. 12, Horace commends him to Iccius, then acting as superintendent or steward to Vipsanius Agrippa's estates in Sicily, as one whom Iccius might willingly oblige, for he would never ask anything not honest and just.

cellus who took Syracuse, stands for all his family, and particularly the young Marcellus, so the star of Julius Cæsar, and the lesser lights of that family, are meant by what follows."—MACLEANE.

* "Justo triumpho." "'Justo,' 'regular, full, complete,' in which sense this adjective is attached to such nouns as exercitus, legio, acies, prælium, victoria."—YONGE.

† "Sive subjectos Orientis oras
 Seras et Indos."

The Seras, whom some conjecture to be the Chinese, represent the nations at the farthest east known to the Romans. "Subjectos oras," "under the edge or extremity of the East."—YONGE.

‡ "Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
 Tu parum castis inimica mittes
 Fulmina lucis."

The general meaning seems to be, that Jove left the political government of earth to Augustus, his vicegerent; but he reserved to himself alone the dominion of heaven, and the task of avenging such crimes as offended the gods, or polluted the sanctity of the temples.

"*Otium dives rogat in patenti.*"

For ease prays he who in the wide *Ægean*,
Storm-seized, looks up on clouds that heap their darkness
O'er the lost moon, while dim the constellations
Fade from the sailor.

Ease, still for ease, sighs *Thracia* fierce in battle,
Still for ease sighs the quivered *Medæ*. Ah, *Grosphus*!
Nor gems nor purple, no, nor gold can buy it;
Ease is not venal.

Bribed by no king, dispersed before no lictor,
Throng the wild tumults of a soul in trouble,
And the cares circling round a sleepless pillow,
Under ceiled fretwork.

He lives on little well who, for all splendour,
Decks his plain board with some prized silver heirloom.
From him no greed of gain, of loss no terror,
Snatch the light slumbers.

Why, briefly strong, with space in time thus bounded,
Launch we so many arrows into distance?
Why crave new suns? What exile from his country
Flies himself also?

Otium dives rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægeæ, simul atra nubes
Condidit lunam neque certa fulgent
Sidera nautis;

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,
Otium Medi pharetra decori,
Grosphæ, non gemmis neque purpura ve-
nale neque auro.

Non enim gazeæ neque consularis*
Summovet lictor miseræ tumultus

Mentis et curas laqueata circum
Tecta† volantes.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,‡
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?

* "Non enim gazeæ." "Gazeæ," from a Persian word, means, "the king's treasury," "the royal coffer."

† "Laqueata tecta," "non totius domus sed cubiculorum et tricliniarum."—DILLENBURGER.

‡ "Paternum salinum"—"the paternal or hereditary salt-cellar." Horace here, as elsewhere, distinguishes the comparative poverty of a small independence from absolute neediness and squalor. The poverty he praises is not without its own modest refinements. The board may be simple, but still it can display the old family salt-cellar, kept with religious care. If the owner has not increased the paternal fortune, he has not diminished it.

Diseasèd Care ascends the brazen galley,
And rides amidst the armed men to the battle,
Fleeter than stag or that fleet wind which, east-born,
Hurries the rain-storm.

The mind, which now is glad, should hate to carry
Its care beyond the Present; what is bitter
With easy smile should sweeten : nought was ever
Happy on all sides.

Untimely death snatched off renowned Achilles;
Tithonus lived to dwindle into shadow;
And haply what the Hour to thee refuses
Me it will proffer.

Around thine home a hundred flocks are bleating,
Low the Sicilian heifers, neighs the courser
Trained to the race-car; woofs in Afric purple
Twice-tinged array thee :

To me the Fate, that cannot err, hath given
Some roods of land, some breathings, lowly murmured,
Of Grecian Muse, and power to scorn the malice
Of the mean vulgar.

Scandit seratas vitiosa naves
Cura* nec turmas equitum relinquit,†
Ociur cervis et agente nimbo
Ociur Euro.

Lectus in præsens animus quod ultra est
Oderit curare et amara lento
Temperet risu; nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora. ‡

Te greges centum Siculæque circum
Mugiant vaccæ, tibi tollit hinnitum
Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ: mihi parva rura et
Spiritus Graiæ tecum Camenæ
Parca non mendax § dedit et malignum
Spernere volgus.

* "Vitiosa cura." In the translation, Orelli's interpretation of "vitiosa," "morbosa," i.e., morbid or diseased, from the vice of the mind whence it springs, is adopted. But this hardly gives the full force of the word. Horace means that Care, which *spoils or infects* everything, ascends the galley, &c.

† "Turmas equitum." "This properly refers to the horsemen riding to battle made anxious by the hope of booty or the fear of death."—ORELLI. "With 'turmas equitum' is usually compared 'post equitem sedet atra cura,' but the sense there is a little different. Here he speaks of care following a man to the field of battle; there he refers to the rich man ambling on his horse."—MACLEAN.

‡ "Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,
Porriget hora."

We think, with Orelli, that this simply means, "Fortune, or the Hour, will perhaps give something of good to me which she denies to you;" and we dissent altogether from the usual interpretation, viz., "Time may perhaps give me a longer life than it concedes to you." That interpretation would be very little in keeping with Horace's general politeness in addressing a friend. Nothing can well be worse bred than telling a man that perhaps you will live longer than he will. Besides, Horace immediately proceeds to define that which is granted peculiarly to himself in opposition to the riches bestowed upon Grosphus.

§ "Parca non mendax," "sure," "unfailing in the fulfilment of their decrees."

SAPPHIC METRE,

As adaptable to the Lighter Odes.

BOOK I.—ODE XXII.

TO ARISTIVS FUSCUS.

Introduction.

Of Aristinus Fuscus Horace speaks to what he wrote — Acron says (Epp. i. 10) with particular affection. He says “they were almost twins in their tastes and sentiments.” Fuscus appears to have been an author, but there is some doubt as Cruquius says he was a grammarian.

“Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.”

He whose life hath no flaw, pure from guile, need not borrow
Or the bow or the darts of the Moor, O my Fuscus!

He relies for defence on no quiver that teems with

Poison-steeped arrows.

Though his path be along sultry African Syrtes,
Or Caucasian ravines, where no guest finds a shelter,
Or the banks which Hydaspes, the stream weird with fable,

Licks languid-flowing.

For as lately I strayed beyond pathways accustomed,
And with heart free from care was of Lalage singing,
A wolf in the thick of the deep Sabine forest

Met, and straight fled me.

All unarmed though I was, yet so deadly a monster
Warlike Daunia ne'er bred in her wide acorned forests,
Nor the thirst-raging nurse of the lion—swart Juba's
African sand-realm.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.*

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem,

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunius latit æsculetis,
Nec Jubbæ tellus generat leonum
Arida nutrit.

Compare “veraces,” C. Sæcul. 25, and Persius, v. 42, “Parca tenax veri.”—So ORELLI. “Genius is represented as the gift of Fate in Pind. Od. ix. 26, 28; also in Nem. iv. 41-43, where the poet infers from it his own eventual triumph over detraction, as Horace may be said to do here.”—YONGE.

* “Fabulosus lambit Hydaspes.” As Horace is here conjuring up images of terror, so it is to the darker legends connected with the Indian river that he alludes in the epithet “fabulosus,” a signification which is aimed at in the translation “weird with fable.” “Lambit” literally means “licks,” or “laps up,” not “washea” or “laves,” as it is commonly translated. Horace does not wish to convey the pleasing idea of a river with a gentle and placid flow, but rather the still, languid, awe-inspiring motion of the haunted wave upon the sultry banks.

Place me lone in the sterile wastes, where not a leaflet
 Ever bursts into bloom in the breezes of summer ;
 Sunless side of the world, which the grim air oppresses,
 Mist-clad and ice-bound ;

Place me lone where the earth is denied to man's dwelling,
 All so near to its breast glows the car of the day-god ;
 And I still should love Lalage—her the sweet-smiling,
 Her the sweet-talking.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
 Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
 Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
 Jupiter urget ;

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
 Solis in terra domibus negata :
 Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem.*

* " Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
 Dulce loquentem."

If we might have allowed ourselves to expand the literal words of the original into what seems to us the sense implied by the poet, we should have proposed to translate the lines thus :—

" I still should love Lalage—*see her*, sweet smiling ;
Hear her, sweet talking."

For we take it that Horace does not merely mean that he would still love Lalage "sweetly smiling" and "sweetly talking"—an assurance which seems in itself to belong to a school of poetry vulgarly called namby-pamby—but rather that, however solitary, still, and lifeless, be the place to which he might be transported, he would still be so true to her image, that in the solitude he would see her sweetly smiling, and amidst the silence hear her sweetly talking. So Constance, in Shakespeare, says—

" Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in her bed, walks up and down with me,
 Puts on her pretty looks, repeats her words."

(*To be continued.*)

COUNTRY GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS.

WHILE complaints of the defective state of English education, especially amongst the middle classes, who are the staple of our national strength and prosperity, have been growing louder and more general year by year, the existence of large public funds specially assigned for the educational benefit of these very classes has been scarcely recognised. There are (including the nine great schools which were the subject of the late Royal Commission) nearly 800 schools in England and Wales possessing buildings and a permanent income, more or less sufficient—varying in amount from the £42,000 of Christ's Hospital to the £5 or £6 of some country village—which were intended to educate children of the middle class (although not these exclusively), and which generally come under the term "Grammar-school." Excluding the nine schools, the gross income of these less important foundations amounts to above £336,000; but from this deductions must be made for the management of the estates (in most cases with too little regard to economy), for the repair of buildings, and for alms-houses and other institutions, the maintenance of which has been charged by the founder on the same estates. The net income applicable to the payment of masters is £195,184; and there is besides an annual sum of at least £14,264 allotted to exhibitions to the Universities.

It is to the practical results of these large educational subsidies that the present "Schools Inquiry Commission" is directed. It will supply in course of time a library in itself for such readers as may be curious as to the details: for we are promised twenty thick octavo volumes, of which the first only

(the Report) is at present in the hands of the public.

About the time of the Reformation, the religious zeal and public spirit which up to that time had usually found its exercise in the endowment and augmentation of religious houses, was in great measure diverted to public education. The movement owed much also to the revival of classical learning which had taken place shortly before. The colleges of Winchester and Eton, the grammar-schools of Reading and Macclesfield, of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a few others of less note, had already been founded—but in every case in connection with some conventual body, college of priests, or chantry. Under Henry VIII., funds were taken in many instances from the monastic bodies and applied to the foundation of grammar-schools; and the process went on rapidly during the short reign of Edward VI., as is testified by the many provincial schools which bear his name as founder. Under Elizabeth the number of these foundations was greatly increased, both by royal grants (in which, however, the Queen was more liberal of her name and patronage than of money) and from private liberality. No less than one hundred and thirty-eight schools were founded in her reign. Harrison, writing in 1586, could say with truth that "there are not many corporate towns now under the Queen's dominion that have not one grammar-school at the least, with a sufficient living for a master and usher appointed for the same."

The general object of their founders is clear. They were not intended to provide an elementary education; that was commonly presupposed. In very many cases

there were special provisions that children should not be admitted until they could read and write legibly, or even "read English and Latin perfectly." In some schools, as at Merchant Taylors', the free scholars are only to be received "if they be meet and apt to learn;" at others, as at Harrow, a parent was to be required to remove his child if, after trial, he showed no aptness for a classical education. Sometimes, indeed, the founder went so far as to make provision for an elementary training; but this is to fit the child afterwards for the study of grammar; and in these cases there was either a separate and distinct school on the same foundation, as the "Accidence School" at Shrewsbury, and one of the "two fair and large school-houses" built by Archbishop Harsnett at Chigwell; or there was mention made of a special lower department for the "petties" and the "infants," like the old "bible seat" at Eton. The grammar-schools were meant to supply a want which was beginning to be felt then, as it is felt now, amongst our middle classes, of a higher culture and more intellectual training than the mere English reading and writing and casting accounts which might fit a boy for the busy commercial life already dawning upon England. The founders, rightly or wrongly, wished to do something more than enable the youth of England to buy and sell to the best advantage, and to make money: they sought to give, in their schools, a "liberal, not a servile" education. Gladly do we quote the words of the Commissioners, both as a generous testimony to the national benefactors whom our enlightened age too often affects to regard as narrow-minded and short-sighted, and as a pledge—we trust—of the spirit in which their foundations are now to be dealt with.

"Their purpose was to produce cultivated men. Latin and Greek were no more a direct preparation for the shop or the farm at that time than they are now. Then, just as now, the purpose of a liberal education was to enlarge the range of ideas, to elevate the thoughts, to make men more truly human, better subjects, and better Christians."

They were not founded for the advantage of any one class in particular. They were to be "public" schools in the best sense of the word. Sometimes the wording of the founder's intent is that the school is to be "especially for poor men's children;" sometimes "for the poor as well as the rich;" sometimes "for gentlemen's sonnes and other good mennes children."* They were to be open to the poor, and to such the gratuitous instruction was to form an attraction. If the poor man's son came there and was found "apt and toward," he could receive there an education such as the nobleman's son in those days could hardly obtain elsewhere. To a really able boy of this class there was commonly the additional opportunity of completing his education at the university by the help of an exhibition, the amount of which was sufficient, at that date, to maintain him entirely throughout his college course by the help of a careful economy; or he had the chance—no uncommon event—of being taken up to Oxford as the "servitor" of some youth of higher birth and ampler means, whose acquaintance he had made at the country grammar-school, enjoying with him all the substantial benefits of college tuition, and often thereby rising to a position of honour and emolument in the Church or the university. But while the grammar-school door was thus open to the poor scholar, it was not closed against the rich man's son, nor was he at all ashamed to enter it. To take the case of Shrewsbury, the great school of England in the early days of Elizabeth, the

* Statutes of Cromer, Bruton, and Macclesfield Schools (Rep., p. 121).

scale of fees is carefully regulated from the "lord's son," who is to pay 10s., down through the degrees of the knight and the gentleman to the humble scholar who is to be charged but 8d. So at Llanrwst, an ancient table of rules demands from the "knight's son" an entrance fee of 2s. 6d., the son of the "doctor or esquire" 2s., and so on—"but poor indeed gratis." And while for the sake of this latter class the instruction is always to be gratuitous, and to prevent the creeping in of abuses under the head of presents to the master, he is in some statutes strictly forbidden to take of any scholar the customary compliments of "cock-penny, victor-penny, or potation-penny,"* so again in other cases, inasmuch as it was held unfair to the diligent teacher to leave no opening for the gratitude of his richer pupils, he was specially allowed to accept from them the fees above mentioned, and even a small sum for "quarterage," in which a fee for "*birch*" was not seldom included. And these payments eventually, from being strictly optional, passed into a rule, and became, as they are now at many of our public schools, the main source of the masters' income, which the endowment, from the change in the value of money, is often no longer sufficient to supply.

But whatever the rank in life or the future destination of the scholars, they were all to be taught alike. All were to learn grammar, which meant the grammatical know-

ledge of the Latin tongue; for of Greek, in those days, even the world of scholars knew but little. Whatever reform has been attempted in modern times, on utilitarian principles, with a view to lower the education in these schools to the commercial level, has been as contrary to the whole spirit and intention of their founders, as it is to the true interests of education in general, or of the classes for whose benefit these endowments were left. We are glad to recognise in the Report now before us the principles of a reform in quite another direction—"a levelling upwards and not downwards"—which, however the phrase may be jested at, is the true condition of progress.

For that some readjustment of the application of these large educational funds has become absolutely necessary, few will deny who glance even cursorily at the pages of the Report, or who have any tolerable acquaintance with the existing state of our provincial schools. It is true that some few of them are still doing the State good service; but in most cases they are miserably failing to fulfil any one intention of their founders. It has become almost impossible that they should do so, under the altered circumstances of modern life. The higher classes, whose presence in the grammar-school gave it a standing in the eyes of the county, are sent to Eton or Harrow, for the sake of association with their own equals or superiors. The classes below them, on whom

* Foundation Statutes of Manchester Grammar-School, A.D. 1525. In some cases about the same date these fees are allowed under limitations. At Nottingham, the master is to "make no potations, cock-fightings, nor drinkings, but only twice a-year." At Warrington, he is only allowed to receive "a cock-penny and three potation-pennies" in the year. These "cock-pennies" were paid at Shrovetide (sometimes also on St. Nicholas' day) for the privilege of throwing at an unfortunate cock, provided by the master, and buried in the ground up to his neck, which became the prize of the boy who killed it. As a customary present to the master the name continued in use as late as 1818, when the "cock-pence" at Cartmel School in Lancashire amounted to between £20 and £30 a-year; and at Hawkshead, in the same county, the fee was two guineas for each boy. The "potations" were usually in Lent, when in some schools the master was allowed to "make a drinking for the scholars," on which occasion they made him a present according to their ability.

the very same considerations act, either follow their example at a painful sacrifice, or cease to value the school teaching which has no longer the old prestige.

"Many in the middle classes are not content with Latin and Greek, when Latin and Greek no longer means association with the sons of the gentry. The grammar-schools either sink from one rank to another until they descend below even the national schools, or else they maintain their classical teaching and lose their scholars. The result is, that a boy of superior ability, who may live in the neighbourhood of an old grammar-school, cannot now find there what he wants to give him an opening. He may possibly, though not so often as before, find a good master, but he cannot find, what is of no less importance, good schoolfellows. For it must be remembered that even a good master is utterly unable to make a really good school unless he has a tolerable number of scholars."—P. 94.

The result is, that out of something like 700 schools which were plainly intended to give a university training to such boys as sought it, only 166 are now sending up any boys at all to Oxford and Cambridge, and some of these an average of not more than one in the year. Of the whole 700, nearly half have ceased to teach Latin at all. Many persons would see little to regret in this, if a "thorough English education"—that mystery of mysteries, which so many educational reformers talk of, but which has never yet been seen except in an advertisement—had been substituted in its place. But the reports, furnished in the different districts by the Assistant-Commissioners, show conclusively that in very few schools where classical teaching has been given up are modern subjects cultivated successfully; rather, for the most part, as one of them expresses it, "a descent has been made from the highest to the lowest kind of teaching." The classical muses, with their train of scholarly asso-

ciations, have departed, but they have left a wilderness of ignorance behind. The Commissioners' inquiries point, indeed, to a very unsatisfactory state of education altogether; but there is one conclusion which they pronounce somewhat emphatically, and which is well worth attention: "Where Latin is best taught, French and mathematics are best taught also. Where Latin is not taught, other subjects are rarely well taught." And again,—*"When the classics are neglected, the education seems lowered in character."** In the whole of the counties of Norfolk and Northumberland, Norwich is the only grammar-school "at which any boy could possibly have been set to write five consecutive lines of Latin not taken from an exercise book." And now mark the bearing of this classical superiority upon modern subjects: "In mathematics, modern languages, and general literature the school has few equals, and certainly no superior, in the county." To take one instance out of many of the converse effect: at Haworth, in Yorkshire, one of the most distinctly classical foundations, where it is specially enjoined that the master shall be "one able to teach Greek and Latin, so as to fit his scholars for Oxford or Cambridge," there is no longer any demand for classical teaching. The school has been lowered to meet the wants of the Yorkshiremen at the present day. What these may be we gain some notion from the Assistant-Commissioner's report. He found Haworth "the type of the worst schools in the district," and he received the following official letter, containing certain "resolutions" of the trustees:—

"That the trustees consider the present state of the school adapted for all classes of society in the township of Haworth.

* P. 76, 140.

"That the trustees are satisfied with the present state of the school, and do not contemplate any plans for its improvement."

These local trustees, indeed, have in many cases been a great hindrance to the wellbeing of the foundation of which they were supposed to be the guardians. In past years there were instances of gross misapplication of school funds. The faults now are rather in the way of negligence. If they are chosen from the ranks of the gentry, they are commonly resident at a distance; if from the townsmen, they are probably ill-educated, and therefore narrow-minded and illiberal. Such control as they have attempted to exercise has rarely been for the school's advantage, and their meddling has been a burden to the masters. The case mentioned in a little pamphlet before us of a large town grammar-school in which a fight during school-hours was allowed to proceed by the master, because "both boys were the sons of trustees, and it was not safe to meddle with them,"* is not singular in its character. Where the trust lies with the heirs of the founder, it is not always better administered. At Kirkleatham the school has disappeared; the lady of the manor, some fifty years since, "having occupied the building with her servants, and paid the income to her steward and the incumbent." When it is considered into whose hands the appointment of the master must sometimes fall, it is not wonderful to find that it has been regarded simply as a piece of patronage, sometimes valuable, sometimes merely troublesome. It is hard to say which appointment may have been most damaging to the unfortunate schools which have

had at different times the following head-masters: the "waiter at a public-house," who held that situation at Market Bosworth—where Samuel Johnson once was usher;† the master at Netherbury, who "carried on continuously with the school the business of a flour and spinning mill;" the gentleman at Earls Colne, "occupied in preparing a system of prime numbers contained in two perfectly unintelligible cards;" or the other gentleman, name and place unknown—save that "the endowment was considerable, and the town of some importance"—whose qualifications for teaching others consisted in having been "plucked four or five times himself."‡ If any scrupulous reader imagines that these are isolated cases, he may satisfy himself by reference to the volumes of evidence that they are only specimens of a very large number of such appointments.

It is therefore plain that the most practical conservatism prompts a reform of some kind. As the Commissioners tersely word it, "no man, in founding a school, whatever regulations he may have given, can have intended his school to be inefficient." Even Anthony Pinchbeck, yeoman, when he inserted in the statutes of his school at Butterwick that the master should, "if possible, be named Pinchbeck," at least hoped, as is plain from the rest of the document, that among the future Pinchbecks would be found one "well able to teach Latin and Greek." The question is, then, what direction is this much-needed reform of the grammar-schools to take? Classical education is leaving them,—that fact is undeniable. Are we to seek to lure it back,—are we to

* 'The Education of the Middle Classes:' a Lecture, &c., by Rev. F. V. Thornton, 1862.

† It is to the man's credit that he did expostulate with his patron on the subject, "and, except in the instance of this undertaking, he is stated to have been a very honest man."—CARLISLE, i. 756.

‡ See p. 224, 226, 274.

strengthen the hold it still retains on the affections of our middle classes by supplementing it with such modern branches of study as the enlarged field of modern knowledge offers, and which the founders in their day only ignored because they were as yet undeveloped!—or are we to make a clean sweep at once of an obsolete educational theory, and give only that special training which is supposed to be a sufficient intellectual outfit for the practical business of life?

To this last alternative it is satisfactory to find that the Royal Commissioners show no shadow of favour. A cloud of witnesses, differing on many points, agree in this, that education should be general, not special. They lend no sanction to the too-prevalent heresy, that it can be tested, as it were, by weight and measure. They recognise, it is true, a growing demand for instruction in modern subjects, and more especially in those branches of natural science to which modern civilisation is so much indebted, and which are too much ignored in our higher school-training at present. Even if our sons are not to be in any way concerned, in their after-life, in the practical application of such knowledge, it is not well for them to be ignorant of the principles of those sciences which are every day receiving new development, and exercising a wider influence on our national character. Our universities have already taken decided steps to give scientific studies an acknowledged place, not only in their teaching, but in their distribution of honours; and the example thus set may well be followed in our schools. The apparent severance between classical and scientific education needs not be widened, but if possible lessened. Mr Arnold, in his late report on education abroad, has well touched upon the evil of this antagonism of the old learning with the new. Our upper and middle class, he

says, are at present brought up on two separate planes of education.

“We have a professional class brought up on the first plane, with fine and governing qualities, but without the idea of science; while that immense business class which is becoming so important a power in all countries, on whom the future so much depends, and which in the leading schools of other countries fills so large a space, is in England brought up on the second plane, cut off from the aristocracy and the professions, and without governing qualities.”

Whatever tends to encourage this line of demarcation, in this commercial country, is a manifest evil. To sever the “gentleman” in his education or his mode of thought and feeling from the manufacturer or the man of business,—to make either class despise the other, whether for their prejudices or their ignorance,—is an enormous evil. The one class needs the refinement which ought to be the characteristic of a liberal education, as much as the other needs the practical knowledge which too often does not accompany it. We may be pardoned for quoting the words of a gentleman now engaged largely in trade, but who himself enjoyed a thorough classical education at one of our best public schools, to which he is accustomed to refer as one of the greatest advantages of his early life.

“As a man in trade, and intending my son to succeed me in my business, my wish is to make him a gentleman. First, I want him to believe that his life is given him for higher purposes than for making money, or getting honour and advancement for himself. Secondly, I wish him to have the ease of manner, the consideration for others, and the facility for expressing himself gracefully and correctly, which belong to a gentleman. For this last, I can fancy no better training than a classical education as I have known it. For ease of manner and courtesy, I should choose a school frequented by boys who from their position are most likely to be imbued with these qualities. To give him the higher views I first mentioned, I would refrain from putting before him

at too early an age the desire of money-making and worldly advancement, which boys will too readily understand is the object of those schools which lay themselves out for the cultivation of such subjects only as are likely to be directly useful. With these views, I care rather to give my boy a classical education, and the more *because* it is not likely he will go to a university."

We might attach more weight to the arguments of those who object to retaining classical literature as the groundwork of English education, if they were anything like unanimous in their suggestion of a substitute. But ably as many of them have discussed the question, on this point scarcely two of them agree. One advocates the natural sciences; another would put French in the place of Latin. Professor Seeley thinks that English is, above all things, the one needful educational training for an Englishman. Mr Stephen Hawtrey, of Eton, tells us that he has discovered the true philosopher's stone for schoolboys, which will transmute at once the dunce into the scholar. "There is a book," says he, "the study and understanding of which will make the education complete. No one who is master of that book can ever be a sciolist—and that book is Euclid."* Professor Key, on the other hand, "expressed a wish to get rid of Euclid altogether, as a most illogical book." It may be as well to live on in the old house until our architects have quite settled where to build the new one.

The Commissioners, in the changes which they recommend, have borrowed one of their leading principles, together with its name, from our cousins in New England. There can be no objection to this. If the principle be a good one, as in this case we think it is, let us give the Americans full credit for it, and adopt it with many thanks. It is proposed to "grade" our provincial schools.

The word is not in itself a pretty word; but word-building, we may be allowed to say, is a branch of manufacture in which the New Englanders think more of handiness than elegance. All endowed schools, or schools which have in any way a public character, are to be classed as of the First, the Second, or the Third Grade respectively—the last being the lowest. Such classification is to be chiefly "determined by the age at which boys are supposed to leave school altogether—at 18 or 19, at 16, or at 14, according to their destinations in life, and "correspond roughly" (says the Report) "to different classes of society and different courses of study." The schools of the First Grade would continue to be, in point of fact, very much what our public schools are now, and what the more ambitious of the "grammar-schools" at least aspire to be. They "would prepare for the universities, and therefore make the classics the staple of their teaching." They would draw their scholars chiefly from the same ranks of society as those which fill our higher schools at present; with the addition probably of many sons of professional men and the poorer gentry, whose fathers, "having received a cultivated education themselves, are very anxious that their sons should not fall below them," but are unable to give them the advantages they would wish on account of the great and increasing expenses of such an education at present. The fees in schools of this grade are estimated, for day-scholars, at from 12 to 25 guineas; for boarders, from £60 to £120—certainly on a sufficiently liberal scale.

The schools of the Second Grade, whose course of education is supposed to stop at about the age of 16, are to supply the educational wants of those whose sons either must at that age begin to find

* 'A Narrative Essay on a Liberal Education,' p. 33.

their own living, or are intended for such employments in life as require some special training, which ought, at about the age defined, to supersede the general education which such schools are to give; "for the army, for all but the highest branches of the medical and legal professions, civil engineering, and some others." These schools are to teach Latin (but not Greek, except as an "extra" or special subject), some one or two modern languages, arithmetic thoroughly, at least the rudiments of mathematical science, English literature, "the elements of political economy," and natural science, if desired. Such schools, it is supposed, would be gladly taken advantage of by many professional men, by the richer shopkeepers, the large tenant-farmers, men in business, and "all but the wealthier gentry." The necessary expenses of such an education are estimated, in a day-school of this grade, at from £6, 6s. to £12, 12s.; in a boarding-school, from £25 to £40. The school would be formed into two divisions; the first to receive boys at 7 or 8 years of age, who are to pass an entrance examination in reading and spelling easy English, the multiplication table, and writing. At 12 or 13 a boy would be expected to pass into the upper division, after a second examination, in which he would be required to read with fluency and intelligence any ordinary book, to know by heart a considerable quantity of the best English poetry, to write a clear good hand, to be expert in arithmetic as far as proportion and fractions, as well as in the working of general arithmetical questions, and to know the outlines of geography, physical and political. Some kind of third examination seems to be contemplated, in the way of a "pass," at the close of the course (i.e., at the age of 16) in this grade; but whether in the way of qualification for a certificate, or in order to possible admis-

sion to a first-grade school, is not made quite clear in the Report.

The Third-Grade Schools are regarded by the Commissioners as "the most urgent educational need of the country." Of this there can be no doubt, and the fact has already engaged the earnest attention of all who have interested themselves in general education. All will endorse the conclusion at which the present Commission has arrived, and as to which they have found the evidence almost unanimous, "that the artisans, the small shopkeepers, the smaller farmers, are in many places without any convenient means of educating their children at all, and still more often have no security that what education they do get is good." It may be added, that wherever it is really good, it is gained in a fashion which, however at present unavoidable, cannot be considered as legitimate—by taking advantage, at a very low rate of payment, of the sound if not very advanced teaching now provided in most of our National schools, partly at the national expense, partly by private charity, for the children of "the poor." In the case of the farmers, especially, wherever a regard to their social position (a feeling by no means blamable) prevents them from taking this advantage of the services of the certificated village schoolmaster, the boarding-schools to which they send their sons are of the very worst type of educational incapacity—"giving a teaching incomparably worse than that of an average National or British school, and yet at a much greater cost."

The present inquiry has of course only been able to deal with private schools of this class so far as they chose to answer questions and admit inspection; and it will be readily conceived that in the cases where such inquiry was most needed it was most unwillingly received. "They were difficult of access, and would give no returns," says one of

the Assistant-Commissioners: "as to some of them, *horresco referens*." Yet to such schools the work is chiefly left. Few schools of those which can be called "public" adapt their teaching to the wants of boys of this class; and of those few, still fewer are really good. The Report names, as exceptions, the Bristol Trade School and Hele's School at Exeter. These are day-schools, and there are some two or three others which are doing this work successfully. Of boarding-schools, the school established by Mr Woodard at Shoreham, and now about to be removed to Ardingly, is "an almost solitary example" of a public school for boys of this class. It is very deservedly successful; but it must be remembered that it could not give the superior education, training, and accommodation which are there offered for the sum of £16 a-year, if it were not for the fact that its work is carried on in a spirit of large self-sacrifice, in the desire to afford to the lower-middle classes a Church-of-England education, and that the masters give their services for a wholly inadequate remuneration.

In these proposed third-grade schools, then, the education is to be such, on the whole, as is suitable for boys whose school life would naturally end at 14. It should embrace "a thorough knowledge of arithmetic, the ability to write a good letter," and the usual requirements of a commercial life. The school is to be formed in two divisions, the lower receiving boys at the age of 6 or 7, and retaining them until 12, by which time they ought to be able to pass the necessary examination for promotion into the upper. In this, while none of the lower subjects are dropped,—

"English reading should be continued so as to give some knowledge of our best authors, and the outlines of English history and political economy should be commenced. But to these should be added either the elements of Latin or some modern language. In the same way, to the arithmetic should be added

either algebra or practical geometry; and to the geography either botany or some branch of experimental physics, or the rudiments of inorganic chemistry. Drawing also should be taught, either as a necessary or as an optional subject."

The schools in the lower grades are not to be considered as preparatory to the grade above them. "Three different kinds of work," say the Commissioners, "require three different kinds of school; each kind of school should have its own proper aim set before it, and should be put under such rules as will compel it to keep to that aim." A boy is to receive in a lower-grade school not "a fragment of an education," but an education to a certain extent completed.

In one point it will be found that this new Commission breathes the same spirit as that which lately dealt with the great Public Schools. It has no mercy for dunces. As in the former case the Commissioners recommended that no boy should be even admitted without passing an examination, and no boy allowed to remain in the lower forms after a certain age, so here none are allowed to remain in a lower-grade school after 14, or in the second-grade after 16; and all are to pass an examination in their remove from the higher to the lower divisions. What is to become of the boys who fail? Those who have read 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' (and who has not?) will remember that when the mad hatter had finished giving his evidence, the King graciously said, "You may go," to which the Queen promptly added—"And take off his head outside." Whether any such summary disposal of the waste material of boyhood is contemplated under new arrangements, is more than we can say. But unless some place of repentance is invented for those who break down in this multiplication of examinations, it will need that some new educational benefactors should arise to found for us moderns a hospital for incurables.

But while, in this classification, the Commissioners propose, as the first requisite, "to assign definite functions to each grade, so as to prevent all trying to answer every purpose, and thereby few succeeding in any," they have also made provision for retaining in practice what they rightly consider "the old glory of the grammar-schools"—the aid and encouragement which they offered to boys of exceptional ability and industry to rise to distinction from the humbler ranks of life. "No arrangement of this matter would be complete," the Commissioners think,—and their view is supported by the majority of their most intelligent witnesses—"unless it were possible for boys of exceptional talent to rise to the highest education which the country could supply." With this view amongst others, while careful to recommend that the course of study in each grade should be complete in itself—turning out the lad of 14 from the lower school as fairly educated for his probable work in life, as the young man of 18 or 19 who leaves the higher for the university—they have also recommended the preservation of some one leading study as a link between the three grades, "a connecting thread" running through the whole; so that the scholar who is moved from the lower to the higher, either on account of some special ability which he develops, or owing to some change in his parents' plans for his future, may not find his previous training wholly unsuited for the new studies amongst which he is thus thrown. This connecting link they find in Latin. The great majority of the witnesses whom they have examined rightly consider language as "the most efficient instrument of education." And, in the choice of some one language, "there was a very great preponderance of evidence in favour of Latin." Partly the beauty of the language recommends it for careful study; partly

the fulness and precision of its accidence; partly the fact that it enters so largely into the composition of our own language, and is also "a common gateway to French, Italian, and Spanish." To these is added another reason for the choice, which stands on a much lower level, but has considerable practical cogency—"the fact that a very large number of the examinations of the present day require a knowledge of Latin, and that schools are therefore compelled to teach it in order to meet this requirement." This, of course, is in some sort a begging of the whole question. Unless the said examiners are right in their views, it must be a grand mistake, when we are remodelling public education, to meet and so confirm them. Another argument of the same character must, we suspect, although unconfessed, have had some weight in the decision of a Commission which has evidently throughout its task retained a kindly feeling for the old classical curriculum, and has willingly availed itself of the popular feeling which still attaches to Latin an undefined and mysterious educational value which it has never extended to Greek. This feeling indeed was very generally expressed even by those witnesses who might have been supposed more or less hostile to a classical education in any shape. "Lawyers, medical men, farmers, engineers agreed in wishing that a certain amount of Latin should form part of the preliminary education for their several occupations." These witnesses would be of course the more intelligent of their class; but the feeling extends very widely. Even the farmer and the shopkeeper like their boy to know a little Latin; it has the savour of a gentleman about it; and they will hardly send their sons to a boarding-school the master of which does not at least profess to teach it. The druggist's apprentice knows it—imperfectly, as some of the drug-

gist's customers may experience to their cost; but still he can read it after his fashion, and they would not have their own sons know less than the druggist's apprentice. Latin has been for so many generations the language of the initiated in all mysteries, divine and human, from the mass-book to the conjuror's spell, that there is a rooted feeling even in the mind of the ignorant that it must be good to know it. It is wise to take advantage of this prejudice in its favour to retain so valuable an element in our public education.

The prejudice, if prejudice it be, is one which deserves encouragement for the highest social and political reasons. Education, says an able witness, "is the social bridge which unites all classes in England above the day-labourer, and the cement of this is furnished directly or indirectly by the Latin language." He would therefore make Latin a part, however differing in amount, of the cycle of instruction in every middle school, from the lowest to the highest.

Latin, then, is to be retained as this connecting link between the three grades. Even in schools of the lowest grade, it is thought that, at least in the upper division, "the elements might receive sufficient attention to give the clever scholars a firm hold of it." Boys who showed special aptitude for such training might, if their parents desired it, be drafted by competition or otherwise into schools of a higher grade; and the Commissioners are quite justified in their opinion, that in any case where such promotion takes place on the ground of distinct ability and industry, any disadvantages under which they might be supposed to labour, in comparison with those who had from the first been subjected to the higher training, would be very rapidly compensated by natural aptitude and energy. Examples of such primary disadvantages triumphantly overcome will readily suggest

themselves to the mind of any reader at all conversant with our higher school and university education.

To meet the case, then, of the young scholar of humble means, whose early promise marks him out as fitted for something higher than a mere commercial or technical education—the very ideal whom the best of our old grammar-school founders seem to have had in their mind as the fit object of their bounty—the Commissioners suggest a mode of assistance which seems, to our view, so entirely in accordance both with the spirit of these early benefactors and with the true interests of public education, that we sincerely trust that any future legislation on this subject may be founded upon this principle. It will plainly be impossible, in most cases, for the parents of such a boy to bear the expense of his transfer, during many years of his life, to a school in which the payments will be at a much higher rate, and in which his education must be continued much longer; more especially as this must be, in many cases, a distant boarding-school. For this purpose, then, the Commissioners propose to found exhibitions, the funds for which are to be provided out of existing endowments, either belonging to the school from which the boy comes, or to some of those local foundations which are too small to do the work which the founder would probably have desired with any real success, and whose funds might very fairly be applied to such purpose. It is proposed, in fact, to send the promising boy of humble means from some small endowed Warwickshire school, reduced under the Commission to the second grade, by an exhibition, to Rugby, or from a similar school in Shropshire to Shrewsbury. In favour of such a plan the opinions of competent witnesses, of all shades of opinion and of all varieties of experience, are remarkably and emphatically in accordance. Lord

Harrowby, Lord Auckland, Mr Adderly, agree at least in this with such root-and-branch reformers as Mr Miall, Mr Mill, and Mr J. T. Rogers; Mr Lingen of the Privy Council Office, Mr Evans of King Edward's School, Birmingham, and Dr Bruce as representing private education, all concur in this view. Every school of the third grade may thus be provided with the means of sending up, from time to time, some of its most promising scholars to the schools of higher grade, where the expenses of their further education will be defrayed by such legitimate employment of the founder's revenues. It is well observed in the Report that the objections commonly urged (surely not without reason) against the system of open competition—namely, the undeniable advantage which it gives to the sons of richer parents, who can pay for first-rate preparatory teaching—will not attach to such competitive exhibitions when offered to boys in third-grade schools. For it may fairly be presumed that no boys will be sent to such schools in the first instance, whose parents could afford to give them a higher education. Even in the second-grade, from which in like manner exhibitions would be offered to first-grade schools, few of the parents would belong to the wealthier classes.

The necessity of some such modification of the present endowments, in order to carry out in any degree what we must conclude to have been the wish and intent of the founders, becomes apparent when we look at the present state of those smaller grammar-schools which are still struggling to maintain their old classical teaching. In the days when locomotion was difficult, and when all beyond the merest elementary education was classical, it was not impossible to collect from a country district into one of these small local schools a class of boys numerous enough to be taught together in these higher subjects, and

to exercise upon each other the wholesome and necessary stimulus of emulation. It is not possible now. The squire will no longer send his son, because he judges—and so far wisely—that he will gain more by association with his equals in the larger and broader life of the public school. The country rector, or the professional man of good means who resides in a town which has one of these old foundations, follows in this, as in so many other instances, the leading of the more independent ranks above him in the social scale, but with whom he nevertheless jealously asserts his social equality. He sends his boy where he will associate with “gentlemen;” a decision the wisdom of which is perhaps more doubtful. The supply of scholars, therefore, to such schools has become limited to the few whose “poverty but not their will consents” to take advantage of the cheap instruction, with the chance of the exhibition to Oxford or Cambridge, which is perhaps their only avenue to a liberal education. The result of this state of things upon the schools themselves might easily be conceived, even without reference to the facts elicited by the present inquiry. Even if the master be a good scholar and fond of his work, he has no scope for his energies, and his more advanced pupils necessarily lack the spur of competition. If, as is not unfrequently the case, he has two or three boys in his school who are really trying to qualify themselves for the university, while the majority are demanding from him an education of quite another kind, he can hardly escape from doing injustice either to one class or the other, and it will be very well if he is not more or less guilty of it towards both. The Assistant-Commissioners, in the course of their visits of inquiry, found repeated instances “in the smaller grammar-schools, of one boy, in the larger of two or three, so far superior to the rest as to have to be taught separately, thus

seriously trenching on the master's time, or to be distinctly kept back by classification with inferior boys." We hear of one village school which has an endowment of £200 per annum,

"in which there were fifty children, of whom four boys at the head were learning Latin, and these four were arranged in three separate classes; two elder lads were working together at Homer and Virgil, and each of the other two preparing every day a separate Latin exercise. The master told the Commissioner that so much of his time was taken up in hearing these lessons, that he was unable to give much attention to the rest. There is an exhibition of £50 a-year to Cambridge, and one of the boys was seeking to qualify himself for it. The trustees and the head-master pointed with much pride to the fact that one boy from this school was now enjoying this exhibition at Cambridge, and that another would be prepared to succeed him. This was their only test of the soundness of the school."

The school being a grammar-school, the test does not seem to us so entirely wrong in principle as the Commissioners apparently consider it. The want of scholars to avail themselves of the higher teaching is the fault of the circumstances, rather than of the trustees or the master; although of course it is inexcusable that, with regard to elementary teaching, "its general character is very low," and it is unfortunate that it should be "the only school in the village," and that its existence (probably because the education is gratuitous) should make "the establishment of a national school impossible." This picture is only one out of many which show the waste of endowment and of educational power which is going on under the present system, and which calls urgently for some remedy in the interest of all concerned. At Wisbech we find a grammar-school with "one boy qualified for an exhibition to Cambridge which the school possesses, and twenty others all under 16

years of age." In the county of Stafford there are eight schools giving a classical education, of which only two have ten per cent of their scholars over 16. At Stamford School, which has an endowment of above £500 a-year, and which has two masters "reported to be industrious and efficient," "two or three boys were learning classics to some purpose, some others were struggling with Greek Delectus and Cæsar, and the rest receiving an education no better than that of an elementary school." At Brigg, with a net income of £529, "one boy, the master's son, was learning Greek," while the rest of the school failed in common English dictation. At Thame, in Oxfordshire, the establishment at the date of the official visit presented the remarkable and probably unique spectacle of two masters and one boy. There is, in short, throughout the provinces, a large nominal supply of a kind of teaching for which there is no longer any demand; and, by a natural reaction, the supply itself stagnates, and satisfies very inadequately such demand as is made. The classical master becomes so accustomed to consider his office more or less a sinecure, that he takes but feeble interest in such work as he may be called upon to do.

Of the utter waste of the funds left for exhibitions to the university in some of these smaller schools, this Report gives some glaring instances. There is no competition; and consequently they are continually bestowed on undeserving candidates, or even suppressed altogether. Blackrod grammar-school (which has sunk into a mere elementary school) has still an exhibition of £65 per annum, tenable for five years. "The present holder of the exhibition came from Bolton by rail, six or eight miles every day, in order to be taught, or rather to be physically present, in Blackrod School, merely for the sake of this £65."* There

* Far worse abuses existed within present memory than any which are noticed

is an exhibition, confined to certain parishes in Gloucestershire, for maintaining a lad at school and at college. "The only known instance of a youth chosen out of the privileged parishes was the son of a professional gentleman, who was elected in 1860, and sent to a clergyman to prepare for Oxford. During seven years he received from this fund in all nearly £900, and at last failed to pass his responsions, and had to remove his name from the college." An exhibition of £80, recurring every fourth year at the Crypt School at Gloucester, has not been filled up at all since 1853. Beverley School, which ranks three bishops amongst its former pupils, has eight small exhibitions, amounting in the whole to £60 a-year. "Instead of consolidating them, the trustees actually distribute the amount in doles to the poor."*

The difficulty has been admitted of combining in one and the same school an education suitable for boys of different social rank and different future destinations. Yet in some schools, under able management, this difficulty, up to a certain age and standard, has been successfully overcome. The Report gives three notable instances in which a school has been made to supply the educational wants of nearly every class within reach of its advantages.

The Haberdashers' School at Bunbury, in Cheshire, was remodelled a few years ago. The fees were settled on a sliding-scale according to the presumed means of the parents, ranging from 15s. a-quarter to 2d. a-week. It contains 120 boys of all ages between 9 and 15.

"They are the sons of labourers, of tradesmen, of farmers, of professional

men, of clergymen and merchants—the higher class representing about one-third of the whole school." "The instruction is such that a labourer's son who leaves at 10 or 11, learns to read, write, and sum unusually well, and gets some knowledge of geography. A farmer's or tradesman's son who stays till 13 or 14, learns also some mensuration and surveying or book-keeping; and, if he chooses, some Latin, Euclid, and algebra; while a gentleman's son by 12 obtains a really good grounding in English and arithmetic, and sufficient Latin to enable him to proceed, at no disadvantage, to a higher school. All classes mix freely in the school; the prevailing tone is that of the higher bred; and the manners and pronunciation of the boys were in marked contrast with those of merely National schools."

The National School at Abbot's Ann is conducted on a similar system. It contained at the date of the Commissioners' inquiry 131 children (now increased to 150, including 15 boarders); but the degrees of social rank are hardly so thoroughly represented, as the highest do not rise above respectable farmers. "Some Latin, some algebra, and about two books of Euclid," the rudiments of natural philosophy and chemistry, with occasionally French, are taught in the elder classes. The school now pays its own working expenses entirely. But the remarkable fact is, that the girls are taught the same subjects, and in the same classes as the boys; and that the effect of this is, according to the evidence of the rector and chief manager, the Hon. S. Best, that "it raises the tone of the school altogether."

But the third school is the most remarkable of all, if we may trust the evidence before us. This is the school lately established at Callington in Cornwall, a country town of

in this Report. Provident parents and dishonest schoolmasters combined to manage these things much more easily than at Blackrod. A boy well known to the present writer, in the highest form at a great public school, obtained leave of absence, at his father's request, for three days. In that time he "entered" at a country grammar-school, *paid a year's fees to the master*, and was elected to a scholarship at Oxford attached to the school. He then returned and took his place in form as usual.

* P. 173-176.

about 2000 inhabitants, by the rector, the Rev. F. V. Thornton, who had a similar school at work for fourteen years at Brown Candover in Hampshire. It was founded somewhat on the model of the schools at Neuchâtel and Morat in Switzerland, with the view, says Mr Thornton, of making it "a secondary school, in which gentlemen's sons could receive the elements of their education, and the others receive the whole of theirs." "The children of every class of the town are in the school." The rector's own children are educated there—"the boys until they go to a public school, the girls till their school education is finished." The payments vary in the ratio of the parents' means, but the teaching is the same for all. Some pay as low as twopence a-week for each child, some as high as £10 a-year. The inequality in this respect causes no dissatisfaction. As an instance, one family paid £1, 4s. 2d. in the year for five children, and another £67, 3s. 7d. for the same number. "I have had a little grumbling," says the rector, "from the one who paid £1, 4s. 2d., and nothing but intense gratitude from the man who paid £67, 3s. 7d., for the cheapness of the education." In this school, "the groundwork of the teaching is Latin;" even the labourer's boy begins his Latin grammar at about eight years old, and though when he goes off to field-labour a year or two later he has not learned much of it, Mr Thornton is of opinion that "the very beginning of the Latin grammar appears to do him more good than any amount of information which he would have got under another system." Even Greek is taught; in fact, it is described as "the usual grammar-school course." A boy from this school got upon the foundation at Eton, and "the girl

who was next him, though at a considerable distance, was a labourer's child." * Not that other subjects are by any means neglected. The standard of proficiency in these must be much higher than the average of even good National schools, if, as this witness tells us, the same boy, when he leaves for work at ten years old, or even earlier, will have done at the least the four rules in compound arithmetic, and in some cases have reached practice and proportion, and be quite capable of reading a book so as to enjoy it.

A peculiar feature here, as at Abbot's Ann School, is the teaching of both sexes together, up to the age of fourteen or fifteen, at which age all the boys will have left, and an elder class is continued of girls alone, whose education is completed, in many cases with a view to their becoming governesses. Mr Thornton admits fairly that opinions differ as to this mixture of the two sexes, but he never knew of any evil arising from it, and has a strong opinion of his own in its favour. He sees, in consequence, "a decided increase of manliness among the boys, and of gentleness among the girls."

"A Marlborough master, on taking charge of our school, said he had no notion that boys could work, till he had tried them working with girls. The greater diligence of the girls tells so much upon the boys, while the greater depth of the boys tells on the girls."

Another very important point may be best noticed in Mr Thornton's words:—

"The school being mixed produces an enormous improvement in purity both of boys and girls; it is difficult to say of which most; because girls' schools are on the whole rather worse than boys' schools in that respect."

It is a subject difficult to discuss; but of the truth of the first part

* French and some German are also taught. A letter from the Vicar says, "I have just been helping a class with a piece of French which they found difficult. One child is a pauper; another the child of a man who breaks stones on the road; another of a tenant-farmer; another of a medical man in large practice."

of this statement we entertain no doubt whatever. It should be noticed that the Rector of Callington, with all this high training for labourers' children, differs *toto cælo* from Mr Arnold and other theoretical educationists as to the age at which we must expect the boys, at least of this class, to leave school. Like most practical men who know the needs of a labourer's family, he "has always believed it best for boys to go to work as soon as their work was required, and has never tried to keep them a day."

But we have been led away by the attraction of this very interesting school from the more special education of our middle classes. If the endowed schools, in their present state, fail to supply our educational wants, and more especially those of the lower-middle class, they are at all events better than the private schools which are attempting the same thing. Into their merits or demerits it is not our purpose here to enter. But few of our readers will be surprised to learn that, in the opinion of the Commissioners, "the failure of the private schools, if not so blamable, is perhaps still more conspicuous."

One point there is, of the highest practical importance, which the evidence taken by the Royal Commissioners brings out very forcibly, and upon which they dwell repeatedly in their Report with considerable emphasis, yet certainly not more than it deserves. It is this, that as education is undeniably a parents' question, so it is also a question the practical working out of which rests far more in their own hands than they are willing to allow. Those who have had anything to do with the education of the poor know how constantly the zealous work of teachers and superintendents is hindered and counteracted by the ignorance, the prejudice, the selfishness, the mistaken indulgence, or the apathy of the parents. Complaints and re-

monstrances on this head, loud enough and by no means without foundation, may be heard in every town and village from those who devote their time and energies to the instruction of the children of the working classes,—from the schoolmaster, from the parson, from the squire's wife and daughters in the country parish, from the earnest young tradesman who is the voluntary teacher in the town Sunday-school. They could do very well with the children, they say, if they were but backed in the most moderate degree by the home influence of the parents. They probably think—and if they have no children of their own, such illusion is excusable—that in their own station of life the state of things is very different indeed. Let them hear the deliberately recorded opinions of a Commission whose business it has been to inquire into the "chief hindrances to education," not amongst those whom we call the poor, but those higher classes whose children fill our endowed grammar-schools, proprietary colleges, and private boarding-schools throughout England—saving only the nine great schools under the former Commission—and we make bold to say that the very same strictures would apply, in far too many cases, to these also:—

"Much evidence has been laid before us tending to show that indifference and ignorance on the part of the parents are among the chief hindrances to education at present. Too often the parents seem hardly to care for education at all. Too often they think no education worth having that cannot be speedily turned into money."

These words, it is true, are meant to apply chiefly to parents in the less highly educated and refined ranks of society—to men engaged in commercial or strictly professional pursuits. But it is impossible not to confess with sorrow, that indifference on the part of the parents lies at the root of all the

deficiencies now so loudly complained of in the results of our higher education. They send their sons to a school of good repute, without grudging the cost, and they even perhaps take some pains in the selection. They ascertain so far as they can that the tone of the school is "gentlemanlike," that the master has a good reputation for scholarship and discipline, that the feeding is liberal,—and the work not too hard. And having done this, in nine cases out of ten they shift the entire responsibility from their own shoulders altogether. They have paid for a good article, and they expect to get it. While the boy is away at school little interest is shown, or inquiry made, as to his school-work; it is rather tabooed in the home correspondence, as a disagreeable subject, of which he will be sure to hear quite enough from his masters. When he comes home for the holidays, it would be manifestly unfair—a trespass altogether upon old prescriptive rights—to make *that* a time for inquisitorial researches into the literary doings or misdoings of the past half-year.

"Sing Old Rose, and burn libellos,"

has been always a popular line in 'Dulce Domum;' and though 'Old Rose' is unhappily forgotten, unless the memory of some ancient Wykehamist still preserves it, and has given way to nigger melodies and other less classical ditties, the spirit of the rest of the line is still jealously preserved both by boys and parents. The books are not bodily burnt, but a funeral-pile is made in imagination of all such school reminiscences by the whole home circle. This sounds all very genial, and what our schoolboys call "jolly;" only when Nemesis comes at last in the shape of some unrelenting college or civil-service examiner, and the sudden discovery is made, that five years of Eton or Harrow have turned out the hope of the family a very gentlemanlike

fellow, an excellent cricketer, a promising oar for the University boat, a fair judge of horse-flesh, but with a very confused notion of cases and concords, an original style of spelling, and a distinct impression that Madagascar is a town on the coast of the Mediterranean,—it is hardly fair for Paterfamilias to turn round and begin to complain of the shameful inefficiency of public-school training. That discovery might have been easily made, and with greater practical advantage, some years ago; and it may be safely predicted that, if the shortcoming had been in the quality of the mutton, or the accommodations of the boarding-house, it *would* have been made. Take the common case of the "town-boy," who lives in his own family, and attends a public school as a day-scholar, a class which at some schools is sufficiently numerous, though a notion is prevalent—and it is to be feared not entirely without foundation—that they are regarded with little favour by head-masters. The Commissioners are no doubt quite right in their opinion that such boys lose many of the distinctive advantages of public-school life.

"To a boarding scholar the school is the world, and the work of the school is the work of the world. The lessons, the promotions, the distinctions, the failures, occupy a larger place in his imagination, and consequently make a deeper impression on his mind, than if he were living at home, and were perpetually reminded that his world was but a part of the large world to which his father and his mother belonged. Moreover, boys learn much from each other. The boarder finds in the perpetual presence of his schoolfellows a perpetual stimulus to his intellect: his father's conversation is partly on subjects that he does not yet understand, partly is removed from him by the undefined difference caused by difference of age; but the conversation of a boy, even if far cleverer than himself, is still within his comprehension. Boarders, again, generally prepare their lessons together, and, in so doing, not only help each other, but to a great degree stimulate and cultivate each other's under-

standing. . . . Again, a good boarding-school has more power in the formation of character than can be exerted by the joint action of the home and the day-school. A boarder is compelled to rely much more on himself. He cannot lean always on his parents. He is compelled to choose between right and wrong without the aid of an elder judgment. He is exposed to some temptations from which the day-scholar is shielded; but in a really good boarding-school he is exposed to them in the most wholesome way, with a strong public opinion among his fellows to keep him generally right, and with the certainty that anything mean or underhand will be detected and despised. . . . And to this must be added the games in the play-ground, which play a very important part in disciplining the character of English boys. There, as much as anywhere, boys learn fairness, control of temper, obedience to authorities of their own choice, co-operation for a common end; valuable qualities in after life, even when first learnt in play."—Rep. p. 44, 45.

This is true, and well put, though it applies only, as the Report goes on to remark, to *good* boarding-schools, especially to "old schools, where men of high character have taught," and in which "there is accumulated an inheritance of right feeling." But that in the actual school-work the home-boarders, even when they are drawn from the same social rank, should as a rule fall behind the rest—as the evidence goes to show that they do—is a fact most unhappily corroborative of that effect of home influence which we have been noticing. The Commissioners remark upon it, though they touch the question somewhat too briefly and delicately. "The parents might perhaps, if they chose, turn the scale the other way." Undoubtedly they might. And a little farther on this very Report shows us how, at a somewhat humbler level than that of our great English schools, "the keen and intelligent interest which the parents take in their children's education is the force which gives life to the school-work." In most of the municipal towns throughout Scotland there is what is called a

"burgh school,"—sometimes remodelled under the modern name of "academy"—maintained and controlled by the municipal authorities, who appoint the masters, regulate the fees, and in some measure the course of education. An Assistant-Commissioner (Mr Fearon) was sent to report on this system, and the following is the lively picture which he gives of a good burgh school in actual work. He found, he says—

"The class-room crowded with sixty or one hundred boys and girls, all nearly of an age, seated in rows at desks or benches, but all placed in the order of merit, with their keen thoughtful faces turned towards the master, watching his every look and every gesture, in the hopes of winning a place in the class, and having good news to bring home to their parents at tea-time. The *dux* seated at the head of the class, wearing perhaps a medal; the object of envy and yet of pride to all his fellows; fully conscious both of the glory and the insecurity of his position; and taught, by the experience of many falls, the danger of relaxing his efforts for one moment. In front of this eager animated throng stands the master, gaunt, muscular, and time-worn, poorly clad and plain in manner and speech, but with the dignity of a ruler in his gestures, and the fire of an enthusiast in his eye; never sitting down, but standing always in some commanding position before the class; full of movement, vigour, and energy; so thoroughly versed in his author or his subject that he seldom requires to look at the text-book, which is open in his left hand, while in his right he holds the chalk or the pointer, ever ready to illustrate from map or black-board, or perhaps flourishes the ancient 'taws' with which in former days he used to reduce disorderly new-comers to discipline and order. The whole scene is one of vigorous action and masterly force."

The Commissioners are struck, as all readers must be, with this lively picture, and they go on to show, from other passages in the same Report, that although much of this activity may be due to the natural energy and aptitude of the Scotch teacher (usually a graduate of one of the national universities, of whose training in this respect

they speak highly), yet there is another and a most important agent besides.

"Outside the schools there is a force at work which really supplies them with all their life and vigour, and this is the extraordinary interest which the parents take in the progress of their boys. All the energy and all the interest of the Scotch teacher would perhaps not produce more result than that which English country grammar-schools afford, were they not seconded by the anxious and intelligent watchfulness of parents and patrons, and by the consequent eagerness and diligence of children. 'What place in the class to-day?' Mr Fearon found to be the first question asked when a boy went home; and then would follow questions as to what he had read—whether such a neighbour's son was above or below him, and, if above him, why so—how he had gained, and why he had lost, a place—and did he think he had a chance of ever being *dux*, and so on,—every word showing the importance which the whole family attach to his success. In short, the schools are practically in the hands of the parents; they use the masters to educate their sons, but they themselves direct the education. The responsibility, the expense, the guidance are all their own; and the result is that they give their hearts to a task which in many respects none others can do so well."

In the educational question, as in others, whenever the subject is taken up in earnest by the parties most immediately concerned, we shall have reforms which Royal Commissions may recommend in vain, and which legislation is powerless to enforce. "What we pray to ourselves for," says the American essayist, "is always granted." And though the writer be a free-thinker, the words are less irreverent than they sound. The British public grumbled long and deeply against the exactions of tradesmen, but it was not until it took to calculate profit and loss for itself, and set up co-operative societies, that prices came down by the run. Hitherto the British parent, paying a liberal sum annually for his boys' education, has been content to demand that he should be well fed, and sleep in a well-ventilated bedroom. Whenever he takes it into his head to demand as distinctly of the masters that his boy shall be taught, and of the boy himself that he shall apply himself to learn, we shall see what educational reform means in earnest.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

THE BOBBERY PACK.

WHEN an officer in India finds his life thrown in some outlying district away from society, its influences and its restraints, amongst the other indulgences he permits himself is that of forming what in Indian slang is called a Bobbery Pack, which means a pack of hounds of every imaginable race, kind, and country, from the bluff mastiff to the Blenheim—from the shaggy wolf-dog to the sleek retriever—who, probably from the instincts of a necessity, forget their several peculiarities of race and breed, and agree to hunt together after a fashion, to witness which might seriously try the patience of a master of hounds at home.

Imagine a field of bull-terriers, spaniels, wire-haired greyhounds, collies, carriage-dogs, and Pomeranian Spitzes, all yelling and barking after their several dispositions, and all quarrelling, while three or four swarthy coolies lay about them with strong whips, and the half-distracted master tries to convey some intimation of what direction he intends to go in, and what cover he desires to draw, the din and uproar reducing him at last to pantomime to convey his designs. It is not to be supposed that any man ever bethought him of collecting such a mob, as a matter of choice. Indeed, no one with a strong feeling for the enjoyment of hunting could condescend to go out with such companions. Bobberies are the resource of men remote from public criticism, and, what is not less to be remembered, of small fortune. The Bobbery Pack is therefore the accumulated contribution of friends and acquaintances, who, with a kindness that is not quite unselfish, get rid of their worthless dogs by presenting them to the master of a "Bobbery." We all

know that when a man sets out to be a collector, whether it be of coins or curiosities, beetles, butterflies, or bobberies, every one thinks it the most natural thing in life to add to his store by a contribution. Independently of the pleasure of doing a civil thing, there is the satisfaction of thinking that your brass sesterce, or your brown beetle, or your bobbery dog, will be housed and cared for in disciplined fashion, and cut a respectable figure among its own fellows.

Bobberies, it is said, are not easy to hunt, nor at all times safe to hunt with. They have not that common sentiment—the glorious *camaraderie*, that gives the tone and colour to the pack of fox-hounds. Indeed, nothing but the instinct of pursuit imparts to them anything like agreement. Till they are "away," it is all row, fighting, and disorder. Bull has Skye by the ear, and Mastiff is mauling a Maltese terrier cruelly; the uproar, too, is quite deafening. The collie will not be outbarked by the bloodhound; and the short querulous yelp of the rat-terrier is a challenge to the deep-voiced bay of the wolf-dog.

Amongst their peculiarities, two are especially to be noticed: the first is, they will only hunt when they are hungry; the second, they invariably turn upon the huntsman when there is no game; and the day of "no find" is to him one of imminent danger.

When away, and in full cry, the emulation is described as something wonderful,—the scrubbiest little "varmint" evidently thinking that it is he is the flower of the pack, and destined at last to bring down the jackal. Whatever their previous bickerings and ill-will, once in pursuit, all are forgotten. All cannot, it is true, eat of the jackal, but it

is a lottery where each hopes he holds the winning ticket. The undisciplined enthusiasm of these creatures is used to impart a most extraordinary excitement to the sport. They are the Garibaldians of hunting-dogs, and do their work with a wild fervour that is almost maddening to witness.

Should the day prove a blank, however—an event, it is but fair to say, by no means frequent—the pleasant aspect of matters changes at once. The merry din of the many-tongued voices which has made the jungle ring, dwindles by degrees to a low rumbling growl, broken at intervals by the sharp yelp of some “lurcher,” who betrays his bad breeding by an unseemly exclamation. The discontented spirit spreads, the movements become slow, sluggish, and unwilling; faces grow moody; and in the way bull eyes terrier, and fox-hound looks at pug, an observant bystander could say there was mischief brewing. As this interval of menaced mutiny is never of long duration, it is the moment that tests the great qualities of a Master of Bobberies. There is no find! It must be a “draw off,” and there is nothing to be done but ride for it! All his skill is therefore concentrated first on concealing the state of things from the pack as long as possible, and then in getting a clear start, so that he may get a hundred yards or so, in advance, before they have made up their minds to pursue him. Bobberies are not much given to naming commissions to enable them to decide on what they ought to do. A deep sound, less bark than bay, issues from one throat; another follows, as though to say, I second that motion; and with a loud cry, a cry that reveals rage, disappointment, and revenge—a cry in which prairie-dog joins with poodle in declaring that the object for which they have been brought out was a delusion and a snare—they vote themselves betrayed, and away they go after that recreant who has led

them there for jackal and found none!

Now, though I have been talking of a very barbarous sport in a far-away land, would not any one say that I have less been describing an incident of Anglo-Indian life than giving a sketch of something much nearer home—an allegorical picture of the Whig-Radical party? Is not that “rabble without a leader,” as one of themselves called them, a Bobbery Pack? Are they not made up of like materials; and, in the same fashion, is there not among them every variety of breed and nature, the dog of good instinct coupled with the insignificant yelper; the deep-voiced hound joining his note to the shrill-toned terrier? Is there not among them the same discontent, discordance, and disunion, swelling into a cry that seems unanimous when they are laid on a scent? Have they not, like Bobberies, come from all quarters and all kennels? Are they not the lost, the strayed, and the given away; and do they not—as Bobberies are won’t to do—tear and devour each other till there be game to hunt and a jackal to follow?

When two institutions or two systems are wonderfully alike, it is by no means easy to say which had the precedence, which suggested the other. We know how rival Churches dispute this question of priority, and how defiantly they hurl at each other the titles derived from tradition. It is then a somewhat difficult task to determine, was it the formation of the Whig party that gave the first idea of a Bobbery Pack, or did the success of the Bobberies originate the Whigs? As Lord Plunkett once said on a very different occasion, “I’d like to have a hundred pounds to argue it either way;” but in all sincerity I opine the Whigs were first.

No Bobbery Pack, so far as I can ascertain, has ever succeeded in attaining the mockery of concerted action, which sustains the

Whigs in pursuit, and only deserts them when they have devoured their victim. Not that Bobberies are less given to mutual hatreds and jealousies, but that they have a less refined sense of the delights of success. Bobberies, too, are not so easily cowed. There is no such terror to the Whig as "the Whip." These minor differences apart, the resemblance between them is complete. In each the individual is allowed to preserve his identity while consenting to merge his interests in a common stock. He barks his own bark, and yells his own yell, fully assured that noise will always make up for any deficiency in concord; and that, if there be only din enough, the bystanders will believe it to mean unanimity. And as to the common instinct that drives them, in default of game, to turn on their leader, it would not be easy to say whether the palm should be given to Whigs or Bobberies.

But of all the features of resemblance between them there is not one so remarkable as that strange instinct which draws the houseless, wandering outcast, the rejected of other packs, the scouted and distrusted, be he Whig or Bobbery, to go and unite himself with these. The law of gravitation is not more immutable than this tendency. And as the pointer that cannot be broke, or the rat-terrier whose ears have been spoiled in the clipping, will still serve for a Bobbery, so the plucked Tory, or the degenerate Conservative, will always do for a Whig; and whatever the defect of

his breed or bearing, he will soon discover that there is nothing in the company he keeps that will serve to disconcert him.

Whether that clever master of Bobberies we now see amongst us will have tact, skill, and temper to make anything of his present pack—whether he can keep back his few strong dogs, full-throated and powerful, to the slow pace of the dreary lurchers that form his chief following—is a curious matter for speculation. Some opine that the best of the pack will steal out and hunt alone; others say that the slow-running dogs will dislike being coupled with fleet companions; and a few, who affect to know more than their neighbours, pretend that the huntsman would rather have five couple of hounds that he could trust to run true than all this discordant rabble of yelping followers, and that he has already written to his friends to beg they will send him no more Bobberies.

On one thing, however, we can agree: there can be no true sport where a man hunts with Bobberies, any more than there can be any real principle that is sustained by a rabble. The many-voiced must be discordant. They who come together by the accident of disabilities, who simulate mutual respect from the force of personal deficiency—as the three-legged is courteous to him who has no tail—may be numerous enough to form a pack, but they will always be Bobberies, whether they be in Parliament or in the Punjaub.

THE FRAUDULENT INSUREES.

A very curious and ingenious fraud has lately formed the subject of a trial before the Consular Court at Constantinople. A number of persons, it would appear, associated themselves together to insure a ship and cargo to a very large amount. In the course of time the ship was

reported lost at sea, and the insurance claimed. From some unusual show of haste, and an unreasonable degree of eagerness on the part of the claimant, suspicion of foul play was excited; inquiry was set on foot: the result was, a distinct proof that no such ship as the

vessel insured had ever existed. There had been no ship nor cargo nor wreck, and the entire narrative was a fiction, from beginning to end, to deceive the insurance company and defraud the underwriters. In the course of the investigation, it came out that a wonderful amount of skill and labour had been expended in concocting this knavery. The supposed ship had to be authenticated by papers and documents, and to this end registries and manifests were fabricated with great accuracy. There were also the usual bills of health, lists of crew, and also the other details that pertain to a voyage. Then came the assertions of those who saw her at sea in a distressed condition, but were unable to approach or render her assistance, and who surmised she must be the vessel in question. In fact, a very compact and well-jointed narrative had been put together, which nothing short of great legal acuteness could have detected as fraudulent and untrue.

The case was interesting in many ways, but in none more than in its artistic bearing, as showing how invariably in every plot dependent on imaginative craft or subtlety some circumstance or other is either forgotten, or impressed with an undue amount of importance, so that the astute inquirer is enabled to detect the hand of design and contrivance, and distinguish between the incidents of fictitious origin, and those which befall by the fortuitous necessities of reality.

It is a very strange fact, and one well worthy of that investigation which I am unable here to bestow on it, that crimes—more especially fraudulent crimes—have that amount of interest for the human mind that renders them in a measure epidemic, and that no degree of failure, nor any amount of exposure, will serve to deter men from trying what experience has shown to be open to detection. The case I have alluded to was

certainly as carefully and cunningly devised as it was well possible to conceive. Had it been the matter of a novel, the chances are that no critic would have been able to fasten on the flaws which betrayed the falsehood. Indeed, one cannot help feeling that the first impression the suspicion of there being no ship whatever in existence would have excited would have been that of incredulity. One would have said, What a far-fetched notion! how absurd, and how improbable! It is only when we have heard the solution, that we recognise how natural and easy it is.

Next in singularity to the invention of this new fraud, however, is the fact that it should have suggested to the Whigs a party move, and added to the armoury of political roguery another weapon. It does not, indeed, seem easy to believe that this peculiar fraud could bear importation into the realm of politics; but partisanship is wonderfully quick-witted, and no knavery of human manufacture is inapplicable to the purposes of faction. Here is the plan; and let us see if it be not a very ingenious adaptation of the crime that was tried at Constantinople.

The offence against the underwriters was that the conspirators raised a false issue: they supposed a ship to exist, and a cargo to be on board of her, when there was neither one nor the other; and they assumed to guard against the possible loss of these by a large payment in insurance. Now, here we have the whole Whig policy for Ireland. They set out by pretending that they have a large interest in the bark the *Happy Erin*; that they have freighted her to a considerable amount; and that they know her, repaired as she has been in their own dockyards, to be a trustworthy vessel, and in every respect capable for a long voyage. They also say that such

is their confidence in the sea-going qualities of this craft, that they were half unwilling to insure, but that, influenced by the pressure of friends, they at length consented, and agreed to underwrite her for a heavy sum.

Time rolls on, and one blowy morning brings the news that disasters have occurred at sea, and, among other casualties, there is a rumour that the Happy Erin's crew have mutinied and scuttled the ship. The tidings, indeed, are not brought in any trustworthy shape—they are little more than random talk; but the owners declare that they have sifted the evidence carefully, and are satisfied it is true. In fact they go farther. They know it must be true, since, from trustworthy information, they have learned that a rival company had bribed several of the hands before sailing, and pledged them to acts of malevolence and mischief. The underwriters are called upon to pay, and now comes the issue: first, is she really lost? are they sure she has gone down? There is evidence only on one side. All the testimony is that adduced by the insurers, who find it hard to suppress the honest indignation they feel at being catechised in the moment of their great affliction. It is true the underwriters protest that they only ask their liability to be established before they disburse. They aver that they desire nothing beyond those reasonable cautions which men in trade are bound to take. The others grow angry. They declare that such conduct is unheard-of—unknown; that a respectable company would scorn to litigate such a claim. All the world knows she was wrecked, say they; and it is mere pettifoggery to dispute it. While, then, the controversy is in this stage—while the demand is angrily pressed on one side, and sluggishly demurred to on the other—some one suddenly starts

the curious question, Was there ever such a ship as the Happy Erin? who saw her? who sailed in her? where was she built? was she ever launched? was she ever registered? The query, which at first almost shocked the world by its extravagance, gains adherents every day and every hour; and men are at last convinced that these Whig traders have been effecting an insurance on a craft that was never built, and actually claiming an immense amount on a cargo that never was shipped.

The Happy Erin, then, that these honest traders had invested all that they possessed on board of—this famous craft—not only never sailed, but never existed; and these respectable merchants were demanding an indemnity for a loss that never occurred, and for a casualty that never befell.

They even improve upon the original knavery; for, besides claiming the full amount of the supposed damage, they ask that the wretches who had wrecked the craft must be brought to punishment; and they call out for the execration of all respectable merchants on such infamous characters. In fact, if there had only been such a vessel in being as the Happy Erin, the whole of this plaint would have moved the world to the very tenderest sympathies, and one would not have been able to sorrow over the shipwrecked without a touch of respect and admiration for the high-spirited owners.

The inventors of this new knavery have got a heavy sentence—some years of imprisonment, with or without hard labour, I forget exactly which; at all events, the court condemned them to a punishment which marked the gravity of the offence, and might have served, one could have hoped, to deter others from following in the same path. I'm not sure that I would desire any heavier penalty upon their imitators than that amount of dis-

trust which would deter honest men from confiding in or treating with them.

On one point only of the case did the analogy break down. In the Constantinople fraud the rogues declared that they themselves were the victims of knavery—that they implicitly believed in the ship and the cargo—and they begged for time to trace out and expose the iniquity that had ruined them. In the case of the *Happy Erin*, the insurers were more barefaced. They persisted—they still persist—in declaring that there was such a ship. They averred that some of their relations had actually been on board of her; and they produced a most respectable gentleman—a Mr Maguire, from Cork—who made oath, that during a recent tour he had made in America, he had frequently heard allusion made to the craft in question; and

he knew, of his own knowledge, that many old people talked of the ship as though they had seen her. This witness lost his temper under cross-examination, and appealed to the court on being asked if the *Happy Erin* was not a vessel of about the same rig and tonnage as the *Flying Dutchman*?

On the whole, however, he certainly made an impression on the jury, and was perhaps the only honest man put on the table for the defence.

It is currently reported that the exposure of this shameless swindle will lead to many other disclosures of a like kind, and that the public will soon learn by what a train of rogueries a knot of unprincipled men have been living in affluence and splendour, holding a high position in life, and becoming great authorities in the world of commerce.

MR GLADSTONE AND THE STATE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH
THE CHURCH.

"If it is God's will that this great country shall be destroyed, and that mankind shall be deprived of this last asylum of peace and happiness, be it so; but as long as I can raise my voice I will do it, against the infatuated madness of the day."

So wrote, seven-and-thirty years ago in this very month of April through which we are passing, "the grandest, because the wisest, man whom modern times has produced—the wisest and most loyal subject that ever served and supported the English throne." That the Duke was entirely blameless for the state of anarchy into which public affairs had then fallen, probably no reflecting person, not even his biographer, from whose work we quote, will now pretend to assert. The Duke had for many years been an influential member of an Administration which either failed to read, or, reading, failed to understand, the temper of the times. His letters show that he was all the while alive to abuses which he made no very strenuous efforts to correct, however willing and indeed desirous he might be of rendering them practically innocuous. For two years he had himself presided over the deliberations of the Cabinet; and the result of his guidance was to make shipwreck of the Tory party on a question, for his peculiar mode of settling which neither the party nor the great bulk of the nation was prepared. Still, neither the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, nor the success of Lord Grey's measure of Reform,—against which the extract given above is a protest—carried with it a hundredth part of the danger to "this great country" and its institutions with which Mr Gladstone's attack on the Irish branch of the Established Church is

fraught. Both measures were, without doubt, vital measures. They effected enormous changes in the Constitution of the country, and, as the event has shown, settled no Constitutional difficulty; but at least they preserved inviolate the relative positions of the several powers in the State, and achieved their respective objects, such as they were, without directly sowing the seeds of revolution. Can we say as much of Mr Gladstone's policy, and of the success, partial as we admit it to be, which has thus far attended it? Unhappily no. Mr Gladstone has taken a step which, as he can never more recede from it, must end in one of two results: either he will bring into angry collision the principles of democracy and constitutional monarchy in this country—for such must inevitably be the result of success, assuming him to succeed in committee; or, if he fail in committee, and his failure be approved by the new constituencies, he will descend from his place of eminence as one of the leading spirits of the age, never to regain it. Now, often and much as we have differed of late from Mr Gladstone, we should deplore as a public misfortune his degradation to the political level of Mr Beales. Yet, distressing though the alternative may be, it is surely preferable a thousand-fold to the consequences which must inevitably attend upon the absolute triumph of his present policy. Are we justified by facts in expressing ourselves thus? We believe that we are justified; and shall proceed at once to state some of the reasons which operate to produce the conviction upon our minds.

Nobody pretends to deny to free states any more than to trading companies the right to introduce, whenever it shall seem expedient

so to do, changes into the system of management on which their affairs are carried on. There is not a Constitutional country in the world—there never has been since Constitutions came into existence—but has repeatedly modified the machinery of its government, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse. Take our own country, for example—"the last asylum of peace and happiness upon earth"—and you will find that it arrived at the state in which it was six months ago,—whether you be quite satisfied with that state or otherwise,—through the operation of changes continually going on. For the most part, such changes as proved in their results of permanent benefit to the community were brought about by slow degrees. They took nobody by surprise when they came, because the public mind was prepared for them; and when they did come, they came through the inspiration of the Executive acting upon the Legislature. Exceptions to this rule will, of course, present themselves to every student of history; but either these occur so far back that it is hardly fair to accept them as bearing upon the question now before us, or else, when impartially examined, it will be found that the good secured by them has not been unalloyed by a very considerable amount of evil. The revolt of the barons against King John and the signing of Magna Charta is an incident of the former class. It was a necessary act performed in a barbarous age, long before what we now call the Constitution had any active existence; and though it came in time to be regarded by Englishmen of all classes as the palladium of their personal liberty, it went no farther, when first completed, nor was intended to go farther, than to secure to the barons, against the chief of their own order, the rights which the Crown had endeavoured to take away from them. To the second

category belong the great Rebellion of 1641, and the Revolution of 1688. The former may have been provoked—we are not prepared to deny that it was—by the persistence of Charles I. in the exercise of rights which he contended, and the Commons denied, to come within the lines of the Constitution. The latter was rendered necessary by the criminal folly of James, who, untaught by the past, broke the laws of which he was the consecrated guardian. But who will pretend to say of the first, that, whether necessary or no, it was other than an extreme measure—productive of evils, immediate if not remote, outweighing the worst of those which it was designed to cure; or of the last, that into the good of which it has been confessedly productive a far larger measure of bad did not make its way than prejudiced or inattentive observers are willing to allow? In 1688 England had a Constitution. The King, as head of the State, was bound to maintain the Constitution. He had no more right to govern contrary to law than the Legislature had a right to usurp the powers of the Executive. In seeking to govern without a Parliament, and to re-establish the Romish religion, the King violated the law, and in so doing released his people from their allegiance. For allegiance was rendered then, as it is rendered now, to the sovereign as guardian of the law, not to the individual who happened to wield the sceptre independently of the law. James II., therefore, placed himself very much in the position of a sovereign whom Providence might have visited with mental aberration. A moral obliquity rendered him as little capable of discharging the functions of supreme ruler in a Constitutional state, as if he had been the victim of insanity. Hence he had become a fit subject to be released from the cares of office, by whatever process might best assure to the nation exemption from the perils

of misgovernment. But it is one thing to depose, or set aside, or place under restraint, an incompetent sovereign: it is quite another to set aside a dynasty. For the former misfortune, a law which is above all written law—the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution—in every free state provides a remedy; for the latter, which is not a misfortune calling for a remedy, but an arbitrary act on the part of such as venture upon it, the English Constitution had, in 1688, made no provision. When, therefore, the Convention of 1689, after declaring the throne of England to be vacant, proceeded to place upon it William and Mary, and to intrust the administration of affairs exclusively to the latter, they committed an outrage upon the Constitution as gross as James had done when he assumed the power to dispense, by virtue of the prerogative, with the requirements of an Act of Parliament. They altered the tenure on which, up to that date, the English crown was worn; they rendered a throne, which had heretofore been hereditary, an elective throne. Nor did the matter end there. In 1700 an Act of Parliament was passed called the Act of Settlement, which disposed of the rights not only of the exiled monarch and his son, but of other collateral branches of the royal family nearer by blood to the parent stock than that of which the Princess Sophia was the representative. In that branch, being Protestants, the succession was thenceforth fixed; and fixed upon conditions of which the first and most conspicuous is, "That whosoever shall hereafter come to the possession of the crown, shall join in communion with the Church of England as by law established." We beg our readers to make a special note of this fact. Queen Victoria reigns as William IV. did, and as the four Georges reigned, one after another, not because to her, any more than to her immediate predecessors, appertain the

rights of hereditary possession. Quite otherwise. There are still living princes, who, were the hereditary principle observed, would have a juster title to the imperial crown than she; though to maintain her in the place which she now nobly fills, every Englishman worthy of the name would sacrifice his life. But the title of Queen Victoria, when all is said and done, is a Parliamentary title, and nothing more. It is as good, it is not one whit better, than that by which the purchaser of an Irish manor in the Encumbered Estates Court holds his lands. It is as valid, neither more nor less, than the title which insures to the Grocers' Company of London their estates in Fermanagh; and to Trinity College, Dublin, the advowson of the livings to which the Fellows of that Society are presented. Nor is this all. Queen Victoria's title to the British crown is a conditional title. It ceases to be a good title if the conditions be broken, of which the most important are deliberately stated in the coronation oath. Let that pass, however, for the present; our argument, as we pursue it, will constrain us to examine the point more in detail. Meanwhile, other and not less interesting matter demands our attention.

The principles embodied in the Acts of Settlement and Bill of Rights, however originally laid down, are now accepted on all hands, and by political writers of every shade of opinion, as the basis of the English Constitution. They clearly define, without unworthily limiting, the authority of the Crown. They give to the State a specific character, rendering it politically free, religiously Protestant. They take away all pretence for arguing that the Reformation destroyed that union between Church and State which, prior to that event, had subsisted from time immemorial; and they do this by determining that the bare attempt to disturb this union shall hereafter be visited on the

highest personage in the realm with forfeiture of the throne. Nor will any one pretend to say that these principles apply less to Ireland than to England. It is true that in Ireland the Protestant succession was imposed, not by the vote of its own Legislature, but by force of arms. James II. continued to be King of Ireland for some time after William and Mary began their reign in England. The Parliament which he gathered round him was quite as constitutional a body as the Convention which voted the throne of England to be vacant; and it gave him in men and money all the support that it could. But the battle of the Boyne decided the fate of Ireland, just as the earlier victories of Strongbow and of Cromwell had done before. Ireland was reconquered. Her people were constrained to accept from the conqueror such a form of government as it was his pleasure to dictate; and the Acts of Settlement and the Bill of Rights became the bases of the Irish, as they already were of the English, Constitution. As to Scotland, she, as an independent nationality, made her own terms with the chief of the State. Through the representatives of an ultra-Protestantism, she had been forward to invite William to embark upon his enterprise; and now in her Convention she accepted him as king, stipulating only for what he very reluctantly acceded to—the overthrow of the Episcopal Church, and the establishment of Presbyterianism in its room. But there is a marked difference in the terms on which this portion of what may be called the social compact was adjusted—between William and Scotland on the one hand, and between William and England and Ireland on the other. The Scottish Parliament passed a Bill declaring that Episcopacy should be set aside, and the Presbyterian form of government adopted as that of the State Church in Scotland. The King was prevailed upon, after a good deal of

hesitation, to confirm that Act, and confirmed it was. The King, however, never agreed to become himself a member of the Presbyterian Church, far less accepted as one of the conditions on which he should wear the crown that he should be in communion with it. The Scottish nation made no such demand upon him, nor, had they made it, would he have paid attention to the demand. It was otherwise south of the Tweed. The English people stipulated through their representatives that the King of England, Scotland, and Ireland should be of one faith and one worship with themselves. At their bidding, the highest dignitary of the Church, the Archbishop of Canterbury, has ever since demanded at the coronation a public and formal recognition of that fact. He exacts, before placing the crown on the sovereign's head, that he will maintain for the Church, her bishops and clergy, the rights and privileges of which they are by law possessed; and then, delivering one by one the ancient insignia of royalty into his hands, speaks thus. He is surrounded, moreover, when he speaks, by Irish as well as English bishops, for reasons hereafter to be noticed:—

“Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us, the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy. With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that, doing these things, you may be glorious in all virtues, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life, that you may reign for ever with Him in the life which is to come. Amen.

“Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity, and of defence of the Catholic faith; and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that spirit of promise which

is the earnest of a heavenly inheritance, and reign with Him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Then the sovereign being seated on the throne, the Archbishop proceeds to say :—

"Stand firm and hold fast from henceforth the seat and state of royal and imperial dignity which is this day delivered unto you in the name and by the authority of Almighty God, and by the hands of us, the bishops and servants of God, though unworthy; and as you see us to approach nearer to God's altar, so vouchsafe the more graciously to continue to us your royal favour and protection. And the Lord God Almighty, whose ministers we are, and the stewards of His mysteries, establish your throne in righteousness, that it may stand fast for evermore, like as the sun before Him, and as the faithful witness in heaven. Amen."

Grand, solemn, and most impressive are these words, sanctifying and confirming the oath previously taken, and giving to its terms a personal significance and weight such as there is no power in human sophistry to set aside. They link to the Church the prince to whom they are addressed by a bond which cannot be broken, except at the cost of individual as well as of kingly honour; a blight upon himself such as no conscientious Minister would advise the chief of the State to incur. There is nothing of the sort in Scotland. The Establishment stands because it was voted two centuries ago in a Scotch Parliament, and because, by the Act of Union with England, the validity of the settlement is confirmed. But valid as the settlement may be, it lacks the peculiar strength of that distinct personal compact which goes beyond the power even of an Act of Parliament, and makes the Church and monarchy of England, so to speak, one. This point, as well as another collateral with and rising out of it, are admirably put in the following sentences, from a work not now, we are sorry to say, as access-

ible as it ought to be to the general public :—

"Upon a review of these articles by which the nationality of the Church is indicated, we are forcibly struck with one great and very important distinction between the Constitutional positions of the English and Scottish Establishments. Although the latter has acquired by legal compact the ecclesiastical occupancy of a portion of the empire, and a just claim to pecuniary support proportionably to her needs, yet the whole personal profession of religion in the State remains with the Church of England. The Church-membership of the sovereign and the solemnities of the coronation,—the worship of the State in her ordinary legislative assemblies—the tenor of the writ requiring their attendance—the parallel summons of the Convocation—the participation of the bishops in the powers of Parliament—all seem to show that the State, so far as it is a moral being, is still, in a special sense, of the communion of the United Church of England and Ireland. There is, however, a more remarkable and peculiar sign of the principle of the individuality of the Church, which, indeed, has often been selected by our opponents in example—peculiar, as they think—of their proposition respecting the mischief, the inertness, the injustice of religious establishments. Let it be freely examined; for indeed, until it was of necessity rather than choice fully examined in Parliament, with few and noble exceptions, no man was forward in its vindication. Upon us of this day has fallen (and we shrink not from it, but welcome it as a high and glorious though an arduous duty) the defence of the reformed Catholic Church in Ireland as the religious establishment of the country.

"The Protestant legislation of the British empire maintains in the possession of the Church property of Ireland the ministers of a creed professed, according to the Parliamentary enumeration of 1835, by one-ninth of its population, regarded with partial favour by scarcely another ninth, and disowned by the remaining seven. And not only does this anomaly meet us full in view, but we have also to consider and digest the fact, that the maintenance of this Church for near three centuries in Ireland has been contemporaneous with a system of partial and abusive government, varying in degree of culpability, but rarely, until of late years when we have been forced to look at the subject,

and to feel it, to be exempted, in common fairness, from the reproach of gross inattention (to say the very least) to the interests of a noble but neglected people.

"But however formidable, at first sight, these admissions, which I have no desire to narrow or to qualify, may appear, they in no way shake the foregoing arguments. They do not change the nature of truth, and her capability and destiny to benefit mankind. They do not relieve government of its responsibility, if they show that that responsibility was once unfelt and unsatisfied. They place the legislature of this country in the condition, as it were, of one called to do penance for past offences; but duty remains unaltered and imperative, and abates nothing of her demands upon our services. It is undoubtedly competent, in a Constitutional point of view, to the Government of this country to continue the present disposition of Church property in Ireland. It appears not too much to assume that our Imperial Legislature has been qualified to take, and has taken, in point of fact, a sounder view of religious truth than the majority of the people of Ireland, in their destitute and uninstructed state. We believe, accordingly, that that which we place before them is, whether they know it or not, calculated to be beneficial to them; and that if they know it not now, they will know it when it is presented to them fairly. Shall we then purchase their applause at the expense of their substantial, nay, their spiritual interests?

"It does, indeed, so happen that there are also powerful motives on the other side concurring with that which is here represented as paramount. In the first instance, we are not called upon to establish a creed, but only to maintain an existing legal settlement where our Constitutional right is undoubted. In the second, political considerations tend strongly to recommend that maintenance. A common form of faith binds the Irish Protestants to ourselves, while they, upon the other hand, are fast linked to Ireland, and thus they supply the most natural bond of connection between the two countries. But if England, by overthrowing their Church, should weaken their moral position, they would be no longer able, perhaps no longer willing, to counteract the desires of the majority, tending, under the direction of their leaders (however, by a wise policy, revocable from that fatal course), to what is termed national independence. Pride and fear, on the one hand, are therefore

bearing up against more immediate apprehension and difficulty on the other. And with some men these may be the fundamental considerations; but it may be doubted whether such men will not flinch in some stage of the contest, should its aspect at any moment become unfavourable."

After briefly noticing what was done in Elizabeth's time, and the indifference to Elizabeth's wise policy which manifested itself in the reigns that succeeded hers, our author goes on to give his reasons for affirming that the errors committed in generations past only the more impose upon us the duty of maintaining the truth. He concludes his argument thus:—

"Because, therefore, the Government stands with us in a paternal relation to the people, and is bound in all things to consider not merely their existing tastes, but the capabilities and ways of their improvement; because it has both an intrinsic competency and external means to amend and assist their choice; because to be in accordance with God's word and will it must have a religion, and because to be in accordance with its conscience that religion must be the truth as held by it under the most solemn and accumulated responsibilities;—because this is the only sanctifying and preserving principle of society, as well as, to the individual, that particular benefit without which all others are worse than valueless, we must disregard the din of political contention and the pressure of worldly and momentary motives, and, in behalf of our regard to man, as well as of our allegiance to God, maintain among ourselves, where happily it still exists, the union between the Church and the State."

We make no apology to our readers for the length to which these extracts have run. They enumerate principles which are either absolutely true or absolutely false; which no change of time or circumstances can affect; which admit of no modification, no gloss, no power in language to explain them away; which bind their professor, if a public man, to a particular line of action, from which,

whatever his position may be, whatever his temptations, he cannot swerve, except by the surrender of self-respect, and the forfeiture of something even more precious than the good opinion of mankind. Not lightly may appeals be made such as are made here, not lightly disregarded. "Because this is the only sanctifying and preserving principle of society, as well as, to the individual, that particular benefit without which all others are worse than useless, WE MUST DISREGARD THE DIN OF POLITICAL CONTENTION AND THE PRESSURE OF WORLDLY AND MOMENTARY MOTIVES, AND, IN BEHALF OF OUR REGARD TO MAN, AS WELL AS OF OUR ALLEGIANCE TO GOD, maintain among ourselves, where happily it still exists, the union between the Church and the State." By what process of mental torture Mr Gladstone has succeeded in shaking off a faith which, as here enunciated—and we give his own words—is rather religious than political, we cannot pretend to explain. Enough it is for us to know that the feat has been accomplished. The hand which wrote these noble sentences is now raised to perpetrate the very crime against which they stand in protest. The voice which, in the name of God, once called upon the nation to maintain in Ireland the Established Church, now leads the chorus of which the miserable refrain is this, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

Leaving Mr Gladstone to reconcile as he best may his acts as a politician with his professions as a Christian man, we return to the line of argument from which his eloquent appeal to God and man had diverted us, and repeat distinctly what we asserted at the opening of this essay. It is not an article in our faith—it enters not into the creed of the party to which we belong, that law, or custom, or principle, or all combined, are adverse to changes, so long as they are wisely introduced into

the institutions on which society is in this country founded. We are not, nor ever were, believers in the immutability of any sublunary thing whatever, should it be even the form of our government itself. What have we been doing, indeed, ever since that basis of the Constitution was laid, of which we spoke not long ago? Innovating continually upon the arrangements of society in all parts of the empire. Early in last century Scotland was persuaded to enter into legislative, as she was already in imperial, union with England. In agreeing to this arrangement, both portions of the realm accepted very grave changes in their respective constitutions. The popular principle in Scotland gained something from the Crown by getting rid of the Lords of the Articles. It lost in the absorption of only a very limited representation both of its peers and of its commoners into the United Parliament. England, on the other hand, gave her assent to many arrangements which were by no means in unison with the tastes, the prejudices, and the principles of a vast majority of the people. She guaranteed to Scotland her ancient laws—her forms in the administration of these laws; her Church, with its Confession of Faith, its Kirk-sessions, Presbyteries, and General Assembly; and, in doing so, made them in some degree her own. Surely no one will deny that the changes thereby introduced into the spirit of the English Constitution were at once large and vital. Yet though the reverse of popular in either section of the island at the beginning, they were brought about quietly and easily; because the Crown, through its responsible Ministers, took the initiative in the matter, and the Legislatures of the two countries adopted and carried into effect the Crown's suggestions. We say nothing of the penal and other laws which the United Parliament passed by-and-by, offensive

alike to Scotland and to England. Nor is it desirable to dwell upon the system of electoral corruption which the great Revolution houses inaugurated, and by the operation of which they kept the authority of the Crown in their own hands for the better part of a century. The effect of this latter innovation was to increase the power of the aristocracy at the expense both of the royal prerogative and the just rights of the people. The operation of the penal laws was cruel. But while the former, which was effected not only without the sanction of the Legislature, but apart from its cognisance, created a great revolution in the political influences of the country; the latter, as they came into force only to meet a pressing emergency, so, when the emergency passed away, they grew milder in their operation, and at last died out. Both, however, made themselves felt in the formation of the national character. But far more important than all other changes—till we come down to times comparatively recent—was the legislative union with Ireland. Up to the beginning of the present century, England and Ireland were, for all social and many political purposes, as much distinct and separate nationalities as England and Scotland had been up to the beginning of the last century. No doubt the laws administered in the one country were administered in the other, in courts similarly constituted, and by judges and magistrates bearing cognate titles; but each had its own Parliament and its own Church, the latter Episcopal, like the English Church, but having its own customs and its own canons. In bringing the two countries into one, a vast change was wrought in the Constitution of each. It is our deliberate opinion that the change would have been both more complete and more beneficial had the mockery of a viceregal court been at the same time abolished. For this it is,

more than any other institution, which has kept alive in the minds of the Irish people the dream of a distinct nationality. But while the Lord-Lieutenant was still left to amuse the citizens of Dublin with his courtly shows, the Irish Houses of Lords and Commons ceased to exist, the former being represented by four spiritual and twenty-eight temporal peers in the Upper House of the United Parliament; the latter by one hundred representatives of the Irish people in the Lower. Do not let us forget that this radical change in the Constitution of the two countries was proposed by the common sovereign, and confirmed by the respective Legislatures. Neither may we put out of view the purposes which it was designed to subserve. There had always been the risk up to that moment of collision between the Parliaments of England and Ireland, and such collisions from time to time took place on questions both of foreign and domestic policy. The risk ceased as soon as the two countries, through their respective Estates, had coalesced and become one. They were no longer therefore to be spoken of—they never ought to have been again spoken of, or written about, or legislated for—as two kingdoms, but as one kingdom,—one in laws, in manners, and in their religion interwoven with the State. For, in truth, it was to effect these unities, and especially the last, that the ablest statesmen of the day brought the union of the two Legislatures about. “So long as the separation shall continue,” wrote Lord Castlereagh, while paving the way for the proposed great measure, “the Church of Ireland will ever be liable to be impeached upon local grounds. Nor will it be able to maintain itself effectually against the argument of physical force. But when once completely incorporated with the Church of England, it will be placed upon such a strong and national foundation as to be above

all apprehensions or alarms." Hence the first article in the Act declares that the continuance and preservation of the United Church is an essential condition of the Union itself. And it is worthy of remark that the form of words made use of to set forth this truth is not employed in any other of the arrangements which were on that important occasion effected. "This great measure," said the King, in the speech with which he closed the session of 1800, "on which my wishes have been long earnestly bent, I shall ever consider as the happiest event of my reign; being persuaded that nothing could so effectually contribute to extend to my Irish subjects the full participation of the blessings derived from the British Constitution."

Another point connected with this part of our subject we shall make free to touch upon here, because the advocates of disestablishment in Ireland have been allowed, we cannot imagine why, to distort it for their own purposes. Don't talk to us about the maintenance of the Established Church because of the one article which is quoted as a fundamental condition in the Articles of Union. The Irish Church has already been dealt with exactly as the United Parliament judged expedient in the teeth of this awful condition to which you refer. Was she not deprived of a fourth part of her income by the Tithe Commutation Act? Has she not been curtailed in her proportions by the amalgamation of benefices and the suppression of not fewer than ten bishoprics? Who resisted these measures, on the ground that they were in violation of the Act of Union? and if they made no breach in that national compact, why should it be broken by the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church altogether?

We have looked carefully over the Act of Union, and we cannot discover a clause, or a fragment of a clause, which guarantees to the

Irish branch of the United Church that she shall continue for ever exactly as she was in 1800. More than one parish has been divided since that date into two or more ecclesiastical districts. Who ever thought of forbidding such division on the ground that it would violate the Act of Union? In like manner it was considered judicious by the Church as well as by the State, that certain changes should be introduced into the manner of paying the clergy, and that a curtailment should be effected in the organisation of parishes, and in the number of bishops set apart to superintend the ecclesiastical affairs of these parishes. But as, in the former case, not a single parish was blotted out of the roll, so, in the second, each diocese retained its individuality, though for obvious reasons the spiritual supervision of several was committed to one head. We have still a Bishop of Kildare in the person of the Archbishop of Dublin; and of Ferns and Leighlin, though these are superintended, as well as Ossory, by the same prelate. To refer to such arrangements as these, as if in any way they altered the political status of the Church in Ireland, is equivalent to asserting that a rose-tree which produced last year fifty roses, has ceased to be a rose-tree because this year it produces only five. The union of the Church with the State is indeed guaranteed in the Act of Union; but there is not a word which debars either the Church or the State from effecting such changes in the machinery of their government as time and altered circumstances may direct. The Irish lay peerage, for example, may be allowed to die out, all except the twenty-eight; or by conferring upon every Irish duke, marquess, earl, viscount, and baron a British peerage. In like manner the hundred members originally provided for in the Act of Union may become two hundred, if the united Legislature think fit. But the Legislature will still remain

united, and the Union, so far, sustain no shock, any more than it has been struck at by the Act of Parliament which threw upon two archbishops and ten bishops the work which used formerly to be intrusted in Ireland to four archbishops and eighteen bishops. Indeed, when we call to mind the fact that England, with its twenty millions of inhabitants, has only two archbishops and twenty-six bishops, including the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the thought which occurs to us is this, that the amalgamation of ecclesiastical jurisdictions in Ireland, with its one million of Church people and its whole population of less than six, is censurable, rather because it did not go far enough than because it went too far. But as to regarding the arrangement as a blow struck at the Act of Union—the idea is simply preposterous. What if, upon further inquiry, it should appear that two archbishops and six bishops are sufficient for the Irish branch of the Church,—is there anything in the letter or spirit of the Constitution to prevent the Irish branch of the Church from assenting to such decision, or which could prevent the Legislature, with the concurrence of the Crown, from assigning to two archbishops and six bishops the pastoral charge of all the dioceses in Ireland? But this is a very different thing from pronouncing that the Church in Ireland shall, as a State Church, cease to exist. Carry that motion,—expel the representative Irish bishops from the House of Lords—shut up the Ecclesiastical Courts in Ireland, and confiscate the Church property,—and you will leave yourselves without any other ground than that of brute force for asserting that the legislative union between the two countries must continue.

We have put the subject in this light, not for the purpose of contending that the Queen, Lords, and Commons of the United Kingdom lack the power to disestablish the

Irish branch of the United Church if they please, but in order to lay bare the sophistry which endeavours to justify the proceeding on the ground that there are no moral reasons against it, inasmuch as the particular article in the Act of Union which is supposed to bar the measure has already been violated. Let us turn now to the particular process by which so vast a constitutional change is aimed at, and consider it in reference both to the effect which it is immediately producing, and to the certain consequences which must attend it whether it prove successful or otherwise.

On every other occasion when change had become necessary—either because of the progress of public opinion out of doors, or through the pressure of political embarrassments on the Government—the utmost care has heretofore been taken by statesmen of every shade of opinion in this country to make the proposition to change emanate from the Executive. Over and over again, it has come to pass that the Ministers of the Crown, though convinced of the sound policy of some Constitutional measure, have been unable to bring the individual sovereign whom they served to adopt their view of the matter. This was noticeably and repeatedly the case under George III.; as when the Whigs brought forward their India Bill in 1783; at the time of the Union about which we are now writing; when Pitt desired to emancipate the Roman Catholic laity, and to pay both the priests and the Presbyterian ministers of Ireland; and again, when Fox came into power after Pitt's death. What happened on each of these occasions? Men of the highest honour, public and private, either submitted to the defeat of their favourite opinions, or they abstained from pressing them rather than run the risk of provoking a collision between the Executive and the Legislature. The

Whigs, it must be admitted, made their concession not very gracefully in 1783. They had carried their measure by a large majority in the Commons; and, exasperated by the manner in which the King took advantage of its rejection in the Lords, they persevered, when in Opposition, till the recklessness of their conduct brought about a great reaction in public feeling against them. But in 1806 Mr Fox waived his zeal for Catholic emancipation in deference to the King's well-known prejudice, and kept his place of Minister, just as Pitt, after resigning in 1801 because he could not carry his point, had returned to office in 1804, on the understanding that the King's mind should not be disturbed. On the other hand, every Minister without exception, whatever his individual sentiments may have been, has either opposed himself directly to Constitutional changes emanating from the Opposition, or he has so managed matters that they should fail in one or other House of Parliament. It was thus that under George IV. Catholic emancipation, to effect which Canning and his section of the Cabinet were pledged, hung fire. Their colleagues would not consent to make it a Government question, out of deference to the feelings of the King. The leaders of the Opposition brought it forward from year to year, yet Canning and his friends, though speaking and voting with the Liberals, considered themselves justified in accepting their defeat, and still retained office. At last "the hour" struck, and "the man" was forthcoming. The Duke of Wellington prevailed upon his royal master to acknowledge a necessity; and the Catholic Relief Bill, shorn of the terms which offered any guarantee at all of possible innocuousness, passed into law on the proposal of the Government.

Again, when a cry suddenly arose for Reform in the electoral system, to swell which, public indignation at the passing of the Catholic Re-

lief Bill contributed not a little, the Duke could not see that it was a reasonable cry; and, in language far more peremptory than the occasion required, pronounced against it. His political opponents were too wise to make such a question as this their ground of attack on the Treasury benches. The Government represented the Crown; and to bring the people into conflict with the Crown, and force upon it a change of Ministers in such a cause, would, the most reckless of them felt, be a great calamity. The Duke himself, we happen to know, took the same view of the subject; and the battle was fought out on an unimportant matter affecting the Civil List. The Duke was defeated. He immediately resigned; and Earl Grey, the consistent advocate of Parliamentary Reform, came into office.

Walk down the stream of history, and you will find that, in every instance subsequent to this, the same wise and patriotic course has been pursued till now. Constitutional changes, till last year, there have been none since 1832; but even the laws which regulate the foreign commerce of the country, and affect its internal administration, have all originated with the Government of the day, however modified some of them may have been in passing through Parliament. The Corn Laws were long the subject of party squabbles. They were repealed only when the Minister of the Crown pronounced against them. Further changes in the electoral system of the country, proposed, debated, and rejected, have led to repeated changes of Administration; but only when the Queen's Government threw its weight into the scale could any measure be carried. Had Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone been less under the guidance of one who seems destined to make shipwreck either of them or of the Constitution, they might have carried their measure of 1866 just as easily as Mr Dis-

raeli carried his in 1867. A little more care in the manipulation of the Bill before they brought it forward—a little more deference to the wishes of the House after it was presented—would have insured their triumph. And then, we venture to say, the country would have had either no proposal at all to meddle with the Church in Ireland, or a proposal very different from that which is now before it. But the Ministerial leader in the House of Commons lost his temper. He threw down his cards in a rage; and his rival, gathering them up, took his place as Minister of the Crown, and won the game. This last achievement,—the passing of the Reform Bill of last year—effects no radical change in the letter of the Constitution. It is not like the Catholic Relief Bill, which broke in upon the settlement of 1688; nor yet like Earl Grey's measure, which sacrificed freely the substantial interests of individuals. It is a mere extension from the ten-pound class to classes below them, of the right to vote at elections,—which right they may, no doubt, use for bad purposes, but which they may likewise use for good. At all events, the new voters are just as much the commons of England as the ten-pound householders, who expect to be swamped by them. They have the same moral right to vote which was possessed by the scot-and-lot payers and potwallopers of old. Let us hope that they will exercise their rights as wisely. But in any case it was the Queen's Government which proposed the change and effected it.

We must go back to the troublous times which immediately preceded the great civil war, if we desire to find a parallel to the state in which the nation and the Legislature now find themselves. The parallel which we draw will not even then be altogether just; because the abuses of power by Charles I. and his Ministers had been very great—

had become, indeed, wellnigh intolerable before the Commons assumed the entire authority of the State. Still, not even in 1640 was such an attack made upon the Constitution of England as it is sustaining now. "This was the time," says Hume, speaking of the Long Parliament when first assembled, "when genius and capacity of all kinds, freed from the restraint of authority, and nourished by unbounded hopes and projects, began to exert themselves, and be distinguished by the public. Here was celebrated the sagacity of Pym, more fitted for use than ornament; matured, not dulled, by his advanced age and long experience. Here was displayed the mighty ambition of Hampden, taught disguise, not moderation, from former constraint; supported by courage, conducted by prudence, embellished by modesty; but whether founded on a love of power or zeal for liberty, is still, from his untimely end, left doubtful and uncertain." No such doubt, no such uncertainty, wait upon the zeal of our modern Hampden—a Hampden in "his mighty ambition," though surely an ambition pitched at an infinitely lower level. The resolute man who went to prison rather than pay a tax illegally imposed, had a life-long principle of constitutional liberty to contend for; and for it he died. The sudden convert from all the principles of his life seeks nothing more than a prompt re-entrance into Downing Street; rather than forego the hope of which, now, or a few months hence, he is prepared to bring on, if need be, a state of things quite as disastrous as that which the historian has described. For observe what must take place. Mr Gladstone has committed the House of Commons to a trial of strength, probably with the Lords, certainly with the Crown. He has selected for his ground of contest a matter which underlies the whole order of society in this country, which affects the Sovereign in her private sense of truth, not less than in her sense

of public duty, which is so interwoven with the very fibres of the Constitution, that it cannot be torn out without destruction to the Constitution itself; upon which turns the validity of a great compact, upon the strength of which two nations became one, and which cannot be agitated without calling into play the worst passion of human nature—bitter religious animosity between man and man. He, the author of the work from which we have largely quoted—long the hope of Churchmen and the favoured of Oxford—goes into the field against the union of Church and State at the head of an army composed of Roman Catholics, of political dissenters, and of infidels. It is no good sign of the age or of the land, that he should have carried his first position by a majority of sixty. It will be terrible if he succeed, as he endeavours to advance farther, in keeping that majority together. In this case, so far as the present House of Commons is concerned, the doom of the Irish branch of the United Church will be sealed, and sealed in utter ignorance by those who vote for it of what they are attempting to do. In the exuberance of their triumph, the more uninstructed among them assume that their needs but the issuing of the decree, and the Irish Church will pass away and be as if it had never been. But a greater mistake, a more complete misapprehension of facts, never was perpetrated. Hear one not renowned for his extreme Church views—a Liberal, too, in politics, though a Hertfordshire incumbent—hear him argue this question out. We extract from his letter to the ‘Times’ of the 15th of last month:—

“Unhappily, the transition from the present position of the Irish Establishment to that which the liberators contemplate is a harder problem than any of which history records the solution. It is not a very difficult thing to confiscate funds of any kind, and there are many precedents for this. Nor is it im-

possible to dissolve an organisation, even the most complicated. But here what is proposed is not only to abolish a vast multitude of rights, but to substitute others for them, and to convert one elaborate system into another of a totally different kind, without impairing the vital force of the patient during the operation, and all the while to do it in scrupulous conformity with the principles of justice and religious freedom.

“This will easily be seen if we recall to mind that the phrase ‘Church property,’ so freely used in Parliament and elsewhere, is a mere metaphor. Neither the Irish nor the English ‘Church’ possesses one farthing of property in the proper sense of the word. There are, indeed, connected with both, a large number of *life estates*, which can only be enjoyed by individuals possessing certain qualifications. These life estates are benefices, canonries, deaneries, bishoprics. There is also another class of valuable rights, consisting in the power of nomination to the former. Some of this kind are saleable, as advowsons belonging to private persons; some belong to corporations, lay or clerical; some are attached to certain officials, as district churches to the incumbent of the mother church, or benefices in the gift of the bishop of the diocese; some are vested in the Crown, as appointments to deaneries and bishoprics. To the aggregate of these many separate and most various rights—some saleable, some not, some attaching to private individuals, some to corporations, some to the Crown—the name of *Church property* is given in common parlance. But that such name is only a metaphor is obvious from the circumstance, that even if all the possessors of every one of these rights were to agree together, they could not modify the distribution of their respective beneficial interests in the least particular without an Act of Parliament. Each particular right is secured by the law of the land so long as the holder fulfils the conditions on which he holds it; but either alteration of the conditions or modification of the beneficial interests is (with a few inconsiderable exceptions) out of the power of any or all of the beneficiaries.

“Now, it is almost a platitude to say that the disestablished Episcopalian Church of the future can be nothing like this. Its ministers will be no longer corporations sole; its dignitaries no longer appointed by the Crown; its benefices no longer freeholds; its laity

will no longer be able to claim, as of right, the ministrations of the parochial minister; its clergy will no longer be subject to the control of their diocesan; its bishops no longer bound by the formularies of the existing Church—*otherwise than by mutual consent*. By mutual consent the 700,000 members of the Establishment who are said to exist may, indeed, agree upon an ecclesiastical polity more or less like the present; they may appoint trustees to hold property for such purposes as they may please to assign, and the laws of the land will enforce the performance of the contract. But until this agreement is arrived at the Free Church cannot advance a single foot. By the fact of disestablishment the 700,000 become simply so many units in the eye of the law, and must create an organisation for themselves. The present organisation may perhaps be useful as a guide; but, anyhow, some organisation will have to be formally adopted before the law will recognise the Free Church for the purposes of protection, and enable it to acquire what will then be really 'Church Property.'

"Such organisation appears to present no great difficulty in the Colonies, where the insulated units are few in number and come ready to hand. A man of earnestness and vigorous mind, such as many of the colonial bishops are, finds himself in a prominent position, recognised (generally speaking) by the better elements of the population about him, and readily succeeds, with a little discretion, in inducing them to accept the 'platform' he puts before them. But the colonial bishop starts from a *rasa tabula*, and the difficulty of his task is no measure of that involved in the rehabilitation of such a body as that of the Irish Episcopalians, who have been born and bred under a system altogether alien from the one they will be called on to adopt. At present the law defines every right of every description, the aggregate of which is the *Established Church*. Bishop, priest, layman, incumbent, curate, patron—all have their powers and their duties strictly defined by law. 'Disestablishment,' if the word is used in its proper sense, means the repeal of *all* that determines their powers and their duties. The necessity of obtaining a *comgé d'élire* for the election of a bishop is no more characteristic of *Establishments* than the right of a Dissenter to be buried in the churchyard of his parish church. In a condition of genuine disestablishment neither rights

nor duties exist. It is a parallel to the state of things which the speculators of the last century imagined as a prelude to the social contract. The way out of it has no precedent in history except those *plébiscites* of which Nice and Schleswig-Holstein have recently furnished examples—an inauspicious pattern, surely, for the building up of either civil or religious liberty.

"It is difficult to believe that the great body of Liberals who voted in the majority last Saturday contemplated such a process as this in the sequel of the Resolution they so ardently supported. To transfer the absolute control of large funds to the official representatives (whoever they might turn out to be) of a body of 700,000 co-religionists, irrespectively of all conditions save those imposed by that body, is, to say the very least of it, a hazardous experiment. It is the creation in cool blood of a most formidable *imperium in imperio*. Yet if they be transferred coupled with any conditions, the whole principle of a Free Church is given up, and what really takes place is a *re-establishment*."

Such are some of the practical difficulties which the assailants in this strife must brace themselves to overcome, before they succeed in achieving their object. But will they succeed? For the present, certainly not. The Crown cannot consent, at the mere bidding of the House of Parliament, to surrender its prerogative. Does Mr Gladstone count on being able to get the assent of the House of Lords to a joint address? And failing that, will he venture, without the sanction of the Crown, to introduce a Bill into the House of Commons striking at the very root of kingly right? Who will undertake to answer these questions? One thing, however, is certain, that whatever his line of conduct may be, Mr Gladstone has rendered the permanent pacification of Ireland all but impossible. Suppose him to introduce a Bill, and the Minister, speaking for the Crown, to refuse his assent to its introduction. There comes, necessarily, on the heels of this, a dissolution; for no Parliament, however pressing the demands for legislation, could be allowed to exist a

day after such a crisis. What next? One or other of two issues. If the combination of Romanists, Dissenters, and infidels be strong enough to carry the elections against the Government, the Government resigns, and the Crown is held up to the people as humiliated. We do not like to pursue this subject further. Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright are of course pledged to destroy the Church in Ireland. The House of Commons elected to achieve that object will give them no rest till the object is achieved. To them, no more than to Mr Disraeli, will be allowed leisure to complete the constitutional changes in the representative system which are now in progress; but headlong, and by an assembly having, in fact, no moral, if it have even a legal, right to act, the first in a series of revolutionary changes will be effected, of which the end need hardly be foretold. Did ever popular assembly, flushed with conquest over the executive and the senate, arrest its onward march till both had been swept away? Did ever popular assembly which had triumphed over every other influence in a great State, lead to any other final result of all than the establishment of a tyranny?

Anything more wanton, more uncalled for, more wicked than this cruel dilemma into which Mr Gladstone has brought the Legislature and the country, never was heard of. It is wanton and uncalled for, because, boasting as he does of commanding a majority in the House, there are many other questions on which it was competent to him to try his strength with his rivals. Why not fight Mr Disraeli on the Boundary question for England, or on the Scotch or Irish Reform Bill—in their entirety, or by detail? Why not propose a vote of want of confidence, if his greed of office be so intense that he cannot endure it some ten or twelve months longer—confident, as he professes to be, of becoming the idol of the new constituencies? But the move

is worse than wanton and uncalled for; it is positively wicked. It raises prematurely a question which the assembly to which it is proposed cannot settle, and gives vast and unexpected encouragement to the enemies of all religious establishments everywhere. The 'Nonconformist,' the organ of the Liberation Society, cannot find words sufficiently earnest in which to express the delight of its readers:—

"It is even yet difficult to realise the change which has taken place, not so much in public opinion as in the authoritative and constitutional expression of it. Who could have imagined, when the existing House was elected, that, prematurely dying, it would, before the hour of its dissolution, pronounce the doom of the Church Establishment in Ireland? Chosen under Palmerstonian auspices, without reference to any announced policy, and under the pressure of corrupting agencies unprecedented in the history of general elections, who would have been bold enough to predict of it that within three years it would set its seal to resolutions affirming and paving the way for the final cessation of Church and State connection in Ireland? Truly 'man proposes, but God disposes.' The stupendous work achieved last week was not that contemplated by the Liberal majority when returned."

Again—

"The position of the Scottish and the English Church Establishments differs, it is true, from that of the Irish. But they all rest upon the same assumption—they all possess some features in common—and they all find support in traditional maxims, sympathies, and prejudices, which constitute the main guarantee of their stability. Many more nights of such debating as we had last week, will shorten, perhaps, by as many years, the labours of the Liberation Society."

But,

"As it has been with one Establishment, so probably it will be with the others. Their time is fixed. When that time comes, the incident, whatever it may be, will occur which will act upon the mind and heart of the people like the letting out of waters. An impulse will come suddenly, and from an unanticipated quarter. The ordinary barriers will be broken down—there will be an

irresistible movement of soul towards freedom from conventional shams—and it will depend upon the devoted efforts of those who have and appreciate grand fundamental truths, whether the outburst shall spread devastation around, or whether it shall achieve by its force a salutary result. What is taking place now is full of encouragement to such as are content to 'labour and wait.' They need not ask, 'Who will roll away for us the stone from the sepulchre?' In the appointed hour they will be relieved of their perplexity by the intervention of some unlooked-for messenger from heaven."

Nor does the mischief end there. The democracy are not mere lookers-on—or, if you prefer the term, partisans—in the great State duel. They are parties to it, and their adversary is the Crown. They will give every encouragement, both from England and from Scotland, to disaffection in Ireland, if this, which has been made their ostensible object, be defeated. They will go on to raise fresh grounds of quarrel with the Crown if they succeed either now or hereafter. Can Mr Gladstone be blind to all these things? Not he. He saw it plainly before him long ago, yet he dared the hazard, because—let us speak out what we honestly believe to be the fact—because he dreaded the effect of the report of the Royal Commission, and the possible legislation to which it might lead. What if the Commission should recommend such changes in the Irish branch of the Church as would satisfy all moderate men? Where would then be Mr Gladstone's chance of reuniting a broken party? Nay, what if Mr Disraeli should be induced, by-and-by, to anticipate him; and, finding the tide of public opinion too strong under a new order of things, were, as Minister of the Crown, to propose the disestablishment, not of the Irish branch of the Church only, but of the English branch also? Observe, we throw out no charge against the present leader of the House of Commons, on this head, as emanating from ourselves.

But Mr Gladstone's imagination is a very vivid one; and a vision even of this tenor may have taken possession of it. Be this, however, as it may, Mr Gladstone has effectually interposed himself between the country, and the quiet settlement of the gravest question that could be submitted to it. We do not envy him his feelings even at this moment, and still less after the struggle has begun of which we are as yet scarcely at the beginning.

Again, the move is wicked, because it flings into the arena of party strife a subject beyond comparison the most sacred of all on which the minds of men can dwell. Through long centuries, individuals have set aside in Ireland and in England a certain amount of property, in order that the means might be provided of securing to the poor as well as to the rich gratuitous instruction in the principles of the Christian religion, and the services generally of an educated clergy. And the more to impress the people with the importance of such teaching, as well as to give to every act of its own a religious sanction, the Government has entered into a strict alliance with the Church; so strict, indeed, as virtually to fuse the one into the other. Moreover, this union—this amalgamation, if you please—is so wisely brought about, that while neither the Church pretends to intrude into the proper province of the State, nor the State to interfere in matters appertaining exclusively to the Church, they seek together, for all that is done, the sanction of the same Legislature, and equally submit their grievances, when such arise, to the decision of the same arbiter. We know, for example, that, according to the constitution of our Episcopal Church, it belongs to one order of the clergy exclusively to ordain laymen to the ministry, and that only clergymen in priest's orders may dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. But what gives to

these abstract rights the force of legal obligation in England and Ireland? What is it, also, which preserves for us the sober yet touching worship of the Prayer-book in our parish churches? What is it that hinders hot-headed ecclesiastics from propounding new articles of faith as necessary to church membership, or striking out some of those already sanctioned and recognised? Clearly the power of the State, which, because it is in union with the Church, or rather because it is coincident with the Church, prevents other than legitimate interference with arrangements which Church and State have settled between them. Nor is this all. Narrow-minded men write and speak as if the Church were in bondage by its connection with the State, looking only to some crotchets of their own, which, enormously over-estimating their importance, they are eager to force upon others. Now we, on the other hand, in common with the great bulk of the community, hold that there is no grievance to any one in this imaginary bondage. We believe, on the contrary, that it is the impartial judgment of the State in connection with the Church, which keeps the Church itself from splitting up into fragments, as all religious communities unconnected with the State are in danger of doing, and usually have done. Consider what the United Church of England and Ireland is at this moment, and what she would soon become did not her connection with the State assure to her clergy the largest measure of free thought that is consistent with a belief in the truths of Christianity. It is hard enough, with the Queen's supremacy acknowledged, and the calm decision of ecclesiastical courts administered by lay judges, to keep extreme ritualists from excommunicating extreme evangelicals, on the one hand, and extreme evangelicals from excommunicating extreme ritualists on the other. Abolish the ecclesiastical courts, doing away

at the same time with the Queen's supremacy, and you will have ere long as many sections of the Anglican Church as you find splits, splitted splits, and splits from the splitted split, among the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Wesleyan communions, as well in Scotland as in England and in Ireland. We cannot say that in all the views set forth by Dean Stanley in his address on Church matters we find it possible to concur; but his definition of what he calls "the essence of this connection between Church and State" appears to us to be excellent. "Its essential features, in which the idea represented may be more or less faintly seen, but which are still sufficient to secure the principle, may be simply stated thus: the first is, that the State should recognise and support some religious expression of the community; the second, that this religious expression should be controlled and guided by the State."

It was a wicked act on the part of Mr Gladstone to fling down into the arena of party strife a question of such vital importance to the common weal of the empire as this. For, apart from the graver consideration of the effect which the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland is sure to produce on public opinion elsewhere, it appears to us that the author of the obnoxious Resolutions has never given a serious thought to what the consequences of their success will be in Ireland itself. "When, sixty or seventy years ago, the difficulty of the Irish Establishment first arose, it presented itself under the form of endowing and establishing the Roman Catholic Church by the side or in the place of the Protestant Church. The notion of parting with the benefits of an Established Church altogether had not then become one of the elements of discussion. This has been introduced partly, no doubt, by the external action of the English Liberationists; partly, also, by the difficulties thrown in the way of such a

scheme by the Roman Catholics themselves. It may be that the combined power of these two streams will be too powerful to resist. But it is worth while remarking that dispassionate observers seem generally agreed in considering that if such a solution is adopted, it will be not as the best but as the only one which existing circumstances will allow—perhaps in itself the worst—except for the pressure of those practical difficulties. It is probably admitted on all sides that, on the one hand, the dependence of the Roman Catholic clergy on their flocks for subsistence, and on a foreign power for dignity and rank, which now forms the worst feature of the Irish ecclesiastical system in the eyes of all reasonable men, would remain undiminished. In no other country of Europe have the Roman Catholic clergy refused the endowment and control of the State. No other Government in Europe, Roman Catholic or Protestant, would willingly lose such an opportunity of guarding and guiding so powerful an element in the national life. And, on the other hand, it seems agreed—indeed, by some it is put forward as a reason for disestablishing the Protestant Church—that in that case the vehemence of the Orange party, now confined and moderated in some degree by the influence of a venerable and legal institution, would be let loose on a new career of proselytism and aggression which would certainly not tend to increase the harmony between the two Churches. These are not our views of this matter, but those of Dean Stanley, whom, probably, no human being will charge with entertaining any bigoted affection for the purely ecclesiastical constitution of that Church of which he is

an ornament. But so far as they go, we readily adopt them. The disestablishment of the Church in Ireland will not only bring no peace to that unhappy country, but it will multiply a hundred-fold the elements of strife already so abundant there. Even at the present moment, while as yet the Church is connected with the State, the insolence of Romish prelates and the utter disregard of the priests to the rights of the Protestant clergy have become hard to bear.* Gratify them with striking down the Church as an Establishment, and he is a bold man who will answer for the consequences. If 30,000 troops be necessary now to maintain order in the land, it may come to pass that hereafter not twice 30,000 will suffice to achieve that most desirable object.

But the iniquity of Mr Gladstone's act is not even thus painted in its true colours. No longer ago than last year, Lord Russell moved for and obtained a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of the Established Church in Ireland. He made no secret of the object for which the Commission was asked. He wanted further information with a view to further legislation. Mr Gladstone will not, we imagine, deny that the request was made with his entire concurrence, or that he thus became, so to speak, bound morally if not legally to wait for the Report of the Commission before precipitating a struggle which men of all parties felt to be not far off. Our own belief is, that in June last Mr Gladstone understood the nature of the obligation under which he had come, and intended to abide by it. But a consideration of the broken state of his party and the advice of

* It has been stated in some of the newspapers that Dr Cullen was invited to meet the Prince of Wales at the Viceroy's table, and took his place next to royalty as Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. Surely there must be some mistake. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is still the law, and the Lord-Lieutenant could not set the example of breaking the law, even though it be a bad one.

one unrestrained by his scruples, induced him to rush into a course of action of which his conscience disapproves, though his pride may carry him through it, and of which the issues, whatever direction they take, must be lamentable. If Mr Gladstone do not succeed in accomplishing the greatest revolution that has been brought about in this country since the times of the Commonwealth, he must cease to be what he now is, one of the foremost men in the State. If he accomplish the revolution, he will become First Minister of a Crown, to keep which from being trodden under the heel of the democracy may perhaps tax even his energies beyond their strength. How well the future of this most impulsive and self-contradictory man was foreshadowed only a few short years ago by one of the ablest organs of the Liberal party! A writer in the 'Saturday Review' for the 21st of May 1864 thus expresses himself :—

"The difficulty in prophesying concerning the merely political portion of his future career is not the greatest. His union with the Radicals is obviously his interest. They are now the only party with whom he can unite. He has not selected them in preference to any other party. They are his only escape from absolute isolation, and in some respects the junction was not a difficult one to make. It did not need to be purchased by any extravagant sacrifice of consistency on Mr Gladstone's part, at least according to the rate at which he usually appraises the value of that quality. The manhood-suffrage platform would do more than anything else to annihilate the political influence of the landed gentry, and especially of the House of Lords; and against that class Mr Gladstone has always cherished an antipathy which he has taken several occasions of showing. The assurance which has been so earnestly given, that the Reformed Parliament which is to be the result of the new combination will proceed to remedy the disproportion that exists between one man's property and another solely by legislative means, has in no degree consoled those whose property is to be 'adjusted.'

"But the ecclesiastical opinions are

the great difficulty. Church-rates, the Irish Establishment, and similar subjects, are likely to be the most troublesome and the most sharply contested of any. Upon them, therefore, the really earnest battles of coming Parliamentary campaigns will be fought; and upon them Mr Gladstone, if he retains his present opinions, must find himself in perpetual opposition to his new supporters. Can he maintain that antagonism, and yet keep the leadership for which he has bid so high? He has already paid a large price for the leadership. He had better complete his purchase, and not lose the result of all his sacrifices by haggling over this last demand. Once let him throw all his Church prejudices overboard, and he will be able to embrace Mr Bright as a kindred spirit, whose heart beats upon every question in unison with his own. Still, it cannot be denied that this last sacrifice is of a kind that requires nerve. In political questions the consideration of expediency is admissible to an almost unlimited degree. A man may always justify any tergiversation in his friends' eyes, or at least in his own, by pleading altered times and circumstances, which have shifted the balance of advantage from one side to the other. But in religious matters the same excuse is hardly available. A man who abandons his religious views that he may propitiate his political supporters, puts himself nakedly before the world as one who has bartered honesty for power, and whose convictions are matter of bargain and sale. It requires courage to take a step which may reasonably lead to such an imputation. It ranges a man for ever in the register of political adventurers. A man who has enjoyed a reputation as the possessor of an exceptionally tender conscience, and who still retains the friends which that reputation made for him, may be pardoned for hesitating. He may well shrink from laying bare before their doubting eyes the gulf which the demon of ambition has long been digging between him and them. But the step must be taken. The master whom he has chosen is inexorable, and will endure no divided allegiance. All foolish coyness had better be thrown aside at once. Time is short, years roll on, and the Premiership is not yet gained. Every year which passes before the attachment of his new party is thoroughly cemented by the last and greatest sacrifice is so much time irreparably lost. Nothing could be more foolish than to risk, for the sake of a prudish and insincere decency, the object of life for

which all other objects, once cherished as dearer than life itself, have been stoically surrendered."

With this—which was once a prophecy, but is now a correct sketch of Mr Gladstone's career—we take leave for the present of Mr Gladstone himself, that we may devote a little space, and it shall be very little, to the consideration of what some of his late colleagues, now become his followers, are doing. And foremost on the list stands Lord Russell, the framer of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, the speaker of the speech which shut Lord Grey's mouth in 1866, and the author of the letter to Mr Fortescue, which only two little months ago adopted all Lord Grey's opinions, and assigned reasons for so doing. Without so much as a pretence of the conscientiousness to which Mr Gladstone lays claim, the veteran Whig has thrown over unhesitatingly the whole burden of his multifarious opinions. He is not now opposed to Papal aggression. He is sorry that he had that little dispute with Lord Grey. He repudiates and puts from him all the arguments wherewith he laboured to convince Mr Fortescue and the British public that the scheme of division is the right scheme in dealing with Church property in Ireland. Anything more ridiculous than the attitude of the noble Lord upon the platform of St James's Hall, on the 16th of last month, cannot be imagined. "Poverty," the proverb says, "brings us acquainted with strange company"—so do losing games in politics—so does personal spite and rancour—so does ambition, reckless of consequences, provided some hopes be entertained of achieving a given end. But why should we dwell on matters like these? The 'Times' has told the tale in language the fitness of which we cannot pretend to go beyond. Here it is:—

"The old self-confidence which Sydney Smith playfully quizzed, and which all men have laughed at, is happily not dead. 'E'en in our ashes live their

wonted fires,' and Lord Russell, at seventy-six, is as ready to put himself at the head of a movement as he was in the days when the Whigs first came into power. It is nothing to him whether the part he is called upon to assume be old or new. He declared himself yesterday to be 'an old-fashioned man,' but he is prepared to march under the newest colours, even when, as at present, new things become old so terribly soon. His appearance at St James's Hall last night was in this way equal to anything he has ever accomplished. We do not readily recall the time when he has played the part of a platform orator at a political meeting. Some remembrances we have associating him with Bible Societies, British and Foreign Schools, and other objects of the same laudable character; but in taking the 'stump' for a political purpose, he is recurring to feats performed so long ago as to have the zest of novelty on being revived. It is certain that the crowded audience who welcomed him yesterday had never seen him under similar circumstances. His surroundings were wonderful. Mr Miall naturally occupied a post of distinction near him, and the burning eloquence of Mr Mason Jones was there to give him a new sensation. Nor was Lord Russell's difficulty—or, to speak more accurately, the difficulty other men would have felt in his position—confined to the fact that he was once again appearing as an agitator outside the walls of Parliament. The meeting over which he presided was summoned for the purpose of supporting Mr Gladstone's Resolutions, and these Resolutions, as explained by their author, contemplate a course of action altogether different from that proposed by Lord Russell two short months since. Lord Russell anticipated the session by a letter to Mr Chichester Fortescue, recommending a redistribution of the revenues of the Irish Establishment among the principal religious bodies in Ireland. Three or four weeks later, Mr Gladstone pronounced this proposition antiquated and impracticable, and submitted to the House of Commons the pure and simple disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church; and last night the veteran Whig went to Piccadilly to declare for Mr Gladstone and against himself."

This is wretched enough. It destroys all our faith in public men when we see veteran statesmen like Lord Russell thus making ducks and drakes of principle and consistency. Yet the proceeding itself

scarcely offends our moral taste so much as the conduct of one from whom we had looked for better things. Lord Dufferin knows well—has shown that no man knows better—how to deal with the assumed grievances in Ireland about the Land question. Why did he let himself down to the level of finessing on the not less important question of the Established Church? His letter undertaking to secure to the Presbyterian ministers on his estates, by private subscription, an amount equal to the *Regium Donum* of which the measure of disendowment will deprive them, is one of the shabbiest yet most insidious of partisan devices which we remember anywhere to have met with. Faithfully rendered into English, it is this: "You Presbyterian ministers are disposed, I am aware, to make common cause with your brethren of the Established Church. Don't do this. Don't put a hindrance in our way just as we expect to conciliate the Roman Catholics at the expense of Churchmen, and I will make good to you, so far as my influence extends, whatever pecuniary damage the proceeding may inflict upon you." We can't think so meanly of the Presbyterian clergy of Ireland as to suppose that they will suffer a disguise so easily seen through to affect them, except with indignation. They will, we are confident, reject Lord Dufferin's proposal with scorn; and well they may, for whatever his lordship and the Liberation Society, through its president, Mr Miall, may say to the contrary, the disestablishment and disendowment of the Established Church in Ireland will strike a deadly blow at Protestantism everywhere. Is not Archbishop Manning fully alive to that fact? Does he not avow it—guardedly, to be sure, yet so as to be intelligible to his co-religionists—in the ridiculous pamphlet which he has just put forth? Are not the hearts of the Pope and his cardinals made glad by what they see to be in progress, first in

Ireland, and by-and-by in England? The Church of Rome never recedes. It is contrary to the principles which she professes and on which she acts to acknowledge any equality with other Churches. Even while regarded by the law of England as a dissenting communion, she asserts her right to be the only true Church existing there. Is any body simple enough to believe that when the State shall have thrown the Protestant Church over in Ireland, the Church of Rome will make no effort to be received into the vacant place, not as coequal with the State, far less as subservient to it, but as entitled, on every subject connected with religion, to prescribe to the State the course which it shall take? We are neither bigots nor alarmists. We have no wish to deny to Romanists freedom of worship in the widest sense of the term. We should not object to make provision for the Romish clergy out of the public revenue, as Pitt and Wellington both proposed to do. But if, instead of this "levelling upwards," the present or any future Parliament absolutely disestablish and disendow all the three Churches in Ireland alike, then, without pretending to the gift of prophecy, we take it upon us to say that, before many years are over, there will be no visible Church in Ireland free to carry on its worship uninterrupted, except the Church of Rome. For he must be little acquainted with the nature of the Church of Rome who is ignorant that religious subjects, as understood by her, take a very wide range indeed. Let no man put the smallest confidence in the affected moderation of the Romish bishops. Let no one imagine that the spirit of worldly ambition is asleep among them, or that they do not hunger and thirst after endowments just as much in Ireland as in Italy. Read the protests which they have entered in the latter country against the partial confiscation of Church

property there, and then believe, if you can, that they will not, sooner or later, set up a claim to all the lands and tithes which Mr Gladstone and his supporters purpose to take away from the Established Church. They will deny this. So did their predecessors deny that any advantage would be taken of the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities to bring about that very incident on which we are now gazing. Not without a purpose were the Irish members so eager to get the oath dispensed with formally, which, in too many instances, they practically disregarded.

Let us hope, however, that the battle, though it seem in its first stage to have gone against us, is not yet lost. The Protestant spirit of this great empire still lives, and there needs but a few such masterly appeals as were made to it by Mr Campbell Colquhoun in St James's Hall, on the evening of the 17th of April last, to rouse it into action. We wish that the space at our command would enable us to give the whole of an address which contains more sound argument and higher eloquence than any which on either side of the question has anywhere been delivered. That, however, is out of the question. But the solemn sentences with which the speaker summarised his case are too valuable to be passed by; and with them we are content

to bring our own argument to a close:—

“At a moment when the union with Ireland is rocking to its centre—at that moment are you going to inflict a blow upon more than a million of men who are faithful and attached to England, and have been invariably loyal in spite of all the assaults that have been made upon them in the House of Commons? That, and not the Irish Church, is the issue which is now before the country. Will you have Ireland a part of this empire, or will you not? I tell you that those gentlemen in the House of Commons are going the way to break up the Union. Very wisely has it been said by a great historian, Mr Carlyle, who is certainly neither ultra-Protestant nor fanatic, that the last link of the Union is the Irish Church. And if, in compliance with the insane demands—I do not know whether dictated by the lust of place or the madness of party—you break this last link,—and I look at it not as a Churchman only, but as a lover of England—for, with Mr Roebuck, I regard it as an attack upon the integrity and the greatness of this empire,—I say that if you are going to have within six hours of your shores four millions and a half of men led by fanatical priests, hating England with an undying hatred, and detesting her political principles, and regarding as odious her crown, you are committing the most grievous blunder that was ever perpetrated by any people, and I thank God that I am able this evening to appeal against so fatal a step; I thank God that at least I can lift up my voice in an earnest protest against the selfish madness of politicians and the blindness of party.”

A MISTAKE OF MR GLADSTONE'S.

IN the debate upon the Irish Church Mr Gladstone has on two occasions given prominence to an argument respecting the property of the Irish Church which is altogether erroneous, and which may seriously mislead the public with respect to the real results of the disestablishment which he is advocating. We extract as briefly as possible the passage in which it is contained:—

"I believe that the effect of this much-dreaded disestablishment of the Church, conducted as I have endeavoured to describe it, would be this—that if the full money value of the entire possession of the Irish Church, fairly sold in open market, were estimated, certainly not less than three-fifths, possibly two-thirds, would remain in the hands of members of the Anglican communion. Nor let it be said that that which is paid on the score of vested interests would not be paid for the purposes of the Anglican communion, because I apprehend it is quite clear that, when you say you will respect vested interests, you do not intend to say that you will give to the Bishop and Clergy, for doing nothing, incomes which they now receive under an engagement to do something. Their duties to their flocks would still remain. Well, *but that proportion*, whatever it may be, *the Irish Church (the Anglican Communion) in Ireland, would not only possess, but enjoy. It would hold its property* no longer amid an estranged and alienated population, but with the perfect and cordial goodwill of all sects, all parties, and all persuasions, both in this country and in Ireland. And along with that share at least of its temporalities, I apprehend it would receive freedom of action. . . . I own I cannot see that the condition sketched prospectively for the members of the Established Church in Ireland, is in itself at all a lamentable or deplorable condition."—Speech, March 30.

Here is a picture intended to reconcile Churchmen to the threatened loss. It paints the disestablished Church, "the Anglican Communion in Ireland," as destined to remain in possession of three-fifths of her old property, and enjoying it

henceforth in security, with the unanimous goodwill of her present opponents. Happy prospect! Wise concession of the less to secure the larger part! Far-seeing and cheap purchase of a permanent good!

But how is this felicitous result to be attained? Mr Gladstone tells us in his second speech. For brevity, we condense the statement into a tabular form.

PROPERTY LEFT TO THE IRISH CHURCH.

1. Value of clerical life-interests, estimated at half the capitalised revenue,	
or	£6,500,000
2. Value of lay interests of a minor kind, such as organists, clerks, &c.,	500,000
3. Price of advowsons belonging to members of the Church,	500,000
4. Churches and parsonages, "if left—although it is not part of my duty to propose anything on the subject—in the hands of the present possessors,"	2,500,000
Total,	£10,000,000

Being more than 3-5ths of the whole value of the present property of the Irish Church, estimated at . . . £16,000,000

—See Speech of April 3.

But look for a moment at the unsatisfactory nature of this statement of assets. *The first item* is the capitalised value, at fifteen years' purchase, of the life-annuities of the Irish clergy; annuities which they could not sell, and which nobody could purchase. For permanent establishment purposes it is an item which cannot be realised, an imaginary asset, and therefore a delusion. *The second item* is of the same character. *The third item* is a payment to private proprietors who will be under no obligation to hand over a sixpence to the Church. *The fourth item* is

a proposal which may or may not be carried through Parliament, and about which Mr Gladstone in his second speech expresses himself much more dubiously. The account is illusory. No commissioner in bankruptcy would entertain it. It is based on the impossible assumption that the theoretical valuation by an actuary of a mass of life-interests may be taken as so much of realised capital of the Church. There is an old jest that £1000 a-year for one year is an Irishman's income. The new proposal is scarcely less laughable, for it would represent an annual income for half a generation as the permanent endowment of the Irish Church.

Perhaps some one will say that Mr Gladstone did not mean that this property would go to the Church, but to members of the Church. But would this be justice? It would be no compensation to the corporation and liverymen of London for confiscation of their revenues, that life-estates should be granted to their aldermen. It would be no compensation to the poor who are benefited by St Bartholomew's Hospital if on its disestablishment pensions were granted to the surgeons and nurses. In the same manner, it would be no compensation to laity of the Church of Ireland for the confiscation of the funds that provide for their spiritual wants, that life-interests should be continued to their clergy and organists. Mr Gladstone, to do him justice, did not represent that life-pensions to a few individuals would be an equivalent for the disestablishment of the whole corporate body of the Church. He could not advocate an idea which is so clearly illogical.

But his argument was much more complicated and misleading. It was in effect as follows:—"The Irish clergy are to retain their life-interests, which to them as individuals are worth, by the actuaries'

tables, an average of fifteen years' purchase. They are to continue during their lives to perform Church services. *Therefore*, their life-interests are worth, to the Anglican Communion, fifteen years' purchase. But the Irish Church property is worth thirty years' purchase. Therefore the Anglican Communion will enjoy half the whole property of the Irish Church." But I demur altogether to the first "therefore." It would be worth the while of no Church and no Corporation to spend the whole or even a fraction of their property in the purchase of life-interests which would be continually wasting away and expiring. To the Church the life-incumbent is the mere tenant of an hour, compared with the vast remainder of futurity for which she must provide. No honest trustees would consent to such an application of Church funds. It would be contrary to the permanent interests of the laity that it should be done. The syllogism utterly breaks down. To suppose that the Church will retain half her property by retaining half a generation of liferents, is to suppose an absurdity, and to argue upon a fallacy.

One other consideration deserves attention. Up to the present time our property reforms have been merely readjustments. Trust-property has always been applied by Parliament for similar objects, and within the same circle. But we are going to introduce a new and perilous precedent—a precedent of destruction. Who can limit the extent to which it will be followed? The State is like a glorious city, conspicuous upon the hill-tops with its Queen's palaces, with the castles of its nobles, with its English Cathedral, its Scotch Kirk, and its Irish Church. Till now, its people have been content to repair, to readjust, and to beautify. But now a crowd is seized with a passion to destroy, and they are thronging round the Irish Church with axes and crowbars. The crash of her

fall, if that fall should come, will re-echo through the world. But will they stop there? Already they menace the Kirk. And will they stop there? Even moderate leaders among them already talk of "the universal overthrow of Establishments." Where will the habit of destruction be stayed?

Let us look the question fairly in the face, without deluding ourselves by consolatory fallacies, and without shutting our eyes to natural consequences. We ought fully and soberly to recognise their existence, before proceeding to the final and irrevocable determination upon a matter of such vast importance.

P.
J. M. W.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE AT MODERATE PREMIUMS.

The Scottish Provident Institution.

Established 1837.

Thames Street, London.

TRUSTEES.

ALEX. MATHESON, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.

J. A. CAMPBELL, Esq. Ye. of Scotland.

CHARLES COWAN, Esq. of Logan House.

CHAS. LAWSON, Esq. of Northampton.

Right Hon. EDWARD E. GORDON, M.P., Lord Advocate of Scotland.

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING of Contributors was held at Edinburgh on 25th March 1868—EDMUND BAXTER, Esq., M.P., President of the Court of Session, presiding.

The New Proposals of the Year were 1373, assuring	£821,574 8 9
The New Premiums on these	£71,169 16 11
The Claims by Death, including Rescues:	£86,418 8 0
<i>(Being less by 28 per cent. an amount than is provided for in the Office Table.)</i>	
The Total Receipts were	£234,507 8 11
The Accumulated Fund (increased in the year by £124,596, 15s.) was on 31st December	£1,365,304 11 11

THE ADVANTAGES offered, as compared with other offices, are—

A greatly Larger Original Assurance for the same Premium, with the prospect of good lines (for which exclusively the whole Profits are reserved) eventually exceeding very considerable additions.

Thus, a Policy for £1200 or £1250 can at most ages be had, from the date of the premium charged elsewhere for £1000 only. Policies for £1000 which have passed at three Septennial Investigations have already been increased to £1400, £1600 and even to £1800.

THIS SOCIETY has taken a leading part in the relaxation of restrictions on Policies, and in the REMOVAL OF GROUNDS OF CHALLENGE. So long ago as 1844 it was declared that error in the original statements should not involve forfeiture, unless proved to have been fraudulent, as well as untrue; and at a later date the forfeiture which attached to death by capital punishment, by duelling and even by suicide (unless occurring within six months), was removed.

FOREIGN RESIDENCE AND TRAVEL.

Members (not seafaring men) are now at liberty, free of charge, to travel or reside in any part of the world (Asia excepted) north of 35° N. and south of 35° S. The Directors are also empowered, under certain conditions, to grant Certificates of Continuation from all restrictions.

Reports and every information may be had at the Head Office or Agency.

6 ST ANDREW SQUARE,
EDINBURGH, May 1863.

JAMES WATSON, Manager.

JUNE MDCCCLXVIII.

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

N^o. DCXXXII.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,
45 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON,
Agents for Ireland,
HODGES & SMITH, DUBLIN.

Price 2/6.

Printed by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh.



BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXXII.

JUNE 1868.

VOL. CIII.

CONTENTS.

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT.—PART I.,	651
THE LATEST LAWGIVER,	675
UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.—CONCLUSION,	692
THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AND THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT,	707
LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN EXPE- DITION.—PART II.,	728
CORNELIUS O'DOWD,	748
AN "IDÉE NAPOLEONNIENNE."—BARON BEUST'S VOYAGE OF DIS- COVERY.—"SIX POUNDS A-WEEK."	
DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES,	756
GEORGE ELIOT'S SPANISH GYPSY,	760
INDEX,	772

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS 45 GEORGE STREET.

AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications (post paid) must be addressed.

SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCXXXII.

JUNE 1868.

VOL. CIII.

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.

*June 3, 184.—*So here I am, fairly launched on the voyage to fame, fortune, and happiness. It certainly looks like it, considering what means and appliances I have for the journey. A table and two chairs, so that I shall not have to take my breakfast on the floor, and that is an advantage at all events; a bed—at least such a thing as they call a bed in the Fatherland; a chest of drawers, some of which will really half open if you pull hard enough, and will very nearly shut again; a portmanteau, containing a reasonable quantity of clothes; a pipe; a box of cigars; an easel; and twenty-five pounds a-quarter of lawful English money. And yet I am better off than I ever was in my life before; and, above all, Grace loves me. Should I not be the most selfish, the most contemptible of men, if I do not work hard with her happiness in view? Yes; to-morrow I will begin to work with the energy of a Hercules. Meanwhile I will descend from my attic and go and smoke a cigar on the Terrace.

VOL. CIII.—NO. DCXXXII.

*June 6.—*Two days in my new quarters. Tibald received me well and kindly, and seemed pleased to welcome an Englishman to his *atelier*. I like the man so far—there is largeness about him, and good-heartedness too, though his manner is dry and rough enough. As to his advice, why of course it is obviously sound; but then I am no German, and can't work eighteen hours a-day. Besides, he wants me to set to work as if every year had thirty-six months, as if it were Art that is short and life that is long; and I have to crowd so much into two years. I see I must guide myself a little, and be more than a little hard-mouthed, else I shall never get beyond a foot-pace, and that certainly would not suit me; nor, I think, Grace either.

*June 15.—*Ought I not to be completely happy? The accepted lover of Grace Owen, freed from the old days of want, engaged in that pursuit I choose, and would always choose, above all others, under the direction of its greatest living master, and surrounded by

2 X

its greatest existing works, ought I not to revel in joy? But, how can I altogether help fearing? Two whole years from her, and no means of hearing from her meanwhile or of letting her hear from me. I trust her, God knows; but still, what might not happen in two whole years? Oh, Grace, forgive me if my joy in your love is sometimes almost too great for me to bear.

June 27.—The voyage goes well on the whole, though of course diversified by many clouds and shadows of discouragement. Tibald and I are friendly, but I can't help fancying that he somehow looks rather down on my quickness and facility, and is always telling me what *not* to do. Besides, I have found out a great weakness in the master. He dogmatizes, and either won't or can't argue. If I had twenty years before me, instead of not quite two, well and good; but to wait twenty years for Grace!

June 29.—So I have really seen it at last, the great Sistine Madonna, in the flesh. Is not that something to rejoice over? But yet—Bah! I never pretended to enthusiasm when I did not feel it. Feel it to-day I certainly did not. There was, however, that 'La Notte' of Coreggio. I would have given—well, I would give up anything but Grace to have painted that; but I was certainly disappointed with the San Sisto. Nevertheless I must copy it, I suppose. Am I not an artist and at Dresden?

July 4.—I have thought a great deal about Grace to-day. Is there anything in sympathy, I wonder, and dare I think she has been thinking of me also? Yes, I dare. I trust her with my whole soul, and I would trust her to wait a hundred years, if need were. What have I not won in winning her! Beauty, goodness, and all the love of a good and bright and beautiful girl. When I think of her I needs must think well of myself, otherwise I should pay her an ill com-

pliment. But yet I cannot help feeling that I do not deserve her. What am I that I should have obtained her love?

But at least I can try not to be unworthy of my great happiness. I will be as true to her in thought and deed as she, I know, will be to me. I will become great for her sake. I have always loved Art, but hitherto without ambition. Now I have ambition, and of the highest kind—ambition for her sake, and for Art's sake through hers.

July 5.—The maestro was in a good humour to-day. He actually paid me a compliment. I appreciated it, for he seldom compliments. But what did he mean by that shrug of the shoulders? Bah! What do I care for his compliments, or his shrugs either? I know myself pretty well by this time, I suppose.

July 7.—I wonder what she is doing at this moment. How shall I fancy her?—among her flowers perhaps; or, perhaps—but what does it matter? Any way she is beautiful; any way she is doing that which best becomes her.

"Each your doing
Crowns what you are doing in the present
deed,
That all your acts are queens."

July 9.—I could scarcely attend to the music this evening; but I suppose it was good, as it filled my mind with thoughts of Grace. If I could but write to her and tell her how she is ever in my mind, how her image is always before me in work, in amusement, even in sleep itself! And yet the world will say that I marry for money. Well, let it say so. We shall be able to laugh at the world. I wonder, though, what her father really thinks about it. As a merchant, and one who has always looked well after the main chance, I should have fancied that he would have doubted me, were it not for his thinking me not unworthy to be the husband of his only child. That is strange; there I wonder with

the world. Yet why should not a merchant be unworldly among his own household, and as clear-sighted in matters of the heart as in those of the market? Surely these qualities are not the monopolies of artists; certainly not of the artists whom I know.

Any way, she at least knows that I love her; she at least will never doubt me, for she never will have cause.

July 9.—I am getting on with the San Sisto. But I do not *feel* it, and dislike my work. After all, I only try at it, I believe, because it is the fashion. The *maestro* himself called it stupid of me, and said I had better stick to form, and so on—and so I will. But, meanwhile, I have an idea—I will do something of my own—I will paint a picture. Meanwhile, I will smoke a cigar on the Terrace.

July 12.—Dear Grace! I wonder after all whether you think of me as much as I of you. I would try and paint your portrait if I dared, but I am not quite conceited enough for that. But I can paint it in my mind. What an age it seems since I said good-bye to you in London, since I held that little white hand, and looked into those pure grey eyes! Ah! you need not be afraid; I shall never see any eyes like yours, nor hear any voice half so sweet. No, my own Grace, if work must win you, here goes!

July 30.—I really think that the *maestro* is beginning to be pleased with me. He certainly seemed to be doubtful about me at one time. Emil says (what a chattering animal it is!) that he never does like men who are above their alphabet. Well, I agree with him, and I candidly think he was right in my case. However, I have done my share of work this week; certainly more than any of these slow Germans. So I will reward myself with a cigar or two on the Terrace.

August 2.—A letter at the Post Office for Herr Edward Maurice!—a wonder! and from her father.

So; I am in my own room again. I will read it before the picture that I am painting for her sake.

“— STREET, LONDON,
July 29, 184—.”

“MY DEAR EDWARD,—I was very glad to learn from your letter that you are settled down and at work. I was at Dresden myself a great many years ago; in fact, it formed part of the tour I took with my poor wife; and I remember the place well.

“I trust you found no difficulty in duly receiving the money. You will apply for all future remittances to Messrs Rinck, the bankers, in the — Gasse.

“Grace is very well.

“I hope that you will keep to work, and return home a great painter. Meanwhile, believe me, my dear Edward, yours most sincerely,
RICHARD OWEN.”

The devil! Is that all?

One thing, however, is clear—he does not intend me to continue the correspondence.

August 11.—My picture is getting on. I never painted so well in England. The place seems congenial to me. Ah, Grace! we may not have to wait so very long after all.

August 20.—It was this day two years ago that I first saw her. How well I remember being introduced by Lawson, and how absurdly and unreasonably jealous I became of the poor fellow afterwards. By the way I ought to write to him. Well, I have nothing else to do just now, so—

“25 — STRASSE, ALT-MARKT,
DRESDEN.

“DEAR FRANK,—You must have thought I was dead; but far from it. I am as alive as possible. It is you who are dead, you in the Eternal City! Dresden is pleasant in its way, though dull; not that I care about either quality, who am here to work and not to play. I

have to live stingily also ; but then the little I have now is wealth to the nothing I had in London. After all, my dear fellow, though I grumbled at the time, old Owen was right ; and not only right, but kind into the bargain. God knows I long for the time when I shall be what you call lost for ever ; but it will certainly be best for all parties for me not to enter a rich family quite a beggar. You and I are too great friends for me not to tell you all. I wish you had been in town when matters were arranged, for I detest letter-writing, even to you—perhaps to you more than to any one, for you never answer. Well, then, I am to marry Grace Owen in two years' time. What am I to do meanwhile ? you ask. This is the very mystery of my being in Dresden. You must have stared at the date of my letter, but this is why. It is explained in two words. I am to study here under Tibald himself, at the expense of Grace's father. No making me enter his counting-house ; no making me give up Art ; but telling me to make the best of the gifts God gave me ; and, when I have done so, to take his daughter's hand freely, rich or poor. Ought I not to work after that ?

"How goes luck with you in Rome, and how with Harris, and Vere, and Roche ? Tell me soon. I have a good set here ; but even now I sometimes think with a sigh of the beer and negrohead of New-man Street.

"You return soon to England, do you not ? I suppose you will be calling in — Street. Please send me news of Grace, for I have promised not to write to her. I shall envy you. Do you know I was jealous of you once ?

"I have begun to paint a picture—subject, the death of Moreau, which, you possibly don't know, is locally historical, so I can do the topography business from nature. There is a charming point here on the road to Pillnitz, whence I have

directed the smoke of five hundred cigars straight across the battle-field. I go and sit there constantly in the evening with my note-book, and think and sketch and smoke and dream in the most delightful manner possible, to the accompaniment of the rustling of the leaves, the song of the birds, and—the rumbling of the skittle-alleys. For wherever there is a pleasant spot near the town, there you will find skittles and beer. I begin to like it, however. There is something rather fascinating about the national mingling of romance and grossness, the sentimental and the grotesque. You find it in all the ways of the people, in their character, in their ideas, in all their literature of every kind, everywhere, in short, except perhaps in their music, and it is sometimes even there.

"What are you doing ? I wish you were here. Come, and see how we paint in Germany, and especially how paints your friend,

"EDWARD MAURICE."

August 25.—Another of my anniversaries, the day when she first visited my studio. Miserable rubbish she saw there ! I know I was half ashamed, and how I afterwards loved the little sketch she praised, and now keeps for my sake ! How I long to hear from her, but that cannot be. Work—that is now the best thing I can do both for her and for myself. I almost think I make progress ; I am certain that I must, for how could I help it with such a motive ?

I think it rather a good sign that the *maestro* is always blaming me, and finding faults in my work. I used to dislike it at first, but I now understand him better, and see that he takes an interest in me after all. I wish I could find out what he really thinks though—and I should like a little praise sometimes. The highest that I get seems to consist of a long-drawn "*So !*" or, if he is in an excessively good humour,

a sound something like "Hm! Hm!" spoken distinctly through the nose.

Well, what shall I have to show her when she enters my studio the next time? Rubbish again, or—something great? Who knows?

I still have a good hour of daylight left; I will make it another hour of Moreau.

August 29.—One of those glorious summer days, when we seem to be wasting life even when we spend it with Art, when eternal and supreme nature asserts her sovereignty. I thought of summer days just as glorious—I confess that I grew sentimental—all past and gone, and the sweet scent with which the air was filled made me long to throw myself upon the grass and weep, if need were, from very excess of sunshine and beauty. If she were only here, what glorious days we could spend together! As it was, everything and everybody seemed glad but myself, who found

pleasure impossible, and work utterly against the grain. I must get rid of these childish feelings. One's will ought to be superior to weather, be the latter good or bad. To-day I fought successfully indeed, but the fight was very hard, and left me very weary. However, I had my reward. My evening walk, though solitary, was thus all the more delightful, and the contrast of the quiet, soft air which soothed with the brightness which disturbed, restored me to the happiness which now ought never to be invaded. I walked along the river; and the hills, and woods, and water, for once, were more than beautiful. I did not think as I walked—I only lived; I felt for once as if I were one with nature—the leader of a great chorus of sky and earth, of wood and river, of hill and plain; and what was it that the chorus sang?

Ah, Grace! what but you could be the soul of that song?

CHAPTER II.

"DRESDEN, 4th September.

"DEAR FRANK,—This neighbourhood grows on me. It certainly is not great, nor is there much variety—the river, the hills, the woods, the vineyards—that is about all. Before I return I must make a run into Saxon Switzerland and fill my sketch-book, which is as yet rather empty. But one can't do everything. Meanwhile, I am rather glad that there is nothing to seduce me into dreaming among good scenery away from the study of lines and muscles. If there were, I feel I should be lost. I felt to-day an unutterable disgust for the studio, the gallery, and all the whole machinery for turning out an artist in the approved style. I had a real longing for open nature, and, shaking myself free of men and statues, to revel in the sun without thinking of anything, and so—I went to my beer-garden! Why, I

must be more than half Teutonised already.

"However, I had not been long at my favourite spot, and had not sent many discharges of smoke towards the death-ground of the Marshal, when I was amused by a little adventure that has left a pleasant impression upon me, God knows why, for it was slight enough. To begin with, the *eilwagen* was creeping along the Leipzig road, between myself and the river. I felt my usual temptation to see if I could not throw a stone on to the top of it, but I have become so skilful of late that I was really afraid of succeeding, so I restrained myself. But what's that? The *eilwagen* overturned? Impossible!—yes, but true, nevertheless. So I went down the hill to inquire into such an extraordinary circumstance.

"The wheel had come off. When

I arrived, there was the driver holding the horses (neither of which was the least inclined to move), and gazing on the wreck in despair. The *eilwagen* had fallen to pieces, and the passengers were scattered about. Such passengers! Where could they have come from? They were not hurt by the catastrophe, and so I could afford to stare. Yet I don't know why I should have stared either, only they looked so miserable and so extremely dusty. First, there was an old man, little, lean, as brown almost as a coffee-berry, with long hair and grey mustache—for the rest, close shorn, but stubbly—very seedy as to costume, and with a half-smoked cigar still in his mouth; he had not parted with that, even in the moment of calamity. Secondly, a woman who might be old or might be young, very ugly, very fat, nearly as brown as the man, quite as shabby, but smiling placidly. Lastly, a young woman with a family likeness to the other two, and therefore, as you may suppose, not beautiful, and not dressed after the fashion-books. When I approached the man stooped, picked up his hat, put it on his head, and then took it off again with a sweeping bow, and stepped forward easily and quite composed.

"I hastily asked in German what was the matter, and if any one was hurt.

"The man gave a piteous shrug of his whole person—not the least like the celebrated shrug of Tibald, which is made with the tips of the shoulders only—and said in some strange language which I suppose he thought was French—

"*Ah, Monsieur, que s'ensuis désolé ! —ne compra la vôtre lingua, per Bacco !*"

"At least it sounded something like this, so I repeated my question in French, but this would not do either, and, my Italian being altogether drawn from the *libretti* of operas, I ransacked my brain in vain for a phrase applicable to the

upset of an *eilwagen*. Very soon, however, the younger woman came forward, and in good French, but with a bad accent, told me what had happened. They were coming from Leipzig—(considering their road and their direction I could have told them that myself)—all their luggage was with them—which I suppose meant that they had no luggage anywhere at all, for I could see none—and they were going to Dresden, which was equally evident. But what were they to do? The driver had to see after the horses and carriage, or rather the remnants, and they did not know their way. 'Now for the adventure!' you will exclaim. Well, I told them! and that is all.

"Imagine the laziness that makes me sit down and write a letter like this. The fact is I have, for once, taken a whole holiday, and have enjoyed it very much indeed. Also I wanted to write to you; but resolved not to tell you anything until I heard from you. Why don't you write—*per Bacco*?—Yours eternally,
E. MAURICK"

September 6.—Moreau is advancing, but slowly. Legitimate work, faster, though the *maestro* is as taciturn as ever. Life, though, is very pleasant. I am certainly lucky in the people I find here, and there is at the same time no fear of my having too much society, even if I wished it. Only I wish I could get news of Grace. How much of two years is gone?

I wonder who that is singing in the other attic? A wonderfully sweet voice, and not badly taught—together not such as one would expect to find up half-a-hundred flights. I hope she won't use it too often though; it will play the devil with Moreau.

It would drive me wild if I had Grisi herself for a neighbour. Good or bad, singing or speaking, there is something in hearing the sound of a woman's voice when one is at work that drives one wild with

nervous irritation—one voice of course excepted.

It is certainly time Lawson wrote; he must have been in England some weeks now.

September 9.—A letter from Lawson!

"DEAR MAURICE,—Both your letters arrived at Rome after I left, consequently I have only just got them, and hence the delay in my answer.

"I left Rome to escape the latter summer, but, instead of going to Florence, as I intended, came back here at once. Circumstances, and so on. Where do you think I write this? At the old place in Newman Street! I am lonely enough just now, though—all the world is out of town except myself—including the Owens. I asked after them yesterday, and was told they are at Scarborough, so I cannot send you any news now. Rely on me, however, in October.

"My dear fellow, I am duller than Thames water, or even than father Tiber, who is just now duller still. You ask after friends. Well, I left all in good spirits, the more so as none had any money. I don't think we had eight shillings among us all. But did you ever observe the remarkable phenomenon that as our friends' purses go down their spirits go up? So just before I went we spent the eight shillings in drinking to each other's speedy prosperity—not to yours, old fellow—your Bohemian days are over, so we drank your memory in solemn silence.

"Depend upon me for sending you all the news I hear. I shall be sure to see the Owens before long, and will make a point of letting Mademoiselle know whatever I hear from you. There are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him.—Yours ever, F. L."

September 11.—Confound that young woman who sings! Who can she be, I wonder? Some chorus

singer at the theatre, perhaps—her airs seem all to have an operatic tendency. I expect she knows the feel of the boards, and I guess her to be Italian. She doesn't sing like a German. She might be English, from her voice, but that isn't likely. One doesn't find English girls with charming voices singing to the four walls of a Dresden attic—nor Italian either, for that matter. But one or the other she must be, I wager anything.

Scales! now then, I *am* in for it! No more work for me at present. So I'll just see what her notion of a scale is, and then I'll take a turn on the Terrace.

Bravissima! Why, who the devil can she be? This grows interesting. But has she no piano? Well, thank God, I am spared that, at all events.

September 15.—I wonder what the result of these two years with Tibald will be. I have learned something, certainly, but now seem at a standstill. I really want a little encouragement. What an ass I was not to have stipulated for at least one letter during the time! For aught I know—no, no! I have nothing to do with fear or doubt.

But certainly Lawson ought to have written again. I will stir him up.

"DEAR FRANK,—I write for news. Having none of my own to give in exchange, I send you a continuation of the *cilwagen* adventure, without reference to the probability of your having forgotten it. If you have not, perhaps you will not have forgotten my account of the passengers who were spilled on that memorable occasion. Well, they have turned up again, and very oddly. The other day, on the stairs, I met the little old man, still with half a cigar in his mouth, and still stubbly as to the cheeks. His razors must be unmatched for bluntness. We exchanged good-mornings, and I discovered that we are fellow-inhabitants of No.

25—in fact, we live in adjoining attics. We recognised each other at once. This leads to another discovery. From that attic comes forth the most delicious voice conceivable; a full soprano, singing scales and elaborate exercises in the real Italian style. Is not this like the beginning of a romance? For I assume that it is not the old woman who sings.

"The man seems intelligent, and even clever, so far as I can make out; but my ignorance of Italian, and his of any tongue but his own, is rather in the way of an interchange of ideas. I wonder how he gets his living. I am rather disposed to think he doesn't get it at all. He is not very communicative, and I can't get him to ask me to his apartment. I fancy he is terribly poor—he had no apparent linen when I first saw him, and now he seems to have less, if that is possible—and I fancy thinks me a sort of *millionaire*. Well, I suppose I am, compared with him. I think I will ask him to my own attic, so that he may see that he has no particular reason to be afraid of a comparison of furniture. There are many mysteries about him I should much like to unravel. First, of course, what brings him to Dresden; secondly, how it is that he always appears to have shaved the day before yesterday; thirdly, who is the singer; fourthly, how they get their living; fifthly—and above all—how it is that his cigar is always exactly half smoked through. There are others too, but these will be enough for the present.

"What has become of the Owens? Have you seen anything of them yet? Let me know all you hear.

"For myself, I am really doing something, both with Tibald and my own private work. 'The Death of Moreau' is drawing to an end.

"Remember me to all friends and acquaintances, especially to Roche, if he is in England. How does he get on? and, above all, how do you?
E. M."

"September 26.

"DEAR MAURICE,—Your letters are even emptier than mine, but I will beat you in emptiness this time. I have only just seen the Owens. Observe the plural number, for the father has been in town some days attending to the multiplication table, and other commercial mysteries. But the young lady has been staying with two aunts in Lincolnshire—quite in the wilds of the fens—where nobody is ever heard of. I saw her, however, yesterday afternoon. She was extremely well, and looking it. I gave her bits of your letters, and she was extremely pleased. Health and pleasure naturally made her extremely amiable, but that she always is. But I need not sing her praises to you; besides, perhaps, I shall revive your jealousy. You have no reason to be afraid of her flirting—of that I feel sure. She didn't send you any message—that is, not in words, for in looks she sent a hundred. Really she is very charming, and if you must give up Bohemia for a pair of bright eyes, why you might have done worse than you have.

"I suppose you don't want to hear about anything else? You do? Well then, I am going to leave England—yes, even Newman Street. Upon my soul I can't stand it, to live here with neither money, prospects, nor friends—so I am back to Italy, there, if I may, to live, and die, and be buried. I would ask you to come too, but of course that would be hopeless now, so direct to me for the future, at the old address at Rome. I start to-morrow.—*Roma o morte!*

"Roche is well, and has even got some few half-crowns, so he has an idle fit on him. Everybody else is helping him to pass it as pleasantly as may be. For me I am sick of things in general, and if I were only a little less disgusted, I would really try to get some half-crowns myself—shillings, perhaps, would be more in my line. Such is the

condition, my dear fellow, of your friend,
FRANK LAWSON."

"P.S.—What a wonderful fellow you are for weaving romances out of nothing! Your mystery is as clear as daylight. Is there no

opera in Dresden? And does it not require chorus-singers? A pint of stout to a dozen of champagne—done!

"P.P.S.—As to the nightingale, I have no doubt that invisibility lends enchantment to the sound."

CHAPTER III.

"DRESDEN, October 31.

"DEAR FRANK,—Thanks, old fellow, for your letter and your news. I am sorry, though, you are going into exile. Shan't I find you when I come back? I suppose you don't mean to cut us all for ever.

"I can scarcely say you're wrong either. But, selfishly, I am really very much disgusted. So let me hear soon that you intend to change your mind in a year-and-a-half's time. You speak of money—can I help you at all? I can do so to the extent of a few pounds now, and I suppose when I am settled I shall be good for one or two more. You know there ought to be no humbug of false delicacy between you and me. The only thing I won't do for you is the only thing you ask me to do—that is, to come to Rome.

"I am working really hard, and hope to be able to do something in time according to better lights. But beyond barren accounts of work I have nothing particular to say. For amusement, I am not badly off for society, and I manage to hear a good deal of music, which here is not very ruinous work, and is very good on the whole. The opera is over for the present, but it has been a very fair season, although without any very tremendous stars. Still we had —, and —, and our old Paris friend, and we are in the land of orchestras, unless, perhaps, Vienna beats us, which we never allow.

"Of excursions I have made none, though Dresden is the headquarters of tourists for the Saxon Schweiz. We have had lots of

them—tourists, I mean; but no one that I knew anything about, except some people that you are fortunate enough not to know, and whom I always avoid as much as I can.

"About your bet, you are partly right and partly wrong, so I will not take it. I will tell you the whole story of how I found out all about the Italians, though you do laugh at my tendency to romance. Well, curiosity got the better of me one idle evening after dusk, and, inventing an excuse, I went across the passage and tapped at the door. A woman's voice called out '*Herein!*' and I opened. It was too dark for me to see who was in the room, but, seeing that it was not empty, I asked in French,

"*'Is Signor Salvi at home?'*

"An old woman who had been sleeping, I fancy, in a chair, roused herself, but did not speak. It was the girl who answered,—

"*'Signor Salvi is not at home, Monsiegr.'* The voice was very clear, and soft, and sweet, I assure you, without romance. 'Have you business with him?'

"I have the honour of speaking with his daughter, have I not, *Mademoiselle?*

"To the niece of Signor Salvi, Monsieur.'

"I am your neighbour on this floor. My name is Maurice. I took the liberty of disturbing you to—the pretence for calling which I had intended to make use of was that of asking for a light; but the room was so cold and so dark—excepting for the moonlight which shone through the window—that it

was not difficult to see that my neighbours were unable to procure a light for themselves. I hesitated, and stood at the door—rather like a fool, I fear. The girl came forward into the moonlight; but as her back was to the window I could not see her face.

"You are quite welcome, Monsieur," she said; 'I would ask you to sit down and wait, but'—and she hesitated in her turn—'but my uncle is not in yet, and I am doubtful when he will be.' She spoke rather anxiously, and looked at the window for an instant. 'If, however,' she added, 'Monsieur would be good enough to leave any message with me—'

"A thousand thanks, Mademoiselle; but it is of no consequence. Another time will do just as well."

"I was uncertain how to proceed. Suddenly a brilliant thought struck me. 'With your permission I will call again presently,' I said. 'Good evening, Madame—good evening, Mademoiselle.' And I left the room without giving either time to reply."

"On re-entering my own room I left the door open in order that I might hear when Salvi himself returned. It was not long before my ears caught the sound of a step on the stair, then the opening of the door opposite to mine, and then, for an instant, the sound of voices before it was closed again. I then waited a quarter of an hour by my watch, filled my cigar-case, took up a light, and again tapped at my neighbour's door."

"This time it was a man's voice that answered '*Herein!*'"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," I said, affecting for the moment not to see her uncle, 'I think I should like to leave a message.' I then turned towards Salvi. 'A thousand pardons, Monsieur, I did not see that you had returned. I wished to speak to you just now, but found you gone out.'

"You are most welcome, Monsieur. Pray, be seated.' The old

fellow spoke as if he was welcoming me to a palace. I looked at him—noticed the eternal half cigar—and took a seat, placing my light on the table. Salvi sat opposite, and regarded me gravely from his grey eyes.

"This time I had my pretext ready. 'Knowing that you are an Italian,' I said, 'though not from what part of Italy, I want to ask you if you could kindly give me any information about Florence as a residence? Some friends of mine are thinking of settling there.'

"This may appear a stupid pretext at first sight, but it was carefully calculated to serve two great purposes at once. One was that I might learn from what part of Italy my host came, and the other that he might be embarked in a long discourse, which would probably contain something about himself and his family, and would certainly give me time and opportunity to make farther observations."

"I come from Milan, Monsieur: but I know Florence well, and will tell you what I know with pleasure. Does Monsieur understand Italian?"

"Not twenty words."

"Then I must continue to speak French. But will not Monsieur smoke?" He put out his hand to the remainder of an old jar, but I stopped him.

"Thank you; but I should very much like you to try one of mine. I do not think they are very bad, but I should like a second opinion."

"The Italian took the cigar I offered at once, and was soon embarked in a long story."

"I now proceeded to examine the singer, who was seated at some needlework, and was greatly disappointed in her. I had pictured to myself a face beautiful enough to match the beautiful voice, but only saw features which were, though not ugly, certainly plain. The face was rather square shaped, though not harshly or hardly, the shape being carried out still more by the marked form of the chin, and the

way in which the very dark—almost black—hair was pushed away from the rather low forehead and temples, and fell in heavy, coarse, thick, and neglected waves behind her little white ears, and down her neck. Her mouth was large in proportion to her face—the nose being small—but it was well shaped, and the flexible lips, of which the upper was just shaded by a suspicion of down, and the lower was rather too full, appeared capable of great variety of expression, that which seemed most natural to them being, though firm, very sweet and attractive. Her complexion was, I should judge, one of those very sallow ones which look well only by candle-light, so that I probably saw her at her best—it was quite devoid of any colour, and rather thick, and her cheeks were not well rounded. She had, however, one magnificent point—large, soft, living eyes of the colour of genius—the glorious golden hazel, rarer than genius itself. Their expression was not easy to read, but they had passion and brains in them; they indicated that combination of qualities which makes men great and women miserable. In figure she was just under the middle height, fully formed, not slight and not slender, but rather stately, with good hands and feet, though not, perhaps, of the smallest. She was dressed very poorly, and even meagrely, in some stuff that was changing from black to brown, and she wore no ornament except a rosary of the commonest sort. Whatever others she might ever have possessed, had probably been long ago sold for necessaries. Such was the heroine of the mystery.

"The old woman—her aunt, apparently—seemed to be a nobody. She was very fat, very ugly, very dirty, but also very placid. Her smile alone ought to save her from starvation. But the mobile expression of the niece was far removed, even when in repose, from placid calm, and now was filled with a

joyful brightness which, when she regarded her uncle, softened into affectionate satisfaction.

"They were very poor, that was evident, and it was as evident that they were used to poverty; but still the uncle, and still more the niece—it was unnecessary and useless to speculate about the placid aunt—showed signs of culture and refinement. At the close of the long speech which old Salvi had made about Florence—of which, I must confess, I had not heard very much—I said,

"I am very much obliged to you, and have been very much interested. May I ask if you have been long in Germany?"

"Only a few months. My brother—Antonia's father—had an engagement at the opera at Leipzig—he was a violinist, like myself—he drew himself up in his seat—and he got me engaged there to fill a vacancy. I was disengaged at the time, and came; but, ah, Monsieur, we are all mortal!—here he puffed vigorously at the cigar—and my poor Carlo had only time to bless his daughter—and Monsieur knows the ways of theatres—he gave a prodigious shrug—and *ecco mi quà!*" He tried to smile, but failed miserably.

"I just glanced at Antonia. Her eyes and hands were unnaturally busy with her work. I looked at Madame Salvi. She was grave, but placid still.

"And so, Monsieur, I thought I could not do better than come here. Perhaps I may get an engagement for the opera season; anyhow, they say, I shall have a better chance than at Leipzig. But you see—he began to speak quickly and energetically—'meanwhile one must live. So I have spent my money—I have wandered about—I have sought engagements—and to-day, Monsieur, I have found one.'

"And I hope a good one."

"It is as second violin at the theatre. It is a poor thing, Monsieur, for a man who has talent;

but, after all, one must live'—(a lamentable shrug).

"And therefore I congratulate you, and the more so as I have been in heavy straits myself. Besides, no doubt you will rise if you remain here."

"Ah, Monsieur flatters! But who shall live, shall see."

"And hear also, I hope. But Mademoiselle your niece—is she not also an artist?"

"Antonia will be a great artist. But you see her education is broken. If all had gone well at Leipzig——"

"But surely your own instructions——"

"Such as she is, Monsieur, my own and my poor Carlo's have made her. But she want's practice—she wants form."

"Could you not get her an engagement here?"

"Impossible. There is nothing going on at present; and we have no name, no money, no introductions, no friends. Ah, Monsieur does not know the ways of the theatres."

"Well, I shall live in the hope of applauding both of you before long. For the present, good night, and a thousand thanks. I hope this will not be the end of our acquaintance, and that we shall be good neighbours—especially as we are both artists."

"Ah! Is Monsieur then also of the theatre?" Salvi's eyes sparkled, as if he saw an opening.

"No; I am a painter."

"This time Antonia looked up with interest."

"Pardon, Monsieur," answered the uncle. "I too hope that we shall be good neighbours."

"After a few expressions of courtesy on both sides, I left them."

"Now, as you know, I am pretty well acquainted with Bohemia in all its tracts, and the old violinist is no new character to me. I understand him thoroughly. It is the old story—the man being forced by circumstances rather than talent into that artist-life which, when it once lays hold of a man, never lets him go. Have you not seen, a hundred times over, that type of man, without anything like common sense or common prudence, running wildly on account of some vague promise, and without means, say from Milan to Dresden, and then disgusted if he is lucky enough to find himself able to keep body and soul together? May I not even add that we too know something of such things from our own experience of ourselves? I have weathered the storm now, and am entitled to preach."

"And so, my dear Frank, I have not sent you this long story without a moral. I will not set it out in full, but it comes to this—return to England, and share, so far as may be, the fortunes of your friend,

"EDWARD MAURICE."

CHAPTER IV.

Edward Maurice was perfectly right in his estimate of the violinist. Salvi was a hanger-on of Art—a man of sufficient technical skill to be able to make a sorry living by it, but without a particle of genius, and—what was worse—without the self-knowledge which alone could have improved, or even have made him accept, his position. His brother had been a man of a higher order; though also without

genius, he had appreciated himself more justly, and had cultivated himself better as a musician. Though not a great artist himself, he knew what was requisite for the formation of a great artist, and had believed with truth that he had found all the material upon which to work in his only child, Antonia. From his earnings, which were never large, he had spent freely upon her musical education what-

ever he could possibly spare, and the one dream of his toiling life had been to give her a sound and thorough training, and to bring her out upon the lyric stage. Antonia had entered heart and soul into all her father's plans. She had acquired from the influence of all the circumstances which had surrounded her from her earliest years an intense passion for musical art, and especially for that branch of it which belongs to the drama. But from nature she had acquired much more than this. She had that mysterious, that divine faculty which certainly exists in some independently of circumstance, of culture, even of intellect itself, and of whose source and nature we are ignorant, which, for want of a better and more exact knowledge, we vaguely and insufficiently call genius. But genius itself requires culture to produce Art. The most expressive voice that ever sang, the most perfect musical instinct, the most divinely inspired soul, must still be taught and trained; and the finer and subtler the material, the more skillful must be the hand, and the more elaborate the process, that is required to weave it into shape. Antonia Salvi was, at an early age, a formed woman physically and mentally—for she was of southern race, and artistic genius is ever precocious—of magnificent capabilities, of intense impulses, of grand natural gifts; but she required that culture which can only be gained in the beaten track—the technicalities, the restraints, the traditions, and the useful, if not altogether necessary, conventionalities of art. Such was the utter want of worldly tact and knowledge of herself and of her present protectors, that it seemed probable that, unless some most unlooked-for piece of good fortune should befall her, she would be doomed to waste her great talents upon some obscure stage, or in endeavouring to teach the rudiments of an art with which she herself was

imperfectly acquainted. At present the chorus of the Dresden theatre seemed to be her inevitable doom.

Her want of personal beauty was also against her in a professional point of view; and the sensitive shyness which is so often a quality of the finer order of minds, both among men and women, was likely to prevent her for a long period from gaining that ease of manner which more than supplies personal defects. She herself was conscious of her want—what plain woman is not?—but she was not wise enough to endeavour to rectify it by any acquired attraction of manner. On the contrary, she, in her sensitive pride, concealed not only her great powers, but even the vast hoards of affection and sympathy which she possessed, from the world at large, and revealed them only to her own immediate circle, which was a narrow one indeed.

At Dresden she had no means whatever of self-cultivation—not even access to a musical instrument—and almost all her time was taken up in attending to the domestic affairs of the little household. These affairs were small and trivial, it is true, but Antonia, though a woman, was an exceedingly bad manager, and the worst possible of economists; worse, even, than her uncle himself, if that might be. She was always in some difficulty or making some blunder, and her very imperfect knowledge of German did not make her troubles less. The number of tears that she shed in the course of a week over *silber-groschen* that would never come right would have sufficed for a dozen funerals. Her uncle was always out of doors—not that that made any difference—and her aunt was quite incapable of doing anything but eating, drinking, smiling placidly, and going to sleep.

It may well be supposed that this manner of life was not likely to render poor Antonia more attractive in appearance or in manner than before. She grew worse

dressed and more careless about herself—she had never been very conspicuous for neatness, or for the time or trouble that she spent upon her dress or person—sallow, thinner in the face, darker under the eyes, and less upright of carriage. She also grew more nervous and irritable, though she never showed this to her uncle or aunt, and more shy and silent than ever. But nothing injured the beauty of her voice or of her eyes.

Her voice was singularly clear and strong, with the soft and mellow fulness that never belongs to the true soprano, and the peculiar kind of sweetness with which the women of Italy and of Britain alone seem favoured. Though not of the true soprano, it was quite removed from the contralto quality, and would have been popularly classed as being of the former. Maurice was, however, not quite right when, in one of his letters to Lawson, he spoke of her perfect style. She sang in perfect tune, certainly, but her school was full of faults, such as would have offended the least fastidious of critics. Often, however, she would, by what seemed a happy chance, light upon some new rendering of a phrase, or some new effect which showed that her worst faults arose from anything but want of feeling or intelligence.

The English artist could not but be interested in her, and his interest could not but grow in proportion to the growth of their acquaintance. Otherwise, however, and independently of her voice, she had no attraction for him whatever, but rather the contrary. The lover of the beautiful, the graceful, and the amiable Grace Owen, about whom everything was always in perfect taste and in perfect keeping, was the last man who was likely to feel the least attraction towards the plain, ungraceful, and ungracious Italian, whom poverty and the hard circumstances in which she had spent her life had rendered,—not, indeed, ill-bred,—na-

ture had taken care of that,—but as far removed from the idea of a *dame des salons* as could well be. All the refining influences of life had always surrounded Grace Owen: very few, always excepting those of Art, had touched the imperfect life of Antonia Salvi. And as to eyes, Edward Maurice had spoken the exact truth when he said that none, however beautiful, could surpass the sweet, pure eyes of the fair girl in England, who was to be his wife—eyes in which he had read a hundred times all the truth and love of a true and loving heart.

The interest, however, such as it was, that he took in the position and character of Antonia led him to repeat his visit to the apartment across the passage. The Italians were always glad to see him, as they had no friends, and scarcely any acquaintance; and a real liking sprang up among them. All, however, had their illusions about each other—that of Salvi himself being the idea that the charm of his own very mediocre performances on the violin was the attraction for the English painter; for, although vain to excess of his niece's talents, he was infinitely more vain of his own.

It was no very unusual thing, then, that one day in the following January Maurice tapped at Salvi's door, or that he heard the clear voice of Antonia cry "Come in!" or that he entered and found her alone. Her uncle was out, as usual, and her aunt was probably asleep in the next room. Antonia herself was engaged in her never-ending task of trying to make her *silber-groschen* come right.

"How busy you look, Antonia," said Maurice. "You look like a Minister of Finance, at the least."

She shrugged herself together, something after the manner of her uncle. "I often wish I was a queen," she said, "but never so much as when I have my accounts to do."

"Why so?"

"Because then I should have a Finance Minister to save me the trouble."

"Perhaps the Queen that is to be—of Song—will appoint me to the office?"

"Look here!" she answered, wrinkling together her straight, black eyebrows, and pushing to him petulantly a small greasy account-book. "See what you can make of that."

It would have taxed the utmost skill of the most skilful accountant to have made head or tail of the extraordinary specimen of compound addition and subtraction that was put into the hands of Maurice, who, not being even so much as an unskilful one, looked at it vaguely upside down. His look of bewilderment changed Antonia's mood in a moment, and she burst into a fit of laughter.

"I am afraid you will have to appoint me to some other office," said Maurice. "Finance was never very much in my line. But perhaps I can help you, nevertheless. Shall we try?"

Antonia really brightened at the suggestion, and for some minutes the two were deep in the mysteries of Saxon coinage. Certainly the disbursements were small, but enormous in proportion to the receipts. At last the discrepancy became so glaring, and there seemed so little hope of inventing any new system of management, that if Antonia had been alone she would have wept herself into a headache with despair; but, as she chanced to have a companion, her innate Bohemianism and her defiant spirit got the better of her, and she worked herself into a reckless vein of talk and laughter.

It is as unnecessary as it would be impossible to produce any extracts from the little volume that formed at once the day-book and ledger of the family of the violinist. But, prosaic as were the contents, Maurice was really touched to the

heart. Probably not ninety-nine persons out of a hundred really understand the intense distress that some men—of whom he was one—feel when they see great talents doomed to be checked and balked by undeserved poverty and the petty cares of conventional life. But the few who do understand it will readily comprehend the feelings of Edward Maurice towards Antonia. If she had been his greatest enemy, he would, with pleasure and eagerness, have spent more than he could well spare to have placed her in her true position. Whenever he heard her voice, while he stood before his picture, he lamented her probable fate, and tried to form schemes whereby it might be reversed. But as yet he formed no resolution.

About this time he wrote the following letter to Lawson:—

"DRESDEN, January 15, 184-.

"DEAR FRANK,—When I last wrote to you, the leaves were still on the trees. What a long time back that makes it seem! Now, we are ice-bound, and do little else than skate. Which is most to be envied of us two? You, on the whole, I think. But we have our pleasures too.

"I wish you could see my picture, as I want some one to give me a genuine opinion—some one who knows what I used to be, and could say whether I have improved or no. I cannot do very much to it just now, as the days are so short; but it is not very far from being finished, and will, I hope, be ready in a month or two.

"I never have any news from England now, except what I read in newspapers, and about that I don't much care. That is not news, in my sense, as you know. I sometimes think of taking a holiday and running over for a month; but the experiment would be too dangerous. After all, I have got over a quarter of my time, though it has seemed so long.

"What in the world shall I find to write about? You won't care to hear about skating, coffee-parties—which in dulness beat even the British tea-fight hollow—or any one whom I know, and of whom, excepting my *cantatrice* on the other side of the passage, you never heard. By the way, I wish I had not heard her quite so often myself. If you lived with me you would soon find out to your cost what makes me mention her in every letter I write. If the noise she makes in the world is ever anything like what she makes at No. 25 ——— Strasse, you will hear of her often enough in time. She is, however, an amusing person to talk to, with more brains than beauty. She is very *naïve* and original too; and though her criticism is not exactly according to rule, it generally has meaning. How many of us could say as much?

"You see that I am writing more to ask you to write than to tell you anything. Sometimes I get a sort of home-sickness on me, and long to hear a voice from my old world. Work is not enough to fill one's whole life—especially mine, with whom it is so much more a means than an end. With some men, I know, it is different. Tibald himself, for instance, never seems to have an idea in his head, or a feeling in his heart, that has not reference to his work. If he were the most hopelessly stupid and unsuccessful man in the world, instead of being the contrary, I believe he would still work on in his own way, though the result were starvation. I sometimes feel quite angry with him. He is deaf to music, and apparently the most prosaic man in the world—never

even talks about pictures except in the way that a carpenter talks about chairs and tables—all the energy and all the enthusiasm that he must have about him somewhere he bottles up and lets out from his finger-ends, never from his tongue or his eyes. He never needs rest or amusement. He seems an incarnation of Goethe's "Without haste—but without rest." Every hour of daylight he is at work—every hour that he is awake he is thinking, in company with his *meerscham*. He never dreams, not even in sleep. He tells me that he only had a dream once in his life, and what do you suppose it was? Some vague striving after ideal beauty?—some great attempt to express an unattainable thought? Not the least. He dreamed that Titian told him that he better keep clear of heaven, for they got white beer there, and not Bavarian. Then he works so provokingly slowly. But what results! You know those works of his, so honestly emulating those of the giants of old, so grand, so full of poetry, and yet almost so over-faultless. He seems, too, as a teacher, to read the nature of one's talent by intuition, and knows how to bring it out; and he has a genius for criticism, though it is always of the cold and judicial order—he never seems to hate or to love. Sheer power and strength, without beauty—that is his character: he seems to put so much beauty into his work that he seems to have left none to spare for life.

"I confess I do not understand such a man. I say, let life be beautiful as a whole. Art is not everything. What say you at Rome?—Yours ever.

"E. MAURICE."

CHAPTER V.

However much or little Maurice thought about Antonia, she certainly thought a great deal about him.

He was the first person she had ever known who was capable of giving her anything like sympathy

in her vague aspirations—who could share her feeling about Art as something more than a means of obtaining one's share of the good things of this earth. When but a child, her questions and her dreams, which she then used to pour forth with impulsive frankness, had been as little understood by those about her as if she talked the language of another world—as, in fact, she did. With the quickness of all children in such matters, she soon found this out, and drew into herself more and more, and became strange and solitary. The wandering life her family led had always prevented her forming more than the most passing acquaintance with other girls of her own age, and those with whom she did meet interested her but little; and so she passed the unhappy youth which such natures must inevitably undergo—unhappy even when surrounded by affectionate sympathy, but unspeakably miserable when, as is usually the case, it is misunderstood. When such natures have grown old enough to appreciate the world and themselves, the bitterness passes away. True genius accepts with a proud and silent resignation its solitary fate, and rejoices in shedding abroad its warmth and light without even wishing for the least return. But Antonia, as yet, understood neither herself nor the world. She still longed for sympathy and to meet with some nature that might speak her own language and comprehend something of what filled her soul.

She was not an acute analyst of the characters of others—her experience was too confined, and her nature too introspective and self-contained. She always accepted others who showed her any kindness at an estimation higher even than that at which they valued themselves; and, as Maurice was, in many points, really her superior—in experience and cultivation, for instance—she was only too willing to lean on and confide in him. She was woman, after all.

VOL. CIII.—NO. DCXXXII.

Maurice, on the contrary, was, consciously and intentionally, an analyser of men and things. Though of a lighter and less intense character than Antonia, his imagination, his experience of men and women, and that almost feminine sensibility which is a common phenomenon of the artistic temperament, led him to comprehend Antonia's character very soon. He could not, perhaps, feel quite like her, but he could understand her feelings much better than she could understand them herself.

It gradually became more and more the habit of Antonia, as the familiarity of friendship increased, to ask Maurice for advice in her difficulties. One day—it was at the end of February—she entered his studio for the first time. The affair was urgent, and as he had not visited his neighbours for some days, she was obliged to anticipate his coming. When she entered he was at work upon his picture of 'The Death of Moreau.' Her eye immediately rested upon the work, which was very nearly finished. She was the first person who had seen it except the painter himself.

Maurice noticed the direction of her look with an anxiety which he would not have confessed even to himself, and it was with a feeling of unconscious disappointment that she made no remark on what she saw, but entered at once on the business upon which she had come. Before she left him, however, he was determined to sound her upon the subject of his picture—not that he doubted the favourable nature of her opinion, but that, like all artists—and he certainly did not differ from his brethren in this respect—his soul longed for the encouragement of praise, especially as he felt sure that hers would not be unappreciative. He therefore said:—

"I am glad that you have at last visited my magnificent *atelier*. I wish, though, I had something bet-

ter to show you. You see even this is unfinished."

She looked well at the great historical picture of the dying Marshal, but said nothing. Something in her expression reminded Maurice—strangely enough—of Tibald; and the fancy made him smile. In point of fact, she wanted to find something to say, but could not. Who among those who frequent the studios has not felt so a thousand times? And who among artists has not felt the chill that follows that unwilling silence on the part of some valued visitor? Not painters only, but musicians and poets also know it well—and their friends even better than they.

Antonia was certainly anything but a gushing person—she had no flattery at the end of her tongue.

"I see," she said at last. "Will it be long before it is quite finished? I never like to say what I think before the end."

"You are right in that. Processes should always be kept concealed."

"Besides, I am a bad judge of pictures," said Antonia.

"I doubt that, very much."

"But I am, indeed. At least I always differ from everybody."

"So do all good judges."

"But I mean from good judges."

"For instance?"

"Oh, I hardly know. In fact I have never talked much about such things."

"But you must have seen a great many pictures?"

"A great many—but I remember very few."

"You must have seen more than I—I know only London and Paris and here—you know Florence, and Rome, and Venice, besides Dresden and Paris."

"Yes—and Munich as well. But you beat me by London. Are there many pictures there?"

"A great many. But I envy you Italy."

"You will go there some day, I suppose?"

"I hope so, most devoutly. But do you not care for Art—for painting, I mean?" Perhaps the unexpected failure of Moreau rankled in him a little.

"Not care for them? Why do you ask that?"

"You said they do not remain in your memory. Now that I rather look on as a test."

"I daresay you are right," she answered—"and yet I am not sure. The fact is, that when I leave a gallery I generally remember one picture and no more; and the more I look at, the less I can remember of the others and the more of the one. You know the Louvre?"

"Well"

"Well, then—out of all the pictures there—I believe I saw them all with my father—I only remember one."

"And that is——?"

"Our Blessed Lady."

"You mean the great Murillo, no doubt—I have known it affect others in the same way. But do you remember no more?"

"That, and an angel."

"I guess which you mean."

"And then in Florence I remember again Our Blessed Lady, and here——"

"What is it you know best here?"

"Our Lady again—but the most beautiful of all."

"I suppose you mean the San Sisto?"

"I daresay it is called so."

"But do you not remember my favourite—'La Notte'—the Coreggio?"

"Which is that?"

"The picture where Mary is bending over the cradle. Do you not remember it by the wonderful light streaming upon the mother's face from the glory of her child?"

"I remember! It is beautiful indeed. But the other—I know it by heart."

"It is indeed a great picture. But, somehow, it disappointed me."

"Disappointed you?"

"It is very heretical, but I confess it."

"What could you have expected, then?"

"I hardly know—but so it was."

"There—did I not tell you I am a bad judge?"

"But in this it is I, not you, who differ from the good judges."

"But you are a painter."

"We are both artists. Art is One. But what do you say, Antonia? Let us see the two pictures together, and decide the question."

"I shall always love the San Sisto best—but I love the other, too."

"Shall we go, however?"

Antonia consented with joy, and the visit to the gallery which ensued was by no means the last. It soon became even a matter of course that whenever Maurice had time and opportunity at his disposal, he spent it in company with the Italian girl at the gallery in the Neu-Markt. Her enthusiasm was at first intensely uncultivated; but she had, even at the beginning, and in a much higher degree than her more skilled companion, the faculty of going straight to the soul of a picture, and her free and impulsive criticism, though often really wrong, often threw upon the subjects which it touched a light which he could never otherwise have gained during the study of a lifetime. He often rightly differed from her, but her remarks, even when wildly wrong, were suggestive, and opened out to him new regions of idea and new lines of criticism. Her method of studying a picture was illustrative of her nature. She would stand before some painting, selected, Heaven alone knew why—often really from caprice, and very often apparently so—and wait before it in silence until she had established between it and herself a strange kind of sympathy. When in this state she was sometimes physically affected, in the same way as many persons are by music. The tears would

come into her eyes, and she became unconscious for a time of the things and people around her—of time and place—of all save the cause of her excitement. Her living human soul entered the dead canvass, and, as it were, raised it from the dead. As is almost always the case, her excitement became contagious, and Maurice himself could not help sometimes coming under its influence, and the oftener as time went on. When the *rapprochement* between herself and a painting was once established, it was easily renewed; and on entering the gallery afterwards, she was drawn at once to some painting which had acquired this sort of fascination over her. But, in time, the skill and knowledge of Maurice educated her as much as her enthusiasm had opened a new world to him, so that at last they nearly met half-way. And so they, the man and the woman, passed through the long lines of paintings as if through life—he through knowledge, she through emotion, helping and aiding each other to probe to its real depths the world of beautiful ideas—the world of Art, in which dwelt both their souls.

The following passage occurs in a letter written by Maurice to Lawson, in April:—

"You see that the iron of work is more and more entering into my soul—what I used to call legitimate work, I mean, and not my own picture. I wish, though, you could see the latter still. I don't know what to say of it. I am sorry I chose such a subject, but I suppose I had better get it done. It was very wrong of me to go in for a battle-piece, with red coats, and so on. But still I had an idea, and should like you to help me to make it out.

"You know my love of speculating about other people. Well, my attempt to set the *maestro* before you has set me thinking about many things. This is the result, if you care to have it, so far as he is

concerned. It is my attempt to solve what used to appear to me the intensely prosaic nature of the man.

"Men of large natures, and women too, cannot use the small language of the world. The highest language of the world is inadequate for the expression of any but small ideas. Thus those who have large ideas must necessarily give up, as utterly vain, any attempt to *talk* them. They very soon find that it is utterly impossible. All superlatives and conventionally poetical expressions are thus quite meaningless, except when used to express the highest flight to which small minds can reach. A school-girl is quite justified in going into ecstasies of words, but how should the enthusiasm of a Tibald find vent? Not even the highest poetry can exactly express that form of enthusiasm which finds its true outlet in form and colour. How tame, to a very great painter, must appear any attempt to describe in words what can only be expressed by the hand.

"I believe this to be the reason why the talk of painters, like that of musicians, is generally confined to technicalities, about which they

can talk, and of money, of which genius is as greedy as it is profuse—and why they, as a rule, believe only in small poetry, which only attempts to express small ideas.

"I imagine to myself, then, a nature full of impulse and passion that cannot be suppressed, denied its proper outlet, and the conventional idea of the enthusiast is the result. It would be always trying to pour itself into all sorts of channels—would be talking for ever, and incapable of doing anything. But, let it once find its right course, and it would flow on calmly and silently, doing great things, though bearing a smiling and perhaps even stupid front to the world. The enthusiasm would be there, but fully developed—it would have turned to energy.

"It is the most terrible thing that can happen to a man or woman to be denied, or not to be able to find, the proper outlet. And yet, I fear, it happens daily. This rather commonplace truth has come home to me of late with a new force, and as if it were a discovery of my own. I suppose you will say you knew it all long ago. I should have said I knew it too—but I should have been wrong."

CHAPTER VI.

May 2.—I have been just eleven months in Dresden to-day, and cannot help feeling that I have made good progress in the time. Certainly in many ways I am very different as a painter from what I was a year ago. I shall deserve to be able to get my bread, I hope and believe; but shall I ever be able to do anything really great? Shall I ever be able to carry out in truth one single idea?

I am not, however, altogether without encouragement. Tibald has certainly noticed me very favourably of late, and clearly takes an interest in me. He no longer contents himself with "*So!*" and "*Hm!*"—he really goes out of his

road to give me advice. But independently of Tibald—though it is no doubt owing to him—I certainly feel my ideas about all artistic matters considerably enlarged and expanded. For one thing, I begin to see clearly—what I have never properly understood till lately—that Art, to be worth anything, must be its own end. Of course I have said so a hundred thousand times, but I believed and said it only in the way that a man believes and says that he is mortal; he would not dream of denying the assertion, of course, and would laugh at the absurdity of any one who might be so daring as to do so—but the truth of it, I see now,

was never part of myself. I really do not seem to be the same person who began to paint that absurd daub of 'The Death of Moreau.' How strange is a sudden waking up like this! I can almost date the moment of it.

There is only one thing about which I do not feel quite at ease. I have the same old desire still to paint a picture now, and at once. I know that Tibald would say, "No—not yet," but I must let myself out somehow. Perpetual and unvaried taking in is very right, no doubt, but it restrains one's energy rather too much. I really must *do* something, as well as learn. I shall not attempt anything very immense, though, this time.

May 7.—What a strange girl Antonia is! And yet, somehow, I understand her, though I should certainly be unable to give any idea of her character to any one else. Suppose I was writing to Lawson, for instance, and wanted to give him my impression of her, what in the world could I say? Very enthusiastic—yes, but so are a million women. Good natural talent for Art—so have a million more. Very uncultivated—well, how few women are not! So that won't do. I should only have described a woman very little above the average, and not really like Antonia at all. Perhaps I could get at it by means of cataloguing her peculiarities. For instance, she is the only enthusiastic woman I ever came across who is silent—from which I should infer that her enthusiasm is real. She is the only clever woman I ever saw who is not always saying clever things—so I infer some other obscure virtue in her; and the only uncultivated woman who does or does not something or other quite as much to the point; and so on. Well, it isn't worth the trying, for I certainly don't want to describe her to anybody, and I need not try to explain to myself why I think I understand her.

I wish, though, I could help her

to cultivate her own special talent—music. I believe that she would do on the stage. She has all the qualities, and is a born Italian as well, which is a piece of good fortune that ought not to be wasted. Well, I must try and make a little money—I should rather like to play the art patron to some one who would do me justice.

The worst of it is that she ought not to be wasting all this time if she is ever really to do anything. . . . By the way, a good idea! There is one thing I *can* do—I will hire a piano, and she shall use it as much as she likes—or, better, it shall stand in their room. I shall ask them to take care of it for me as a favour, for I certainly have no room for it here, and my work will not be disturbed—that would never do.

May 29.—I almost wish to Heaven that I had never thought of the piano, or else that the lady would let it alone sometimes—say for half an hour or so once a-week.

Perhaps, however, when the summer is really here, I shall have a little less of it. If she is at all like me she will find Art go a little to the dogs when Nature has it all her own way again—especially when Art calls to work and Nature to idleness. I wonder what Lawson is doing—I have not heard from him for an age. But then, on the other hand, I have not written to him—and what is the advantage of friendship if it cannot exist without correspondence? That is the feminine idea—but then feminine friendship, I take it, is a very queer thing.

Well, if I mean to enjoy myself a little when the summer comes, I must work all the better now. Certainly I have a very good example, if not always before my eyes, yet always in my ears. What a glorious voice it is! I must manage to get acquainted with somebody or other who may be able to do something for it—it is infinitely too good to be lost in the chorus, and the uncle and aunt seem a couple of imbeciles. If I could but get that splendid

voice of hers only half a mile away from myself, what a relief it would be to me! Perhaps I might manage to do something with this picture of mine in that case.

Certainly we painters stand at a great disadvantage with respect to musicians. We can't annoy them with our practising, but they can drive us to desperation with theirs. I must find out some method of revenge.

How she is attacking those exercises! Well—I give in—and in sheer despair will attack mine.

To-morrow I will lay in a stock of cotton wool.

June 16.—Summer is come again, and I have wasted its first real day by—working.

I am ashamed of myself, but the fact remains. I had made such good intentions only last night. I was not to do a stroke of work, but was to walk by myself to my old place on the Leipzig road. What an age it is since I was there last! There I was to drink a bottle of Rüdeshheimer, and then do whatever I might feel inclined, except go back to the town. What demon put it into my head to give just one touch to my confounded canvass? Alas! I yielded to temptation—the touch multiplied itself—and here I am still, with my head one whirl of scales. Could I not even have bought the cotton wool?

Well, I vow that the very next fine day I will not even look towards my easel. To-morrow—well, I may as well finish off what I have been doing to-day—and the next day I must spend entirely with Tibald—and the next, I have promised to take Antonia to the theatre—and the next—well, I will do nothing as soon as possible at least.

And now let me see what I have done to-day. I should like Antonia to see it also, though—to judge how far I have succeeded in working out that idea of hers. I will get her to look at it to-morrow, when it will be in a better state, and make her give me her opinion.

I must write to Lawson soon—

one day next week, perhaps. And yet, perhaps, I had better wait till I hear from him. I don't even know whether he is in Rome or not; and, if he did not get my letter there, I don't suppose he would get it at all.

What shall I do with myself this evening? I have been keeping myself so close lately that I am beginning to lose all my acquaintance. I could go to Emil's, certainly—but, ten to one, he will be at the theatre, and I am getting tired of that eternal method of killing time. I might take a stroll on the Terrace—I should be sure to meet some one I knew—but no, I think I will stay at home, after all. In that case, I may as well fill my meerschauum. Confound it! I left it last night at Salvi's. Well, then, there is no help for it—I must go over and get it. That will have one good effect at least—it may stop the piano for a time.

June 27.—I thought yesterday that my new picture was really getting on; but on looking at it this morning I am disgusted. I think I shall give it up. I never felt before such a sickening sense of imperfection. The worst is, that I cannot see how I am going wrong. I have already stood before the canvass for two hours at least, and can find nothing to alter, except—the whole thing, which I might therefore just as well cut to pieces at once.

It is so frightfully dead—a mere copy of a possible combination of natural forms, and nothing more. In the hands of a great master a touch or two would put into it the life-giving soul—but that is just what I despair of doing. If I could only let out into it something of what I have received from that Titian we studied yesterday, I should be content. If I cannot create, surely I might hope to reproduce. But this is neither creation nor reproduction, nor can be. I may as well dismiss all hope, if this is the best I can do. There are enough mere copyists in the world without me. . . .

"Antonia?—I never heard you come in."

"You were at work? Do I disturb you? I only came to ask—but how pale and sad you look! Are you not well?"

"Oh, it is nothing. I am only disgusted."

"What has happened?"

"Look at this."

"Ah, that is beautiful!—but—"

"Yes, 'but!'—that is the very point."

"It is not finished?"

"Not finished—but done with."

"Shall you not finish it, then?"

"I cannot."

"Ah, you are tired of it. Yet it wants so little—it is a pity."

"Tired? I am sick of it—and it is just that little I cannot do. You see, Antonia, just think of the San Sisto and all those great pictures we know so well, and then look at this. *They are alive.*"

"And so will this be soon."

"Never, without the hand of a master."

"Of course not. But it must live soon—it wants so little."

"Do you not see what that little is? It is everything."

"You mean life—soul?"

"That is what I mean. Ah, Antonia, if I could throw into my hand the soul that you throw into your voice, this would be a picture then."

"I throw nothing into my music—I only find what is there. It is easy."

"Would I could find it so!"

"Ah, my friend, you feel as I often feel. Shall I tell you what I do when I cannot make music come right?"

"What?"

"I do three things—I laugh at myself; I call myself stupid; and I try again."

"And if that does not answer?"

"Then—I don't try it again. One cannot do everything, you know. But you are not to be like me in that. You must try my first remedy. You have already called

yourself stupid, and now you must laugh."

"By all means, Antonia, if you will make me."

"Oh, you shall be made to laugh! But you must do something else too. You must promise me not to look at your picture for three whole days."

"I won't look at it for three whole years, if you like."

"No—but you must promise me something more still."

"Well?"

"I will not tell you unless you promise."

"I promise, then."

"You must spend the three days among the woods. You must make some sketches, and you must give them to me."

"But, Antonia—"

"You have promised."

"But I have promised Herr Tibald—"

"But you have promised me."

"But—"

"There!—there is a cover over the poor picture! Now come over to us, and try to make us laugh. And to-morrow you will sketch me some oaks, the finest you can find, and some water—and the next day some more, and the next day too—and then—"

"Then?"

"We will make a great hole in your picture!—How the sun shines, it is almost like Milan."

"Would you like to go into the country, Antonia?"

"Oh, of all things!"

"Then could not you, and your uncle and aunt, help me to get through one or two of the three days? As you have condemned me to exile you ought to make it as endurable as possible."

"Oh, my aunt in the woods! That is a good joke."

"Well, what do you say? Any way I will come over to them, and talk of it."

July 1.—I certainly never spent my time in a more absurdly idyllic manner than I have spent the last three days. But I have as certainly

enjoyed them. I believe I wanted rest, and so far Antonia was a good physician. Now, let me see this picture of mine. But here comes my doctor.

"My friend, I have come to see you make the hole."

"Wait a minute, Antonia! I have an idea."

"But it will not do."

"Ah, you are laughing at me. Do you know what happened yesterday?"

"What? An adventure?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"I found this picture of mine—where do you suppose?"

"Where?"

"That is my secret. But have I not told you that Art is One?"

"How mysterious! Come, I am waiting to see you make the hole."

"Well—I found it in a song, into which you *had* put life, for once."

"*Pazzie!*—now then—the hole!"

"Look—I will prove to you that I understood your song. Give it me."

"What? The knife—or the scissors?"

"Neither—we will try the palette first. But don't go yet—I shall want you."

July 8.—"Well, Antonia?"

"Not quite, yet. But it will do—let me see—in three days."

"In three days? I could not find myself another three days' work here. I should be overdoing things."

"You have nothing more to do."

"What has to be done, then?"

"My friend, now you ought to call yourself stupid indeed. Cover it up, and look at it in three days."

"For the fairies to finish?"

"Yes—for the fairies. When a thing is good, the fairies always come and make it better. So cover it, and go and tell every one that you have painted a picture."

"But have I in truth done so?"

"My dear friend, you know in your own soul that you have."

"Not so, Antonia! I know it in yours."

August 5.—"Antonia!"

"My friend?"

"Do you believe what the world says?"

"When I like. What does it say now? It says so many things."

"It says that the English Herr, Edward Maurice, the pupil of Tibald the painter, has painted a great picture."

"Oh, my dear friend, I am glad indeed! Has Herr Tibald seen it?"

"Yes—and this is indeed something to be proud of—he agrees with the world."

"And you—what do you say yourself?"

"I say that the world is wrong, and Tibald too, for once."

"Bravo! It is so likely you think so."

"I do, though. I say that the person who painted that picture is not the English Herr, Edward Maurice, the pupil of Tibald, but, through his hands, the Italian Fräulein, Antonia Salvi—the pupil of Raphael and of Titian. My dear Antonia, you cannot tell what I owe you."

"*'Anch' io pittore!*' I congratulate myself heartily, then."

"Believe me, it is so. And now will you let me do something for you, in my turn?"

"That depends on what it is."

"I have just received a very valuable commission. It is a government one, and I was recommended by Tibald. In fact, my good fortune is such that I wish my friends to share it. No, Antonia—I do not ask you to accept anything that you may not accept freely. Heaven alone knows how much of my good fortune—I speak seriously—I owe to your companionship. I now wish to carry out a very great wish of mine. I wish you to complete yourself as a singer, and myself to be the means by which you will achieve your fame."

THE LATEST LAWGIVER.

THERE are few things more curious than the shape taken by extreme cultivation in these days in many well-known examples. It is the result of causes sufficiently natural, but yet at variance with the established principles of thought. Wisdom, according to the received idea, ought to be something above the common prejudices and prepossessions of man, above the dreams of youth—infinately calm, exquisitely reasonable, taking into account not only all the essential elements of humanity, but also its outward conditions, the way by which it has come in the past, the limits which bind it in the present. Such are the qualities we expect from philosophers when they enter upon the consideration of social questions, and cast anxious eyes away from their books upon the sad and weary world in which they live. All of us, whether philosophers or not, are but too well aware that it is a weary and a melancholy world. Might is still right among us far more frequently than it ought to be. Folly gets uppermost notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary. Money swamps merit; falsehood gets the better of truth. Nor is the reckoning more reassuring when we leave considering the ways of man to man, and come to look at those which we broadly call Providence, the ways of God. God crushes as well as man; the hearts that are most sweet and full of divine charity are often the most hardly tried; the weary labourer to whom one touch of simple happiness, one word of kind encouragement, would give heart and strength for his work, has to toil on without either; no miracle drops down from heaven upon the suffering. Man sets his heel on the neck of his brother; and when the sufferer is at his earthly worst, heaven steps in with bereavements, disappointments,

pangs of the soul. Such is the common fashion of the world. When any thoughtful man approaches this subject, it is but natural that we should expect from him a breadth of apprehension, a sober calm of vision. If it were but a complicated machine which had to be set right this would be necessary; and the world is more complicated than any machine. A thousand things have to be taken into consideration by him who would throw any light upon its problems. There are its laws to study; and when the laws have been studied, there are countless exceptions, modifying circumstances, individual peculiarities, to be taken into account. Neither will it do to look upon it arbitrarily as it is to-day. Our philosopher must consider how it came to be what it is to-day. He must realise the power of those dumb unreasonable forces that are always at work among human things; he must acknowledge the innate deficiencies of the line and plummet to measure the needs and capabilities of men. It would be endless work to make a catalogue of all the restrictions under which he would have to bind himself. Where is the man to be found so calm, so clear-sighted, so tolerant, so reasonable, as to take up this greatest of all subjects, and throw any real light to us as we toil in the dark upon the difficulties of our time?

It is curious, and it would be laughable, were it not so profoundly sad and beyond reach of mirth, to note the spirit and manner of thought in which the subject is really approached by many of our latter-day prophets. To those who argue upon strict law there is little to be said. The science of political economy may or may not be true, but it is at least a science dealing

with real or supposed laws, and bound to follow them out to whatsoever cruel consequences they may involve. We do not pretend to discuss any such system at the present moment. It is its avowed opponent who stands before us with the scroll in his hand, which is written within and without with other things besides lamentation and woe.* Mr Ruskin has taken up his position of prophet at his own hand. Nobody called him to that solemn and fatal eminence. The world received him with acclamation long ago into a high place in what seemed his natural sphere. He talked to us of art, and we listened, if not always agreeing, yet bound by the fascination of a voice full of the finest harmonies, the purest enthusiasms. He talked to us of clouds, and seas, and mountain lines, and those stones in which lie better things than sermons, and his audience hung entranced upon his lips. Nobody contested his excellency in his own walk. We might, indeed, hold his opinions less than sacred, and retain some certain right of private judgment of which our critic was as jealous as any Pope; but nevertheless England was proud of her critic, who was in himself as great an artist as the old Venetians or the modern painters of whom he spoke. We are not informed what was the sudden inspiration or call of unknown voices which prompted him to leave this fair and peaceful eminence and rush up to the bleak hill-top where the prophets gather. He has himself avowed that their gift was not his. "By rights I ought to be out among the budding banks and hedges, outlining sprays of hawthorn and clusters of primroses; that is *my* right work," he says: and between this work and that of legislating for a nation there is little analogy or even resemblance. Society, we fear, can never be trained into those fine and tapering lines

which regulate the eaves of our trees, the petals of our flowers. There is nothing in it of kin with the innocent and spontaneous blossoms of the spring. The painter, the botanist, the observer of nature, require different faculties and another frame of mind from that demanded of a lawgiver; yet since Moses there have few more ambitious and catholic lawgivers risen among men than he who now addresses us from his blossomed orchard with the counsel of birds and the breath of flowers to help him in his self-appointed task.

But we are wrong in saying that we do not know by what inspiration Mr Ruskin has been thus forced from his natural occupation, and thrust up to that mount of vision on which the prophets dwell. He has himself told us the reason:—

"It is not," he says, "in the inner gist and truth of it right norgood for you, or for anybody else, that Cruikshank, with his great gift, and I with my weak, but yet thoroughly clear and definite one, should both of us be tormented by agony of indignation and compassion, till we are forced to give up our peace, and pleasure, and power; and rush down into the streets and lanes of the city to do the little that is in the strength of our single hands against their uncleanness and iniquity. But as in a sorely besieged town every man went to the ramparts, whatsoever business he leaves, so neither he nor I have had any choice but to leave our household stuff and go on crusade such as we are called to; not that I mean, if Fate may be any way resisted, to give up the strength of my life, as he has given his; for I think he was wrong in doing so; and that he should only have carried the fiery cross his appointed leagues, and then given it into another hand: and for my own part I mean these, my letters, to close my political work for many a day; and I write them not in any hope of their being at present listened to, but to disburthen my heart of the witness I have to bear, that I may be free to go back to my garden lawns and paint birds and flowers there."

* 'Time and Tide by Weare and Tyue.' Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

Let us allow, without any further question, that this is a just and feasible reason why any man, whatever his private avocation, should interpose in the ill-regulated affairs of the world. He has a burden on his heart because of their misery, their hardships, all the wrongs and pangs they involve, and he must utter his burden or die. It has been such an impulse which has moved the greatest of prophets; once possessed by this fire in his veins, the man's opinion is worth pondering, though his trade had been to work flowers in Berlin wool, instead of to paint them; and for this cause, if no other, we are ready to give our best attention to Mr Ruskin. He has a fancy for foolish titles, which give a fantastic character, or at least the appearance of a fantastic character, to his books; but, after all, that is a trifling and superficial weakness. It is not to be denied that he is eloquent, that he is in earnest, and that he thinks there is something in what he has to say. What does it matter though a book be called 'Sesame and Lilies,' if there is really something in it worthy, at this crisis of human affairs, of the attention of men? 'Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne' may suggest sketches of rude Northumbrian life instead of the polished musings of a philosopher in his garden; but that is a matter of the most trifling no-importance, if it be the fact that it conveys valuable information to us upon the problems of the day. We grant all these preliminaries without grudging to our new prophet. All we ask of him is that he shall really have this burden of prophecy, and that however fantastically in his own way, not in ours, he shall utter what wisdom is in him, and cast such light as he possesses upon the workaday puzzles of the world.

And in case our readers should not recollect what kind of globe this is, let us set before them the sphere and material upon which

Mr Ruskin means to operate. The system he propounds is not a modification or improvement of existing things, but an entire new code of laws. He proposes to make us new from top to toe. Therefore it is fit that we should realise, to start with, who and what we are. We are, in the first place, a nation which has long held itself up before Christendom as a model of freedom and constitutional perfection. We have struggled for hundreds of years against everybody who attempted to restrain our individual liberties. We have thought nothing of sacrificing a dynasty to secure to ourselves the right of being consulted either in pretence or reality about everything that was done for us. Age after age our struggle has been to extend further and further the bounds of personal freedom. Inquisition of every kind is utterly obnoxious to us. An Englishman is born with the proud privilege of going where he pleases, doing as he pleases, and, so long as he keeps the law and his reputation, being asked no questions. Even what he says, except in the most extreme cases, is his own affair, and one with which no official interferes. A Frenchman must be furnished with *ses papiers*, words which mean volumes to every Continental ear. A German, if he happens to be "wanted," has always a neat succinct little biography to go with him, compiled by a watchful State. But an Englishman's boast is that there is no biography of him anywhere—that nobody cares whence he comes, nor whither he goes—that he may make what alliances he pleases, work when he pleases, idle when he pleases, subject himself to private tyranny if he likes, but resist all public espionage to the death. Our history is full of this leading principle. Generation after generation has thrown off another and another coil of social restriction—not convulsively, nor all at once, but with a patient determination, which shows how it has

entered into the heart of the nation. All this is as well known as their A B C to most men. And it is to a nation of this kind that Mr Ruskin, a well-educated Englishman, propounds his new code of laws. He is a Tory and Conservative, he says—he has no such horror of slavery, and no such unbounded faith in freedom, as have Englishmen in general. But still, we suppose, he is sane and in his right mind, and understands something of the analogy of facts. He would not propose to a community of Puritans an instantaneous plunge into all the dissipation of fashionable society; nor would he propose a course of severe philosophical study to the members of, say, the Pytchley or any other hunt. But what he proposes to do is stranger and foolisher than either—so strange indeed and so foolish that the public in the extreme absurdity of it is apt to lose a useful lesson, and greet with scornful laughter alone a sight which is well calculated to arouse more painful emotions.

For human folly, especially when in conjunction with human wisdom, is an affecting sight to behold; and there is something amazing in the calm with which a man, who is immensely above the average in intellect, and still more so in cultivation, can look down from his eminence on hearts breaking and lives perishing, and utter forth his childish panacea. In such circumstances the destructive has a great advantage over the constructive philosopher. The former cannot but have a great deal of reason in his denunciations, and so long as he confines himself to these he is safe. No prophet can raise his voice too loudly against modern, as none has been too energetic against ancient, crimes and miseries. Our world is full of sordid sins, of shameless follies, of mean and shortsighted perversity. Whole classes among us bellow for freedom one moment, and bind themselves under a voluntary system of slavery the next.

Others make loud proclamations of uprightness, and while they are doing it, exert their whole strength to defraud their neighbours. Since the world began, its history has been that of a series of crises, more or less violent, in which everything that was bad surged to the top with a force which threatened to swamp everything that was good and noble. The motive of the crisis changes from time to time, but the fact does not vary. And we are now in the midst of one of those violent emergencies. The special sin of the time is lawlessness or lawless selfishness—the reign of every man's special interest, or of whatever every man thinks his special interest, in antagonism to that of the species in general, and of all and every other man. Ours is a day in which every man does his work for his pay, and for no other motive; in which excellence has ceased to be desired or thought desirable, and fame, that last infirmity of noble minds, has gone out of fashion—a day in which we no longer care what becomes of our neighbours, but centre all our thoughts on ourselves. Ours is the age of trade-unions—societies which (whatever advantage may be in them, a question which it is not our business to discuss) hold their members down to a level of compulsory mediocrity, and wield over their enemies the mysterious power of a *Vehme Gericht*; of competitions in which a man's ability to govern a province is proved by his capacity for remembering a date; a day of fraudulent bankruptcies, of mercantile dishonesty, of rampant tradesmanship. It would be difficult to overestimate the real evils of the time. And there are plenty of voices—not sweet, perhaps, but serious enough—to proclaim it; voices, no doubt, that sometimes shriek fanatically, and sometimes overstep the boundary between the ridiculous and the sublime. There is Carlyle, with thunders of Jove, with wild lightning and storm-blasts, blazing

and resounding in the upper horizon—to little practical purpose, yet with something of rugged grandeur, like a Norse demigod; there is the “philosopher” in and out of Parliament, perfect in theoretical wisdom, and logical beyond all human possibilities; there are the tribunes who rave against aristocrats, and the champions who rave against the people; there is, to go from great to small, the ‘Saturday Review’ in a corner, swearing, blaspheming, and tearing its hair in a blast against all women. In short, both the halves and all the ranks of humanity are indicted before many tribunals, and a very true bill—too true a bill in most cases—is found against them. The prophets, in their rage and passion, are always partly in the right. It would be difficult, in this present moment of commotion and internal ferment, to say of any that he was entirely wrong.

But it is a totally different affair when we come to schemes to set all this wrong right. Even in such a matter as the tenure of land in Ireland, how many plans are afloat—what wild suggestions are made—how bewildering are the chances on one side and the other! How much more when it is the reformation of a nation instead of the tenure of so many acres of soil! Yet, notwithstanding the difficulties of this vast subject, Mr Ruskin has ventured upon it. His project is not put forth in one formal scheme, but is to be found in a series of letters addressed to an apparently intelligent working man. Their destination is the most appropriate thing in them. Had it been possible to imagine any intelligent working man in possession of a style so perfect as Mr Ruskin’s, these suggestions for a new code of national laws would have been exactly such as we could have imagined him to produce. The lion meets with the lamb in this new but ever-recurring paradox. The dreams of an uneducated intelli-

gence and the dreams of extreme and reclude cultivation encounter each other upon common ground. The defect in both is the same defect. The clever artisan who is superior to his fellows, who reads and thinks, and interests the educated spectator, goes wildly astray in his visions of the better time that is coming, because he draws all his ideas of it from books and his own crude reasonings, and leaves practical considerations aside as unimportant things. The student who lives in his library and his orchard, who takes counsel, he also, with his poets, and with the birds that believe in him and sing him their secrets outside, does something precisely similar. The two are each other’s natural confidants and companions. The one by force of circumstances, the other by free-will or natural constitution, has put himself out of that training-ground of actual life in which all the complications, all the difficulties of humanity, come into play. This is the chief explanation of the curious foolishness, Utopianism, impractical character of the suggestions of so many men whose opinions ought to be eminently worth having. Men who have accumulated all kinds of information, and to whom the treasury of all the ages lies open, amaze us with plans as pretty and as futile as the fancies of an untrained intellectualist, or the generous visions of boy or girl in the age of optimism and all-belief. Such dreams may be noble in the case of the youth; they are pathetic in the case of the partially educated, who express in them at once the beauty and the weakness of superficial knowledge. But how shall we designate them in the case of those who ought to know better, to whom an acquaintance with the long results of time is a duty, who ought to be fully aware of the lessons of history and the capabilities of life? In such the folly is monstrous, the blindness wellnigh unpardonable;

for it is a blindness which gives itself forth as insight, and holds out a reckless hand to guide the blind.

We will do our best to give our readers an idea of Mr Ruskin's scheme, for their and our and England's deliverance from the evils that overwhelm us, in a consecutive form: that is, we will give his proposals in such sequence as we can, though it is hard to know precisely where to begin. We shall, at hazard, and because it is of all points the most picturesque and attractive to the general world, choose the period of youth, the age of romance, and open the exposition by a sketch of what will be, in his new-formed world, Mr Ruskin's way of dealing with his youths and maidens. As his mode is to expose the miserable inefficiency of our present arrangements, before producing his plan for their improvement we may mention that it is after a painful opening up of the subjects of over-work, and of rash and improvident marriages, the last being, in the cases he mentions, the cause of the first, and the whole ending in premature death, beggary, orphan asylums, and a liberality on the part of our philosopher which makes him unable to buy an edition of the 'Flora of Java,' which he particularly wanted—that he proceeds to his own suggestions for a new system. Let us say, however, by the way, that Mr Ruskin is singularly indiscreet in instancing the cases in which his help has been called for. His description of the poor people who appealed to his not silent charity, is clear enough to be, no doubt, identified by many. It may be wrong of a poor barrister to die and leave a widow with eight chil-

dren penniless on the world; and no doubt it is very wrong for personal friends of Mr Ruskin to be on the brink of bankruptcy. But still that is no reason for holding them up to the public in all the deformity of their social wickedness. The general fact is strong enough, without these particular instances. There are thousands of people in the world who would rather give twenty pounds to a poor widow than to Quaritch the bookseller for the 'Flora of Java;' and, important though that work may be, and still more important as may be the work which Mr Ruskin could have produced by its aid, still there are instances of self-denial more grievous. The argument, as it happens, would have been a great deal stronger without the illustrations.

But now for Mr Ruskin's plan to prevent imprudent marriages, and to secure such unions as will not lead to orphan asylums and death by over-work.

"You leave your marriages," he says, "to be settled by supply and demand instead of wholesome law. And thus, among your youths and maidens, the improvident, incontinent, selfish, and foolish ones marry whether you will or not, and beget families of children, necessarily inheritors in a great degree of those natural dispositions, and for whom, supposing they had the best dispositions in the world, you have thus provided, by way of educators, the foolishlest fathers and mothers you could find.* On the other hand, whosoever is wise, patient, unselfish, pure, among your youth, you keep maid or bachelor, wasting their best days of life in painful sacrifice, forbidding them their best help and best reward, and carefully excluding their patience and tenderness from any offices of parental duty. Is not this a beatific and beautifully sagacious scheme for a Celestial Empire such as that of these British Isles? . . .

* Here Mr Ruskin interposes a parenthesis. ("The only rational sentence in their letters, usually, is the invariable one in which they declare themselves 'incapable of providing for their children's education.'") He has just before quoted a letter from an artist's wife asking for a presentation to Christ's Hospital, in which this sentence occurs. Poor mothers, who may chance to have a visionary faith in the great writer, beware! Other men may equally refuse to grant your prayers; but few are likely to turn a happy sentence by means of such pitiful petitions.

"Briefly, then, and in main points, subject in minor ones to such modifications in detail as local circumstances and characters would render expedient, these following are laws such as a prudent nation would institute respecting its marriages. Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of its youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education, and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. It should not be attainable without earnest and consistent effort, though put within the reach of all who were willing to make such effort, and the granting of it should be a public testimony to the fact that the youth or maid to whom it was given had lived within their proper sphere a modest and virtuous life, and had attained such skill in their proper handicraft, and in arts of household economy, as might give well-founded expectations of their being able honourably to maintain and teach their children. No girl should receive her permission to marry before her 17th birthday, nor any youth before his 21st, and it should be a point of somewhat distinguished honour with both sexes to gain their permission of marriage in the 18th and 22d year, and a recognised disgrace not to have gained it at least before the close of their 21st and 24th. I do not mean that they should in any wise hasten actual marriage, but only that they should hold it a point of honour to have the right to marry. In every year there should be two festivals—one on the 1st of May, and one at the feast of harvest-home in each district,—at which festivals their permission to marry should be given publicly to the maidens and youths who had won them in that half-year; and they should be crowned, the maids by the old French title of *Rosières*, and the youths, perhaps, by some name rightly derived from our supposed signification of the word 'bachelor,' 'laurel fruit,' and so led in procession, with music and singing, through the city street and village lane, and the day ended with feasting of the poor, but not with feasting theirs, except quietly at their homes."

Listen, ye heavens, and O earth! this is how the first great social difficulty of England is to be cured.

This pretty Watteau picture, however, is but the beginning. When we have led our *Rosières* and our bachelors through the streets,

with music and singing—a little ceremonial which, when conducted by way of Bond Street and Piccadilly, will be a sight for the gods—we have but completed the preface, and have yet a hundred things to think of. We will not ask Mr Ruskin if he is aware of the fine strokes of wit to be found in French dramas in respect to these same *Rosières*, but assume them to be just what he supposes them—spotless young creatures brought up in accordance with his own instructions in the 'Ethics of Dust,' to dance, sing, dress, and cook, the great arts and offices of women, and taught to consider this permission to marry as the great object of their existence; a mode of education differing from most recent suggestions, but yet proposed on the whole by as competent a critic as M. Duruy, or the Oxford and Cambridge assessors, or the 'Saturday Review,' the principal authorities on the subject. We go on, however, to the necessary steps which follow. Mr Ruskin does not inform us that these young graduates in life are to be publicly guided in their choice of partners. On this point we have only mysterious hints about the "regulation of marriage;" about looking after the marriages of the poor, in order to correct irregularities of feature and expression among their descendants; and "giving some of the attention to the conditions affecting the race of man, which has hitherto only been bestowed on those which may better its races of cattle." For the moment, however, it seems plain that our philosopher has shrunk from direct legislation on this subject. He has left the young people to their own likings, or to a vague general direction. We are left to imagine that they do make a selection and settle into pairs, and here again the beneficent paternal lawgiver steps in.

"Every bachelor and *Rosière* should be entitled to claim, if they needed it, according to their position in life, a fixed

income from the State, for seven years from the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their home; and however rich they might be by inheritance, their income should not be permitted to exceed a given sum proportioned to their rank for the seven years following that in which they had obtained their permission to marry, but should accumulate in the trust of the State until that seventh year in which they should be put (on certain conditions) finally in possession of their property; and the men thus necessarily not before their twenty-eighth, nor usually later than their thirty-first year, become eligible to offices of State; so that the rich and poor should not be sharply separated in the beginning of the war of life, but the one supported against the first stress of it long enough to enable them by proper forethought and economy to secure their footing; and the other trained somewhat in the use of moderate means, before they were permitted to have the command of abundant ones. And of the sources from which those State incomes for the married poor should be supplied, or of the treatment of those of our youth whose conduct rendered it advisable to refuse them permission to marry, I defer what I have to say till we come to the general subjects of taxation and national discipline."

These latter questions are not attained to in the present volume, so that we can throw no light on the two important matters above indicated; nor are we able to say what amount of dereliction of duty, what depth of ignorance of proper handicrafts and arts of domestic economy would disqualify our boys and girls for the rank of bachelors and *Rosières*. We may mention, however, at this point, that Mr Ruskin has a—

"Long-fixed conviction that one of the most important conditions of a healthful spirit of social economy would be the restraint of the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits. The temptation," he adds, "to use any energy in the accumulation of wealth being thus removed, another and a higher ideal of the duties of advanced life would be necessarily created in the national mind: by withdrawal of those who had attained the prescribed limits of wealth from commercial competitions, earlier

worldly success and earlier marriage, with all its beneficent moral results, would become possible to the young; while the older men of active intellect, whose sagacity is now lost or warped in the furtherance of their own meanest interests, would be induced unselfishly to occupy themselves in the superintendence of public institutions or furtherance of public advantage. Out of this class it would be found natural and prudent always to choose the members of the legislative body of the Commons."

The picturesqueness at least of this scheme is even more distinctly visible than that of the previous sketch. Let us imagine the flood of elderly personages sent back to us from the City when the mystic numerals are set against their names, and their wealth has reached that point of well-defined perfection; the merchants stopped at their office doors, and the manufacturers sent back from their manufactories; even such a thing might be as that a benignant and paternal Government should take gently the pencil from the hand of the successful painter, the pen from that of the popular author. "Enough," would England say, shutting the ledgers, the looms, the libraries; and it is of course quite natural that the dismissed workers should spread themselves over the face of the country without delay, and look after museums and public libraries. The House of Commons would employ but few; but Mr Ruskin must feel that the gain to public instruction from the superintendence of such *emeriti* would be unspeakable. No doubt the regulations to be adopted in the case of those who are born to an income beyond that permitted by the State, will be worked out along with other details of this most feasible and reasonable proposition. Curiously enough, however, our lawgiver suggests that this law, which "would never be imposed on themselves by the upper classes," should be "gradually brought into force from beneath, without any violent or impatient proceedings." The sugges-

tion is certainly a strange one ; but it must not be supposed that Mr Ruskin is a Radical and Leveller. He is "a thoroughbred Tory and Conservative," and as such, of course, incapable of any proposal of a revolutionary kind.

All this time, however, we have left our young couples married and with their State allowance for seven years to make themselves comfortable. They have been so paired as to secure good looks and perfect health for their children, who, as soon as they are born, become the care of the State. Whether they are to be permitted to remain in the charge, and be influenced by the individual fancies of their parents for some small measure of time, Mr Ruskin does not tell us ; nor indeed are we sure whether we are not doing great injustice to his young couples by supposing that they may have individual fancies ; but, however, by the time the newborn citizens are fit for school, the State is to be ready to relieve their progenitors of all trouble. "The first elements of State education should be calculated equally for the advantage of every order of person,"—which, we presume from what follows, is to say that all are to begin school together, peasant and prince. The first thing taught them is to be "the laws of health and exercises enjoined by them,"—a study to which, even in the present imperfect state of affairs, we are apt to believe but too much attention to be given in our great public schools as at present existing. The difference of the schools in Mr Ruskin's new world seems to be that all the population will meet in them without distinction of class. They must be "in fresh country and amidst fresh air, and have great extents of land attached to them in permanent estate." Nor is Eton

itself so liberal in the exercises provided as Mr Ruskin will be. His elementary course of instruction is to consist of "riding, running, all the honest personal exercises of offence and defence" (in which, of course, *le boxe* would figure in the first rank), "and music." Eton, as we have said, does not attempt anything so liberal. The exercises of offence and defence are there left to nature, and riding is forbidden ; so that the new system will appeal much more to all gentlemanly sympathies than does the old.

"Next to these bodily accomplishments, the two great mental graces should be taught, Reverence and Compassion ; not that these are in a literal sense to be 'taught,' for they are innate in every well-born human creature, but they have to be developed, exactly as the strength of the body must be by deliberate and constant exercise. . . . To test reverence rightly is to attach it to the right persons and things : first by setting over your youth masters whom they cannot but love and respect ; next by gathering for them out of past history whatever has been most worthy in human deeds and human passion ; and leading them continually to dwell upon such instances, making this the principal element of emotional excitement to them ; and lastly by letting them justly feel, as far as may be, the smallness of their own powers and knowledge as compared with the attainments of others." Compassion, on the other hand, is to be taught chiefly by making it a point of honour collaterally with courage, and in the same rank (as indeed the complement and evidence of courage), so that in the code of unwritten school law, it shall be held as shameful to have done a cruel thing as a cowardly one. . . . Reverence, then, and compassion we are to teach primarily, and with these, as the bond and guardian of them, truth of spirit and word, of thought and right. Truth, earnest and passionate, sought for like a treasure and kept like a crown. This teaching of truth as a habit will be the chief work the master has to do ; and it will enter into all parts of education. First,

* This one little touch of real good sense and judgment shows strongly amid the exalted nonsense which surrounds it. To teach dead languages may or may not be the soul of education ; but where is the schoolmaster that would undertake to teach a mental grace ?

you must accustom the children to close accuracy of statement; this both as a principle of honour and an accomplishment of language, making them try always who shall speak truest, both as regards the fact he has to relate or express, not concealing or exaggerating, and as regards the provision of the words he expresses it in, thus making truth (which indeed it is) the test of perfect language, and giving the intensity of a moral purpose to the study and art of words, thus carrying this habit of accuracy into all habits of thought and observation also, so as always to *think* of things as they truly are, and to *see* them as they truly are as far as in us rests. . . . For this, as well as for many other reasons, the principal subjects of education after history ought to be natural science and mathematics; but with respect to these studies your schools would require to be divided into three groups, one for children who will probably have to live in cities, one for those who will live in the country, and one for those who will live at sea—the schools for these last of course being always placed on the coast. And for children whose life is to be in cities, the subjects of study should be, as far as their disposition will allow of it, mathematics and the arts; for children who are to live in the country, natural history of birds, insects, and plants, together with agriculture taught practically; and for children who are to be seamen, physical geography, astronomy, and the natural history of sea-fish and sea-birds."

When our lawgiver has come to this point, finding it all perfectly plain sailing, and entertaining no doubt that moral qualities may be taught in his schools instead of Greek or Latin, he suddenly finds himself in a dilemma. It strikes him all at once that there is a weak point in his armour. "Probably," he cries, "you may say after they have learned to ride and fence and sing, and know birds and flowers, it will be little to their liking to make themselves into tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and the like. And I cannot but agree with you," adds the candid philosopher, "as to the exceeding probability of some such reluctance on their part, which will be a very awkward state of things

indeed (since we can by no means get on without tailoring and shoemaking), and one to be meditated upon very seriously in next letter."

But by the time Mr Ruskin has come to the next letter he has managed to give his problem the slip. He allows that it is not to be expected that "a youth properly educated—a good rider, musician, and well-grounded scholar in natural philosophy"—should like to be made a tailor or a coalheaver; and then he turns upon his supposed questioners, "my sensible and polite friends," indignantly, and asks them if "it is necessary to limit the knowledge, the active powers and the enjoyments of a certain portion of mankind from childhood upwards, so that they may not be able to conceive of any state better than the one they were born in, nor possess any knowledge or acquirements inconsistent with the coarseness or disturbing the monotony of their vulgar occupation?" This, of course, is simply begging the question; for he himself has granted that tailors and shoemakers are indispensable. To escape from the difficulty of having made such homely craftsmen impossible, our lawgiver immediately turns to another side of the dilemma in which he has placed himself. Supposing the coalheavers to be found, what would be made of the rest? He should want no soldiers in his new economy, "for *all* my boys would be soldiers; lawyers should be banished altogether from the country; doctors would be of no use to this athletic population, and would starve; clergymen we should want, but of a totally different character from the existing class."

Mr Ruskin's answer to our difficulty is thus to produce another. He winds up with a scornful suggestion that the two great classes of religionists, the evangelicals and ritualists, should be requested to take upon them, by

way of a proof of their Christian humility, the "servile offices" for which his pupils would be too well educated. We scarcely like to venture to remind our teacher that the children of these very ritualists and evangelicals might perhaps have faces of angelical expression as well as the children in St Giles's, and that their benighted fathers could only last out a certain time, so that it would be short-sighted and improvident to trust to them as providing a constant supply of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The question demands deeper consideration than he has chosen to give it. Who are to be the tailors and the coalheavers in the new England?—if not the young fellows who can ride and fence, who shall fulfil these necessary functions? Or must we accept it as Mr Ruskin's intention that we should all fall back after this perfect training on the economy of primitive times, and become every man his own tailor and shoemaker? Shall we all weave our homespun, and make and wear it? Shall we re-establish among us the habits of the day when Adam delved and Eve span? It was as good a system as another, or perhaps better, as Lord Dundreary says; and a young man who could ride and fence, &c., might not have the same reluctance in making his own shoes that he would have in making shoes for his neighbours. In this way everybody would have something to do. The born coalheaver, after he came in from his daily canter in the Park, might not refuse to take off his coat and replenish his own coal-cellar. The lordling, after he had run through the chief airs in the last opera, or practised a difficult sonata, might take a turn at a coat for the evening, and thus keep himself out of mischief. A sweet unanimity would thus be established in the lives of those who had been bred in the same noble educational establishment, though there would,

we fear, be little unanimity in the cut of their garments. And the men who could neither be soldiers, lawyers, nor doctors, might each keep his children in boots without any loss of self-respect. At least if he could not, we don't see where the boots would come from, nor does Mr Ruskin. The only other solution of the problem is one which we dare but whisper under our breath. Perhaps this crowning generation, born of the wedded Rosières, trained at the schools of a new world, may be intended as a solemn climax to the population of England, not to increase and multiply at all, but to die of their own perfection, with no children to seek boots or training from them, the *fine fleur* of humanity, the culmination and apotheosis of our race.

We cannot think, however, that Mr Ruskin intends this. He means the tailoring and shoemaking to get itself done somehow; and might we not avail ourselves here of the prophetic warnings of another great social philosopher, and suggest that the women should be made to do them—those women of whom the 'Saturday Review' despairs? Being good for nothing else, and not, we suppose, being trained to ride and fence, why should not they be put into the servile occupations? Is not this the case in all the free primitive nations—those glorious pristine races whom civilisation has not spoiled?

Our chief reason for suggesting this simple way out of the difficulty is, that Mr Ruskin has provided for the rule and government of his new world, and consequently cannot mean it to come to a speedy end. We have already mentioned that all incomes are to be confined within a certain limit, and every man who has attained to that limit is to be turned adrift, and made use of in the way of looking after museums. Thus the population is clearly accounted for, and in the most symmetrical way.

First, the bachelors who are led through the streets with music and singing, each with his permission to marry in his pocket; then the young couples with an allowance from Government, and their children, who are all learning to fence and ride under the rational inspection of the State; and, lastly, the apex of all, the fathers who have made as much money as it is lawful to make, and who have retired to South Kensington and the Boilers. Now we come to the practical government of this picturesque and well-constructed society. So far as we can make out, the House of Commons is not to be abolished; on the contrary, indeed, *Paterfamilias*, from the office where he is not allowed to make any more money, may step in there and make himself comfortable; but the active officers of the State are to be the Bishop and the Duke. The bishop is not exactly the solemn personage in lawn sleeves whom we are apt to think of in connection with that title. He will be found described in 'Sesame and Lilies' in the forty-fifth and forty-sixth pages of the same. The description is rather a vague one. It is one which "the ecclesiastical journals laughed at as a rhapsody when the book came out, none having the slightest notion of what I meant; nor indeed do I well see how it could be otherwise," says Mr Ruskin, with magnificent superiority. We, however, less modest than the ecclesiastical journals, have a kind of notion of what he means. He tells us that "the first thing a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which at any moment he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy knocking each other's teeth out:—does the bishop know all about it? Has he had his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got

into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple." We humbly venture to conclude from this that a bishop, according to Mr Ruskin, is what many people believe the office to be—an overseer, not over priests and pastors, but over souls,—in short, a parish priest, and nothing less or more; a fact which he has chosen to disguise under the title of bishop, popularly supposed to mean something quite different, he himself alone knows why. Supposing this to be the case, let us proceed to consider the place held in Mr Ruskin's new social economy by this important functionary.

"Putting all questions of forms and names aside, the thing actually needing to be done is this—that over every hundred (or some not much greater number) of the families composing a Christian State, there should be appointed an overseer or bishop, to render account to the State of the life of every individual of these families, and to have care both of their interest and conduct to such an extent as they may be willing to admit, or as their faults may justify; so that it may be impossible for any person, however humble, to suffer from unknown want or live in unrecognised crime; such help and observance being rendered without officiousness either of interference or inquisition (the limits of both being determined by national law), but with the patient and gentle watchfulness which true Christian pastors now exercise over their flocks, only with a higher legal authority, presently to be defined, of interference on due occasion. And with this farther function, that such overseers should be not only the pastors, but the biographers, of their people,—a written statement of the principal events in the life of each family being annually required to be rendered by them to a superior State officer. These records, laid up in public offices, would soon furnish indications of the families whom it would be advantageous to the nation to advance in position or distinguish with honour, and aid by such reward as it should be the object of every Government to distribute, no less punctually, and far more frankly, than it distributes punishment; while the mere fact of permanent record being kept of every event

of importance, whether disgraceful or worthy of praise, in each family, would of itself be a deterrent from crime, and a stimulant to well-deserving conduct, far beyond mere punishment or reward."

Let us take our breath a little after this. If there was any probability in the nature of things of Mr Ruskin becoming the lawgiver of England, should not we all do well to follow the steps of another philosopher, for whom this poor island appears more and more a failure, over the Atlantic, or to the end of the world? Perhaps it was a prevision of the time when his bishop would furnish a yearly biographical sketch of him and his family, and all their doings, to the State, which prompted Mr Goldwin Smith to shake the dust from his shoes, and betake himself to a worthier place. We too will *faire nos paquets* before this searching enactment becomes law. Long ago in the distant ages, we remember to have travelled in a German Schnellpost with an old lady, English by birth, whose home was by the banks of the Danube, and who was eloquent on this very quality of a paternal government. Nobody, she said, could be lost or hide himself in guilty obscurity who lived under the Austrian rule. A sketch of his life, history, antecedents, and prospects, was always to be found at the nearest police office. It was a system beneficent, and almost divine, which only such a government as that of Austria could have carried out. In those days most people were young, and one listened with comic respect and amusement. But our new lawgiver goes farther than our old lady. It is in England—irregular, many-cornered, eccentric England, where every man's house is (said to be) his castle, and intrusion on your neighbour is the sin of sins—that this beautiful arrangement is to come into being. All our little errors of judgment; what our brothers were about that time when they were absent from home, and the mother's

eyes were red; whose debts had to be paid; what burdens had to be taken up; all the family slips and struggles, to be chronicled by our overseer, and laid up in the State records for ever and ever, from year to year! Before that time comes, oh innocent households, people not living recluse in gardens, but astrid among the agonies, the secret passions, the pangs and martyrdoms of life, let us pull up our stakes and fold our tents, and move away into the silence and the wilderness, where no prying philosopher nor chronicling bishop ever peeps into our sacred gates!

There is, however, another office above that of a bishop which has yet to be set forth. This is the office of Duke, which is explained as follows:—

"Above those bishops or pastors who are only to be occupied in affairs of familiar supervision and help, should be appointed higher officers of State, having executive authority over as large districts as might be conveniently (according to the number and circumstances of their inhabitants) committed to their care; officers who, according to the report of the pastors, should enforce or mitigate the operation of too rigid general law, and determine measures exceptionally necessary for public advantage. For instance, the general law being that all children of the operative classes at a certain age should be sent to the public schools, these superior officers should have power, on the reports of the pastors, to dispense with the attendance of children who had sick parents to take charge of, or whose home-life seemed to be one of greater advantage for them than that of the common schools, or who, for any other like cause, might justifiably claim remission. And it being the general law that the entire body of the public should contribute to the cost, and divide the profits, of all necessary public works and undertakings, as roads, mines, harbours, and the like, and that nothing of this kind should be permitted to be in the hands of private speculators, it should be the duty of the district officer to collect whatever information was accessible respecting such sources of public profit; and to represent the circumstances in Parliament, and then, with Parliamentary authority,

but on his own sole personal responsibility, to see that such enterprises were conducted honestly, and with due energy and order."

Such is to be the Duke, a bustling, serious, out-of-door official, evidently with a degree of possibility about him. At least his Grace would press less hard upon us than his reverend colleague, and if he would procure us some dividend from our taxes, some infinitesimal fraction of profit from the tolls we pay and the imposts we groan under, would be a highly serviceable official, and commend himself to all our hearts.

These principles of domestic government being settled, Mr Ruskin goes into a few details in the region of social economy, but, unfortunately, in a vague way. He calls the book in which this code is contained the "*Laws of Work*;" but it is clear that he is by no means so sure about how to manage work as he is about the bachelors and *Rosières*, the schools for riding and fencing, and the bishops and dukes. In general the rule he gives is, first, that everybody shall do everything well; second, that everybody shall be sufficiently paid for doing so; third, that nobody shall be too much paid. There is a kind of approximation in the two latter provisions to the law of the trades-unions, which we take to be that, first, everybody should be paid as much as he can manage, by fair or unfair means, to get for his work; and second, that nobody should be permitted, by superior workmanship, patience, industry, genius, or the like, to gain more than his neighbours. In this general view Mr Ruskin agrees. We quote below a few sentences on the co-operative system, which treat, though vaguely, of the first unfair advantage which a man has over others—that of capital; and afterwards as to the second—that of skill or genius. His views on the former subject are as follows:—

"The question is really whether the profits, which are at present taken, as his own right, by the person whose capital, or energy, or ingenuity has made him head of the firm, are not in some proportion to be divided among the subordinates of it. I do not wish for a moment to enter into any inquiry as to the just claims of capital, or as to the proportions in which profits ought to be, or are in actually existing firms, divided. I merely take the one assured and essential condition that a somewhat larger income will be in co-operative firms secured to the subordinates by the diminution of the income of the chief. And the general tendency of such a system is to increase the facilities of advancement among the subordinates; to stimulate their ambition; to enable them to lay by, if they are provident, more ample and more early provision for declining years; and to form, in the end, a vast class of persons wholly different from the existing operative-members of society, possessing each a moderate competence. . . . On the other hand, by the exact sum which is divided among them more than their present wages, the fortune of the man who under the present system takes all the profits of the business would be diminished, and the acquirement of large private fortune by regular means, and all the conditions of life belonging to such fortune, will be rendered impossible in the mercantile community. The magnitude of the social change hereby involved, and the consequent differences in the moral relations between individuals, have not as yet been thought of, much less estimated, by any of your writers on commercial subjects."

Thus the system to be adopted under the new code is one by which the income of every clerk, assistant, and workman will be increased, and the acquisition of private fortune made impossible. As to the second point—that of personal talent—the deliverance is as follows:—

"Large fortunes cannot honestly be made by the work of any *one* man's hands or head. If his work benefits multitudes, and involves positions of high trust, it may be (I do not say that it is) expedient to reward him with great wealth or estate; but fortune of this kind is freely given in gratitude for benefit, not as repayment for labour.

Also men of peculiar genius in any art, if the public can enjoy the product of their genius, may set it at almost any price they choose; but this, I will show you when I come to speak of art, is unlawful on their part, and ruinous to their own powers. Genius must not be sold: the sale of it involves, in a transcendental but perfectly true sense, the guilt both of simony and prostitution. Your labour only may be sold; your soul must not."

The natural consequence of this is that every worker must become a stipendiary of the State—that all the profits of all the trades, from the highest to the lowest, must go into one immense treasury, from which the whole of us—day-labourers, skilled artisans, merchants, painters, scribblers, poets, and all the rest—shall obtain, "according to the rank of it, fair pay for fair labour"—a state of affairs under which the capital of the Barings will not serve them, nor the genius of Mr Ruskin advance his interests, but all be lost in a blank of equal income and equal rights. We have no objections, for our own part, to be thus put on a level with the last lawgiver; but yet surely he is aware that the world is not a new world created yesterday, but an old world, with a history showing very clearly what human nature is, and the principles upon which men have lived and laboured for some few thousand years.

Our readers will probably ask with amaze how it is possible to regard with any sort of gravity this system of impossible economy, and whether anything but inextinguishable laughter is fit criticism for such a scheme. But the laughter with which such dreams must be received is always tintured with a deep gravity. The folly of wisdom is a melancholy thing, and the egotism and self-worship of genius is more lamentable still. Mr Ruskin is not a common man nor an ordinary critic; and it is sad to see him thus holding himself up to the ridicule of men. No doubt it is a beautiful thing, theo-

retically, when a man of high attainments applies himself to the instruction of the ignorant, and, with a friendliness and brotherliness beyond praise, enters into correspondence with the homely artisan whose aspirations after intellectual and moral progress have so just a claim on his sympathy. But there is a drawback even to such goodness. The artisan may be no way inferior in nature, and is, without doubt, equal in the sight of God, to any prince or peer. But yet, the gulf of education and training is one over which no man can pass to go to the other, any more than Lazarus could. The want of education is more than it seems on the outside. Mr Ruskin's humble friends may have as delicate sensibilities as he has. They may appreciate and enjoy that inheritance of literature which belongs more or less to every Englishman. They may perceive as keenly the beauty of nature, and may be as sensible of the broad rules of justice and truth. What they cannot have, except in very special instances, is that artificial experience—if we may use such a word—which is given by liberal training and knowledge of the world. A man who is confined all his life within a narrow sphere *must* be wanting in knowledge of all those curious complications of civilisation, all the wonderful network of opposed interests, which make up modern life. Time or temperament may give him that true wisdom, insight, and human toleration, which are the highest qualities of the sage, within the bounds of his personal influence. But an uneducated statesman is about the one impossibility. Book-knowledge, such as can be acquired wherever there is a library, is not enough to form this development of human power. The lowly legislator dreams, and his dreams may be beautiful. To his inexperienced eyes there is no reason why the most unlikely results should not

be made to ensue. He has a belief in power even when he resists it, which exists in no other class. In the generosity of poverty he can conceive of any surrender of fortune. To a man who must always, at the worst, have ten, twenty, a thousand times more than *he* has at his best, it must be so easy to give up the immeasurable superfluity. He believes in reason, too, with a simple faith which is often accompanied with the sublime of unreasonableness. He thinks the world may be convinced by eloquence, and will bend to truth, and answer infallibly to the touch of the helm, when it is touched by Genius, Beneficence, Wisdom. There is a beauty in this noble folly in the mind of the inexperienced and uneducated. In the abstract it is finer, perhaps, purer, more attractive, than anything practicable. But its very beauty is the mark of its weakness. It is a thing of air and clouds, incapable of life.

Such is precisely the system which with deadly seriousness, and with all the graces of genius, Mr Ruskin has set before the world. He does not even introduce it with the consciousness of a speculatist, but rather with the air of a prophet, who knows that the scheme he propounds is absolutely and divinely right. We may laugh or smile or cry at the exhibition, so far as he is himself concerned; but it is impossible to think of anything more injurious to the class which he specially addresses. We do not say that he flatters this class; on the contrary, he gives them very hard hits on many occasions, and points out their practical weaknesses with zeal and uncton. The harm he does them is, that he sanctions by his example their own Utopian fancies—that he justifies this dreaming, which in them is excusable, by practising it himself, though in him it is inexcusable. For this reason the smile with which we began to consider his code sinks into seriousness. In his

case, peculiar as his mind is, and curious as is the conjunction of absurdity, simplicity, and beauty, the tenderest grace of thought and speech with the utmost foolishness of suggestion, the mischief may not be great. For Mr Ruskin's folly is too ethereal and his schemes too elaborate to catch the common eye. But he is not the only philosopher who has thus suffered his position as popular preacher and guide of untutored understandings to reduce him to the fancied level of those whom he instructs. There can be no greater danger both to the taught and the teacher. What we gain by the intercourse between the classes which is involved in lectures and correspondences like this, we lose in the perversion of influence which seems to follow—the lower class, with its necessarily narrow views and fantastic hopes, dragging down, as it seems, the higher with its advantages of culture and liberal education, instead of the latter widening, calming, and opening up, as it ought, the intelligence of the former. It is this which gives any importance or seriousness to the curiously futile little book which is the last of Mr Ruskin's works. It is to be hoped that his readers, more acute than himself, may perceive how he shirks every question he raises, and to what a comical chaos of impossibility he brings his supposed new social world; but it is a pity that any gentle reader of the *'Manchester Guardian'* should be misled by so distinguished a name and so fine a talent to think that these wild dreamings are social philosophy.

This little book, too, in itself is a curious illustration of the evils of self-regard. There are many quotations in it, but they are mostly from Mr Ruskin's works. *'Modern Painters,' 'Sesame and Lilies,'* and *'The Crown of Wild Olive,'* would seem to form the largest portion of his library, or, at least, to be the books he most believes in. His correspondent varies the selection by allusions to Carlyle's *'Frederick,'*

but Mr Ruskin would not seem to set much store by 'Frederick,' or indeed anything beyond the little list given above. These books are weighty and precious to him. He gives thanks to heaven for having been permitted to write this and that golden sentence. And then he is eloquent in little pictures of himself and his surroundings. He meditates "before breakfast under the just opened blossoms of my orchard, assisted by much melodious advice from the birds, who (my gardener having positive orders never to trouble any of them in anything, or object to their eating even my best peas if they like their flavour) rather now get into my way than out of it when they see me about the walks, and take me into most of their counsels in nest-building." He "never reads anything in spring-time except the *Ai*, *Ai* on the 'sanguine flower inscribed with woe.'" In short, Mr Ruskin himself, his garden, his blossoms, his birds, and his works, rank perilously high in the estimation of that brilliant writer and man of genius. He is charitable, but impatient of men who will have large families and die of over-work. He is spiteful at the poor lady who asks for a presentation to Christ's Hospital. After all, it would not be worth while being a governor of Christ's Hospital if there were not some people in the world incapable of providing for the education of their children. And Mr Ruskin is ready to weep when he tells us that his subscription of £20 for the poor widow made him unable to buy the '*Flora of Java*,' and his contribution to the Eyre Defence and the Cruikshank Memorial Funds kept him from going to Switzerland. With a certain acrid satisfaction he tells us that in both cases it is the public which will be the eventual loser; for

"I am writing a book on botany just now. . . . And though you may think it not the affair of the public that I have not this book on Indian flowers,

it is their affair, finally, that what I write for them should be founded on as broad knowledge as possible." So again: "I suppose that when people see my name down for a hundred pounds to the Cruikshank Memorial, and for another to the Eyre Fund, they think only that I have more money than I know what to do with. Well, the giving of these subscriptions simply decides the question whether or no I shall be able to afford a journey to Switzerland this year in the negative: and I wanted to go, not only for health's sake, but to examine the junctions of the molasse sandstones and nagelfluh with the Alpine limestone, in order to complete some notes I meant to publish next spring on the geology of the great northern Swiss valley—notes which must now lie by me at least another year; and I believe this delay (though I say it) will be really something of a loss to the travelling public, for the little essay was intended to explain to them, in a familiar way, the real wonderfulness of their favourite mountain the *Righi*; and to give them some amusement in trying to find out where the many-coloured pebbles of it had come from."

The public thus, by forcing Mr Ruskin to subscribe for the widow, and for Cruikshank and for Governor Eyre, has balked itself of two pleasures; which clearly proves that the public needs to be totally remodelled, and earth and heaven regulated on a new plan.

It is curious how thin and querulous the richest voice grows when it deplures and sympathises with itself. We are sorry to say it of Mr Ruskin, whose voice is capable of so much better things. In these very books, spoilt as they are with this narrow spirit of egotism, there are "bits" of the tenderest feeling, charming touches of criticism, full of thought and insight. Why will not he forget a little that he is Mr Ruskin, and suffer himself to be and to write, spontaneously without so much fuss about it? Either among the pictures or the primroses, the mountains or the cathedrals, he will then be the best of company. But heaven forbid that he should bring with him his bachelors and Rosières, his bishops and dukes!

UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK.

CONCLUSION.

THE catastrophe related at the end of the former part only made us, as I said, more determined to carry out the scheme of the elopement. The situation was, however, one of unquestionable difficulty, for it was evident that there was a female in Cayrasso's house who acted as a spy.

It must have been her window we mistook for Amalia's, and she of course had denounced us to the father; and a female spy, particularly in matters amatory, is the very deuce. We determined at last to make a counterfeit start in the morning, as, if this came to Cayrasso's ears, which it was pretty sure to do, it would lull his suspicions and free Amalia from his surveillance for the evening. I then went home to my barracks, and, after two or three hours' sleep, was back betimes in the "Casemates" ready for a start. As it was expedient that our departure should be as public as possible, we delayed our start till past ten o'clock, and strolled leisurely across the square just as all the dismounted guards were passing home to their quarters. We were just turning out of the square when Cayrasso drove into it at the other end.

"Now, Tim," I said, "I do call that luck!—he's going to have it out with you, of course, and they'll tell him we're really off—nothing could be more fortunate."

We were both overjoyed, and hopping gaily on to a car drove to the "Mole." We found everything in readiness, and having unmoored the felucca, had begun to pole her out from the jetty, when Cayrasso rushed on to the scene, and standing on the brink of the landing-place shouted after us, "Ah! you run away, you scoundrels, but

when you come back I will find you and we shall see—we shall see."

"You had better cheek him, Tim," I suggested; "it'll make him think that you've quite abandoned the affair."

"All right!" said Tim, and he shouted in the style of an indignant mariner, "Slack your jaw, you confounded pork-pickling, rum-adulterating, thieving, smuggling old son of a broken-backed Moorish donkey! Slack your jaw, or we'll put back and duck you, and wash some of the garlic out of your obscene carcass!"

This unexpected counter staggered the assailant, and his second attempt was feebler: "Who breaks into honest men's houses at night, *ladron*?" he shouted.

"No one in 'Gib,' for there isn't an honest man on the Rock except the soldiers, and they live in barracks, you hoary villain," replied Tim.

"Perhaps you think there's no law at Gibraltar, but you'll find the reverse," screamed the Señor.

"There can't be much, or it would have hanged you long ago, you bloodsucker!" was the reply.

"Will you repeat that on shore, braggart?"

"The next time you ask me to dine with you, you d—d old Jew," shouted Tim. All this time the crew were punting us out and trimming the lug-sail to the wind, and we were nearly beyond ear-shot. Cayrasso, decidedly short of repartee, had been ignominiously reduced to bawling after us a string of epithets quite unfit for publication. So Tim finally waved his cap, and shouting, "Adieu till Sunday next; have a good dinner for me, and tell 'somebody' not to pine in the meanwhile," sat down,

lighted a cigar, and remarked that "the eyes of the ancient one had about as much dust in them as they could well hold."

"Yes, Tim," I said, "you gave it him heartily—serve him right; and now we had better steer for Europa Point and lay-to behind the Rock till evening, when we'll creep back to the Mole. Briggs is on guard to-day there. I have arranged everything with him: he is to give us dinner (and a good dinner Mr Briggs always gives); and then he is to let us go in peace when the clock tolls the hour for retiring; but we must be alongside the Mole before gunfire."

The felucca's head was accordingly laid in the required direction. We were not long in rounding Europa Point, and, gliding well round the southern extremity of the Rock, dropped anchor in still water, under a beetling crag that screened us from landward observation. And "there we lay all that day;" and what a day it was! The breeze dropped down and died; the sun rose up and tormented us, as if it had been in league with Cayrasso; the liquor had been forgotten, and we were athirst, without a drop to drink; but what were all these sufferings compared with the boredom I underwent at the hands of the love-lorn Tim! There was no escape from him here; he had clawed me in his clutch; I had to play "Wedding Guest" to his "Ancient Mariner," and "I could not choose but hear." Amalia was offered to my contemplation in a thousand phases and in myriads of mixed metaphors, with a truly "damnable iteration." In this way she was his "desert bride," his "Lalage sub currû nimium ardentis;" she was "Beatrice, donna bella e beata;" "Zuleika," "a peri," a turtle-dove, a fawn, a star, a sea-gull, a cup of sparkling wine, a diamond, a pearl, a whole jeweller's shop. In vain I remonstrated; vainly I pointed out that it was un-English to strike a man who was down;—it was of no

use. Sleep deserted me—"swift on her downy pinions flew from woe"—and left me scorched by the sun, dazzled by the sea, and parched with thirst, with no better quencher than Tim's "full-flowing river of speech." Oh! those eyes of Amalia's! how I—blessed them during that long sweltering day. Time and the hour, however, worked their mission, and at last Romano the skipper announced that we must start if we wished to make the Mole before gunfire. We were lying so sheltered by the Rock and its projecting cliffs that no breath of wind could touch us, and it was necessary to row the felucca out to meet the breeze—a method of locomotion by which one progressed about half-a-mile an hour, so clumsy were the boat, the oars, and the rowers. But we met the breeze in a few hundred yards, and went away merrily before it. After a little the wind became shifty, squally, and intermittent, as all the winds that blow about the Rock are apt to be, and displayed a predominating bias in favour of bearing us away towards the opposite coast, which the clumsy rig of the felucca made it impossible to contend with. It was no good remonstrating with Romano. When I did he only gave some hopeless tugs at a rope, and replied,

"All ri, Señor—plenty time—wind go shange. Pronto, pronto; à ora no possibile. Dam beastly sail no move. Car-r-ramba! borrico moreno!" and he would give another tug.

This was neither very lucid nor very consolatory, but the worst of it was that the wind didn't change, but carried us away past the Mole, past the town, past the Rock, right up to the head of the bay, where it left us suddenly becalmed, close to the mouth of the "First River."

"There is nothing for it but to row, Romano," I said; "get your fellows to it at once, and pull back." But so slow was our progress that we were obliged to abandon all

hopes of reaching the Mole, and were only just in time, before the gun fired, to reach the Ragged Staff landing. This was a great nuisance. After all, we were to lose all the advantages of the Mole, with its superior security, unlimited margin of time, and Briggs his dinner; and here we had to negotiate with some unknown officer to let us out at night, and even if he consented, we must embark before ten o'clock, and then would have a chance of being stopped by the sentries on the Wall. It was a bore. I felt angry, and inclined to attribute everything to Tim and his bad luck.

"I don't like this last symptom," I said to him—"it's too like you, Tim: this foul wind, and missing the Mole, and all that, is a great deal too like your usual form, and it's a d—d deal too bad."

I spoke in an injured tone. I felt injured—how often one does with an unlucky man. I suppose it's part of the cross he has to bear. Tim's tone was correspondingly humble; he was sanguine, he said, that my good fortune would overcome his evil genius, "as it always did." The poor devil was actually trying to propitiate fortune by flattering me as her nearest representative! Still feeling aggrieved, I vaguely cautioned Tim "to be very careful," which he abjectly promised to be. We then repaired to the officer's guardroom, to see what arrangements we could make for the night. We found the officer to be an acquaintance; indeed, it would have been difficult to find any one on the Rock who wasn't.

He was decidedly restive at first, however, about letting us sail from his steps, and for some time we beseeched in vain; he was even idiotic enough to talk about his conscience, his duty, and other irrelevancies. At last it became necessary to give him a remote hint of the real state of things, wrapping it up in a delicious haze of mystery, against which the sub's resolution

was not proof; so he eventually promised to let us go, and to warn his own sentries to give us free passage. In return for his complaisance we helped him to eat his dinner, and, at last, after cautioning the crew to remain quietly in their places, we duly turned northward for the momentous tryst. As we passed Tim's barracks, I suggested that he should run in and get some more wraps, and it was lucky I did, for he shortly after emerged, holding a note in his hand, and very much agitated.

"What is it, Tim?"

"It's from her."

"Well?"

"She says her father has insisted on her going to the charade-party, and that we are to devise something."

"Well?"

"I'm afraid it's all up, then—all up," whimpered Tim, wringing his hands.

"All up, you chicken-hearted rabbit! d—l a bit. Come on—look sharp!"

"Where to?"

"To the charade-party, of course."

"But we're not dressed, and what can we do when we are there?" whined Tim, quite demoralised.

"Leave it to me," I replied, and we steered straight for Mrs Larranga's house.

Arrived there, I stationed Tim under an adjacent archway, directing him to await my return. I then knocked at the door, was admitted, and walked boldly up to the drawing-room. There was a very large party; a charade was just over when I entered, and the company were buzzing about the room, pending the introduction of a new one. People who had been acting or who were going to act, were in all sorts of costumes, so my appearance attracted no attention. I was looking for the hostess, when, to my horror, my eyes fell upon the form of Cayrasso. His back was half turned, and he was deeply engaged in conversation, so, fortunately, he

did not observe me, and I dodged like lightning into an anteroom. Here I found my hostess in the middle of a group who were concocting a new charade, and here, too, was Amalia.

"Most welcome!" cried Mrs Laranga; "you are absolutely in the nick of time, Mr Onslow; we want a sailor, and here you drop from the clouds, ready equipped."

I explained that I had been detained out yachting, and had ventured to come as I was, rather than miss the charades.

"And now, somebody, give Mr Onslow our plot, and let us begin as soon as possible."

Buttonshaw, who was among the group, hereupon exclaimed, "Come to me, Fred Onslow, I will enlighten your darkness; I have a specialty for unfolding plots to weak intellects."

"Then," I retorted, "let me recommend you to exercise your specialty nearer home." Even in that moment of agitation I had a triumphant feeling that my retort was a *double entendre*, and that *he* had not had the pluck or the talent to plot an elopement with Amalia. "Miss Cayrasso," I continued, "you are a person of intelligence; will you instruct me?"

"Willingly," she replied; and going aside with her I whispered, "If you have courage all may yet be well."

"I have courage," she replied.

"Then there is not a moment to lose; the landing from which we must sail will be shut in half an hour. Come with me at once; they will think we have gone out to dress for our parts."

"No, Señor; you go first, I will follow."

"But why so?"

"I wish to speak to—— to say a word—a last word to a friend."

"A friend? Who? Not a confidant? Surely you have not a confidant in this matter?"

"I will say good-bye to the Señ-

ora," she said, with sudden heat; "and where shall I find you?"

"You will find Timothy and me under the archway two doors off to the right;" and I glided from the room and out of the house.

In a minute or two Amalia joined us. What pluck the girl had! She had even had the presence of mind to steal into the cloak-room and carry away a bundle of things that had been sent over to equip her for the various parts of the evening. Tim sprang upon her with a cry of joy, but I interfered with a high hand, and threatened him that I would wash my hands of the whole affair if he spoke another word till we were under way.

"And now, Miss Cayrasso, let me be lady's-maid;" and, so saying, I enveloped her in a long dark capote which Tim had brought, pulling the hood right over her face. We then started at a rapid pace, and, passing through the lanes and less frequented streets, were soon safe in the precinct of the guard.

Twice over I thought I heard footsteps behind us, and imagined, on looking back, that I saw a figure stealthily following; but a guilty conscience is full of inventive power.

The officer was hanging about the door in a fever of curiosity.

"Ah! here you are," he said, coming forward with the evident intention of unriddling Amalia.

"Yes, here we are, old boy," I cried gaily, stepping in front of her, "just in time, so good-night, and many thanks to you. You've squared your sentries?"

"Yes, I have," he said, trying to dodge round my flank, in which I baffled him; "but there are only four of mine, so you must get clear out to sea before you overshoot them. Have a glass of sherry before you start?"

"Not a drop; many thanks; good-night;" and turning sharp round I outmanœuvred him, and

reached the stairs before he could get in front of us. In another second we were on board, and about to cast off, when I remembered a cloak I had left in the guard-room, and ran back for it. To my surprise I found Buttonshaw there, whom I had left in Mrs Laranga's drawing-room ten minutes before — Buttonshaw in deep converse with the officer of the guard.

"Halloo!" cried he, with a great start.

"Halloo!" said I, much disconcerted.

"I thought you were acting," said he.

"I thought *you* were."

"Oh, I wasn't wanted," he replied; "and it was so hot I thought I would slope down here and smoke a cool pipe with Weston; there's nothing like the Ragged Staff for fresh air. But you—whitheraway?"

"Oh, I'm off for a grand *chasse* at Tangiers; and I stole quietly away from the party because Weston had promised to let me sail from this to-night, and it didn't do to compromise him by alluding to my real reason for going so early; indeed I only went to the party as a blind: and now good-night." As I left, I contrived to wink to Weston, in the sense of "Not a word to Buttonshaw;" and he returned it as who should say, "Not a whisper." I had no trifling suspicion, however, that these worthies had been canvassing the affair as I entered. "But, after all," I thought, "Buttonshaw couldn't be such a blackguard as to split on us; what could be his inducement? and even if he did, we have a night's start, and that should distance any pursuer."

"Now shove off, Romano;" and we shoved off and hoisted the sail; but a stiff breeze was now blowing right along the Line Wall, and my experience of the boat told me at once that we should not be able to get out to sea with the sail alone before we had far overshot the warned sentries.

"Out sweeps!" I cried, "and row straight out as hard as you can." The order was obeyed, and we moved slowly seaward, but making a terrific amount of leeway at the same time.

"Row! row! row! and I'll give you each a bottle of rum," I cried, as I saw we had drifted past the second sentry. The men strained furiously at their oars, but the seaward progress was scarcely perceptible. Another sentry past!

"Pull! pull for your lives!" I bawled. "Cheer them on, Romano; do something!" but it was too late. At that moment there came a roar from the Line Wall as of an infuriate bull.

"Who goes ther-r-r!"

Despair! we had drifted past all the friendly sentries, on to the flank of the next line, and the man posted there was arresting us. The men dropped their oars, and we gazed at each other in silence, drifting always nearer to our fate.

"Who goes ther-r-r!" bellowed the sentry again, rattling his musket.

"Efriends," piped Romano, timidly.

"The divil a friind here, ye d—d smugglin' thayves! come in close and let's have a look at yez," was the rather uncivil reply.

We continued comatose.

"Arr ye comin', thin, or will I fire?" inquired our tormentor, to whom we were now quite close.

"Oh! speak to him, Mr Onslow; speak to him, Timo; the dreadful man is going to shoot," beseeched Amalia.

"Tonder and torf! will I come down and comb yer uglee hids wid mee bagonet?" urged the fiend, ramping on his post like a chained watch-dog.

Thus invoked I bade the men back the boat as close as they could to the wall, and rose to parley with our captor.

"We're officers, my man—officers of the garrison," I said.

"Thrue for you, mee jool," re-

plied the fellow, incredulously, "and ye'll be officers of the guard this blissid night; laistways ye'll sleep in the guard-room. Will ye be in a hurry now and surrinder, till I alarum the sarjint, or will I fire at wonst?" and he rattled his firelock.

"We're coming, my good fellow, as fast as we can; don't call the sergeant; I'll explain it all to you; you're Foggarty of Number Nine?" for I at last made the fellow out, by a peculiarity of his voice, to be a man of my own company, and an uncommon black sheep too.

"Yes, I'm Foggarty of Number Nine, glory be to God; but it's an ould thrick, an' it won't do, ye Spanish vagabones. Ye can't play the affisher wid Dan Foggarty, though ye shpake English fit to chayne the divil and all his angels, rist their sows!—surrinder."

"How the deuce can I surrender any more, you blockhead?" I said. "I can't climb up a fifty-foot wall, can I? Don't you know me?"

"Sorra a taste ov Dan Foggarty would know yer mother's son, ye shpalpeen; surrinder hastilee," was the inexorable reply.

"Now look you here, you Foggarty," I said, growing calm with the desperate situation; "just you be sensible for a moment, or it will be worse for you. You know perfectly well that I'm Mr Onslow, the lieutenant of your own company."

"Och! Mr Onslow, is it yersilf?—is it not funnin' ye arr?"

"Devil a bit; I'm Mr Onslow."

"Arr ye shure it's not a jhoke yer passin' on me, yer anner?"

"There's no joke about it, I tell you."

"Ach, thin, be japers, it's the black night for me! why would ye go schmogglin', Mr Onslow? why would ye do't, liftinent, acushla? puttin' a poor bhoyn on the crass betune djewtee and rispict, and him wid a wife and a child, and a good-conduct badge comin', and the bullet in his lift knaycap this blissid minit. Why would ye do't, sor, at all!"

"I'm not smuggling, you idiot. We're going over to shoot in Africa, and there's no difficulty about it, if you'll just hold your tongue, and let us paddle out quietly."

"Don't ax me to do't, yer anner; don't say the worrd to honest Dan. I've got mee arders; obaygience to arders is the forst djewtee of the sojer, as ye tould me yersilf last Choosday. I must alarum the sarjint."

"Bribe him—bribe him," whispered Tim and Amalia together. Here was an abyss of crime to jump into, but I took the plunge.

"I say, Foggarty, I'll make it worth your while to let us go." The scoundrel's manner changed on the instant.

"Faix and it's yer anner always had the kind harrut; and what would ye do for a poor bhoyn that ran the rishk to plishur his af-fishur?"

"I'll give you five dollars."

"Holy Moses! I couldn't tayke it on me consience for five dollars."

"I'll make it ten."

"Tin dhollars could niver give me back me payce of mind."

At this moment we heard the tramp of feet, and Dan challenged; the usual formalities were exchanged, and a patrol came up and halted.

"What's all the noise here?" said a voice.

"Noise, sarjint darlin', was there a noise?" said Dan, innocently.

"Yes, there was a noise, as you know very well; what was it, sir?"

"Shure it would be the shay-gull."

"What sea-gull?"

"Och! the biggest shay-gull iver ye seed—been whorlin' round me hid, scraichin' like Ould Nick; he's always on this post."

"But I heard your voice."

"To be shure I wor shpakin' to the bord. 'Blarm ye for a big shay-gull,' says I, 'an' if iver——'"

"Stop your jaw. Is there any one about his post?"

A search appeared to be made, but nothing being discovered the patrol moved on. There was a pause for some time, and, at last, the patrol having repassed, Dan put his head over the parapet again.

"Did ye hear thim, Mr Onslow?" he said. "Did ye hear the dayngers I'm in for ye? Tin dhollars! it isn't in rayson. Will ye make it a double-oon, and shpake to the carnel to make me carp'ral?"

"Certainly not," I said; but added, in despair, "I'll give you two doubloons."

"Haive thim up, yer anner—haive thim up, haystilee."

"But you'll lose them in the dark."

"Is it lose? Me? Faix it's mesilf that would see the yellow bhoys wid the back ov me hid in a coal-pid."

I heaved up the ransom accordingly.

"Now pull down that nglee big sail, and row back and out at won time, and ye'll do't."

We followed Dan's advice, and at last found ourselves clear of the Rock, half a mile out to sea, and running bravely before the wind. With a sense of security my injured feeling against Tim immediately returned, aggravated by the fact that, before Amalia, I could not pitch into him properly. I relieved my feelings, however, by muttering bitterly, "Your luck again, Tim—it will be the ruin of us after all; it's too bad—its scandalously too bad;" and, to thwart him, I tried to persuade Amalia to retire for the night into a little den under the half-deck, where we could make up a couch for her with the wraps.

"Not yet awhile, Señor," she said. "I will stay here and look at the stars, and—and—" She smiled and looked at Tim (the ass!) So, taking this as a hint that "three are no company," I went sulkily to the waist of the boat, wrapped myself up, lighted a pipe, and lay down to sleep.

It had been a fatiguing day, and my sleep, if not the sleep of the righteous, was uncommonly sound and long. When I awoke, the sun was up, and there was a total silence; we were not moving.

"Halloa! somebody," I cried; "where are we?" Nobody answered. "Zeb, you scoundrel, where are you?"

"Here, sir," said Zeb, rising from under an adjacent tarpaulin.

"Well, where are we? Have we arrived?"

"Lord bless you, sir, no! We're at sea, and there's the Rock not ten miles off. We've had a foul wind all night, and been beating, and now it's a dead calm. I don't think Romano's much use with a boat, sir."

"Where is he?"

"Sleeping. They don't expect a breeze till afternoon, and they've all lain down till then."

"The deuce they have! We'll see about that. Meantime go and make some tea, and bring some grub to the quarterdeck. I'm hungry." Amalia was not on deck, but there was Tim coiled up, and sleeping like a dormouse. I kicked him, and shouted, "Halloa! we're becalmed!"

"Calm—oh, so calm!—holy ca—ca—ca—" murmured the sleeper; whereupon I infused all the venom of the previous twenty-four hours into another kick, which brought Tim up to a sitting posture. "Get up and look at your luck," I said savagely. Tim rubbed his eyes.

"Eh? what? I say, you kick like an elephant."

"I wish I was an elephant, or a rhinoceros, that I might trample you as you deserve. Look at your luck, sir! look at it!"

"Why, it's a glorious morning," said Tim, hazily.

"Yes, and a glorious view we have of the Rock too!"

Tim, at last quite awake, looked round and saw our situation. "By Jove, it's quite close!" he said.

"Yes, and if *you* go on like this, we'll be drifting back into Cayrasso's jaws. By heavens! you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

I felt much better after this, and was able to greet Amalia, who now appeared, with equanimity, and to do justice to Zeb's breakfast. Under the cheering influences of that meal, we consoled ourselves that after all it was only ten o'clock, that Cayrasso could not leave the Rock till six or seven, and that his first search would be in the direction of Spain, and Africa quite a last resource. "But we must get on somehow," I said. "We're many miles from Ceuta Point, and far to the eastward, and if we don't round it before gunfire, it will be a bad business. We must row; we can't wait for the wind." I then had Romano and the crew unearthed, and set them to the oars, and we crawled along slowly and heavily. The hours went on; the sun blazed down upon us, and the rowers got tired with the heat and unwonted exertion, and insisted on a rest. It was three o'clock, and we were still a long way from Ceuta. I reviewed the situation, and got an idea. "I'll tell you what it is," I said; "we must give up the attempt to round the Point; we'll steer straight for the town (which is in the middle of the peninsula), and if we can make it before gunfire, which we ought to do, we'll walk across the strip, and charter another boat on the other side; it will save us a deal of time." The idea was applauded, the course altered accordingly, and the crew worked with a better will, in the prospect of abridged labour. Things were going on very well, and we were all getting as cheerful as possible, when suddenly Romano gave a cry of joy.

"E breeze come quick now, señores!"

"How do you know?"

"I look—I see—I know; small boat got."

We looked back and saw, some

miles behind us, a small vessel, her white sails filled, coming rapidly along with a breeze. At present this breeze failed, at a distance of perhaps a couple of miles from us, which we observed by the abrupt division between the smooth and ripply water.

"We're lost!" I said, for it did not escape me that the boat was shaping her course neither for the Point nor for the town, but, obviously, to cut us off. "It's your father, of course, Señorita, but we'll do our best in the way of a forlorn hope. Come, Tim, tackle to an oar; I'll relieve you presently. Each of the crew shall have an extra dollar if we get into Ceuta before gunfire, and before that boat."

Our pace improved visibly, but the white sail came on—on—on.

"Thank goodness, the breeze is not increasing its area much," I cried. "They'll be becalmed before long; our only chance now—lay in to your oars."

The crew worked well, but the pursuers came rapidly on. At last they reached the limit of the breeze, and we saw their sail begin to flap. The next moment they were at a standstill.

"Hurrah! they're becalmed!" shouted Tim.

Premature exultation; the next moment down came the sail, and four gleaming oars shot from the side of the boat, and began to work with businesslike strokes.

"Nothing but pluck can save us now!" I cried. "Another extra dollar a-head if we beat the boat into Ceuta!"

We really seemed to get on some pace for a little, but the men were greatly distressed, and each stroke looked as if it would be their last—and still the boat behind kept gaining. At last Romano stopped work, the crew at once following suit.

"No possible, Señor!" he cried.

"No possible!" chorused the crew.

"Confound you! it shall be 'pos-

sible," I shouted, hitting Romano hard over the head with a loading-rod, and distributing a few similar arguments among the crew, which set them to work again in a twinkling. "Take the rod, Zeb, and hammer any fellow you see shirking;" and on we went; but, oh, how we seemed to crawl! I gesticulated, bawled myself hoarse, coaxing, promising, and threatening.

"Put your backs into it! pull away! well pulled, all! Think of two dollars! It's only half a mile! Lick that hound with the red shirt, Zeb! Romano, I'll cut your throat from ear to ear if you don't work! All together! Harder! harder!"

"Ill-ump! ill-ump! ill-ump!" painfully went our colossal oars. Before me I had a tableau of shaggy crests, purple faces, flashing teeth, and starting eyeballs, of Zeb constantly replacing broken instruments of torture—of Tim's face white with anxiety and exertion. But soon the steady plash of well-rowed oars began to be audible from behind, and I was compelled to admit that it was "no possible." I gave the order to the rowers, therefore, to row easily, and set about making final dispositions. We had already sent Amalia under the half-deck, and thither Tim and I now also went, placing Zebedee at the rudder to parley with the pursuers when they overhauled us. There was a hatchway in the deck, just at his feet, and under this I took up my position, so that, without being seen, I could advise him.

"They're close up to us now, sir," said Zeb, in a few minutes.

"Can you see who they are?"

"No, sir; there's a tall man standing in the bows, but he's muffled up, face and all, in a poncho. I can't make him out; there doesn't seem to be any one else, except the crew. Are we to fight them, sir?"

"Certainly not."

"Ahoy—oy—oy—oy—oy!—ahoy!"

They were hailing us, and the

cry resembled that by which Paul Bedford has, for so many years, maintained his position in the dramatic world.

"Answer them, Zeb."

"Boohoy—oy—oy—oy!" shouted Zeb.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" bawled the pursuer again, now close under our quarter; "what ship's that, ahoy!"

This sounded like a burlesque, but Spaniards are such odd fellows, especially when they speak English.

"Ahoy! ahoy!" shouted Zeb. "You mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, ahoy!"

"Come, Zeb, no chaff," I said.

"Wher-r-r-r ye bound for-r-r?" hailed the pursuer again, still as if we were two hundred yards off.

"Ceuta!"

"Whar-r-r d'ye r-r-run away for, ye skulking thieves?"

"We thought ye were pir-r-r-rates, ye black-muzzled scoundrel," replied Zeb.

"We're no poi-oi-oi-rates; I'm the Alcalde of St Ro-o-oque, and I want a man ye've got hidden on boo-coord!"

"We've nothing on board but the cargo," said Zeb.

"Wha-a-ar is it?"

"A general cargo."

"A cargo of growing generals, you mean." And this last remark, spoken in a familiar voice, and followed by a well-known laugh, brought my head out of the hatchway, and I beheld Buttonshaw, Amalia's ex-lover, standing on board the little cutter, which had lain to beside us.

"Oh! Fred Onslow, Fred Onslow," he cried, "sold! sold!—was there ever such a sell! I saw you all through this glass for miles; how you made these 'scorpions' work! and how that rascal of yours licked them!—it's nearly been the death of me. But don't be mysterious; I know your games, and who is on board, and all the rest. All Gibraltar knows it by this time, thanks to your friend on

the Ragged Staff Guard; he had been round every mess before eleven this morning telling his tale, and I thought I would just hop over and see the fun with my brother the padre—that's him lying in the stern, smoking and thinking (he's a devil to smoke and think); but let me board you, you'll want assistance, I can tell you."

He climbed on to the felucca, and Amalia and Tim came from their den. There was a nonchalant meeting between the Señorita and Buttonshaw; and Tim was presented to his predecessor, who had much ado to keep his countenance.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Buttonshaw, with mock gravity, "information, observation, and strong natural sagacity have thoroughly acquainted me with this interesting affair. There are no secrets between us; therefore, I pray you, let there be no false delicacy. You seem to be making for Ceuta,—good; you can't reach it before gunfire unless I tow you,—good; I *will* tow you,—better; send your fellows on board our craft, then, to help at once, for verily the day is far spent."

This was done, and we began to move again.

"Now," said Buttonshaw, "let me tell you, that the angry father—Lord Ullin, as it were—was waiting at the Landport Gate this morning before gunfire, and the moment the drawbridge was down he flashed into Spain on his fiery quest. If he had waited for an hour or two, till your Ragged Staff friend had thoroughly ventilated the affair, he would now be here, instead of, or in addition to me. As it is, he'll soon find he's on a false scent—will hark back to Gib, and get laid on to the right one. Now, what are you going to do?"

"We're making for Tetuan," I replied; "the Vice-Consul there is to unite these two young persons, and when that is over we're all

right, you know. We hoped to make Tetuan to-night; but the wind has failed and here we are. We must sleep at Ceuta—there's some kind of hotel, I suppose?—start at dawn, and trust to our luck not to be overhauled by the enemy."

"Well," said Buttonshaw, "I don't see that you can do any more; but the rowers must look sharp—it's close to gunfire, and Ceuta is as strict as Gib. Wake them up, *padré!* we'll be late."

I may here mention that Ceuta, in the hands of the Spaniards, occupies the same position to Morocco and the Moors as Gibraltar in the hands of the English holds to Spain and the Spaniards. It is a small peninsula jutting from the mainland, strongly fortified, and employed by the Spanish Government as an important penal settlement.

At last we reached the land, and had just time to collect our traps and get within the gates when the gun fired, and they were closed.

"The nick of time," said Buttonshaw. "Now for the hotel. I know the way."

But at this moment a Spanish official stepped in front of us and, extending his hand, said laconically, "*Pratica.*"

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I forgot all about a bill of health. What's to be done?"

"I have one," said Buttonshaw, extending the document to the gendarme, who perused it, and then remarked, "This is good for *three* English—where is the other? for you are six."

"I haven't got one," I said. "I forgot it, but it can't signify much, we're only from Gibraltar, which is perfectly healthy at present."

"Pardon me," said the man, "it signifies much—to which three does this bill apply?"

"To this lady and that gentleman" (pointing to his brother), "and me," said Buttonshaw, quickly.

"You are free to pass," said the man. "For the other three, you must go to quarantine for the night, and in the morning the Alcalde will fine you for landing without 'pratica.'"

"Bribe him," said Buttonshaw, in English.

"How large will be the fine, Señor?" I inquired.

"Five dollars, perhaps, and perhaps more."

"I am sure you can manage it for us without quarantine," said I, at the same time extending a five-dollar piece, which he gravely pocketed.

"Oh! I'm sure you can," said Tim, producing a similar douceur, with the same results. The fellow looked at Zeb, but that worthy making no sign, he went on, "Unquestionably, Señores, you are liberal, and I thank you; but, rigorously, you must go to quarantine."

"The thief! I'm afraid there's no help for it," said Buttonshaw. "What a lucky thing Fane didn't come with us, so that Miss Cayrasso gets his place — quarantine here would have been dreadful for a lady — all rats and mosquitoes. I'll take every care of the Señorita, Mr Griffin; but you must be early astir and bribe your way out before gunfire, for we'll have all Gib down on us in the morning. Adios."

Tim clasped Amalia's hand tragically, but that young lady preserved the extraordinary *sang-froid* which had astonished me throughout; and wishing us a smiling "good-night," tripped away up the hill on Buttonshaw's arm to the hotel. The gendarme then took us to the quarantine building, which was close by.

"The Alcalde," he said, "visits the bath at gunfire, and with a little arrangement" — (significant emphasis on the word) — "he will, I daresay, deal with you at that hour."

The quarantine was a dreadful place. We were shown into a long

and squalid "saloon," as it was called, off which opened a sort of barrack-room, with beds ranged round the walls. The odours of the place were awful, and the air was alive with mosquitoes.

"Here you will dine," said our guide, "and there you will sleep. The rooms are clean and spacious, and you will be comfortable."

We put no great faith in his prophecy, but felt thankful that Amalia had been spared this fate, and that we were alone. We arranged that Zeb should be put in a separate place, and having nothing farther to do, proceeded to dine on the cold victuals we had brought with us. I shall not attempt to recount the tortures of that awful night in detail.

Tim's mental sufferings were intense. He became a prey to agonies of doubt and jealousy; he vilified Buttonshaw for not taking the quarantine for him; he abused me for forgetting the "pratica;" he blamed Amalia for indelicacy, in going to the hotel without his protection; — in short, he was unreasonable and abominable to the last degree. Then the mosquitoes attacked him unmercifully, and did not spare me. They kept me awake, and supplied the furnace of Tim's indignation with perpetual fuel. Altogether I had a dreadful time of it. I must have dropped off to sleep towards morning, however, for I awoke with a start at gunfire. The first object I saw was Tim standing over me, and what an object he was! The mosquitoes had freely pastured on his open countenance, and developed on his forehead bumps enough for the phrenological requirements of a dozen sages. One eye was partially closed, and his whole appearance reminded me of Nat Langham five minutes after his victory over the lamented Sayers. He was unconscious of the extent of his injuries, and took umbrage at the mirth with which I greeted him.

"What are you sniggering at, eh?"

"Only at this absurd situation for a man to be in on his wedding morning—that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it? Then, in order that it *may* be my wedding morning, perhaps you'll get up and take some steps towards getting us out of this place."

I turned out at once, and we went into the yard. It was empty. We shouted, and no one answered; we tried several doors and they were locked. At last, a small door in the back of the building yielded, and we went in. There was a bed in the room and a man in it.

"Que quiere aqui?" was his gruff question.

"We're the English officers who were brought here last night, and we wish to get out."

"Ah! very likely; so do most people—*anda!*"

"Aren't you the gendarme who brought us in last night, and promised to get us released at gunfire?"

"No, I'm not the gendarme who brought you in last night, and, if I was, I couldn't let you out—*anda!* I'm sleepy."

"But he said he would get the Alcalde to deal with us at gunfire."

"Ah! did he now?" (sleepily.)

"Be off with you."

"I'll make it worth your while to arrange it," I said. "I'll give you anything in reason."

The fellow woke up in a passion and swore freely. "If you gave me a thousand doubloons I couldn't do it," he said. "I am alone here, and here I must remain till the guard of the day comes, and so must you and be — to you."

We could not choose but wait therefore. Seven, eight, nine o'clock passed—no gendarme, no Alcalde. It was close on ten o'clock when the great door, in front of which we were pacing, was opened, and our official friend of the night before walked briskly in with a cheery salutation.

"Good morning, Señores—good morning. I hope you have reposed well. I am later than I expected,

but press of business has kept me; and as for the Alcalde, he has been at work since gunfire, and I could not move him to come here—rigorously it was impossible. But courage! he will be here soon; the day is but young. There is a breeze, and you will be at Tetuan by two o'clock.

The Alcalde did not arrive, however, for nearly two hours, and when he did come contrived to waste as much time as possible. He was an Alcalde of the ox pattern,—slow, solemn, and pompous, with a passion for iteration and a thirst for details. But at last, after a thousand trivial questions, including a searching investigation as to the real nature of Tim's swelled face, he fined us five dollars each, gravely reprimanded and cautioned us, and set us at liberty. It was nearly one o'clock when we started for the hotel, full of conjectures as to the fate of our companions.

"How horribly anxious darling Amalia must have been about us!" said Tim. "I've been selfishly repining too much on my own account without thinking enough of the dear girl's sufferings. They must have been awful!"

"Never mind, old boy, they will be at an end soon, for here we are at the hotel."

We entered, and inquired for our friends.

"A Señorita and two Caballeros! Certainly they slept here, but rose before gunfire, and went out immediately after," said the landlord.

"And have not returned since?"

"No."

"And left no message?"

"No message, Señor!"

"But they were to return?"

"It was uncertain."

"And you know nothing more?"

"I have said all."

I pondered for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I see it all, Tim. Buttonshaw is a brick, a regular out-and-out brick!"

"Why?" said Tim, looking green and faint. "I confess I don't see it."

"Don't see it? Why, of course he's thought it all out—the chances of our delay, the probabilities of an arrival from Gib and so forth, and he's taken Amalia off to Tetuan, to put her out of harm's way, and everything will be in train for us when we get there. Now, don't you see?"

"Capital!" cried Tim, radiant at once; "it's evident. Now I call that a downright good brotherly action of Buttonshaw's. He's a brick, bless him! and a clever one too; and I'll never forget him as long as I live—never, by Jupiter Tonans!"

"Now, let us be off and charter a boat, and follow them at once;" and down we went to the western beach.

Arrived there, we saw at a short distance off another party, engaged apparently in bargaining for a boat. A knot of marine monsters surrounded them, and the transactions were accompanied by much vehement gesticulation. At last one of the party in the centre of the group threw up his hands, like a man whose ultimatum has been rejected, and strode angrily from the ring and in our direction. A sudden mistiness came over my eyes, a sudden paralysis seized my knee-joints, and every particular hair on my head felt like an inverted thorn.

"Tim!" I gasped, "look!"

But Tim was looking already, with the fixed and stony regard of the boa's dinner rabbit at the Zoological Gardens, all his wild assortment of phrenology changing colour like a chameleon. The boa himself had instantly noticed us, and, beckoning his companions from the group, fatefully advanced.

It was Cayrasso! and he was accompanied by Finucane the commissary and another person unknown. No time for flight, no time for counsel. They were upon us. The expression of Cayrasso's face, at no time benevolent, was now a concentration of all the evil passions, that of the successful fiend dominant, however. They

halted a couple of yards from us. There was a moment's silence, Tim and I remaining quite comatose; and then the Señor burst out in a hoarse and quivering voice, "Ladrones!"

"My dear Señor," interrupted Finucane, who was as meddlesome as he was mendacious, "you are too much excited to speak to these persons calmly; let me deal with them in English." Then turning to us magisterially, "Ahem! ahem! unhappy young men! the Señor has addressed you in his own language as robbers, and in my ——" But the Spaniard was not to be shelved, and he broke out again, "Ladron! da me mi hija!"

"Which means," eagerly interpreted Finucane, "'robber or thief, give me, or restore me, my female child,' a very natural re——"

"Where is my daughter?" thundered Cayrasso, too, in English, to avoid the offices of his interpreter.

"Exactly," said the irrepressible; "where is my—our—that is, his daughter? just what I was coming to; where is she? no prevarication now!"

"I don't see what you have to do with it, Mr Finucane; but I have no objection to tell you both that I don't know where she is, and that I have not seen her to-day."

"Mentira!" cried the father.

"A lie!" shouted Finucane.

"I am peculiarly situated with regard to Mr Cayrasso; but as for you, Mr Finucane, that word will have to be accounted for," said Tim.

"My dear sir," said Finucane, "I was only interpreting the Señor."

"I require no such assistance, sir," said Tim.

"And do you dare—do you venture to tell me," went on Cayrasso, "that you have not seen my daughter to-day?"

"Do you dare—do you ven——" began the mocking-bird.

"I repeat," interrupted Tim,

"that we have not seen her to-day, and don't know where she is."

"And yet you left the hotel with her at gunfire!" said Cayrasso.

"We know all about it, you see," said the Commissary; "a *Señorita* and two English gentlemen——"

"We could not have left the hotel with her at gunfire," said Tim, "as we were in quarantine all night, and until half an hour ago."

"Perhaps you will tell me next that my daughter was in quarantine with you?"

"No, I won't; there was no one there but ourselves."

"As you arrived in the same boat with my daughter, *she* must have been detained if *you* were;—so much for your quarantine story, liar!"

I here put in my oar.

"You're unreasonable, Mr Cayrasso; who ever said your daughter came with us? Have we not told you again and again that we don't know where she is? But if you still doubt, we had better go to the *Alcalde* who fined us this morning; he will satisfy you that we were confined all night."

"Yes, I do doubt; I don't believe a word of it. Let us go to the *Alcalde*, he will make you speak the truth," said the father.

So we started, Cayrasso and his two friends leading the way, and we following. As we were ascending the main street, there suddenly turned into it, about two hundred yards ahead of us, a party on horseback, advancing rapidly in our direction. Despair has sharp eyes. I instantly recognised Amalia, Buttonshaw, and his brother. Hope fled from my heart, but I gave a sickly flourish with my hat behind Cayrasso's back, to counsel flight. To my surprise they only reined into a walk, and came boldly on. As they approached, it was obvious from the appearance of their horses that they had had a long and hard ride. Amalia's eyes were cast down, but her face was calm; the padre was fulfilling his rôle as "a

devil to smoke and think;" and as for Buttonshaw, he was easy and almost radiant as he pulled up, and, removing his hat, wished all the company "good morning." It was a strange rencontre. No one was prepared for it; and the salutation remained unanswered. Cayrasso was bewildered, and we were on the look-out for some clever stratagem on the part of Buttonshaw to deliver us from our dilemma.

Cayrasso was the first to recover himself, and, sternly addressing his daughter, said, "So, *Señorita*, we have met at last!"

"Yes, my father, we have met at last," replied Amalia.

"You have ridden far—let me hope the ride has been agreeable?"

"It has been delightful."

"That is well, as it will be your last."

"I hope not, for I have not a mind yet to die."

"Nevertheless, it will be your last, unless they take such exercise within the walls of the Convent of St Catherine, to which you are going, if the sisters will admit one who has galivanted two nights and two days, by sea and land, with I know not how many cavaliers;—how many lovers have you, girl?"

"I have now no lovers, father, I assure you; I have given them all up, and there will be no need to send me to the convent, for henceforth all my duty and affection shall be given to him whose they are by right."

"Fine words! *Señorita*, fine words! are they of penitence or of stratagem?"

"Neither, my father."

"We shall test them in time, no doubt; meanwhile, commence your new career of obedience by getting off that horse and coming with me."

"Oh, *Señor*!" cried Tim, springing forward and abjectly cringing before the father, "let your kind heart plead for us! do not separate two beings so fondly devoted! We have been wrong, we have been

imprudent,—I confess it—I mourn over it" (the ninny!); "but think of our great love and be generous; forgive us and make us happy; and if a lifetime of filial duty—"

"Ha! ha!" interrupted the sardonic fiend; "but she has just renounced all her lovers, hasn't she! Do you renounce this cavalier too, *Señorita*!"

"Yes, yes!" said Amalia, "I do—I must; I am sorry for him, but I must."

"Oh, Amalia! my beloved! what is this!" cried Tim, rushing forward, and preparing to grovel beside her horse; "unsay these dreadful words, my darling."

"Do not call me by these unseemly names, Mr Griffin; I am no longer anything to you,—I am married!"

"Married!" "Married!" "Married!" "Married!" echoed round the group, expressed in every intonation and with every shade of emotion.

"Yes," said Buttonshaw, riding forward, "she is married; she's Mrs Buttonshaw—my wife, in fact. Griffin, I owe you a sincere apology; but you see Amalia loved me long before she ever saw you, and promised that, if ever there was an opportunity, she would marry me; well, the opportunity, occurred this morning, and we have availed ourselves of it. We are both very sorry for you; but after all, you couldn't have married her yourself, for you were detained in quarantine, and here you would have all been in the jaws of the pursuing parent. I may add that it was simply a desire to escape from the brutality of that parent that induced her to run off with you. Her position at home was desperate. Yes, *Señor papa*, it was, and you needn't scowl; you have no power now. The Vice-Consul at Tetuan has deprived you of it, by marrying us this morning; and the Church, represented by this thoughtful padre, has sanctioned and blessed the union. Here are

the certificates. We'll have another wedding to-morrow, to which you shall come if you are very penitent and very good. I hear there is a steamer going to Gib this afternoon, so we'll say 'good-bye.' Come, Amalia; come, padre;" and they were off!

Let us draw a veil over the agonies of "Unlucky Tim Griffin." It has never transpired, to my knowledge, whether the conduct of Amalia and Buttonshaw was the result of a deep and deliberate plot in which both participated, and in which Tim and I performed the parts of catspaws, or whether it arose from a sudden access of fickleness on the part of the lady, combined with that villany on the part of Buttonshaw which he shares with some other males of his species. We are therefore free to speculate on the *pros* and *cons* of the question. The misogynist will, of course, give his adhesion to the former alternative, and, if he is a Spanish scholar, perhaps mutter, *apropos* of my Spanish heroine,—"*De mala muger te guarda, y de la buena no fies nada.*" For my part, I have always given Amalia the benefit of the doubt. Old Cay-rasso, you see, was a desperately nasty old fellow; and in desperate circumstances desperate resources are necessary. She went off, therefore, with Tim Griffin in despair, and unexpectedly (for I defy you to *prove* any collusion on her part) meeting Buttonshaw, with whom she was desperately in love, she desperately jilted my friend; and if she left him desperate, let it be remembered to her credit that she desperately sold her rascally parent into the bargain. As for Buttonshaw, he, of course, must have been a ruffian throughout; but let us be merciful even to that erring mortal. We are all frail. I can testify to the strength of his temptation, for I can vouch for the brightness of Amalia's eyes. And then, just reflect that in all human probability he now bitterly regrets his conduct.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AND THE IMPEACHMENT
OF THE PRESIDENT.

STATESMEN of such lofty views, such mature wisdom, and such unselfish patriotism as the founders of the American Republic — the “fathers,” as they are still affectionately called — have seldom appeared in any age or country. In their minds the theoretical and the practical were so combined and adjusted, that the one was never suffered to extinguish or overpower the other. It was with a pang that they threw off their allegiance to their sovereign. It was with the utmost respect and reverence that they conformed the laws and institutions of their infant State to those of England, as far as such conformity was possible in a new country, where no elements existed for the establishment of a monarchy, or any other aristocracy, except that of wealth and talents, which can never be eradicated from a world in which all men are not born equally strong and healthy, or can ever make themselves equally virtuous and successful. Warned by their own personal experience as well as by the teachings of general, and more particularly of English history, the “fathers” took especial care in the Constitution which they framed to guard against every probable assumption of despotic power, whether it might proceed from the central or the local governments — from the mob or from the Congress — from the executive or from the legislative department — from one man or from many. During the struggle with Great Britain, and up to the day when the Constitution was finally ratified by the consent of all the States, the dangers of too much liberty on the one hand, and of despotic encroachment on the other, had been earnestly debated by all the leading men of the time.

The “fathers” were apparently far more jealous of the legislative bodies than of the people or their elected Presidents, and plainly foresaw the probability of the very danger which the Radical or Republican faction at present in possession of supreme power has converted into a reality. Mr Madison, afterwards President, declared in the Convention of 1787 that “experience had proved a tendency in the American Government to throw all power into the Legislative vortex. The Executives of the States are in general little more than ciphers; the Legislature omnipotent. If no effectual check be devised for restraining the instability and encroachments of the latter, a revolution of some kind or other will be inevitable.”

Gouverneur Morris was equally prescient and emphatic. “The Legislature,” he said, “will continually seek to aggrandise and perpetuate itself, and will seize those critical moments produced by war, invasions, or convulsions, for that purpose. It is necessary, then, that the Executive should be the guardian of the people. When a strong personal interest happens to be opposed to the general interest, the Legislature cannot be too much distrusted. In all public bodies, there are two parties. The Executive will necessarily be more connected with one man than with the other. There will be a personal interest, therefore, in one of the parties to oppose, as well as the other to support him. Much has been said about the intrigues that will be practised by the Executive to get into office. Nothing has been said on the other side of the intrigues to get him out of office. Some leader of a party will always covet his seat, will perplex

his administration, will cabal with the Legislature, until he succeeds in supplanting him."

Mr Pinckney, of Maryland, had similar forebodings. "If he [the President] opposes a favourite law, the two Houses will combine against him, and, under the influence of heat and faction, throw him out of office."

In consequence of these and many other warnings, every precaution was taken to secure to the latest ages the equal democratic liberty which was the result of the successful rebellion of the States against Great Britain, and to prevent the establishment in the New World of any of the oppressive privileges, anomalies, and abuses of the Old. Nothing so elaborate, so complex, so nicely balanced, so apparently perfect in all its workings, was ever before devised. Every difficulty had, as far as known, been foreseen and provided against. There was no defect or flaw in the delicate machinery. As in a steam-engine, every crank and piston, every cog and wheel, and cylinder, had its appropriate and clearly defined uses. No one thing, and no one principle, could jostle against or interfere with the working of any other. The whole contrivance was instinct with life and beauty, like the human body. There was such a perfect adaptation of means to ends, as to defy the wisdom of that day to suggest an improvement. If the Legislature went wrong, there was the Executive to veto its mistakes or its wilful errors. If, in spite of the veto, the Legislature, by a two-thirds majority, insisted upon its right to do as it pleased, there was the Supreme Court, the highest tribunal in the land, to decide whether its action were constitutional, and to pronounce a judgment against which there was no appeal. It was in all respects an irreproachable document—a veritable gospel in the opinion of its founders—proclaiming, like Christianity, "peace

on earth and goodwill to men," and affirming the right of the poorest honest man (provided he were not a negro) to a share in the Government which he was compelled to obey. Its originators pronounced it all-sufficient for its purposes. The country ratified the verdict, and, amid the applause of the abstract philosophers, doctrinaires, and theorists, the United States of America entered into the enjoyment of what was to all appearance the noblest heritage of liberty that had ever fallen to the lot of a nation. *Vanitas vanitatum!* All is vanity! The machine did not prove to be altogether so perfect as its fond authors imagined. From the very first inception of the document there was the little hitch about negro slavery which prevented the smooth and easy action of the springs and wheels. There was a stony grit, rather than a fluent oil, in the most delicate parts of the structure which prevented the normal action of the machine, and threatened a dislocation if not an explosion. But notwithstanding this drawback to the complacency with which the noble work was regarded, to those who look upon the subject in the light of after experience, unswayed in their judgment by the passions that have since convulsed the Union, it seems possible that it might have answered all the purpose of its creators, if the Americans had been as virtuous a people as their earliest statesmen imagined. If politics had not become a trade, if voters and the managers of voters had been incorruptible by bribes of money or of place; if the leading men had cared more for liberty than for the spoils of office; if the multitude had really comprehended the principles of their own Government, and had been duly guided by the opinions, the wishes, and the warnings of the "fathers;" and if the South had acknowledged that negro slavery was an evil which might be safely and gradually abolished; and

if North and South had minded each its own business,—the Constitution might have proved as available in the days of storm and revolution as it proved in those of sunshine and fair weather. But this was not to be. The house was built on shifting sand and not on solid rock, and was divided against itself. The people were not, and never pretended to be, virtuous when there was serious political business to be done, however much they may have flaunted the intrinsic value of republicanism in the eyes of monarchical Europe. At the very first severe strain to which it was subjected, the beautiful, the symmetrical, the perfect Constitution broke hopelessly down; and is at this moment of no more binding force upon the American people than any of the numberless equally beautiful and unworkable Constitutions bestowed upon themselves by the French between 1789 and 1848. The great Civil War pronounced its doom. It is in vain that Conservative Americans of the North or the South appeal in our day to its once sacred enactments. The torch and the sword, the rifle and the revolver, the tread of armies, and the hoofs of devastating cavalry, have cut, and riddled, and burned, and trodden it out. A dominant revolutionary faction, having a majority in both Houses of Congress, laugh its shreds and remnants to scorn, and make their own decrees do duty in its stead. It is the old story. No written Constitution devised in the brain of one man, or concocted amid the deliberations of many, however theoretically perfect it may have been, or appeared to be, ever withstood the wear and tear of events or the force of hostile passions. Daniel O'Connell, using a bold metaphor, said he could drive a coach-and-six through any Act of Parliament that ever was framed; and if this could be done in quiet and peaceable times, it is not surprising that such a convulsion as the great Civil War

between North and South in America should have left little of the Constitution behind it for friends to love or for enemies to set at nought.

As soon as Southern secession became the realisation of a long foregone conclusion to which the events of fifty years had been steadily tending, the South devised a new Constitution for itself;—the North endeavoured, as far as a state of war would permit, to conform itself to the provisions of the old. The attempt was futile. *Inter arma, silent leges.* The ordinary forms of law are not binding in a civil war, or during a foreign war, if the outer enemy have friends, adherents, and sympathisers within the camp. The act of war, and the recognition of Southern belligerents by the North, sorely against its will, abrogated the Constitution in part; and if in part, in whole, as soon as any powerful interests, the growth of passion or necessity, rendered it worth the while of any strong party to deny its validity. The Constitution provided no punishment for an act of secession, and the Northern people, determining that there should be no secession, and no disruption of the Union, if force could prevent it, resorted to force, in defiance of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the written document. While the war lasted, and its fortune was undecided, and seemed to incline rather more strongly to the South than to the North, most Northern statesmen and politicians, and all of them who were most prominent and influential, united in the one desire for the restoration of the Union, and the re-establishment of the Constitution. For the sake of these objects all the offences of the South, if the Southern leaders would have but laid down their arms, would have been readily and cheerfully condoned. Even slavery itself, the pretext, and one of the causes of the war, would have been tolerated by a large and influential section of

the Northern people, on the sole condition that the South would re-enter the Union. And when by the progress of events, rather than by the desire of Northern statesmen of the highest calibre to emancipate the slaves without preparation and compensation, slavery was abolished never more to be revived; the restoration of the Union without any other condition attached to it than the acceptance of negro liberation by the South, was the dearest wish of all but a small section of the Northern people. And but for a miserable and shameful catastrophe, it is highly probable that this would have been the result; and that President Lincoln, under whose auspices and control the victory that so long seemed hopeless had been finally won, and the right of the slave to his freedom successfully affirmed, would, acting on the instinct of a generous and merciful nature, and on the calculation of a sound statesmanship, have proclaimed the restoration of the Union, the re-establishment of the Constitution, and a general amnesty for all political offences. This would have been a noble spectacle, and a mighty triumph for the principles of republicanism. That this course was actually urged upon Mr Lincoln by many eminent men in the North who had rendered themselves conspicuous for their hostility to the Southern seceders and "rebels," and for their stanch friendship for the African race, was obvious immediately after the surrender of General Lee, and the flight of Mr Jefferson Davis; and that Mr Lincoln was prepared to follow advice which so thoroughly accorded with his own predetermination, and with the kindly sympathies of a nature that had no heart to press heavily on a fallen and helpless foe, we happen to know on very high and satisfactory authority. But in one unhappy moment all was changed. The cowardly murder of the President by a crazy fanatic who had no more

connection with the politics of the South than any negro car-driver in the streets of Washington, created throughout the country a perfect torrent of hatred and wrath. It was in vain that the South protested its innocence of all previous knowledge of, and participation in, the crime. It was in vain that the Northern politicians, who desired above all things to reconcile the North and the South, declared their belief that the assassin acted solely on the insane promptings of his own individual wickedness; the Northern people would listen to no reason in the agonies of their indignation. Not only Mr Jefferson Davis—as pure-minded a man as Washington himself—but six or seven gentlemen of note in the councils of the South—some of whom had vexed the soul of Mr Stanton, the War Secretary, by establishing a base of operations on the Canadian side of the Falls of Niagara, for manipulating, managing, and prompting the Northern Democratic party—were included with Wilkes Booth in the charge of assassination. Mr Johnson, who stepped into Mr Lincoln's place, was either so far carried away by the madness of the time as to believe that Mr Jefferson Davis and the rest had really instigated the murder, or he did not feel himself secure enough in his position to withstand a popular outcry which he knew to be unfounded. At all events, he took no part in calming the excitement of the hour; but, on the contrary, so acted as to add fuel to the flame. Though not a member of the Republican or Federal party, but "a straight-line Democrat," and stanch upholder of the doctrine of States' Rights, as the great fundamental doctrine without which American liberty was impossible, he acted with the Republicans and Radicals during the first few months of his presidency, and almost seemed for a time as if he were the bitter enemy of the South, which Mr Lincoln

had never been, and as great an advocate for the extinction of Southern liberty as the most virulent abolitionist who had ever preached the social equality of the full-blooded African with the white man, or the mental superiority of the mulatto to the negro or the pure Caucasian white. It was at this point that Mr Johnson took his first false step. Attempting to strengthen himself by an apparent alliance with a party with whose principles he had no sympathy, he repelled, offended, and alienated another, and, as events have proved, the strongest party in the country—the Democrats or Conservatives—whose enmity to the South, never very deeply rooted, ended at the moment that General Lee laid down his sword, and the old flag floated once more unchallenged from Maine to Texas. The Secretaries whom he found in office were not of his appointing; and if he had called upon the whole of them to resign, or had summarily dismissed them if they refused to take the hint that their services were no longer in accordance with his personal predilections, or his constitutional right to nominate his own advisers, the Republican party, by whose votes he, as well as Mr Lincoln, had been elected, was in no position either in the country or in Congress to deny his right or to thwart him in its exercise. Mr Stanton, more than any other of the Secretaries whom Mr Lincoln had appointed, was obnoxious to the Democratic party, firstly, because he was a renegade from their political faith; secondly, because his manners were brusque, harsh, and dictatorial; and last, and perhaps not least, because he had stretched the law and ignored the Constitution to suit the purposes, or to satiate the vengeance, of the Radicals. There would have been scarcely a murmur of dissent if this very unsavoury Secretary had, in the hideous American phrase, been “guillotined,” or dismissed. The Repub-

lican party being helpless at the moment, would have quietly acquiesced, and the Democrats would have sung pæans of victory. But Mr Johnson was not ready. He either did not see the opportunity, or wrongly judged that he might make a powerful friend of Mr Stanton by retaining him in office. This was his second error of judgment. His next great mistake, or fault, or blindness to opportunity, whichever it may be called, was his omission to declare, by proclamation, that the Union was not only *de jure* and *de facto* restored, together with the Constitution of the “fathers;” but to call upon Congress to complete its numbers by admitting representatives and senators from all the Southern States. Mr Lincoln could have done this amid the applause of the whole country, and in all probability would have done it had his life been spared a month longer; but Mr Johnson either did not see the propriety and magnanimity of such a master-stroke of statesmanship—or, seeing it, was afraid that the exasperated state of public feeling consequent upon the assassination of his predecessor was not favourable to any other policy but that of coercion. But wittingly or unwittingly, willingly or unwillingly, he failed to place it upon record that the existing Congress, elected during the war when the South stood towards the North in the position of a foreign foe, having rights of belligerency, was constitutionally incomplete as soon as the South ceased to be a foreign foe and became once more an integral portion of the Union; that being incomplete it was illegal, and only derived such powers as it usurped from victory in the field, and that such powers expired with the war that had temporarily justified them. This was the view taken by the Democratic leaders, who calculated, and not without reason, that if a vote of the whole Union could be taken, the Southern

whites, restored to equal liberty with their Northern fellow-citizens, would place the Democrats once again in that majority which they only managed to lose by their own divisions at the first election of Mr Lincoln.

The knowledge of this truth was not lost upon the Republican party, and affords the only clue to their harsh treatment of the Southern States, and their persistent determination, *per fas aut nefas*, to disfranchise the Southern whites. Mr Johnson, though apparently acting with the Republicans, had within six or eight months of his accession done sufficient in a direction contrary to their wishes to alarm their leaders. Mr Wendell Phillips, always on the watch-tower and quick to perceive the current of public opinion, declared before the close of the year 1865 that with Mr Johnson at the head of affairs the South was in reality victorious, and that the great anti-slavery battle would have to be fought again, unless the Southern negroes, whom he called euphemistically the loyal Southern people, could with Northern aid be enabled to control the elections in every State that had been in rebellion. This was the gist, though these were not the *ipissima verba*, of his argument. Mr Thaddeus Stevens, the doughtiest Achilles and sagest Nestor of the Radical host, aroused himself at the blast of the war-trumpet so lustily sounded by Mr Phillips, and launched against the head of Mr Johnson the arrows of his wrath, his sarcasm, and his contempt. The whole party speedily marshalled themselves under his guidance, and dreading, apparently with good reason, that the next Presidential election would go in favour of the Democratic candidate if Mr Johnson could not be silenced or got rid of in the interval, threatened his impeachment as the only possible means of securing for their party

the succession to his vacant chair. Mr Johnson bravely—and with a wealth of logic which every sound lawyer in America was forced to admit—vetoed every measure framed by Congress which appeared to him to be unconstitutional. By this means, though his vetoes were inoperative, he greatly strengthened the position of the Northern and Western Democracy. Congress was able to muzzle the Democratic party in the South (where all the white men are Democrats), by the simple expedient of treating every white man as a rebel who would not take a certain oath, which not one white man in a thousand looked upon with any other feelings than loathing, or would dare to take, even if he did not loathe it, if he valued his social position or his domestic peace. But Congress, though able to carry out its views in this respect over the South, was powerless over the Democratic party in the North, and Mr Johnson's vetoes, though always negated by the two-thirds majority necessary to carry a measure which the President refused to sanction, had the undoubted effect of strengthening the hands and confirming the convictions of the Constitutionalists. And not only the Democrats, but many moderate Republicans, began to grow weary of the eternal babble about the negroes—of the continual hypocrisy of interest in the welfare of the freedmen, the sole object of which was to obtain the negro vote for the Republican party in the election of 1868, after which the negro might starve and rot for all that the party cared, until his vote should be again required in the election of 1872. Mr Thaddeus Stevens, Mr Wendell Phillips, Mr Charles Sumner, General Butler, and others, by their persistence in thrusting forward the black man and his claims to be the destined saviour of the country, made the very name of "negro" odious to large masses of the people. The

negro, said a scornful Democrat, with an emphasis on the word "cuss" which it requires an American training to appreciate—

"Is the sole object of our love,
For him we live, for him we move,
For him we preach, for him we pray,
For him we meet from day to day,
The coloured *cuss* from *Africa*!"

Nor was it only the pretended love for the negro, but the real hatred of the South, which animated the chiefs and leaders of the Republican party, that alienated moderate men. A Mr McClurg, the chairman of the select committee of the House of Representatives to inquire into the condition of Southern railroads, declared that "he felt almost willing that God should visit the Southern land with desolation, until her people should return to their duty to humanity." This was said in January of the present year; and the only duty to humanity which the South at this time refused to fulfil was to vote for the Republican party. There was no other charge—if this were indeed a charge—which could be brought with justice against its suffering and prostrate people. "What," asked Mr Prentice, the most influential public man in Kentucky, and editor of the 'Louisville Journal,' "is the duty to humanity to which it is demanded that the Southern people shall return? Is voluntary submission to negro supremacy a 'duty to humanity'? Is cheerful acquiescence in confiscation and disfranchisement a 'duty to humanity'? The people of the South were required to lay down their arms and swear allegiance to the Union. They did so. They were required to submit to taxation for the payment of the enormous debt incurred by the Federal Government in subduing them. They did so. They were required to declare their ordinances of secession null and void. They did so. They were required to give their assent to the repudiation of their own public debt and of all

debts contracted for the carrying on of the rebellion. They did so. They were required to give up their millions of negroes, upon whose labour their reliance had been during all their lives. They did so. Exaction after exaction was made of them as a condition of their restoration to the Union, and they submitted to exaction after exaction. New and harder terms were imposed as fast as the old ones were complied with. Compliance strove to keep pace with requirement, but requirement bounded on and on, resolved to keep the lead."

But arguments, however eloquent and irrefutable, and facts, however undeniable, are thrown away upon a party that thirsts for power and pelf, and has no scruples in the mode of obtaining, and after obtaining, of keeping possession of them. To reason with the whirlwind is about as wise as to reason with fanaticism, when fanaticism sniffs either blood or plunder, or discovers any available method for the perpetuation of its supremacy. Nevertheless, though reasoning was vain to convince the Republicans of the error and cruelty of their ways, it was not wasted upon the mind of the country. The factious legislation of Congress, the gallant stand made by the President in defence of the Constitution, the harsh treatment inflicted upon the South, and the public disgust which had been excited by the uses made, and threatened to be made, of the negro vote,—all operated to produce the strong Conservative reaction that became palpable to America and Europe in the elections of 1867. It was felt that the extremists in Congress were so resolved upon the perpetuation of the supremacy with which the fortune of war had endowed them, that they would if possible give votes to the cattle and pigs of the Southern planters as readily as they would to the negroes, provided always that such votes could be cast for the Republican party. These con-

siderations, strengthened by the unpopularity which is the inevitable fate in all free countries of every party that remains long in power, and which in this case was increased by the widely prevailing discontent with the immense burden of taxation rendered necessary to pay the interest upon an enormous national debt, contracted in a most profligate manner, alienated from the Republicans many of their lukewarm supporters, and threw into the Democratic ranks not only all the solid men of business, who, in all countries, are naturally Conservative, but that great and powerful body of waverers, who in doubtful cases are certain to register their votes on the winning side. Everywhere the Democrats were either wholly victorious, or were enabled to make serious inroads upon the Radical majority. Their jubilation at this reintegration of their scattered and long-divided elements was loud and long; and, for the first time since the conclusion of the Civil War, the white people of the South seemed to discover a ray of light amid the political and social darkness that enshrouded the future, and looked forward with hope to a coming day, not too remote, when North and South, forgetting that they were ever foes, would join their hands in friendship and fraternity, and establish, once and for ever, a real Union based upon human freedom, but, at the same time, a Union not to be imperilled in the future by any participation in its government of millions of utterly ignorant paupers, whether black or white, who might claim political privilege in respect of nothing but their manhood.

Mr Johnson shared in the elation of the party to which he had all his life belonged, and to which he did not consider himself to have been unfaithful, even when he accepted a nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Republican

ticket. It was to the fact that he was a steady and courageous Unionist, when disunion was popular in the border States, that he owed his favour among the Republicans. "Union" was his cry during the war—"Union" was in like manner his cry when the war was at an end—"Union, with the Constitution intact and unimpaired," was the be-all and end-all of his aspirations. While these elections were in progress Congress was not in session. This gratifying, but by no means unexpected result, inspired the President with courage to do what he ought to have done within a month of his accession, when no courage would have been requisite. He resolved to dismiss the War Minister, in whom he had no confidence, and to discontinue official relations with the man who, forgetting duty as well as courtesy, not only thwarted, or endeavoured to thwart, the policy of his superior, but spoke disrespectfully of his manners and his character both in public and in private. Anticipating some such action on the part of the President, both Houses of Congress had passed the Tenure of Office Act, providing that neither Mr Johnson, nor any future President, should have power to dismiss an official of the Government whose appointment had been confirmed by the Senate. Mr Johnson had vetoed this Bill as unconstitutional; and as usual it had been passed over his head by the requisite majority. As the members of the Legislature had dispersed to their homes, and had no power to reassemble until the usual period, Mr Stanton found it expedient to vacate the War Office under protest—a prudent and quiet proceeding, which he was no doubt more inclined to adopt than a man of his pugnacious disposition might otherwise have been, by calm reflection upon the fact that the hero of the Civil War, and for the time being the most

popular man in the Republic—General Grant himself—had consented to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*. With such an ally, and with a growing Democratic majority at the polls, Mr Johnson seemed to have achieved a decided victory. Such was the impression in America as well as in Europe. But appearances were deceptive. Mr Stanton was a reed to bend to the wind, and not an oak to be broken by the whirlwind. In yielding to superior force, and biding his time until the reassembling of the Legislature, he created a kind of lull in the political storm; and had leisure to devise with the leading spirits of his party a plan of strategy for the next campaign. Mr Johnson, warned by experience of the mistakes which he had previously made in being unnecessarily outspoken, was cautious and reticent in all his public utterances, and comported himself with so much dignity, as to impress many of the Democratic leaders with the idea that their party contained within its ranks no better or more available candidate at the elections of 1868 than Mr Johnson himself. But Mr Johnson was not fortunate in his great—his too great—ally. General Grant was himself a candidate for the Presidency; and though, like every man of common sense and independent spirit, he would probably have preferred that the Presidential office should devolve upon him with as many powers and prerogatives as the Constitution had bestowed, including the right of dismissing his ministers—and might possibly have continued to support Mr Johnson in this view, if he had been personally uninterested in the contest—he was too much of a politician to sacrifice all his chances of the coveted office for the sake of the actual incumbent. He therefore—and perhaps for divers other reasons—preferred to be a very limited President rather than to be no President at all. Anticipating that Congress would not

yield the point at issue, and that immediately on its reassembling it would order Mr Stanton to resume possession of his office, Mr Johnson exacted from General Grant a promise that in such a contingency he would place his resignation in the hands which had appointed him. As Grant was appointed by Mr Johnson and not by Congress, and as the President was *ex officio* Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and General Grant's military as well as civil superior, it was obvious to all men of dispassionate and unprejudiced minds, that such a course of procedure became imperative upon General Grant by the mere fact of his acceptance. It was competent for the General to refuse to serve Mr Johnson in this capacity at all, but having accepted, it was his duty, as soon as he found it impolitic, inconvenient, or impossible to hold the office longer, to give back the trust to him from whom he had received it. If General Grant had been only a soldier, his soldierly instincts would have led him to take this course, even without the additional impetus of a positive or implied promise. But General Grant was a politician as well as a soldier; and when the decisive moment arrived and Mr Stanton was formally directed to resume his place, General Grant deemed it more conducive to his own interest to obey Congress than to keep faith with Mr Johnson. The President was naturally aggrieved at an act that savoured of treachery; and which, whether treacherous or not in the strictest sense of the word, deprived him of the opportunity of making a new appointment before the unimpeded re-installation of his mutinous subordinate. A somewhat angry correspondence ensued. The President affirmed that General Grant had explicitly promised to resign the *ad interim* Secretaryship into his hands, in the precise eventuality which had come to pass; and General Grant as positively denied

that he had made any promise at all. In corroboration of the President, every member of the Cabinet, except Mr Stanton, who had long ceased to be admitted to the Cabinet meetings, testified without hesitation; while, in support of General Grant, there was nothing to be adduced but his own testimony in his own favour. Party feeling ran high. The Republicans implicitly accepted General Grant's version. The Democrats, on the other hand, denounced Grant as a traitor, and as something even more dishonourable; while impartial men came to the conclusion that Mr Johnson had the best of the controversy, and would have had the best of it even if the corroboration of Mr Seward, Mr McCulloch, Mr Welles, Mr Stansberry, and other members of the Cabinet, had been wanting.

If Mr Johnson had been contented with his moral victory over General Grant, and had not longed for a physical victory over Congress and Mr Stanton, it is possible that the world would have heard nothing further on the great question of Impeachment; and that Mr Johnson, with crippled powers and diminished prerogatives, would have been allowed to remain in office for the few remaining months of his term. But Mr Johnson, so far from dreading impeachment, seemed to covet it. He had a strong conviction that he was right, and preferred dismissal for support of the Constitution to continuance in office on the sufferance of a Legislature which had usurped powers not legally belonging to it. The Constitution of the "fathers," which was popularly believed to have foreseen and provided against all contingencies, had certainly provided for such a contingency as this; and Mr Johnson, in appointing General Thomas to succeed General Grant at the War Office, and thus, in the most positive manner, denying the competency of the Senate to thrust Mr Stanton

back upon him against his will, took the only means available to bring the question before the Supreme Court—the highest tribunal in the land, expressly created by the "fathers" to watch over the inviolability of the Constitution, and to decide between the Executive and the Legislative departments of the State, whenever the two came into collision. This was the proper course of procedure. Had it been followed, Mr Stanton would a second time have vacated the War Office, under protest as before, and the Supreme Court would have decided whether the Tenure of Office Act was valid or invalid; and if valid, whether Mr Johnson had, either corruptly, ignorantly, or with a mistaken interpretation of its meaning, been guilty of its infraction. But the Congressional majority in both Houses, eager for the perpetuation of power in their own party, had as little respect for the Supreme Court as for Mr Johnson; and being justly apprehensive of a decision on the merits, irrespective of all party considerations, from the only body in the United States that is in a position to be honest and independent, the Republican leaders resolved to give Mr Johnson no such chance of triumph. They counselled Mr Stanton to remain in office, to refuse obedience to General Thomas, to pay no attention to the President's commands except in so far as the President might on second thought see fit to recognise and communicate with him as the legally appointed Secretary of War. For a time, some timid people imagined that the dispute might be insoluble and interminable, unless the arbitrament of the sword should bring it to an end; but as General Grant was at the head of a real army, and would have obeyed Congress rather than Mr Johnson; and as Mr Johnson, though nominally Commander-in-Chief of the whole army, had no army whatever at his disposal—not

even a corporal's guard—and in all probability would not have employed it if he had,—these fears were speedily dissipated.

The fiery spirits of the party—still led by Mr Thaddeus Stevens, Mr Charles Sumner, General Butler, and Mr Benjamin Wade, the acting Vice-President, and, in the event of Mr Johnson's deposition, the new President until March 1869—resolved that, as Mr Johnson had still some patronage and prestige left, in spite of the will and the power of Congress to curtail the one and impair the other, and as he might employ both in favour of the Democrats, and to the possible discomfiture of the Republicans, at the great Presidential contest of the present year, it would be for the advantage of the party to depose him. On being asked by a cautious Radical whether such a proceeding would be safe, Thaddeus Stevens—the Robespierre, Danton, and Marat of America all rolled into one—replied angrily and *more suo*, "Not impeach and remove Johnson? I tell you, sir, we *must* do it. If we don't do it, we are damned to all eternity. There is a moral necessity for it for which I care something; and there is a party necessity for it, for which I care more. In fact, the party necessity is the moral necessity; for I consider that when the Republican party dies, this country will be given over to the so-called Democracy, which is worse than the devil. There need be no fear about *law*. That damned rascal (Mr Johnson) has violated all the laws that Congress has passed, and especially the Civil Tenure law; and I can prove it, by God!—ay, prove it forty times over—yes, by God!" There was another reason for impeachment—of which the energetic and profane Thaddeus made no mention—and why it was not considered expedient to bring the question of the applicability to Mr Stanton's case of the Tenure of Office Act before the Supreme Court. The all-sufficient reason

was, that there were very grave doubts whether the Court would not decide in Mr Johnson's favour. One of the judges, Mr William Field of California, who at a private dinner-table had expressed an opinion that the Act was not binding upon Mr Johnson in the case of Mr Stanton, inasmuch as Mr Lincoln, and not Mr Johnson, had originally appointed him to the office, was publicly threatened with impeachment for daring to set his opinion in opposition to that of Congress. Some exalted Radicals even went so far as to threaten the abolition of the Supreme Court, as well as the impeachment of Mr Field. The implacable will, the unflinching animosity of old Thaddeus, animated all the party; and the impeachment of the President, dangerous though it seemed as an experiment upon the patience of the American people, was resolved upon, as Mr Stevens unblushingly avowed, for a party purpose. To impeach was held to be the same as to depose, because the possibility of an acquittal by the Senate, in which nearly three-fourths of the members were known to be hostile to the President, was not for a moment dreamt of, either by the rank-and-file or by the leaders of the Republican party. The calculations were made, the men were known, the result was clear. It was an equation in political algebra, only to be decided in one way, unless American nature should be wholly changed in the interval between the accusation and the verdict, and the fiery lava of party passion should be converted into thick-ribbed ice by the power of reason upon the multitude,—conditions not to be admitted into any equation, moral or algebraical.

And thus the impeachment was brought about, and for the first time in American history the Chief Magistrate of the Republic was summoned by a victorious faction—a faction only victorious by reason of the disfranchisement of ten States of the Union—to answer for

his misdeeds at the bar of the Senate. It was resolved by the leaders who had taken this "big thing" in hand that no defection should be allowed—that every Republican daring to form an opinion adverse to that of the majority should be "read out" of the party, branded as a traitor, and visited with all the pains and penalties that party hatred in America knows so well how to inflict. It was to be a "strict party vote," and defection on any pretence was to be as serious and unpardonable a crime as the desertion of a soldier to the enemy in the hour of battle.

In Europe the news of these events was received with great interest, not unmingled with a misgiving that such an unprecedented and serious proceeding might lead to a renewal of civil strife. But in America there was no such fear. Men's passions were excited, but not to blood-heat. Though there was considerable sympathy for Mr Johnson among his own party, there was no veneration for his office in either party, nor much of personal regard for its occupant. Mr Johnson was less respected than any of his predecessors. He knew, as well as any of the still living men—Mr Buchanan, Mr Franklin Pierce, and Mr Millard Fillmore—who had occupied his uneasy seat in bygone days, that to be President of the United States is, notwithstanding all its power and opportunities, to occupy a very unenviable and invidious position. No one speaks well of a President except it be the man who expects an office from him, or has a party purpose to serve. A President may have personal friends, but he has none to look upon him with that affectionate reverence which people in Europe feel towards the living representative of a long and illustrious line of kings and emperors, or towards the individual who, like the Emperor of the French, has raised himself to imperial power by genius, audacity, and good for-

tune. Never in the world was any man more abused than President Buchanan. Never was any man more reviled and laughed at than President Lincoln; and if Mr Johnson has not been so much laughed at as his immediate predecessor, he has been more reviled and hated. And while a President in office is a man of small account, a President out of office goes back into private life with a greater swarm of enemies barking detraction at his heels, than can ever pursue the man who has not emerged from obscurity, to be thrust by mere accident sometimes, or by the elimination of the good and great from the list of competitors, into the high position of temporary chief of an ultra-Democratic Republic, where placeholders are alike ill paid, corrupt, and clamorous—where the scramble for the public spoils is constant and intense, and where the possibility of making one friend is overbalanced by the certainty of making a dozen foes for every act of a President's political life. The short remaining tenure of Mr Johnson's term of office—the few months intervening until the 4th of March 1869—deprived the struggle to depose him of much of the importance in the eyes of the people that it might otherwise have assumed. Except as a topic for newspaper controversy, and for a display of bunkum and "high faluten" by the windy speakers on both sides, the question of the guilt or innocence of Mr Johnson was calmly, almost stolidly, left to the deliberations of the Legislature. Though a *coup d'état* was recommended by a few "fire-eaters" among the ultra-Democrats, no one imagined, least of all Mr Johnson, that such a proceeding would be attempted; or that, if attempted, it could end otherwise than disastrously to its principal and all its aiders and abettors. Impeachment had been so long threatened that when at last it had ripened into a reality no one was greatly surprised,

though many reflective Americans were very greatly ashamed. Even the Democrats, against whom rather than against Mr Johnson individually the blow was aimed, were not greatly astonished that party feeling should carry their opponents to such an extreme length; for they knew tolerably well that, if they were in power, and had a chance of retaining it by the adoption of similar means against an adversary, they would not scruple to employ it. The Legislative power had become or was fast becoming supreme, and the necessary result was loss of liberty and breach of the Constitution. "True liberty," as observed by General James Williams of Tennessee, in his thoughtful history of the 'Rise and Fall of the Model Republic,'

"can never exist in a State where a single element may exercise absolute power. It matters not where that power may be deposited—whether in a single monarch, in an oligarchy acting as a unit, or in a majority of the people—it is still despotism. In point of fact, the last-named is the worst and the first the least objectionable; both have equal facilities for the exercise of tyranny, but it is far more easy to satisfy the demands of a single despot than many. To punish one may be accomplished, because a single hand may do it; and this fact being ever present to the mind of him who may, if he so wills, oppress his fellow-men, operates at least as a restraint upon the practice of tyranny. To punish the many is impossible, and therefore no fear of the consequences which may follow an act of oppression can deter the multitude from its commission. A slight concession from each may satisfy the demands of one supreme ruler, while the acquirement of all which a minority possesses cannot satiate the cupidity of a majority. One man naturally shrinks from the responsibility of doing a great wrong—the division of that responsibility amongst a multitude leaves so small a portion to each that the deed is done without creating in the minds of any a feeling of moral responsibility for the act committed. At the least, there are so great a number who do not feel the influence of this restraining cause that the minority is overborne."

The resolutions for the impeachment of Mr Johnson were introduced into the House of Representatives early in February; and in a full house, and by a strict party vote, in which only two Republicans were courageous enough to vote against impeachment, though eighteen were courageous enough to absent themselves, were carried by a majority of 126 against 47. The next step was to appoint managers on behalf of the House to present the articles of impeachment to the Senate; and accordingly, on Wednesday the 27th of February, these gentlemen, to the number of seven, presented themselves at the bar of the Senate. The only two of the seven whose names are well known in Europe were the notorious General Butler and Mr Thaddeus Stevens—the latter supporting himself painfully on a staff, being scarcely able, from physical debility, to crawl into the Chamber, presenting to the eyes of his friends the glorious spectacle of a strong soul in a weak body, and to those of his opponents the melancholy exhibition of hatred and rancour surviving to the brink of the grave, and lending vitality to a frame well-nigh exhausted, and vigour to a spirit that, without such stimulant, might have quitted the feeble tenement through which it infused a fire that was *not* of heaven. Mr Bingham was the spokesman of the seven, and as soon as silence could be obtained in the galleries, which were crowded with spectators, including many military officers, members of the diplomatic corps, and great numbers of ladies, addressed the President of the Senate, Mr Wade, and said in a clear, sonorous voice, "The managers of the House of Representatives, by order of the House of Representatives, are ready, at the bar of the Senate, if it will please the Senate to hear them, to present the articles of impeachment in maintenance of the impeachment preferred against Andrew Johnson, President of the

United States, by the House of Representatives." The sergeant-at-arms—for they have such an officer in America—having made proclamation in the duly appointed form, Mr Bingham proceeded to read the "articles," all the managers remaining standing except Mr Stevens, who, on account of his age and infirmities, was accommodated with a seat. The articles were voluminous; but the real charges against the President, stripped of verbiage and repetition, amounted to six,—first, a violation of the Tenure of Office Act, in the dismissal of Mr Stanton; second, usurpation of power, by the appointment of General Thomas to an office not legally vacant, without the consent of the Senate, which was then in session; third, conspiring with General Thomas to intimidate Mr Stanton, to drive him from his office, and to obtain possession of books, papers, and records, the property of the United States, legally and for the time being in the custody and possession of Mr Stanton; fourth, ordering an officer of the army, General Emory, to disobey certain military laws and orders issued by competent authority; fifth, for uttering indecent, improper, and factious speeches in various parts of the country—speeches that tended to excite popular ill-feeling against the Legislature, and degraded the Presidential office—particularly citing one speech in which Mr Johnson, who had been called a Judas Iscariot, asked, if he were a Judas, whether Thaddeus Stevens or Charles Sumner was the Jesus Christ whom he had betrayed? At this passage all eyes were turned towards Mr Stevens, who was observed to exchange glances with Mr Wade, and to "grin maliciously." Sixth, preventing and endeavouring to prevent the execution of various Acts of Congress, especially those having for their object the reconstruction of the Union. The reading having concluded, the managers retired,

and the Senate proceeded with its ordinary business.

On the following day the Senate proceeded to adopt rules for the conduct of the trial, and decided that it would sit as a Senate and not as a Court. This, however, would have been an unconstitutional procedure, inasmuch as it is expressly laid down by the Constitution that in such a contingency as had unhappily arisen the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who is not a member of the Senate, should preside at the trial. The reasons for this arrangement are as sound as they are obvious. Though there are many lawyers in the Senate, competent to decide on points of legal and constitutional knottiness, there are many members who are not lawyers. It is, therefore, desirable that the highest legal authority in the country should be present to assist in the deliberations, and to act as umpire in disputed points of law or equity, and in the relevancy and admissibility of evidence. Moreover, as the Vice-President is such by virtue of his other office of President of the Senate, and in the former capacity is directly and personally interested in the result of the trial, which, in case of verdict of guilty against the President, would seat him in the vacant chair, it is not seemly or conducive to the ends of impartial justice that he should preside. On Tuesday the 3d of March, on the re-assembling of the Senate, a letter was read from the Chief Justice, in which these facts and arguments were lucidly and temperately set forth. A committee of the Senate was forthwith appointed, the result of whose deliberations was that Mr Chase was formally invited to preside over the Senate, and to open the "Court" on the morrow. Mr Chase asked for a postponement of the trial, which was at first refused. Ultimately, Mr Chase obtained the delay of one day, and consented to

open the Court on Thursday the 5th.

At the appointed time the galleries of the Senate, sitting as a Court of Justice, and proceeding to the exercise of a self-imposed and very invidious as well as highly important duty, were crowded with the wives and daughters of senators and representatives, with all the beauty and fashion of Washington, and with every civil and military native and foreign celebrity in the city. At ten o'clock in the morning, the seven managers from the House of Representatives took their seats in front of the President's chair. The Republican members in a body were admitted into the hall to hear the proceedings, and the usual buzz and flutter of conversation that is heard on all occasions of public excitement when crowds are gathered together arose on every side. At a few minutes after ten the Chief Justice, a man of dignified and imposing presence, tall and well formed, with a broad high forehead, and looking every inch of him a gentleman as well as a statesman and judge, walked with stately pace up the middle aisle, and said in a loud but pleasant voice, "Senators,—I am here in obedience to your notice for the purpose of proceeding with you in forming a court of impeachment for the trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. I am now ready to take the oath." The oath was immediately administered to him in the following form, by Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court:—"I do solemnly swear that in all things pertaining to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, I will do impartial justice, according to the Constitution and laws. So help me God." The Secretary or Clerk of the Senate then called the names of the senators, one by one, in alphabetical order, from the roll of the House; and as each advanced he took the oath which the Chief Justice had previously taken, and

returned to his place. When the name of Mr Wade had been reached—and he was all but last on the list—the course of procedure was interrupted by Senator Hendricks of Indiana, a member of the Democratic minority, who wished to ask the Senate and the Chief Justice a question. He said that the senator whose name had just been called, who was the presiding officer of their body when sitting as a Senate, would, under the Constitution and laws, become President of the United States, should the impeachment of the actual President be sustained. "The Constitution," he went on to say, "provides that in such case the possible successor cannot even preside in the body during the trial. I submit, for the consideration of the presiding officer of the court, the question whether, being a senator, representing a state, it is competent for him to take the oath and become thereby part of the court. I submit the ground that as the Constitution does not allow him to preside at the deliberations, because of his possible succession, he cannot, in view of the same result, be competent to sit as a member."

As was to have been anticipated, a long and animated if not angry debate ensued, of which the most remarkable incident—or, as it might more properly be called, the non-incident—was, that Mr Wade did not gracefully concede the point at issue, and withdraw from the trial. He was, however, in the hands of his party; and his party insisted upon his right to vote. The discussion continued for four hours, and was not concluded at the adjournment of the Court. The Republicans contended that the Democratic senators had no right to object to the swearing-in of Mr Wade, however much they might afterwards object to his giving a vote; that every senator was a juror, and no juror could object to the qualifications of any other juror; and that if the plea of a personal interest were valid against Mr Wade, it would be

equally valid against Senator Paterson, the son-in-law of Mr Johnson. The Democrats, on the other hand, with Mr Reverdy Johnson of Maryland at their head, insisted that as the impeachment of Mr Johnson might, if sustained at all, be sustained by a majority of only one vote, and that vote Mr Wade's, it was not decent—it was not just—that he should participate in the proceedings in any other capacity than that of a listener. The arguments were resumed on the following morning, and finally brought to a close by the withdrawal of the motion which Mr Hendricks had founded upon his question; and Mr Wade was duly sworn. The roll having been completed, the Court adjourned for a week, to Friday the 13th of March, having previously directed the sergeant-at-arms to deliver to the President personally on the morrow a summons to appear by himself or counsel to answer the charges against him.

Mr Johnson placed no difficulty in the way of impeachment, but quietly accepted the summons, and as quietly prepared his reply to the articles presented against him. The demand of his counsel for a delay of thirty days to prepare an answer was unceremoniously—even uncourteously—rejected; one senator, Mr Charles Sumner, pompously declaring, that the delay of even a single day was unnecessary. Ultimately, as a compromise, ten days instead of thirty were allowed Mr Johnson to prepare his defence; and on the 23d of March Mr Stansbery, formerly Attorney-General under Mr Johnson, and who had resigned that appointment to act as the leading counsel for the President, presented himself at the bar of the Senate, and represented that between the 13th and the 23d of March—the interval allowed by the Court for filing the answers to the articles of impeachment—"every hour, every moment of the counsel's and of Mr

Johnson's time had been occupied in preparing it. Not an instant had been lost." Once more he asked for delay, which was granted grudgingly and with bad grace for seven days. Accordingly, on the 30th of March the trial commenced, before a court every member of which was supposed to have prejudged the issue, and from which, if party tactics were to prevail in the future as they had prevailed in the past, it was useless to expect any verdict upon the evidence or the merits, or any other decision but that of the condemnation and removal of the President. Mr Johnson's replies to the several charges were distinct and emphatic. He resorted to no quirks or quibbles, did not even contest the competency of a Senate in which ten States are unrepresented, as he might have done, to try any case in behalf of the whole Union, but broadly pleaded not guilty to every charge. The document was a masterpiece of forensic argument, and, whether wholly the work of Mr Johnson himself, or partly inspired and shaped by his legal advisers, reflected the highest credit upon its authors. As regards the greatest of all the charges brought against him—the illegal and unconstitutional dismissal of Mr Stanton—Mr Johnson asserted that he did not violate the Tenure of Office Act, inasmuch as that Act only gave the Secretary of War, or any other, the right to hold office after approval by the Senate, *during the term of the President who appointed him, and for one month afterwards*; that consequently Mr Stanton, having been appointed by Mr Lincoln, ceased *de jure* to be Secretary of War one month after Mr Lincoln's death; and that he, Mr Johnson, had a right to dismiss him at any time afterwards, and appoint (always subject to the approval of the Senate) another Secretary, in whom he had more confidence. If, as he alleged, there were any doubt as to the real mean-

ing of the Act, Mr Stanton and his friends should have appealed to the Supreme Court for a final decision. Had this decision been unfavourable to the President's interpretation, the President would have yielded, and accepted Mr Stanton, and made the best of him. As for conspiracy, or an attempt to employ force against Congress, he unequivocally denied the allegation, and defied its proof. With respect to his speeches during his tour in the West, while denying that they were correctly reported, he affirmed his right as an American citizen to utter his opinions on the conduct of men in power, believing that he was as free to denounce his factious opponents as they were on their parts free to denounce and vilify him. The whole composition was clear, concise, and forcible, and produced throughout the country a very favourable impression, and a reaction against the tyranny of Congress. But when party fights with party in America, and the prizes of victory are power, place, and pelf, the voice of reason, like the still small voice of conscience, may be heard for a little while above the din of passionate conflict. The small voice, however, is soon silenced. The well-meaning President stood throughout the trial in the unhappy position of one who had offended and exasperated his foes, but had not very particularly satisfied or gratified his friends. The one side was virulent against him; the other was but lukewarm in his favour; and, at the best, his warmest adherents would have been glad if they had had a more popular champion to fight their battle.

The broad columns of the American journals were inadequate to report *in extenso* either the evidence or the arguments of this great trial. In the much more limited space at our disposal, we cannot attempt to note otherwise than in the briefest manner the salient points of the inquiry. As

regards evidence, the facts were few; as regards the legal and constitutional arguments *pro* and *con*, they were many, and of the very highest importance to the American people. Though the case opened amid a great flourish of trumpets, and many issues were presented for the decision of the Senate, all the interest very speedily centred upon a single point. Had Mr Johnson a constitutional right to dismiss an obnoxious Minister? And if that were conceded, had not the Tenure of Office Act, carried against his *veto*, reformed or altered the Constitution, and deprived him of a right that had belonged to all former Presidents? And if so, ought not the Supreme Court to have been appealed to for its decision whether such reform was void by reason of its unconstitutionality? The prosecution argued that Mr Johnson had broken the law. The defence argued that the law was either no valid law, or so doubtful in its validity that it was the President's duty not only in his own interest and in that of all his successors in the Presidential chair, but in that of the whole American people, to appeal to the Supreme Court for an authoritative decision. Presuming that the President had wilfully broken a law which he was bound to obey, the prosecution sought to prove a conspiracy between Mr Johnson, General Lorenzo Thomas, and other persons, to expel the War Secretary *vi et armis*. On this point the "managers" of the impeachment broke down signally at a very early period of the trial. According to the special correspondents of the American press, whose shadowy facts were faintly reproduced in Europe through Mr Reuter's agency, Mr Stanton was so thoroughly impressed with the idea that force would be used against him, that he barricaded and intrenched himself in his office—sat at his desk with revolvers at each elbow—had guards at his outer and inner doors—slept as it were in a coat of mail, and had

a Mameluke on his door-mat, like Napoleon in Egypt; and provided not alone the arms and ammunition necessary for his defence against the myrmidons of the angry Johnson and the truculent Thomas, but the creature comforts, both eatable and drinkable, which were necessary to enable him to stand a lengthened siege. This pretty little story turned out, however, to be either a gross exaggeration, or a pure invention of the newspaper reporters. Mr Stanton never was afraid; Mr Johnson never recommended force; and General Thomas never threatened to employ it. On the contrary, it turned out, on the cross-examination of General Thomas—a cheery veteran of threescore years and ten—that after Mr Stanton had point-blank refused to yield up either his office, his books, or his keys, the utmost good feeling prevailed between the two; nay, more than good feeling—a convivial cordiality, that displayed itself not alone by the affectionate passage of the deft fingers of the Secretary in *casse* through the snow-white hair of the venerable Secretary in *posse*, but of a joyous libation of old Rye or Bourbon whisky. In short, the opponents “liquored” as if they were the best of friends; and there not being whisky enough in Mr Stanton’s private cupboard to wash down any little animosities that Mr Stanton might for a moment have felt when the thought arose in his mind of the possibility of a violent ejection from the room by the mild old General before him, a larger supply was sent for and duly consumed. As the red Indians smoke the calumet of peace and bury the war-hatchet, so the white possessors of the American soil take a drink when there is peace between them, or whenever they wish to ratify a contract, expressed or implied. So it was with these honest veterans, though nobody but the parties to their little by-play suspected how very pleasant was the intercourse between the in-

vader and the invaded, until the fact was elicited amid shouts of laughter, in which the grimmest members of the Republican party were compelled to join. Nor was this the only disclosure which went to prove that neither Mr Johnson nor General Thomas had any idea of employing violence. On the contrary, all the evidence distinctly pointed to the conclusion that the proceedings were purely formal on Mr Johnson’s part, and adopted with no other object than to test, by the constitutional action of the Supreme Court, the legality of the Tenure of Office Act. So damaging to the prosecution was the evidence of General Thomas, and of every other witness, and so favourable to Mr Johnson in every instance was the sifting of the testimony under the able manipulation of his counsel, that, in spite of the exclusion of the evidence of Mr Seward, Mr M’Culloch, and the other members of Mr Johnson’s Cabinet who were prepared to testify in the President’s favour, the managers began to fear that it would be impossible to obtain a conviction by the requisite majority of two-thirds. Under this apprehension it was proposed by Mr Sumner, with the view of warding off such a heavy blow as failure in the impeachment would inflict upon the Republican party, to depart from the customary mode of procedure, and declare the President guilty or not guilty by a simple majority. If this proposition had been carried, the conviction and deposition of Mr Johnson would have been certain. But the Chief Justice, who, from first to last, had sunk the partisan and the politician in the Judge, and acted with the impartiality, the conscientiousness, and the dignity becoming his high office, his eminent legal attainments, and his unsullied personal character, threw the whole weight of his authority and influence against the proposition—which, finding otherwise but little support, fell to the ground.

This result was highly satisfactory to all the Democratic party, and not disagreeable to large numbers of the moderate Republicans. These latter might have rejoiced at Mr Johnson's deposition by fair means, but they did not wish to gain a victory by unconstitutional modes of warfare, or by *ex post facto* legislation. Another circumstance that, in American phraseology, tended greatly to "exercise" the minds of the Republican leaders, was the unwelcome discovery that there were at least seven Republican senators who had manifested a disposition to render a verdict according to the evidence; seven men who preferred justice to expediency; who respected the Constitution of the "fathers," and who preferred to retire from public life, if that were to be the penalty of their independence of party, rather than commit perjury for the sake of a political victory. The Democratic minority in the Senate, encouraged by these and other signs of incohesion apparent in the once closely serried phalanx of the Republicans, went so far as to express their belief that, if the final vote of guilty or not guilty could be taken by secret ballot, Mr Johnson would be in no danger of a bare acquittal, or an escape "by the skin of his teeth," but would be triumphantly absolved by the conscientious verdict of his opponents. Though possibly many members of the Republican party, and more especially the seven who had painfully made up their minds to vote against their former political friends and associates on this question rather than do violence to their own souls, might have been glad if such a door of deliverance had been opened before them, the proposal was all but universally scouted. Although the people, of whom all American politicians declare themselves the servants, vote as secretly as they can by means of the ballot, they will not tolerate a secret vote on the part of their representatives; consequently the

idea was only broached to be everywhere anathematised.

The predetermined issue of this famous trial was no longer certain. At one time it looked as if Mr Johnson would be swept out of the path of the triumphant Radicals for the unpardonable offence of having preferred the old Constitution, which he had sworn to uphold, to the new Constitution which had grown out of the Civil War, but which had not yet received the sanction of the whole people. At this stage of the proceedings it looked as if his impeachment would end in a virtual, though ungracious, acquittal; and that, in spite of the "moral" and the "party" reasons for his deposition, upon which Mr Thaddeus Stevens had so eloquently expatiated, he would be quietly suffered to serve out the short remainder of his term of office. To prevent such a catastrophe, it became of the utmost importance to the "managers" of the impeachment that the seven rebellious senators who dared to indulge in the luxury of a conscience should be retained within the folds of party allegiance, from which they threatened to depart. No means of persuasion and intimidation that seemed conducive to this end were left unemployed. By private remonstrance, or by public denunciation, the suspected senators were constantly reminded of the rewards of party loyalty and the penalties of party treason; and cautioned, as they valued the honours and emoluments of public life, to beware of the fate of renegades, who, if "read out" of one party, are never cordially received by another, and are destined to become, if they meddle with politics at all, pariahs, too poor and base to be permitted to appear in the company of their betters, or to taste of the crumbs that fall from the public table. Unfortunately for America, politics are as much a profession as law or physic, and as much a trade as cheesemongery or greengrocery. Arguments or threats that in other

countries would be powerless to deflect from the conscientious line of patriotic duty the acts and conduct of a public man, have in the United States the weight that elsewhere attaches to all questions and considerations that affect the pocket and the larder. If a man's whole income is derived from his salary as a representative of the people, or a senator representing his State, it is not so easy as in Great Britain, where no such condition exists, for the politician to be honest. This is well understood in America; and when it became not only known but notorious that of the seven doubtful senators one had a private fortune that rendered him independent—that a second was too old to desire re-election, and could afford to be honest—that a third was going into commercial business to make more money than he could make in the political market—that a fourth had no chance of re-election, however much he might long and pant for it—that a fifth had married a wife, and cared no more for public affairs—that a sixth was not such a fool as to prefer his public duty to his private ease—and that a seventh was an eccentric genius, upon whose goings and comings, upon whose yeas and nays it was idle to speculate, and who was likely to think of his country first and of his party afterwards, if his duty either to the one or the other came into conflict,—the probable failure of the impeachment was generally admitted by the great majority of the American people. And when the speeches of Mr Evarts and Mr Curtis, the President's counsel—the one a member of the Republican and the other of the Democratic party, and both of them at the very top of the legal profession—went forth to the country, in strong contrast with the bosh and buncombe which had been delivered on the other side by Mr Butler (General B. F. Butler, of unenviable notoriety), the probability became all but a certainty.

The Radicals, however, did not wholly despair. If but one of the seven doubtful senators of their party could be kept "square," the requisite majority of two-thirds could still be obtained for a conviction. Up to the last moment this result was possible, for more than one of the seven spoke oracularly and obscurely, and left his party friends and persecutors in doubt as to his vote. At length, after several adjournments, the Senate, on Saturday the 16th of May, proceeded to vote on the eleventh Article of Impeachment—which was, in fact, a summary and recapitulation of the previous ten. It set forth that the President had publicly denied that the 39th or existing Congress was constitutionally authorised to exercise legislative power, or that its enactments were valid or obligatory upon him to obey; that, in violation of the Tenure of Office Act, he had illegally attempted to prevent Mr Stanton from exercising the functions of Secretary of War; and that he had wilfully and corruptly contrived to hinder and obstruct the execution of the Reconstruction Act. Twenty-seven States, with two Senators to each, being represented in Congress, the total number of votes to be taken was fifty-four. It followed from these numbers, that if the Radicals could muster thirty-six votes, the impeachment would be carried, Mr Johnson deposed, and Mr Benjamin Wade installed in his place. It also followed that if nineteen senators recorded their votes in a contrary sense the impeachment would fail. When the vote was taken, there appeared in favour of conviction on the 11th article thirty-five, and against it nineteen. Mr Johnson thus escaped by one vote, and by the aid of the seven conscientious deserters from the Republican camp. At the time at which we write the details are unknown in this country, the bare result only having reached Europe by the Atlantic

cable, together with the fact that, after recording this decision, the Senate adjourned for ten days. Whether this decision is to be accepted as final, we are as yet unable to state. That it ought to be final there can be no shadow of doubt. To Mr Johnson himself the result may be, and most probably is, a matter of indifference. If even now he should be found guilty on any of the ten first articles of impeachment, and deposed from his office, to be consigned for the remainder of his life to political obscurity, and prevented again from serving the State in any capacity, he will not retire without the respect of the most thoughtful politicians in America; without a high place in history; and without that which is better than both, or anything else that the world can offer—the approval of his own conscience. The worst that can be said of his public character is that he is too good a man for revolutionary times, too honest for an effective party ruler, and too tardy in all his actions, however rightful these may be, to be available as a hero, though well adapted to become a martyr. If, however, the impeachment be abandoned, as seems most probable, the victory won by Mr Johnson will not be so much a victory for himself as for all future occupants of the Presidential office. It would

almost seem, however, as if the office were doomed. A chief magistrate who cannot remove a subordinate who thwarts his policy, disobeys his orders, or otherwise renders himself obnoxious and mischievous, possesses only the shadow and not the reality of power. As the mere recorder of the decrees of an omnipotent Congress, the President is but a clerk, and other clerks appointed by Congress itself would be just as useful for the purpose, and might be obtained much more cheaply. Few men of high character and ability have of late years sought or obtained the Presidency. And if future Presidents are to be as powerless as the Senate and House of Representatives, as at present constituted, desire to make Mr Johnson, the sooner the cumbersome and costly office is abolished the better for the public peace. For two years out of every four the country is exposed to a perilous agitation, and subjected to an enormous expense for the election of a chief magistrate. Better will it be to vest the whole executive power, theoretically as well as practically, in a Committee of the Senate, than to elect every fourth year a "bogus," obscure, and unrespected President, at the risk—always present—of a more or less violent revolution.

LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE ABYSSINIAN
EXPEDITION.—PART II.

NO. III.

ANTALO, 5th March 1868.

IF our friend 'Punch' would like to represent the Abyssinian expedition, as far as it has yet gone, in one of his grand cartoons, he might sketch it after this fashion. The central figure, of course, should be his Excellency Sir Robert Napier, and if a triumphal car be thought necessary for him, an Armstrong gun-carriage would supply a suitable study for it. His left hand, projected far in rear, so as to be as much as possible out of sight, should grasp a mighty sabre, while the right, extended as far in front, held out a bag of dollars towards a crowd of adoring Abyssinians. In the background a train of camels, laden with gifts for the fortunate children of Habash, might be shown trooping in long Indian file into the picture.

Such a sketch would in truth portray not very badly the manner in which we are passing through the land, like the Greeks of old bearing gifts. The result, too, has surely justified the means used. It is not as if we had been propitiating, Ulysses-like, enemies whom, Ajax-like, we ought to have met in a fair field; for indeed the Abyssinians have never done anything to make us their enemies. Had circumstances compelled us to turn our bayonets against them, the result could only have been that another sad and lamentable chapter would have been added to those darker pages of history which men still read with horror. Let it not be thought, however, that the dollars could of themselves have done the work. The people and their princes have believed in our friendship and accepted our dollars only because our display of military force convinced them that we sought their friendship simply because our inclination

so disposed us, and that what we might of our own pleasure pour out to them from our money-bags was all they could possibly hope to see.

It would not as yet be either safe or proper to describe the various signs which have met us at certain points on our way, all showing that our friendly relations with those around us have largely rested on the military array which we have held all the time in the background. The testimony of a close observer may, however, be taken for it, that indications of this nature have not been very few or far between. We Britons have grown so accustomed to success that we are apt to regard it, when it attends our undertakings, as if it were a matter of course—something due to the operation of a natural law rather than the result of the right use of means. The very smoothness with which the expedition has proceeded up to its present stage may blind some to the many possible Scyllas which have been avoided—the many points, that is to say, at which a false step on the part of our chief might have given a different colour to the way before us.

The formation and consolidation of friendly relationship with, firstly, the Turkish Government of the seaboard, and, secondly, with Prince Kassa, the ruler of the province of Tigreh, may now be considered as portions of our task which have been fairly and satisfactorily accomplished. Although the co-operation accorded us by the Egyptian authorities has been complete, yet the nomad and primitive character of the people inhabiting the mountains between Senafeh and the sea made it not by any means a matter of course that their good-

will would follow the mere order to be friendly which was issued to them by rulers of whom they know little. We had, indeed, to make friends with them for ourselves. The Koomailoo Pass, which extends almost from Zoulla to Senafeh, is as rough and terrible a causeway through mountains as nature ever formed or suffered man to form. On either side rocky barriers, some peaked, others castellated, and others rolled one upon another like great sea-waves, bound the view, and tower in many places so near the sky as to make the sun a stranger to the scene during much of the day. No sign of human habitation meets the eye, excepting where, far away on the summit of some inaccessible mountain, wheeling kites indicate to one that a village is probably posted there. At intervals torrents pour into the Pass, now on one side, now on another, through valleys scooped out in the huge mountain-chains. During a great portion of the year there is little water in the beds of these, and it is then possible, by clambering over boulders and forcing one's way through the brambly thickets which line their sides, to penetrate for a few miles amongst the mountains. Colonies of Shohos, squatted among the rocks, and feeding, gypsy-like, the few goats and donkeys of which the wealth of the tribe consists, are the only specimens of humankind that one encounters on such excursions. To gain access to such, and induce them to cut the grass which grows on their mountain-sides and carry it into our stations in the Pass, there to exchange it at their own price for British dollars, has naturally been a great object with our officers. One would imagine there would be little difficulty about this, considering the poverty of the people and the value which coined silver ought to bear in their eyes. But it is not so, as they prefer taking the small portion which they can spare from the produce of their

flocks and herds to some distant market where they can exchange it for articles of more direct use to them than dollars. To a great extent, however, they have gradually been induced to bring to us what they possess. Dollars were offered to those who loved dollars, and bright cloths and shawls to those who did not. Agents acquainted with their language, and of their own religion, were sent amongst them. At first it was delicate and up-hill work. At last, on one happy occasion, a party of officers, accompanied by a friendly hajee from his Highness the Nizam's dominions, who had volunteered his services with the expedition, in their wanderings among the valleys came upon a colony of hill-people more populous than those usually met with. Their home was merely a cleft among the rocks, over which trees of ample foliage cast their shadow. One buxom dame was seated on the ground, the happy mother of many savages, with her face only just visible among the drooping boughs of a giant tree; while close to her stood the priest of the tribe, who, on the score of his being able to repeat an indefinite number of times the first few words of the Mohammedan creed, passed among his simple friends as a man of amazing learning. A dollar was given to the lame old priest—a tribute which seemed somehow to touch the heart of the Circe amongst the leaves, for her face brightened up as if by magic, and, the womankind once enlisted on our side, their poor husbands and brothers, of course, had soon to follow suit. Another curious point of resemblance between the fair ones of Abyssinia and their more civilised sisters may here be noted in passing, namely this, that if by any chance amid a bevy of Ethiopian ladies one is met more comely than her companions, she is sure, as she passes by, to show in many little ways of her own that she is by no means unconscious of it.

When, after a steep ascent, the highest part of the mountain-pass has been gained, and the eye, wearied with a four days' sojourn among mountains piled on every side and around, opens on the Senafeh plateau, an indescribable feeling of relief is experienced. One's sensations are something like what Jonah's may have been when, after three days and three nights in the whale's belly, he found himself once more in the open sea; or like Daniel's, when he was hoisted out of the lions' den. The view too which is spread before one on nearing Senafeh, is a very fine one. The mountain-pass, indeed, is over and gone; but the plateau which has been reached is studded with mountains great and small, tossed irregularly, and sometimes in fantastic shapes, over a wide expanse of plain, just as if each were lying still in the spot where it had been hurled by the hand of a Titan on the demolition of some primeval mountain-system. Green valleys mingle happily with the picture; and even here, at the threshold of Abyssinia, one feels that all that is wanted to make the country a fertile one is an established government and a few years of peace. Vegetation, indeed, might never attain the luxuriance that it does in Hindostan, and the Abyssinian soil would probably require more of the sweat of man's face than does the ground of India. But this would not be altogether a disadvantage. Abyssinia, as far as it has yet been disclosed to us, may be described as a land of mountain-ranges much interspersed with valleys and undulating plains, rather than as the mountainous waste which it has been called. To a great extent the valleys are uncultivated; but their soil in many districts closely resembles the black humus which has proved so favourable to the growth of the cotton plant in many other parts of the globe. Barley and wheat, with a millet called Thef, of which cakes are made, form the sta-

ple bread-stuffs. Coffee grows freely; also the pea and bean and other leguminous plants used for food. Pasturage is, even at this season, good and abundant; and although, under the existing order of things, like Dandie Dinmont's farm of Charlieshope, the hillsides give food to more hares than sheep, yet this would admit of an easy remedy. At the same time it cannot be said that we have, up to this point, seen enough indications of natural riches in the country to make us regret very decidedly that it is not destined to be ours. In one sense, never did principality offer a fairer field for foreign occupation than does Abyssinia at the present time. In a large measure it is as a house without a master. Its people are, so far as we can judge, as destitute of attachment to any individual dynasty or ruler, as they are without associations connecting them with a great historical past. Their religion, so far as it goes, tends to unite them with ourselves; and in establishing a Christian empire in the midst of them, we should have met with no trace of those difficulties which have, up to this day, seemed insuperable obstacles in the way of our erecting such an empire in Hindostan. Still it must be admitted that these and similar considerations cannot be accepted as furnishing an answer to the question, Would the permanent occupation of the country have repaid us for its cost?—that is, Would it have proved an accession to our national strength, or a mere drain upon our resources? This problem is not likely ever to be taken up in the only way that would lead to its solution—that is, practically. Therefore it is vain to speculate on the subject. But this is no reason why the cloud of misapprehension that has somehow been allowed to fall upon the British public touching Abyssinia should be suffered to remain as it is. The climate, so far as we have yet experienced it, is not only not

unwholesome, but positively most agreeable; and that too while we are living in tents which at no season of the year in India would be accepted as sufficient shelter from the weather. Water has everywhere, within Abyssinia itself, proved sweet and abundant. Nothing has been seen or heard of, excepting in some English newspapers, of those anomalous diseases which we were told to make up our minds for; or yet of the fly, deadly to cattle, of which we were receiving so many friendly warnings some five or six months ago. Even the common house-fly, which sometimes in our own country amounts very nearly to a plague, does not seem to have found us out. Snakes and serpents of every kind are as yet almost quite unheard-of in our camps. The people have proved neither treacherous nor cruel; but, on the contrary, have everywhere treated us with kindness and friendship. They have little, indeed, wherewith to supply our wants, and that little they have tried to sell generally at exorbitant prices, but this is about all that can be said against them. On our visits to their churches, we have been received always with extreme courtesy. A little anxiety, indeed, has been shown on such occasions to ascertain that we are neither heathens nor Roman Catholics; but once all doubt has been removed on those points, nothing that the building contained has been thought too holy to be produced for our inspection. In spite of the tincture of Christianity which they possess, the people of Abyssinia are only a very little way removed from barbarism. Their dress is of the most primitive description, consisting very often, in both sexes alike, of a single leathern garment not unlike a blacksmith's apron, which is worn round the loins, and descends below the knee. The women bear at least their own share of the burden

of life; and an Abyssinian matron bent double as any Newhaven fishwife, with her three youngest born resting, perhaps beside a skin of barley, a jar of mead or water, and a few other trifles, on the leather-covered base which is formed by the projection of her person behind, is a useful-looking rather than a graceful object. Nevertheless, there is a comeliness about the damsels of Ethiopia too; and the large lustrous eye can at times look out with a true woman's glance from among the tresses of blackest hair which, laden alas, alas, with rancid butter, hang down on either side of the face. This nasty habit, to our thinking, of larding the hair with butter, is universal throughout Abyssinia, and is common to both sexes. No head-dress is used excepting by the priesthood, who wear, not a black hat, as amongst us, but a white turban; and when the buttery covering of the hair has received, as it soon does, a thick coating of dust, the nature of the mass then adhering to the human head divine can be imagined but hardly described. Both sexes and all ranks, from King Theodorus and Prince Kassa downwards, go, not only bareheaded, but also barefooted—a usage which one would hardly have expected to find in a country so mountainous, and where leather is one of the few articles that are to be had.

The visit of Prince Kassa to our camp is an event which should not be passed over unnoticed even in these rude and unconnected notes of the progress of the Expedition. We had long been interchanging friendly communications with him at the seat of his Government at Adwa; to which place, it will be remembered, as it lay far to one side of the route of our army, Major Grant, C.B.,* had been deputed as an Envoy on the part of the British Commander. It was not, however, till the 25th of last

* Speke's companion in the discovery of the source of the Nile.

month that we had the pleasure of actually meeting this latest-made ally of our most gracious Queen. On the morning of that day we moved a short distance from our old ground, and had hardly taken up a new position on a broad plain adapted for the parade of our troops, when about noon a red pavilion was seen fluttering in the wind on an opposite height with the army of the Prince of Tigreh drawn up on either side of it in not unimposing array. At the appointed time, Sir Robert Napier, riding on an elephant, advanced to meet the Prince, who had set out on his gay little mule, and was fording the small stream which separated his position from ours just as his Excellency, having reached the opposite bank, was exchanging his elephant for a horse. The tail that followed the Prince would have done honour to a Highland chief in the palmiest days of the clans. The favourite henchman carried over him a red umbrella, and the "boys of the belt" who pressed round his mule—swarthy Ethiopians with their bare heads thickly buttered—bore on waist or shoulder double-barrelled rifles, shields that would have turned anything short of an Enfield ball, iron spears of diverse forms, and the never-failing Abyssinian sword, a weapon so singularly curved and serpentine in its shape as to project behind the person of its wearer much like the handle of a pump. Thus, without noise or clamour, save such as was made by a few minstrels with drums and mild wind-instruments on one flank of the procession, the Prince of Tigreh came on until he was close to our Commander, who, receiving him with a cordial shake of the hand, conducted him and his courtiers to where a small tent had been pitched for his reception. British artillery thundered out a salute at almost too close quarters to be pleasant, just as the Prince, astonished beyond measure at all

he was witnessing, had alighted from his mule at the tent-door. Friendly conversation followed; and in due time the gifts which had been prepared for our guest were presented to him. Amongst these was the grey horse which his Excellency had just been riding. The Abyssinians hold our saddles and bridles in but poor repute. But the size of our horses compared with any that are to be seen in Tigreh, is a point that strikes them considerably in connection with us. Whether the Prince will really ride the animal that has now passed into his possession, preferring it to his own jaunty and much-bedizened mule, or will keep it merely for the purpose of being looked at and admired, as so many of our own countrymen do with their horses, is an open question. The Commander-in-Chief's elephant was then brought to the tent-door, while a party of Royal Engineers was preparing the chemicals for a photographic attack upon our visitor. Nothing could induce the Prince himself to ascend into the hawdah. Two of his great nobles, however, took their seat in it, and were piloted a little way across the plain at the monster's best pace, to their own and their countrymen's immense delight. Whether it is that the African elephant has really that in his nature which cannot be tamed, or that the African people are too unskilled to tame him, it is not known that a tame elephant has ever before been seen in Tigreh. The stories that our missionaries and others have related to the Africans about our conquest over the elephant have therefore been hitherto received as Saladdin received the tales of the Knight of the Leopard on the subject of frozen waters. Hence no small point is gained when the British General is introduced for the first time to Africa's untutored mind riding upon the great and formidable beast. All that has to be done in order to take the census of any

Abyssinian town is simply to post an elephant and its keeper within sight of the place. Every man, woman, and child is drawn directly and by an irresistible power of attraction to the spot, gathering at first in wide and awe-stricken circles, which gradually concentrate nearer and nearer his majesty, until, when the mahout thinks he is in danger of being inconveniently crowded upon, he conveys a secret sign to his quadruped friend, on which the latter, with a blast of his trumpet, puts his admirers to flight in the wildest confusion. The attempt to photograph Prince Kassa failed signally, as most attempts to photograph one's friends do. It was not judged right to expose him to the torture of a second operation, especially as he had borne the first one very badly, and had insisted on covering the lower part of his face with a sheet as if the process had been hurting him, which no doubt was the case. The proceedings of the afternoon terminated in the most orthodox fashion; that is, Abyssinians and Britons, like good Christians as they are, pledged each other in libations of port wine and brandy from goblets of Bohemian glassware, which had formed part of his Excellency's gift to the Prince a few minutes before. May the vessels never be put to a less worthy use! There was both difficulty and delay in procuring the generous liquor, for never was British camp so badly furnished as ours. After all, it was the doctors who supplied us; and it was just as well that a couple of bottles was the extent that their stores could yield, or some of our newly-made friends would assuredly have done more justice to the refreshment than would have been good for them.

In the afternoon the Prince accompanied our Chief to a parade of the troops. He seemed much interested in what was shown him, and dismounted from his mule to

examine our Armstrong guns. When the troops had been dismissed, his Highness informed us that he too had an army for inspection, and had prepared such entertainment for us in his camp as time and place admitted of. He then conducted us to the opposite height, where his followers, numbering perhaps little short of four thousand men-at-arms, lay bivouacked in excellent order round their Prince's tent. At our approach, the whole army sprang from the earth, and, forming a kind of column of march, with their minstrels playing in front, advanced to meet us. It is true, as some of our number observed at the sight of their array, that a few shells dropped in the middle of them would quickly have dispersed them. But these are exactly the soldiery which it is impossible for us ever to catch opposed to us in such places or in such formations as to admit of our shells being dropped amongst them in the charming manner we would propose to ourselves; or if by any chance we so catch them and disperse them, they are fifty times more formidable to us after they have been dispersed than before it. On the whole, one felt it was fully as well, considerations of humanity apart, that these stout Ethiopians were receiving us thus instead of our having to encounter them posted behind every stone and bush, or ambushed in every hollow on their mountain-sides. But all thoughts of war and strife were held in abeyance for the nonce, as we followed our Chief into the gay pavilion into which he was led by Prince Kassa as an honoured guest. The tent contained only one couch, on which his Excellency took his place, on the right hand of the Prince, while a band of British officers disposed themselves comfortably or uncomfortably, as the lot of each might be, on the rush-covered ground inside the tent, side by side with a few of the more favoured members of the Tigreh Court. The setting sun — Abyssinian sunsets have a

glory of their own—was streaming down upon the crimson tent, and filled its interior with a rich red light, which, if only it could have been transferred to canvass, would have made the name of that picture for ever afterwards one of Art's own household words. In a brief space stout domestics of both sexes began to troop across the scene, Homeric figures all of them, and laden with viands strange to Saxon palate. Flesh was forbidden to the board, because of a fast; but huge platters of dark *thef* bread, and a kind of curry made of red pepper, lentils, and oil, supplied its place, while each guest was kept provided with a flask of mead, the *Tedj* of Abyssinia, which is made by fermentation from honey, is not very intoxicating, and has a bitter flavour, to which use would no doubt reconcile one in course of time, as it has reconciled us to gin and many other decoctions. The domestics, when not engaged in attending to the wants of the guests, stood among the inferior officers of the Court against the tent walls, keeping each a watchful eye upon his own particular master or patron until the time should arrive for a few handfuls of broken viands to be handed to him. Rude as was the scene, the spirit of true hospitality undoubtedly presided over it. There was a general opening of hearts and expansion of sympathies in consequence; and when, after the minstrels had been introduced and had sung many a ditty of their own composition in praise of their guests, the Prince sent for his great war-cloak, made of lion's mane, garnished with breastplate of silver, his sword, and spear, and shield, and his battle-gauntlet, and placed them, one after the other, on the person of the British Commander, a cheer from the assembled officers, a cheer such as Abyssinia, with all its wild uncouth cries, had never exactly heard before, attended each separate gift. And then the banquet was over, and the Prince, ac-

companying his guest to the tent-door, insisted upon mounting him on his own mule, caparisoned as it was, after a fashion not to be found described in the Regulations of her Britannic Majesty's cavalry. But it was a cheery little beast withal, and carried its new master pleasantly home to his tent.

It is sometimes said that when the north pole is discovered a gentleman from the north of the Tweed will be found established close by beside it. Whatever may be one's private opinion of this legend, it seems safe to say that wherever an obscure Court is to be found, a Frenchman is sure to be met with in the middle of it. The Court of Tigreh is no more an exception to this rule than is that of Theodore himself. The latter possesses, for good or evil, as we have yet to determine, its ingenious Monsieur Bardel; and the former contains another representative of the same vivacious nation, who, dressed in Abyssinian costume, buttered as to his hair, and not easily to be distinguished from the Abyssinians around him, was present during the feast that has just been described. He has attained the rank of a *Bali-Kameez* in Abyssinia—that is, has been invested with the red shirt, which only royal hands can confer, and only persons who have thus been honoured may wear. Whatever may be the degree of influence he may or may not have acquired in the strange society where his lot has fallen, it is to be hoped he may always use that influence for worthy ends. His master has certainly need of good advisers. The Prince's features speak of an amiable disposition and a desire to do well rather than of a very firm will or energy of character sufficient to control the disturbing elements which surround him. On the whole, probably the most benevolent wish we could form for Abyssinia is that when Theodorus, about the only man of real power whom the country has produced in modern times, shall

have been driven by our arms into the obscurity from which he emerged, its provinces should each be governed by its own ruler, and that each such ruler should be much of the same calibre as Prince Kassa of Tigreh.

The mysterious character from whose career has been evolved all this singular expedition—for thus may Theodorus surely be described—remains at this moment as completely *in nubibus* as he was before a British soldier had landed in Annesley Bay. The Prince of Tigreh, and his more powerful neighbour of Lasta, sent their messengers to welcome us almost at the sea-beach. Chiefs and princes of lesser note have hastened to propitiate us. But from Theodorus no sign has gone forth. Whatever advantage there may be in keeping his own counsel will assuredly be his to the full. It is not known even to those immediately around him to what extent he is aware of the crisis that is drawing near for him. Of course he must be acquainted with all our movements; but he suffers no signs of his feelings in connection with the matter to escape him. It is believed that nothing will induce him to part company with his cherished guns, the creatures of so many years of labour, and centres of so many hopes that can never be realised. What course he may follow when the nearer approach of our army compels him at last to depart from his policy of “masterly inactivity” is naturally the great subject of discussion round our nightly camp-fires. Meanwhile each day is bringing us nearer to a solution of it. Every possible sacrifice has been made on the part of the army to disencumber itself of extra weight, and press on as rapidly as may be towards the goal. The Commander-in-Chief’s tent-equipage can be carried on a single mule. They who have marched with the armies of India will appreciate what a change has here come over the spirit of the

dream as told in that one short sentence. But in truth, apart from the peculiar exigencies of the present expedition, it might be well if the Indian officers who are engaged in it would seize the excellent opportunity it offers them of permanently divesting themselves of the Indian-born ideas of what is necessary to British armies on a campaign, which, though still surviving, belong in reality, like the Indian furlough rules and many other matters, to a past order of things, when the pagoda tree was yet full of sap, and nabobs were in all their glory. The introduction into India of railways, together with other causes, has made it no longer necessary, even if the altered value of money left it possible, that subaltern officers should take the field, as they used to do in that country, whether in peace or war, each with his own tent-equipage, his two or three horses, and baggage-animals *ad libitum*, his servants of high and low degree, his hampers of crockery and bottled beer, and perhaps his small farmyard and pens of fatted capons to boot. During Sir Hugh Rose’s Central India campaign, a subaltern of the Madras Army, as is known to many, actually marched about with his own private elephant, which was devoted exclusively to the carriage of his own private beer. What Sir Charles Napier would have said to this had he witnessed it, may perhaps be conjectured, though it is probable that, the elephant being a private one, he could not well have interfered, whatever he might have thought. Still, if the Indian officer aspires to hold good the position he has so nobly earned on many a battle-field—that, namely, of a British soldier—it is time the Indian Army should perceive that its old encumbrances have become out of place in the new order of things in India itself, just as they have at all times been impossibilities in any other country than Hindostan.

The site of the Commander-in-

Chief's present encampment is a good specimen of Abyssinian landscape, such as we have as yet found it. From the rising ground on which our tents are pitched a fair expanse of upland plain and meadow, treeless, but green and tolerably well watered, stretches away towards the base of a range of many-shaped mountains some two or three miles distant. The lights and shadows that lie of an afternoon on the brown hillsides, and on the purple mountain-tops in the yet further distance, have a precision of outline and breadth of colouring about them peculiar, it almost seems, to Abyssinia. Here and there a village, consisting of round huts, built most uncomfortably of loose stones, is with difficulty distinguishable from the surrounding fields; for there are seldom any trees sheltering the cottage homes of Abyssinia, or yet any elements of the picturesque, or even signs of life, to be seen around them. They are literally cities of the plain, and are often more like the dwellings of foxes and jackals than of humankind. What inhabitants they possess are generally to be found in our own camp, busy converting their barley-cakes, or wild honey, or bundles of grass, or jars of mead, or coarse black blankets into dollars. The surrounding hills abound in game. From the lordly elephant down to the tiniest of the deer species, a sylph-like creature, resembling a hare rather than a deer, known as the *Ben-Israel*, a great variety of four-footed things seems to have been located within a radius of not more than a day's journey from our encampment. Ravenous beasts, however, are seldom to be met with, excepting by those who go out of their way to find them; for the neighbourhood of human habitations, as has been said, is in this country, for the most part, without much cover favourable to their approach. Feathered game is as plentiful as heart of sportsman could wish for: and the bags of par-

tridge and guinea-fowl that sometimes fall in the course of an afternoon, before a couple of guns, are very suggestive of a battue. It seems strange that the natives of the country should not have learned to turn its game to account for the supply of their wants by means of snares, where powder and shot is beyond their reach. They appear, however, not generally to have done so; and hence the well-stocked hillsides and covers have all the richness of virgin soil. Even the timid hare can hardly be called timid in Abyssinia; and the jackal or hyena, when one meets him in an evening ride, is seldom in any haste to be off.

The chief economic pursuits of the people consist in tilling the ground to an extent commensurate only with their own wants, and breeding ponies, mules, cattle, donkeys, and goats. Their ploughs and other instruments of husbandry are as rude as their agriculture itself, which seems to be at about the lowest possible ebb. Rough ponies are all that this province at least can boast in the shape of horse-flesh. These seldom exceed thirteen hands in height, but are hardy, useful little creatures, generally quite free from vice, and of course very sure-footed and active over the most difficult ground. On the whole, however, they are not in any respect superior to their companions the mules, which, though smaller by several inches than those imported by us from Spain, are hardier, and, in this country at least, actually carry heavier loads. Wheeled carts are unknown in Tigreh. Good mules and ponies are now selling at from thirty to fifty dollars a-head; but in ordinary times, and in the absence of any such golden shower as we have been causing of late to descend upon the people, their prices would be more moderate. Of course it is easy to be wise after the event; but one cannot help thinking how much better it would have been if the Bombay Government, instead of

sending its agents to purchase mules for this expedition from Spain, and Syria, and the Levant, had sent them to Abyssinia itself, where not only could thousands of useful mules and ponies have been collected, but many valuable observations bearing on the organisation of the expedition would have been made. The Abyssinians shoe neither their mules nor ponies, and yet the unprotected hoof seems to hold its own in a way that speaks volumes for the adaptive powers of Nature among the stones with which the face of the country is covered. All domestic animals are housed at night wherever practicable, on account of the heavy dews. Hence they sometimes suffer a little at first when they pass into our possession, as they have then to be picketed in the open air during the whole of the twenty-four hours. The firing-iron is the Abyssinian's universal remedy for the ills that horse-flesh and mule-flesh are heir to. Herbs and roots are occasionally resorted to by those who affect to be more cunning in medical matters than their fellows. But the hot-iron is the sheet-anchor in general practice; and no doubt well deserves to be so regarded by a people whom science has not yet taught to accomplish the same ends by more gentle agencies in the cases where it is possible to do so. In many parts of Tigreh a hardy species of mountain camel is bred, a fact which surely cannot have been generally known at the time when the expedition was being fitted out. Latterly we have been able to utilise the native camel to a considerable extent by hiring both the animals and their owners for the transport of our supplies. This is obviously a more satisfactory arrangement than purchasing the camels outright; for they thrive and work far better when left to the management of their own people than they could ever do if made over to strange keepers.

It is greatly to be regretted that

no botanist has accompanied the expedition. We have a gentleman of the Captain Grose fraternity, whose researches are directed to churches old and new in pursuit of ancient manuscripts, and all the many objects dear to antiquarians. It is doubtful if Abyssinia is proving so rich a field for these as it was expected to do. But there can be no question that its varied flora would have well repaid examination. A difficulty, it is true, would have occurred about the carriage. When a man's personal baggage is restricted to seventy-five pounds weight all told, it would not be easy for him to find space in his portmanteau for a *hortus siccus*. The scale might perhaps have been stretched a little in favour of a professional botanist. But amateurs who have leisure are prevented from doing much as plant-collectors from the impossibility of their carrying their collections about with them.

It is impossible to say much on the subject of the prospects of the expedition in a military point of view at the date of writing. What character it will assume as we proceed, what its termination will be, and when that will be brought to pass, are problems which time alone can solve. Thus far, all has been prosperous and successful. Many of the dangers and difficulties which had been predicted for us have happily turned out to be myths. Other difficulties which were not myths have been grappled with and surmounted as they appeared. The troops are in the best health and spirits, and the utmost confidence in the wisdom and practised sagacity of their kind-hearted leader animates all ranks alike. On the whole, therefore, though verily we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth, our prospects are all fair and encouraging. It is possible that before these lines have been preferred to their destined niche in Maga's venerable

temple, the electric wire may have told the British public that the work of the Abyssinian Expedition is virtually ended. But there will

be no room for despondency or feelings of disappointment even if the affair prove considerably more protracted.

NO. IV.

WADALA, 20th March 1868.

The headquarters of the expedition reached yesterday the first of those spots of Abyssinian soil, which have gradually become to us as classical ground in connection with the movements of Theodore. In the days when we were assembling at Zoulla, the accounts we used to receive from our countrymen in Magdala regularly described him as "still in Wädälä," as if all of us had been born in Wadela; whereas it was difficult to gather from those not very lucid or valuable communications known as "letters from the prisoners," whether Wadela was a town, or a fortification, or what. At last we ourselves are in Wadela, which, like Lästä, Täläntä, Wäg, Bägēmēdēr, and other districts, is a province of the new Amāric kingdom, constructed for himself by Gōbāzēh, the Prince of Wäg, out of the ruins of Theodore's power. Wadela extends from the tremendous mountain-gorge through which flows the river Täckzēh on the north, to the confines of Talanta on the south, where also it has a stream—namely, the Jeeda—as its boundary. It forms an undulating and almost treeless plateau, elevated between 9500 and 10,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is spread over an area of about seven miles from north to south, and forty from east to west. It is well peopled by a Christian population of the Amāric race, who give themselves chiefly to agricultural pursuits, including the breeding of horses, cattle, sheep, and goats. Wheat and barley are its principal cereals. The strange compound of Judaism and Christianity which constitutes the reli-

gion of Abyssinia, has proscribed the hog as an article of food; therefore the unclean animal is nowhere to be met with in a domesticated state throughout this country. The dog, however, has not here been classed with the pig. A species of smooth-haired greyhound is bred in districts where game abounds; and the shepherds of Wadela would be almost as helpless without their dogs, as their brethren of the Scottish border would be if deprived of their faithful collies. The sheep-dog of these highlands is a large, fierce animal, a good deal resembling his congener the wolf, and quite able, one would say, to cope with either wolf or hyena. A puppy of the breed which is tied up near the writer's tent, undergoing the process of domestication, is, though barely three months old, as savage as a bulldog, and forms at night so efficient a watchdog, that not even its own master can move a limb without some risk of having it pinned on the spot. Gleanings of a better sense, however, begin by degrees to dawn upon the little fellow, who is not without a certain quaint humour of his own. He is of a tawny colour, with small drop ears, a woolly coat, and a tail which at times "hangs o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl," and is not unlike a half-grown collie of one of the coarser kinds common in our own country. The horse of Wadela is a great improvement on anything of this species which Tigreh can boast. Although he seldom reaches fourteen hands in height, yet his deficiency in stature is more than compensated by the size of his chest and quarters, which are cast in the stoutest mould. A

good shoulder, oblique pasterns, small feet, and long well-furnished gaskins, further tend to give him, despite his rusty coat, and, at first glance, somewhat sorry appearance, the speed and nimbleness of the higher-bred horse, combined with all the sure-footedness of the mule in carrying his rider over difficult and precipitous places. Some hundred or so of the horsemen of Go-bazeh only to-day formed line before us on a steep hillside, where one would little have expected ever to see cavalry move. So unequal was the ground over which the line extended, that here and there a little steed would be seen poised with all four feet like a goat on the top of a crag looking down upon his companion, whose station perhaps was at the bottom of a ravine. For all that, the regularity of front was preserved unbroken, to our great surprise. The lightness of their riders, habit from earliest colthood, a severe bit, and the free use of their head which the absence of any kind of martingale allows them, make these horses, it must be confessed, marvellous performers on a mountain-side. The saddle is a very simple one, consisting of a thin piece of wood, peaked high at pommel and cantle, and covered with a many-cornered skin of red leather. What ornament is bestowed upon the horse-trappings is expended chiefly on the animal's forehead and breast, where bosses and spikes of brass serve the double purpose of defensive armour and adornment. The more common colours are grey, bay, and black. The little creatures seem on the best of terms with their masters, and with each other.

The principal manufactures of this portion of Abyssinia are the coarse, warm, black blanket, which is made from the wool of the sheep, and worn by both sexes in cold weather; and a kind of thick cotton cloth, the better descriptions of which are luxuriously soft, and ornamented with a broad border

of red. A large cotton sheet wrapped loosely about the person like a plaid, and enveloping one all over from nose to heel when required, is to Abyssinia what the toga was to ancient Rome. The points of etiquette involved in the different modes in which this ample garment is to be disposed upon the speaker's person, according as he is addressing superiors or equals, and whether supplicating, promising, or menacing, are as numerous as the various modes of expression supposed to be inherent in a Parisian beauty's fan. The cotton of which it is made is purchased to a small extent from the surrounding tribes of Gallas, but is chiefly imported from the northern frontier of Abyssinia, where the plant so dear to Manchester is cultivated by the Arabs, and also by a colony of negroes from Central Africa. It is said that cotton will not grow in Abyssinia itself, save only in a few exceptional spots, owing to the extreme cold of the early mornings during the greater part of the year. What is observed in India makes this belief seem very probable. Besides, it is reasonable to infer that a country in which cotton fabrics are universally worn would have been made to produce the valuable staple, had conditions of climate not interposed to prevent it.

Possibly it was in Wadela that that bitterest piece of irony in any language, the term "lord of the creation," as applied to the male portion of the human species, was first made use of; for it is certain that woman, all-pervading, all-mastering, all-controlling, and irrepressible as she is and ever has been in all portions of the globe, whether at large as in the garden of Eden, or enclosed behind curtains as in the zenànahs of Islam, is here specially in the ascendant. As none of the damsels of Wadela subscribe to the Magazine, it is unnecessary to paraphrase their immensely buxom development as

a tendency to *embonpoint*; but, this undeniable characteristic of theirs once admitted, it may be said that some of them are passing comely withal, and as notably superior to their sisters of Tigreh as they are to their own brothers and husbands. God help the latter! A sonsy smile and an open countenance, and a step that tells of mountain-side and forest-path, are good things in woman; and they are all possessed in perfection by these daughters of Ethiopia. Their hair, unhappily, is buttered according to the prevailing fashion—for where did any female society ever rise superior to fashion?—and, plaited in ridge and furrow from the forehead backward over the head, is either gathered behind into a broad wisp, resembling the tail of a Cape of Good Hope sheep, or else is shed in a number of heavy flakes over the temples and cheeks, giving its mistress in the latter case much of that wild and amiable expression of countenance which a similar disposition of the wool on the top of the head gives to the large black spaniels that are bred on the banks of the Tweed. The whole commerce of the country is in the hands of the dominant sex. The old crones of the community—pictures, some of them, of misery and angularity—are to be seen on every road in long procession, bent double under loads of salt, which they are carrying inland in the form of small bricks or blocks, not only for consumption in their own villages, but to be used in place of silver, as an article of barter. These may be taken as representing the charwomen of the population, since they work for hire, and are employed in preference to porters of the other sex, partly because the lives of women are safe at the hands of the robbers who infest the ways. Peasant girls of the better class, again, simply dressed in jacket of dingy cotton, with an upper toga, either of leather, or more commonly of black woollen

blanket, which reaches only to the knees, and is drawn tight round the waist with thong of cowhide, enclosing often in its upper portion a couple of babies and half-a-dozen hens, throng our camps from morning till night, in earnest endeavour to ascertain experimentally what will and what will not fetch a dollar. They are attended by a posse of their husbands and brothers. But whenever one of these good-for-nothings attempts to do a little traffic with any of us on his own account, or parts with a portion of the household produce in exchange for a coin which has not been scrutinised and passed as genuine by his wife, there arises a clamour as of sea-gulls from many a maid and matron, and the poor man straightway is made to feel he had better have stayed at home. On the whole, however, it were to be wished that married womankind all the world over were as genial and natural as it is in Wadela. Ladies' meetings, and hysterics, and headaches, and missionary projects, and pet dogs, are luxuries as unknown to people's wives in these parts as croquet, or as female education itself. So are even the minor dissipations of balls, subscription-cards, shopping, and gadding vaguely about, whether in carriages or on foot, armed with big umbrellas and thick-soled shoes. There isn't such a thing as a piano or music-book in the whole country-side. British husbands, only think of that! Neither has Abyssinian matron ever been heard of who had a call to make herself generally disagreeable and undomestic and exemplary. Therefore their husbands, whatever they may have to put up with, have certain causes for thankfulness too. Their wives stay at home and spin, or when they go abroad it is to sell what they have prepared at home for the market.

Wadela is too bare to give shelter to game or beasts of prey to any considerable extent. Its streams, however, are at this season the re-

sort of flocks of ducks and geese. A bird, supposed to be the ibis, also different species of hawks and vultures, occur in sufficient numbers. Its plains are strewn with stones of all sizes, and are perforated with holes by myriads of pretty little mice, which are to be seen frisking about the livelong day, as if they thoroughly enjoyed their existence. The ground, where not bearing crops, is covered with a short and crisp kind of grass, which becomes matted over the frequent chasms in the dry black soil in a way unfavourable to the action of cavalry not accustomed to it. It is curious that the bear does not seem to have its habitat in Abyssinia. In this province, if anywhere, one would have expected to find him, for the rocks which he loves are piled about on every side, and there is abundance of his favourite food, including wild honey, within reach. In Wadela, where miles of comparatively level country are often spread out before one, the radical defect of all Abyssinian landscape—namely, the want of villages—is specially felt. It is not that villages do not exist; but they are very mean, and are as much as possible buried away out of sight in inaccessible nooks, that they may be the less exposed to the attacks of the Mohammedan Gallas, who are to the industrial classes of this country in the present day what the “petticoat-men from the hills” were to the citizens of the Gorbals in the time of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. This may be an excellent reason for Abyssinian villages being what they are. But hamlets consisting of a few circular hovels built of loose stones covered with thatch, and not readily distinguishable from the brown plain or grey crag, against which they make a less respectable show than the stacks in the corner of a Lothian farmer’s field, which in the distance they a good deal resemble, can hardly be expected to satisfy the eye of one accustomed to journey through the pleasant villages

of England, or by the cottage homes that lighten up as with separate rays of sunshine the loveliest glens and hillsides of bonnie Scotland.

An easy descent conveyed the advanced column, with his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, from its yesterday morning’s encampment among the mountains of Lasta down into the valley of the Tacazeh. At present the river is fordable even by laden mules; and the music that it makes as it glances and gambols about in its rocky bed, now eddying round some boulder, anon resting from its frolics in a limpid pool, is to the thunder of its course in the season of floods as the sound of a lute to the mighty noise of the great war-pipe. After crossing the Tacazeh, the ascent on the opposite side had to be faced. This lay up a steep mountain, in some places almost a precipice, which our pioneers had made practicable and no more by means of many a tortuous path levelled out of the mountain-breast. It was a trying and toilsome march for the troops. Even the hardy Beloochees—men of the hills from their youth upward, and inured to a sun far fiercer than any we have yet felt in Abyssinia—were often fain to lay themselves down to rest upon the sweet-smelling banks of thyme, which, with tangled masses of heath and briars, and wild flowers and shrubs of varied hue, softened the mountain-side. Before us rose the lofty barrier which, like an interminable file of ants, we were slowly scaling; behind us, what Cowper might well have called a “boundless contiguity” of mountain-tier commingling with tier, and peak surmounting peak, much as if a tempest-driven ocean had been conglomerated in an instant with a stroke of Vulcan’s hammer into a solid surface of gneiss and porphyry, in order to form the prospect which stretched away between us and the far horizon. Both British and native soldiers

carried their blankets, greatcoats, and waterproof sheets, slung like an Irishman's bundle, across the shoulder. This, added to the weight of the rifle and its sixty rounds of ammunition, made the work of climbing in so rarefied an atmosphere a severe test of lung and sinew. But when the column reached, towards sunset, the Wadela plateau, and a cutting wind, accompanied with rain, soon to give place to frost, set in, the men were thankful that their warm clothing was at hand, instead of being then perhaps half-way down the valley, as a large portion of it would have been if it had been left to be brought up on mules.

The cold last night was very severe. A good bedroom and a peat fire would have made the temperature almost perfectly enjoyable, according at least to the ideas of a healthy Briton. But to dwellers in such miserable little tents as ours are, with only such allowance of blankets as can be carried on a spare horse, and nothing else to spread between us and the ground, the atmosphere felt slightly too keen. The earth was white this morning with hoarfrost, and the thermometer at sunrise indicated 28° Fahrenheit. By 2 P.M., however, the sun will have acquired nearly all the power which he possesses at this season in most parts of India. It is very pleasant, after days spent in traversing mountain-ranges—now toiling over some huge height, now creeping deep down into a precipitous gorge—to be once again encamped on a plain. Strategically, too, it was of consequence that our force should establish itself as soon as possible on this plateau; because, if even a handful of men had opposed our passage of the Tacazeh, the result might have been serious. Although Theodore had been enacting the part of King Log so long, yet it was impossible to feel sure that he would continue to do so always. A rumour had reached us that he

had actually recrossed the river Beshilo on his way to give us battle. Rumour, as she generally is, turned out in this instance to be wrong. Still, such a move was just what he might be expected any day to take. It was not wonderful, therefore, that our Chief, on reaching Lät, a station about 100 miles from Magdala, resolved on leaving there all the baggage of the advanced brigade, in order that he might push on with increased rapidity, and without risk of impediment, to gain so important a position. Now that it has been secured, the Chief is halting for a day or two while the force is being concentrated. The three brigades which compose the first division of the Abyssinian Field Force will soon be encamped within a day's march of one another on the Wadela highlands. The first brigade has formed for some time the advanced column with his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, and is under Brigadier-General Schneider. Brigadier-General Wilby commands the second brigade, and Brigadier-General Field the third. Major-General Sir Charles Staveley is in command of the division, and when his three brigades are all formed in line, a corps of close on 4000 soldiers moves at the Major-General's word of command. A regiment of irregular cavalry from Sinde is in the van—stout and hardy troopers, excellently well adapted for the rough work by day and night that is cut out for them here. A steel battery follows the Sinde horse, and is one of the most interesting features in our whole armament. The guns which compose it are, with their carriages, packed piecemeal on mules, though the celerity with which the little howitzers can be dismounted and fitted to their wheeled carriages, and the latter harnessed to the mules which a moment before were conveying the whole apparatus over the steepest mountains on their backs, is equalled only by

the speed with which this mimic artillery can send its shells whirling away over the hills when required. The 10th company of the Royal Engineers, the headquarters of the 4th Foot, a battalion of Belooch infantry, and two companies of Sikh pioneers, complete the muster-roll of the first brigade. The second is formed of a regiment of Bombay native cavalry, another steel battery, a naval brigade working a battery of diabolical engines known as rocket-guns, the headquarters of the 33d Foot, four companies of Panjab sappers, and a detachment of the Sinde horse. With the third brigade, again, march the headquarters of the 12th Bengal Irregular Cavalry; three companies of sappers and miners from Madras and Bombay; a company of the 4th Foot, with two of those ubiquitous Pioneers from the Panjab; the headquarters of the 10th Bombay Native Infantry; and four guns and two 8-inch mortars of Royal Artillery, borne on the backs of elephants.

Enough of distinction for such as Theodore that he should have lived to hear of a force like this advancing against him! How he will receive us on our nearer approach is still as much matter of speculation as ever. We have addressed no manner of communication to him since a copy of the Queen's proclamation was sent him, along with a demand for the surrender of the prisoners, in October last. Neither has he given any sign that he is so much as aware of our presence. Mr Rassam, indeed, was relieved of his fetters on the 18th instant, by a special messenger despatched by the King from his own camp for the purpose. His fellow-prisoners seem about to be unfettered also. But what the meaning or ulterior object of this move on Theodore's part may be, cannot even be conjectured. At one time the King informs his soldiers that the English are coming as his friends, and that he is longing for

the day when a really well-disciplined army shall be paraded for his edification! The next day, perhaps, he gives out that he intends to fight us, and tells his starving followers to see in all that belongs to us "a rich tribute sent to him at last from Jerusalem!" The command of Scripture-illustration possessed by this extraordinary man, and the boldness with which he draws comparisons between the worthies of the Old and New Testaments and himself, would have raised him to the foremost rank amongst the murderers of Archbishop Sharp themselves. Texts from the Bible, and scraps of Calvinistic theology, are with him daily utterances. This of itself is a singular phase in his character, and in morbid human nature generally; and the statement now made rests on indubitable testimony. His situation at this moment is one of the most sensational ones anywhere recorded in history. The King of Shoa, and the Prince of Wag, and hordes of his natural enemies the Wollo Gallas, are hovering round him like ravens; while our own army is preparing to compass him on every side. It is believed that he has been saved from destruction, during the last year, solely by the prestige which attaches itself to his cannon; and that the moment he abandons these, he will be set upon by all his enemies at once! It is impossible for him to take his guns with him if he resolve on flight. His only course, if he had the sense to see it, would be to throw himself on the mercy of our most gracious Queen. A few days now must at least bring about important events in connection with this most singular episode in modern history, the Abyssinian Expedition. Meanwhile, it is worthy of note how steadily Wagsherru Gobazeh has kept all this time out of the way of our army. It would almost seem as if not all that has reached his ears of our military force has served to satisfy him that Theodore's last

days have come. While maintaining a certain amount of friendly relationship with us, he has taken care to stop short before arriving at the point when he would be held to have irretrievably committed himself in the event of Theodore regaining somehow his old position. The commander of his troops in Wadela, one Dājāzulaj Māshāshāh, paid his Excellency a visit this forenoon, and was received in full *darbār*, in the usual manner. He came attended by a fine body of about 400 cavalry, mounted on such horses as have already been described, and armed chiefly with spears, swords, and shields. The troopers are not dressed in uniform, and do not affect a military appearance in our sense of the phrase. They are clothed anyhow or nohow, and most of them wear round their shoulder a kind of tippet of black or white sheepskin, called the *lamd*, with broad fleecy tails falling over the back, and streaming about in the wind at the gallop, like the ends of the turban in a line of Afghan horse. They are first-rate riders, after their own wild fashion, and can check their horses when at speed with the slightest touch. Line is the only formation which we have seen them practise. They seem to have no idea of wheeling from or into troops, but once they have jostled one another somehow into line, they advance with a very regular front. The blades of their spears are not small, like the Indian hog-spears, but very large and heavy, and are used sometimes as javelins, sometimes with the hand. They prefer mares and geldings to horses. Indeed the latter are not adapted to take their place in a body of cavalry, one half of which is constantly crowding upon the other.

Antalo had witnessed the last of those halts on the part of his Excellency which were so essential in order that the great artery of the expedition, along which has to flow the life-blood from the heart at Zoulla to the farthest extremities, might be secured against risk of

obstruction. All that had to be done with this and other objects in view at Zoulla and Senafeh, Attegrat and Antalo, will be narrated when a retrospect of the expedition comes to be attempted; and it will then also be inquired who were to blame for the imperfections which have had to be remedied since his Excellency landed in Annesley Bay, or whether any one is to be blamed at all. On the 13th of this month, Sir Robert Napier advanced from Antalo. The confines of the kingdom of Tigreh were crossed, and the province of Wodjerat entered in the course of our first march. Wodjerat is one of the most mountainous districts of Ethiopia. It enjoys a *quasi* independence under its own hereditary chief, the Shoom Waldee Yasoo—a kind of Abyssinian Rob Roy, who has his residence on the summit of the lofty mountain of Altajee. The province forms sometimes a fief of the Prince of Tigreh, at other times owns allegiance to Gobazeh. At present its chief has attached himself to the fortunes of the latter prince, and lives, in consequence, in daily apprehension of the wrath of his *quondam* master the ruler of Tigreh. This state of mind seems to have had a wholesome effect upon him; for he hastened to propitiate us before any of our soldiers had set foot in his country. The professions of friendship which he made to us have perhaps scarcely been borne out by his deeds. He is accused of not lending that cordial countenance which was to be expected of him to the transport of our flour and other supplies through his territory by means of native carriers, on which arrangement our progress so largely depends. He certainly succeeded in misleading our pioneers in adopting a route which, after eleven days' labour had been expended towards making it practicable, had at last to be relinquished in favour of another road, which he had studiously dissuaded us from following, for no other reason, as it proved,

than because it passed nearer than he relished to his own stronghold. His feelings on this point came out very plainly during his interview with his Excellency in our camp at Athāla. The burden of his speech on that occasion was, that we had opened up the way for the approach of his blood-enemy Kassa, and were therefore bound to repel him with our soldiers, should he attempt to enter Wodjerat. There was some show of reason in this appeal. It was true that the Prince of Tigreh had conceived the idea of following in our wake for the purpose of reducing Waldee Yasooos again to his allegiance. But Sir R. Napier had no sooner heard of this design than he had prevailed on Kassa to abandon it,—not, of course, from any interest in the fate of the Shoom of Wodjerat, but because complications of this nature occurring on our line of route would have been fraught with embarrassment to us. No assurances, however, seemed sufficient to satisfy this half chieftain half cateran that Kassa was not even then close at hand, and bent on his destruction. The trimming policy which the situation of his country between two powerful and generally hostile princes has made to him a necessity, seems to have produced its natural influence on his character. The jacket of gaudy silk which he wore when he visited us, added to his tall lithe frame, and vacillating expression of countenance, and masses of plaited hair, suggested to one the idea of an Amazon. There was, however, a frankness and out-spokenness about him which covered a multitude of sins; and the quaint answers which he and his younger brother, the Shoom Sālāwā Bārīō Georgis, gave to our questions about Theodore, caused us some amusement. He departed, of course, laden with gifts.

If ever chief could plead in excuse of a marauding life the natural facilities for foray and rapine which his country offers, then Waldee Yasooos is that chief. Moun-

tain dens, to which the celebrated beef-tub of the Marquises of Annandale is as a mere sheep-pen, have been constructed by nature at convenient distances throughout the province, as if for the special purpose of inclining men to cattle-lifting. "Belted Will Howard" or "Little Jock Elliott" would certainly have called it a grand country to live in. A modern artist would come to the same opinion about it, looking at it from a different point of view. The variety of scenery which it presents within the compass of a day's journey is often very striking. At one time all is bleakness and desolation, while the way lies perhaps across broad tracts of undulating moorland, not unlike what is so well known on the borders of Scotland and England, perhaps amid panoramas of grim brown mountains, mingling in the distance with the fleecy clouds or clear blue heaven. In such tracts not a sign of life is visible, unless it be some little linnet flitting upward from among the grey stones; and the grass, which waves in many a tuft upon the wind-swept plain, is at this season scorched yellow by the sun. But all at once a bend in the road may change the whole picture; and the eye that was a moment ago oppressed as with a view of regions of the dead, is made glad with the sight of green pastures and quiet waters, far down perhaps in the depths of a lovely valley, along the slope of which the path is winding amongst sweet-smelling copsewood, and trees from whose boughs a species of lichen hangs in graceful tresses over one's head. A large sheet of water, marked on the map as Lake Ashangee, lies just beyond the southern limits of the province. This is so passing fair a spot that one felt sorry it had been wasting its beauty all unvisited during so many ages. The soul of Wordsworth would have loved it well. We spent a couple of days encamped close to the lake. One of the first objects

which met the eye on its green margin was a copy of the Magazine lying on the sward, fresh from our postmaster's bag. There was an appropriateness in this. If the Shepherd could have seen Maga's circulation extending itself like this, depend upon it he would have introduced the subject at the next "Noctes." What a description he and Christopher North between them would have given us, to be sure, of Lake Ashangee!

The Azuba Gallas, a rude Mohammedan people inhabiting the tract of country lying to the eastward of Wodjerat, have many villages round about the lake. They are divided into septs under separate shaiks or chiefs, and speak a language of their own, though occasional intercourse with Mecca has introduced a limited knowledge of Arabic into their communities. Sir Robert Napier had caused a friendly letter to be written from Senafeh to these wild chiefs; and on our arrival at Ashangee, a reply was received in the form of an Arabic letter from one of their holy men who lives at some distance in the interior. The bearer of the letter was the son of the priest himself, and his appearance impressed us favourably. One of the identical hajeess of his Highness the Nizam, for whose sake, according to some, it was even necessary to undertake this expedition, had, it so happened, volunteered to serve the British Government in Abyssinia, and had joined his Excellency from Bombay.

It was worthy of the empire on which the sun never sets that when a Moslem of Central Africa visited the camp of our army, he found there, standing at his Excellency's right hand, a co-religionist of his own, who, though a faithful follower of the Arabian prophet, and learned in all the traditions of Islam, could yet tell, from his own experience, of the catholic sympathies and love of justice of the great British nation, wherever it is rightly represented by its rulers. Some have thought that a great

deal more might be done by us than has yet been attempted towards thus availing ourselves of the assistance of natives of India, of the higher classes, in our varied enterprises. In the present expedition the experiment has been tried in at least this one instance, with highly satisfactory and encouraging results. We have necessarily had a great deal of intercourse with the Azuba Galla tribes just alluded to. These are of the wildest and most savage type of humankind, with tangled masses of hair hanging round the head, after a fashion which makes them somewhat resemble wild beasts. Their favourite weapon is the club, and a spear with a very large blade. They are in a state of constant feud with the Christians of the districts near them. At a spot on the south-eastern border of Lake Ashangee we were shown the site of a battle which had occurred about three months ago between a party of Gallas and Lasta people. Eleven skulls were counted on the quiet margin of the lake, and seven of the number were indented as with sword-cuts. It seems a body of Gallas had been returning from the plunder of some villages, when they were set upon by a band of Christians who had started in pursuit. At first the Gallas fled, but were rallied by their chiefs, when a desperate encounter followed. The leader of the Gallas, after having slain, as is said, no fewer than seventeen of the enemy with his own spear, was killed by a celebrated warrior of Lasta called Abba Chinkee; and his followers, finding themselves about to be driven into the lake, surrendered at discretion. Another large branch of Mohammedan Gallas, the Wollos, has spread itself over the province of Worro Haymans, in which Magdala is situated. With these, likewise, we may soon have occasion to open friendly intercourse. They are the sworn enemies of Theodore, though apparently too much divided amongst themselves under rival

chiefs to be capable of effecting much.

The advanced brigade will march the day after to-morrow. The troops are in excellent health, though by no means overburdened with luxuries, and with only a small bell-tent for about every twenty men. No kit, as has been mentioned already, was brought farther on with us than Lat, excepting what could be carried by the infantry on their backs, and by the cavalry and Staff-officers on their horses. The Commander-in-Chief himself sleeps on the ground like the other soldiers of the army. Owing to a breakdown in certain local agencies to which we had trusted for the carriage of our supplies, the store of liquor and one or two other comforts with the first brigade has either failed altogether, or run sadly short since leaving Lat. Frequent storms of rain and hail have assailed us during the last few days among the Lasta mountains, where it seems to rain whenever it likes, not observing, as it does on the whole in India, its set times and seasons. It is not very cheerful work encamping wet and weary on a muddy plain after a day's march, and listening to the rain come down on the thin sheet of canvass overhead, with dinner only in remotest prospect. Few of us thought that our tents, which are of the single-fly, bell-shaped kind, manufactured by Messrs Carry and Prior of Southgate Road, would keep out heavy rain as they do. The double-roofed tents of the same pattern, which we exchanged at Lat for lighter ones, gave admirable protection in all weathers save a high wind. But even the ones we have now, when tightly pitched and once fairly wetted, afford all the shelter which soldiers in the field should ever wish for. Three of them can be carried on one good mule, though two are the preferable load. Even the double-fly tent forms barely a mule-load.

The progress of the expedition through Wadela and Talanta and Worro Haymans to Magdala will depend, as it has done between Zoulla and our present encampment, on what success attends our endeavours to supply ourselves with food. There is no want ever of beef and mutton, but grain, and more especially flour, are obtained with difficulty. The Commander-in-Chief has certainly not found the resources of the country developed before his arrival in the different districts to that extent which, had circumstances admitted of it, they ought to have been. The truth seems to be that the condition of the country through which our route has lain was, prior to the landing of the headquarters of the expedition in Annesley Bay, not clearly apprehended in its true political aspect. Even the natural resources of those districts had formed, in many important respects, the subject of error and delusion. Hence it is in part that we have had to depend at every step on what could be done towards supplementing up to the needed point, by means of local agencies, the deficiencies at once in our supplies themselves, and in the means of transport which we had been provided with from Bombay. The assistance which we were led to expect from Wagshoom Gobazeh in this direction is being but tardily rendered. In the cold reception afforded to us by this powerful chief, even with our ample army before his eyes, may be read an indication of how it would have fared with a "flying column," supposing it possible for such to have ever reached the province of Lasta at all.

They who have pronounced the progress of our troops up to this point to have been slow, are invited to suspend their judgment on this point until history shall place before them the true features of the expedition which is now drawing very near its crisis.

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

AN "IDEE NAPOLEONIENNE."

THERE is a report abroad at this time that the French Emperor has of late shown great reluctance to engage in affairs of State; that he is less eager than formerly to see and converse with Ministers, and actually exhibits a degree of apathy about matters which are charged with significant meaning.

Of course there are a variety of explanations for this remarkable change. Some attribute it to breaking health and the inroad of serious malady; some opine it proceeds from the disappointment and chagrin occasioned by the growth and success of Prussia, and the diminished influence of France over the Continent. Others say that the hour is not favourable to action, and that the seeming indifference is in reality a studied reserve, and that he is simply following out his old—his only, policy, that of watching events, and waiting for that opportunity which sooner or later falls to the lot of him who has patience to await it. There is, however, another explanation which I am disposed to believe nearer the truth than any of these. The Emperor has latterly undergone a change of mind on a number of weighty questions; he has not fully determined to take action on his new convictions, and he is still in the throes of a certain conflict with himself, and it is this doubt and this hesitation that have imparted the semblance of indolence to his conduct.

The Italian question was one of considerable difficulty. To maintain the Pope and not disgust the Liberal party; to snub the Legitimists and yet not offend the priests; to discourage the overweening pretensions of the Church, and at the same time to dissuade the Italians from aggression—need-

ed a light hand and very dexterous management. The Prussian difficulty, too, was trying in many ways; for though it was good policy to encourage Prussian vanity, to be boastful about Sadowa, and indulge in an unmeasured self-conceit, this could not be carried too far, lest it might inflame French susceptibility and provoke a reaction inopportune. It was necessary, therefore, to prepare the mind of France for Prussian pretension, and to make German bumptiousness a thing to smile at.

The question of questions, however, was the East, and on this, it is said, the Emperor has come to a complete change of mind. He is a man of "inevitable destinies," and one of these, in his opinion, is the Russian conquest of Turkey, and he is now bethinking himself what is the best bargain to be made with the new owner of the Dardanelles. Coolnesses with England he has had from time to time during Lord Palmerston's administration—they were constantly occurring. Palmerston never liked the Emperor, and made very little secret of his dislike; he distrusted him too, and was not slow to admit it. The Whigs, however, never ceased to parade the French alliance as the masterstroke of their foreign policy, and there was a polite understanding between the two Governments that, whatever they might think, they should always speak civilly of each other before the world. This game of mutual blarney was played out to the last card. We had it in Queen's speeches and City dinners, and we read of it in Auxerre declarations and letters to Prefects of the Seine, and there is a wonderful efficacy in mere repetition; at least I am confident that simple reiteration

made people in England believe that we were all very popular in France, and that there was not an alliance so much desired by Frenchmen as that with England.

On our side our natural obtuseness, and a dash of that national conceit that never deserts us, made us almost sincere. We certainly believed a great deal of the French flattery that was extended to us. It is so natural to Bull to fancy he is so honest, so straightforward, so downright, and so truthful, that he believes he has only to be known to be loved by the foreigner. It is a very comfortable conviction, all the more that it is not easily shaken. In fact we have more or less measured the progress of civilisation in France by the amount of respect and regard Frenchmen have vouchsafed to England, and at every fresh instance of their imitation of us, we have all exclaimed, How they are advancing in France! what progress France is making! Few men know England and the English temperament better than the French Emperor. He studied us in the best of all schools, in his days of adversity, and he learned to gauge the national vanity with a nicety that very few, if any, of our own statesmen could pretend to rival. So long as it was his advantage to trade on this, the greatest weakness of the national character, he did so with more or less effect. In the days when the Empire was new, there was nothing to be done with Russia. That fierce old aristocrat, Nicholas, would not condescend to any terms of intimacy with a parvenu. It was of great moment to the new Empire to be recognised by England, and that alliance which we called a policy was in truth a necessity.

There is no cry the Whig party have traded on with more success, than that of the ignorance of our ancestors. To undo the past on the grounds that all statesmanship hitherto has been steeped in bigot-

ry and stupidity was a fine stroke of party craft. The greatest bungler can often show when the game is over where a better move might have been made, and so we have very wise comments on Mr Pitt's policy, and the disastrous consequences of the war with France. How wise it would have been, they tell us now, to have conciliated the first Emperor, to have accepted the domination of France in Europe, and to have stipulated to be the "last devoured." The direct inference from all this was to make terms with his successor. It was such a palpable way of showing that same ignorance of our ancestors and of discrediting all those who had approved their policy, that it was a great party move.

When one only thinks of the adroitness with which the Whigs have contrived to speculate on the various changes to which the public mind of England would come, just by the mere course of events following in a certain track, one is reminded of those clever speculators who buy up the land in the vicinity of some contemplated line of railroad, and wait patiently for the time when the swamp shall be needed for a station or the bush be occupied by a village. They have done this with consummate cunning and no small profit to themselves. That the popular mind would take an immense reaction in favour of France was a thing to be expected, and it was easy enough to convert this sentiment into the semblance of a policy, and to say, See what we have done for you: we have got you the friendship of that wise Prince, who knows more than us all and is greater than his uncle, for though he is as desperate a gambler he never plays without what Yankees call the "advantages." They might add too, that they got for us also the Crimean War—the most gigantic blunder and the most conspicuous swindle of the age.

And where are we now, after all

the humiliations we have submitted to for the sake of this alliance for more than a dozen years? Have we even secured that friendship for which we have submitted to insult and endured offence? Is France with us everywhere? There are but two questions which touch us closely in the Old World. There are but two matters on which if pressed we cannot help but fight—Belgium and Turkey. Prussia may invade South Germany, push her frontier down to the Italian Tyrol, and secure a seaport on the Adriatic. France may take the Rhine, or declare by a vote of the Chamber that there are no more the Pyrenees. Russia may sweep down upon Galicia and threaten Austria in her capital, and we shall bear all these as quietly as though they were small wars in Ecuador, and troubles in an Argentine Republic; but if France menace an occupation of the Scheldt, or Russia move on Constantinople, we have no escape—we must, as Jonathan says, roll up our sleeves and go in, whatever the cost may be.

I remember once talking with one of our most distinguished—I might perhaps say, the most distinguished—of our English diplomats, and now an ex-ambassador, on the character of the Emperor, whom he had known well in his days of exile. I was curious to hear what amount of faith he reposed in his own future, and how far he believed in that star of destiny that pointed to an empire. My friend assured me that his belief never wavered,—that his conviction that he was to replace his uncle on the throne of France was implicit and unvarying. I remember, said my friend, one evening when we sat over the fire together in my room, in a country house where we both chanced to be visitors, as much to indulge Louis Napoleon's passion for a favourite theme as to dispense myself from the labour of talk, I asked him what he would do when he became Em-

peror. At this time, I ought to mention, the prospects of the Orleans family were at their very brightest. I shall not readily forget the tone and manner of his reply,—there was no heat, no excitement about it—nothing that indicated a mind over-stimulated by an over-brilliant future: he spoke calmly, collectedly, and with a force of expression that implied confidence in his own words; he detailed all that France needed to be done, and carefully went over whatever he thought possible. The finances of the State were to be his first charge, and in these great reform and some reductions were possible. The whole system of secret service, grown to a fearful extent under Louis Philippe, was to be abolished at once. The plans of family and dynastic ambition, which in a measure instituted this organisation, no longer existing, it might be abandoned as useless. The navy should be reconstructed: France must be at least the equal, if not the superior, of England at sea, and, having no distant possessions or far-away interest to protect, she might reasonably hope to be a match for England on the waters of Europe. The creation of a great fleet would be a work of time and cost, but France would feel all the pride of being able to cope with her old rival on the element she had once called her own. As for the army, it was an easy task to revive the spirit of French glory, so lamentably depressed by the reign of the Orleans family. Next, he sketched out French projects in the East. The first Emperor's designs on Egypt were to be carried out, but in a different way. French commercial enterprise and her missionary influence must be the pioneers of French conquest. We must prepare these people to accept us as deliverers, was the expression he employed. He then adverted to the extension of France by colonial possessions, and clearly sketched the contest that must

come between the Latin and the Teutonic races. Wars in Europe there must be, and it would be to the advantage of France to revive, as she was sure to do, the prestige of the First Empire. Every legacy of ambition that his great uncle had bequeathed was to be paid in full. France was to be supreme over the whole south of Europe, and Germany was to stand in awe of her in the north. Meanwhile, matters at home were not to be neglected. Municipalities were to be encouraged to beautify and adorn the various cities of the land, not only to give employment to labour but to serve as a counterpoise to that spirit of centralisation in the government, which an absolute rule needed and could not dispense with.

And at last, said he, drawing a long breath, but only at last, when policy — when necessity will demand it, we war with you in England. There are but two questions on which you will fight, but on these you must, or be reduced to a position which neither the ambition nor the interest of France need be concerned to diminish.

This was the programme detailed calmly, deliberately, over a fire about ten o'clock at night, as they sat in that confidential mood in which each could speak his mind unguardedly.

I know well enough the incredibility this story of mine will be met by. I can well believe the scornful rejection this statement will receive from many who read me, but I am not the less convinced that such a peril as I speak of impends over us. This same journey of the Prince Napoleon to Berlin has a strange significance when taken in conjunction with the altered spirit of French agents towards Turkey and the ever-widening breach with England on the Eastern question. The troubles in Belgium, too, are not meaningless, though to dwell upon them as matters indicative of coming danger would of course be called *gobemoucherie*. I accept the sarcasm by anticipation, for I do not profess to know more—though I own frankly I fear more—than my neighbours.

Of course, with an Established Church to destroy to-day, and a House of Lords to uproot to-morrow, we have enough on our hands without bothering ourselves with Turks and Mussulmans; but it may be that foreign difficulties will come upon us at the moment when we shall be little prepared to meet them, and they who are sanguine enough to feel confident about the issue are certainly of a more hopeful turn than

CORNELIUS O'DOWD.

BARON BEUST'S VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

If we could only wait for the result of Baron Beust's experiments in Austria, it would be a great assistance and a great guide to us in home legislation.

He is doing at this moment a great many things which O'Connell was accustomed to advise in our own Parliament. He is a "repealer" of the purest water, and it would be most instructive if we could only wait and see what success will follow his efforts.

There are quite enough of points

of similarity between the legislative union of England and Ireland, and that of Austria and Hungary to give us an especial interest in the problem which Baron Beust has set himself to solve. The parties could not live together in peace, and he has determined to accord them a verdict of separation. So far so well. The real puzzle, however, is this—they each profess to have certain objects in common. There is that thing which they call the Empire to be cared for

by both, and why they should be better enabled to serve its cause, watch over its interests, and defend its honour, while dealing apart and taking counsel separately, than by a united and consentaneous action, is one of those things which Lord Dundreary might include in his difficulties. It is intelligible enough that when people only meet to quarrel they should see as little of each other as need be; but that, when every chance of agreement between them is hopeless, when at each occasion of intercourse they only exchange reproach and recrimination, it should be imagined that the mere fact of following each a separate path should lead them to the same goal, seems far more like an Irish bull than the project of a statesman.

Hungary has sued for a separate maintenance and got it. Her sovereign is to be a King, not an Emperor; her Legislature is to sit in Pesth; she is to have her own flag, and she asks for, and not improbably will obtain, her own army; and if she include Fiume within her boundaries, will in all likelihood have her own fleet; and having all these conditions of a separate identity, she is to be more strongly kneaded to Austria, more deeply involved in Austrian interests, and a more earnest supporter of the Imperial House, than ever she has been before.

Her plea is that all these concessions were her rights, that everything now yielded she had just claim to, and that nothing short of them would content her. She maintained that her people supplied the flower of the imperial army—that they possessed every element of a distinct nationality. They had a lineage, a language, and a literature of their own, and they more than hinted that they thought themselves a finer, braver, and more civilised people than those who assumed to govern them,—in fact, the whole statement of grievances on one side and injuries on the

other made one doubt whether he was not reading the case of Ireland *versus* England, and not the record of Hungary against Austria.

Of course the argument in favour of the present policy is, Hungary will be content, and therefore loyal. I do not for a moment desire to undervalue the force of this conclusion. It is doubtless the object of Austria, as it is of every other State, to possess a united people. Contentment is the test of good government—the surest and the best test—but the question arises, Whether, having conceded all these elements of a separate existence, you can stop short and refuse absolute independence, or whether you will have the power to do so if you should wish?

When Ireland had her Parliament she was not always like-minded with England. They differed upon some matters of minor policy; and at length there came a question of moment—that of the Regency—on which they held adverse opinions. The same sort of difficulty may arise in Austria. It is true they have a common House of Legislation, as they call it, where they are to discuss imperial questions; but why should not nationalities display themselves in their character, and either rule as conquerors or accede as conquered, with this additional difficulty, that they fall back upon a people prepared to resist, already supplied with all the resources for the assertion of her own opinions, with a flag to rally round and an army to defend it? These are the sort of trials Baron Beust may look out for. Whether he be the pilot to weather the storm—whether any skill of pilotage will avail amid such shoals and quicksands—is the matter that much concerns us to know; and as he is now preceding us in these unknown waters, it would be of incalculable benefit to us to be able to wait for the result of his experimental voyage, and see whether Beust's soundings and Beust's sur-

vey might encourage us to a similar feat of seamanship.

Will a contented Hungary be a strong Austria? or will, in other words, the yielding of every demand to eight millions secure the undivided allegiance of some thirty odd millions, to whom no concessions are to be made, who are to be the recipients of no favours, the objects of no benefits?

Hungary, of course, says Yes. Hungary declares that when Honveds are happy the world goes well. I remember an old Irish farmer who once rode from Athlone to Dublin, some sixty odd Irish miles, in one day, on the same wretched horse. He never halted to feed his

beast, nor gave her corn or water during the journey, but stopping at his last stage, Maynooth, he tossed off a glass of whisky for his own refreshment, saying as he remounted, "Let us see if ye won't go after *that*!"

Isn't this very like what the Hungarians are now saying to Austria, with the applause of all Europe, and the hearty "God-speeds" of the whole press of England to encourage them?

Whether Baron Beust has hocussed the "dram," and knows that the effect will pass off with the liquor, is more than I can say. I only wish we could await the result and see what will come of it.

"SIX POUNDS A-WEEK."

I never open a newspaper without reading how a certain Provident Assurance Company guarantees to all persons paying a small annual sum the handsome bonus of six pounds per week, when laid up by injury of any sort. Now, I am no lawyer, nor am I a commercial traveller, and I am, therefore, while not fully able to determine the exact signification which attaches to the words in question, not specially interested in the class of accidents to which particularly the advertisement is addressed.

I believe that the Company in question interests itself mainly for those who travel by rail; and it is significant of our English rail-travelling that such an institution should only exist amongst ourselves, and that the perils of foreign lines have not yet called forth such an institution. At all events, though the wording of the announcement includes any accidents of any kind, yet, as the Company is styled "The Railway Passengers Assurance," I am led to suppose that the provisions only extend to those who have incurred disaster by the rail, and that the sweeping phrase "of any kind" was a short way of in-

cluding the various species of mutilations, smashings, and scaldings attendant on these accidents.

If, however, I be in error, and if this benevolent institution is more catholic than I have believed it, I am ready to declare that I think it about the most truly philanthropic association that the ingenuity of money-getting has ever originated.

"Six pounds a-week when disabled in any shape," and all for the payment, if I remember right, of three pounds a-year. Six pounds a-week roughly means three hundred a-year; and with three hundred a-year, even in these dear times, a man may live and even contribute to Abyssinian expeditions without making an outcry about bloated armaments. To obtain this relief, however, requires that one must be disabled by an accident, a proviso that certainly detracts from the enjoyment, and mars the general prospect of the pleasure the bonus is meant to bestow; and were it not for the qualifying words "of any kind," I should be disposed to say, better a whole skin and unsmashed vertebræ even than bank-notes. But these words are very suggestive, and I am led to think there are dis-

asters of a kind that, while they disable, are still made more endurable by the thought that we can lie by in dock and refit at our leisure.

Now, I have already said I am not one of those included in the prayer, who travel by land or by water. I journey very little, and that little rarely. To insure my life or my limbs against accident on the rail, would be to me about as reasonable as to pay an annual sum to secure me against being scalped by a Red Indian or blown up by a torpedo. These are not the class of injuries against which I ask to be shielded or to be recompensed for. The disasters which disable me—disable me for weeks, rendering me helpless and almost hopeless—are of a far different kind; and I desire to know now, Shall I meet in this benevolent Company an asylum for the sorrows and miseries which beset me, if I comply with this annual payment of three pounds sterling?

One of my most frequent accidents is a bad dinner. I live in a moderately-sized town and with reasonably fair markets, but, by the perversity of human interference, God's gifts come to me so marred, spoiled, and perverted, that all the goodwill in the world, aided by a digestion an ostrich might envy, fail to deal with them, and I am often disabled—I use the words advisedly—for days, even for weeks, and would gratefully fall back on an institution that would afford me six pounds a-week till I am able to be up and about again.

Another of the accidents that befall me is blood to the head, caused by newspaper encomiums on the generous patriotism of men whose whole career and lives have marked them out as place-hunters and partisans. These panegyrics push me very close on apoplexy, and frequently disable me for weeks; and can I, I ask, by payment of three pounds a-year, secure six pounds a-week, while the 'Star' sings praises of Mr Bright, and the 'Daily News'

chants hymns of joy over Gladstone? The dramatic amusements of Londoners, as indicated in the morning papers, are constantly interfering with my health, and the very names of the popular comic songs of the day have more than once disabled me. I don't pretend that six pounds a-week would reconcile me to party trickery or playhouse vulgarity, but I could renew my wrath on cold mutton and idleness, and would willingly pay three pounds a-year for the boon.

Will this Company, therefore, contract with me against, to use their own words, "accidents of any kind;" and when I am laid down with smashed susceptibilities and broken hopes, damaged feelings and dislocated beliefs, will they give me six pounds a-week till I am up and about again, even though it only be on the crutches of good intentions? Talk of a collision,—is there any worse, I would like to know, than to find one's head smashed against intolerance, ignorance, and stupidity? To be told that one of the most unscrupulous manoeuvres of party, that one of the most treacherous assaults on power, meant patriotism, any more than to believe that Peter's crust meant mutton, is too much for credulity and too much for temper; and to be disabled for it for weeks is not a very unreasonable consequence. When Alphonse Karr tells us that the liberty of the press was unspeakably dear to that interesting portion of the population who can't read, he was still far below those enlightened statesmen who discover that the peace of Ireland is jeopardised by the unpalatable nature of Protestantism to the peasant mind of Ireland; for if it be simply the revenues of the Church are the grievance, why are not rents in the same category? If theology be not an ingredient in the contention, the landlord must be as objectionable as the parson—and more so, inasmuch as his demands are far greater. I am not rash

enough, however, to suppose that finality is to be the badge of this measure. "*Qui bene incepit habet dimidium facti*;" which may be roughly rendered, "Who robs the priest may rob the layman too." The old Chief Baron O'Grady used to say that "Every question in Ireland was a landlord's question;" and how long will it take, probably, before this affair of the Irish Church shall become a landlord's question? We cannot affect to say it is a sign of permanence anywhere, where the greatest obstacle to a confiscation is the difficulty of knowing how to dispose of the booty. Perhaps, however, the same generous hands which will relieve us of the Church property may kindly be extended for that of the landlords. Meanwhile the whole imbroglio is a serious accident, and very disabling too, and I'd like to fall back on six pounds a-week till I felt myself well over it.

Until a man gets the nerves of a rhinoceros, ordinary newspaper reading is a sore trial; and, for my own part, I'd rather take my chance of an occasional shaking on "the

line" than be subject to the incessant shocks one is exposed to by successful achievements of knavery, mock philanthropy, mock patriotism, and mock generosity. If the quality of an accident be whatever happens unforeseen, I am sure I can safely say that I never looked to the time when Mr Buckstone would play Othello, nor Mr Bright perform the part of a Cabinet Minister, and yet one is already announced, and the other is in rehearsal; and may I not say that the former casualty may be endured, the latter is a disabling accident, and not easy to rally from?

The great point, however, to know is, are these accidents within the meaning of the Act, and will the Company be liable to him who may be disabled by any of the many humbugs which now lie across the rails of life, and to be shaken by which is a grievous injury and a sore discomfiture; and will they pay six pounds a-week to him who is rendered unable to pursue his avocations and earn his livelihood by reason of them?

DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES.

1

LONG had Napoleon slept afar in his Atlantic grave,
His tomb the isle, his vault the sky that met the circling wave,
The willow shivered in the wind, the sea-bird wheeled and screamed
Above that last lone bivouac where the conqueror lay and dreamed—

There were none to feel the sweep
Of the thoughts that thronged his sleep,
Save the spirits of the tempest or the genii of the deep.

2

Then said the King so politic who wore the Bourbon's crown,
" 'Twere well to lend our quiet reign some gilding of renown :
" That name so terrible to kings shall work a peaceful spell :
" Go, bring the hero back to France, 'twill please the people well !"
So they bore him o'er the main
To his capital again
Which had throbb'd with all the triumphs and misfortunes of his reign.

3

They buried him beneath the dome that roofs the warriors grey,
Who, in their youth, still followed where his Eagles led the way ;
All day battalions by the walls with drum and banner go,
The ancient sentries doze above, the Emperor dreams below—
And, responding to the sweep
Of the thoughts that throng his sleep
The troubled nation heaves as to the hurricane the deep.

4

His dreams are of his destiny, its splendours and its gloom,
His fateful past, his purposes, how baffled and by whom ;
Souls which have struck such earth-fast roots, borne such earth-shadow-
ing away,
Departed, still impress their will, nor wholly pass away.
As his visions come and go,
Some of glory, some of woe,
Electric through the heart of France the martial currents flow.

5

*" I hear the sounds that greeted me when I from Egypt came,
Applauding Paris echoes back the army's wild acclaim,
' Victorious leader of the host, 'tis thou shalt rule the State,
The Conqueror of Italy shall fill the Consulate !'
And yet louder rolls the strain
As from red Marengo's plain
I step to loftier empire o'er the Austrian heaps of slain.*

6

How long shall this tame monarchy my warlike realm disgrace ? "
Dark was that dream and ominous to Bourbon's fated race !
Swift insurrection drives them forth as whirlwinds chase the leaf,—
Again a French Republic hails a Bonaparte its chief ;
Nor ends resemblance there—
He gains the Imperial chair
With all its heritage of war, dark policy and care.

7

*" Chill is the vision rising now, of endless fields of snow,
All dark the sky save in the east the burning city's glow,
The sleepless Cossack in their rear, in front the wintry flood,
My legions sow the waste with dead, and trace their paths in blood.
—'Twas the crumbling of my might
—'Twas the gathering of my night,
A debt of ruin mindful France still owes the Muscovite."*

8

Not long the Second Empire waits unanswering to the Dead—
" Let Moscow's dark misfortune be with glory overspread !
The light of Friedland's victory upon our standards sits—
We saw their horsemen's backplates flash the sun of Austerlitz !
There are triumphs yet in store
On that distant Eastern shore
Where, with the mighty Sea-Power leagued, we'll beard the Czar once
more."

9

Green are the hills and grey the cliffs that rise by Alma's flow
Where, like a belt of fir, the Russ awaits the triple foe,
The cliffs' pale walls are swarming with the voltigeurs of France—
Up the green slopes that volley death the red-clad men advance—

And the Russians slow give back,
Like their bears before the pack,
Till, from the seaward flank, the Turk discerns their flying track.

10

Onwards, her towers all bright against the Euxine's azure roll,
The leaguering armies downward look on doomed Sebastopol ;
Their camps are whitening all the hills, their fleets cloud all the deep,
Close the brown trenches undulate with fiery, fatal, sweep,
Till aloft in thunder fly
Fort and battery to the sky,
And Russia's pride and France's hate amid the ruins lie.

11

*" Thorn of my grave, ill friend, fast foe, false Austria breaks my rest !
Austria, so prompt to parley with my foot upon her breast !
So quick to rise, forget, new-plot, and deal a treacherous thrust !—
Shall France forgive such perfidy, forego revenge so just ?
'Twas my faithless Austrian bride
In misfortune left my side :
Poor Josephine had clung to me, with me had captive died ! "*

12

France bows before his will, like corn that feels the unseen blast—
Down Alp and Apennine to the Po her troops are pouring fast,
Pale Milan hears the cannon on Ticino's frontier banks—
Brightens, as past her walls retreat her tyrants' broken ranks—
Then all her bells ring clear
And all her people cheer
As follow on the Austrian tracks Guard, Zouave, and Cuirassier.

13

Eastward they march, and round them lie their fathers' fields of fame,
Whence seems to come *his* voice who gave those fields historic name,
Castiglione cheers them, and Lonato bids them hail,
From Médole and Arcola come greetings on the gale,
Low down, where Mantua lies,
The notes of triumph rise,
And Rivoli, from yonder hills, in trumpet tone replies.

14

A hill-tower looks o'er Lombardy 'mid cypresses and vines
Where far to right, and far to left, extend the embattled lines,
Among the hills King Victor fights, by Garda's lake of blue,
Around the tower, along the plain, the French the charge renew,

Still the foe that ground maintains
Crimsoned with slaughter-stains,
Such as in all the centuries have tinged the Italian plains.

15

White on the hill lie Austrian dead, blue heaps below them lie ;
Still ring the shot, the cannon still from hill to hill reply,
Fresh troops round Solferino sweep, fresh columns crowd the ground
And upward press, till Austria sees the lofty stronghold crowned—
Then her ranks dissolve like snow
And, in wild tumultuous flow,
Leave the fair province, regal prize, to her Sardinian foe.

16

*" What sounds of battle break my sleep ? No dream of conflict past !
For empire, on Sadova's field, contend those armies vast :
When, in such stake, had France no part ?—Not doubtful whose the
prize,
A victor drives with swift pursuit a foe that hopeless flies,
And the nations loud proclaim
Prussia the first in fame !
She whom I broke with single stroke, scarce left her even a name !*

17

*She who, when vengeance burst on France, the deepest hate could boast !
Who eager chased from my last field the wrecks of my last host !
Shall France such rival brook ? "*

Response she makes in accents loud.
The furnace flames, the arsenal rings, to camp the conscripts crowd.
Arm bared and weapon bright,
She resolute courts the fight,
And shows the daring challenger how terrible her might.

18

France brooks no rival ! Rather than in jealous doubt remain
She will unchain the earthquake and let loose the hurricane.
Europe awaits the strife that shall the ancient grief renew—
Will victory soothe that angry Shade, and blot out Waterloo ?
Or, across his troubled sleep
Will dreams as ominous sweep
Of his great enemy who sits enthroned amidst the deep ?

GEORGE ELIOT'S SPANISH GYPSY.

RARELY has a simple advertisement of a forthcoming work been so fitted to raise expectancy as that brief one which has lately appeared of a poem by George Eliot. Never was writer more speedily and firmly established as a classic—never did writer by the most solid excellences more righteously deserve the position. Her works always stand on the lasting foundation of a deep central thought, and every accessory, every incident, illustration, description, or image which she calls to aid the design, is moulded by her with the conscientious delicate care of a jeweller dealing with gems and gold. This respect for her own conceptions has borne its natural fruit. Readers have read as carefully as she has written, and have repaid her elaborate workmanship with nice appreciation. The deep selection of her thoughts, the judgment with which they are put together, the pith, finish, and rhythm of her language, the absolute rejection of all the smaller means of catching attention to which less sterling art resorts, seemed to tell us before that nothing was wanting for poetry except "the accomplishment of verse," and this she has at length added to the other great qualities which distinguish her in the work before us.

It is emphatically a great poem, great in conception, great in execution. It has all the sculptural finish and nicety of epithet of Tennyson, with none of the quaintnesses which in him often so closely border, if not on affectation, yet on mannerism, and draw us from the contemplation of what he would say to the consideration of how he is saying it. In her transparent style thoughts the most vivid and varied, imagery the most profuse

yet the most exactly illustrative, appear with the precision and beauty of leaves in the air, or shells in the clear pools of the shore. And we need hardly apprise the reader, in the case of one who so deeply and habitually studies humanity, that there is a moral problem at the root of the poem. Not in this case such a problem as domestic life and its common relations may present: it is the author of *Romola* rather than of *Adam Bede* who addresses us; the theme is deeply tragic, and she has found it in times more eventful than ours—times when such vast influences as dominant fanaticism and the undying enmity of races shaped the conditions of existence, and made sport of the hopes and fortunes and passions of men.

The 'Spanish Gypsy' is a drama, but its scenes are connected and relieved by passages of description and narrative, which we hold to be the best form for a dramatic poem not intended for the stage. The representation of scenery, instead of being tedious and obstructive of the action, as it generally must be if placed in the mouths of the persons of the drama, thus forms the most appropriate and agreeable interlude, the work unites the best attributes of the descriptive poem and the play, and mere landscape-painting, so apt to be tame and insipid when it stands alone, receives due significance and value when it is made the setting and relief of incident and character. The scene and the epoch—Andalucía at the time when the Moors were making their final struggle for the kingdom of Granada—are among the most picturesque to be found in history. The fortress of Bedmár, close to the Moorish fron-

tier, is held by Don Silva, a Castilian knight, and the town which it overlooks has a population half Moresco, half Spanish. The poem opens with a description of the place.

" 'Tis the warm South, where Europe spreads her lands
Like fretted leaflets, breathing on the deep :
Broad-breasted Spain, leaning with equal love
(A calm earth-goddess crowned with corn and vines)
On the Mid Sea that moans with memories,
And on the untravell'd Ocean, whose vast tides
Pant dumbly passionate with dreams of youth.
This river, shadowed by the battlements
And gleaming silvery towards the northern sky,
Feeds the famed stream that waters Andalus
And loiters, amorous of the fragrant air,
By Córdoba and Seville to the bay
Fronting Algarva and the wandering flood
Of Guadiana. This deep mountain gorge
Slopes widening on the olive-pluméd plains
Of fair Granáda : one far-stretching arm
Points to Elvira, one to eastward heights
Of Alpujarras where the new-bathed Day
With oriflamme uplifted o'er the peaks
Saddens the breasts of northward-looking snows
That loved the night, and soared with soaring stars ;
Flashing the signals of his nearing swiftness
From Almería's purple-shadowed bay
On to the far-off rocks that gaze and glow—
On to Alhambra, strong and ruddy heart
Of glorious Morisma, gasping now,
A maiméd giant in his agony.
This town that dips its feet within the stream,
And seems to sit a tower-crowned Cybele,
Spreading her ample robe adown the rocks,
Is rich Bedmár : 'twas Moorish long ago,
But now the cross is sparkling on the Mosque,
And bells make Catholic the trembling air."

Such is the scenery, and the time is thus described :

"The fifteenth century since the Man Divine
Taught and was hated in Capernaum
Is near its end—is falling as a husk
Away from all the fruit its years have ripened.
The Moslem faith, now flickering like a torch
In a night struggle on this shore of Spain,
Glares, a broad column of advancing flame,
Along the Danube and the Illyrian shore,
Far into Italy, where eager monks,
Who watch in dreams and dream the while they watch,
See Christ grow paler in the baleful light,
Crying again the cry of the forsaken.
But faith, the stronger for extremity,
Becomes prophetic, hears the far-off tread
Of western chivalry, sees downward sweep
The archangel Michael with the gleaming sword,

And listens for the shriek of hurrying fiends
 Chased from their revels in God's sanctuary.
 So trusts the monk, and lifts appealing eyes
 To the high dome, the Church's firmament,
 Where the blue light-pierced curtain, rolled away,
 Reveals the throne and Him who sits thereon.
 So trust the men whose best hope for the world
 Is ever that the world is near its end:
 Impatient of the stars that keep their course
 And make no pathway for the coming Judge."

In Don Silva's castle is a young girl who, captured in infancy on Moorish territory, has been brought up by his mother. She is known in Bedmár as the Lady Fedalma, and the young noble, regardless of her

birth, of her Gypsy blood, of anything but his passion for her, and hers for him, is about to make her his duchess. He is valiant, splendid, and noble, as he appears in the following lines:—

"Night-black the charger, black the rider's plume,
 But all between is bright with morning hues—
 Seems ivory and gold and deep-blue gems,
 And starry flashing steel and pale vermilion,
 All set in jasper: on his surcoat white
 Glitter the swordbelt and the jewelled hilt,
 Red on the back and breast the holy cross,
 And 'twixt the helmet and the soft-spun white
 Thick tawny wavelets like the lion's mane
 Turn backward from his brow, pale, wide, erect,
 Shadowing blue eyes—blue as the rain-washed sky
 That braced the early stem of Gothic kings
 He claims for ancestry. A goodly knight,
 A noble caballero, broad of chest
 And long of limb."

But his character, though earnest, intense, and containing pure and lofty elements, is marred by perilous defects—he is described as

"A nature quiveringly poised
 In reach of storms, whose qualities may turn
 To murdered virtues that still walk as ghosts
 Within the shuddering soul and shriek remorse."

His bride that is to be is painted in a song sung in her praise by Juan, a troubadour, who blends for her the ardour of a poet with the worship of a retainer.

"Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness,
 Lithe as panther forest-roaming,
 Long-armed naiad, when she dances,
 On a stream of ether floating—
 Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Form all curves like softness drifted,
 Wave-kissed marble roundly dimpling,
 Far-off music slowly winged,
 Gently rising, gently sinking—
 Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Pure as rain-tear on a rose-leaf,
 Cloud high-born in noonday spotless,
 Sudden perfect as the dew-bead,
 Gem of earth and sky begotten—
 Bright, O bright Fedalma !

"Beauty has no mortal father,
 Holy light her form engendered
 Out of tremor, yearning, gladness,
 Presage sweet and joy remembered—
 Child of Light, Fedalma !"

In the love of these two are seen at once the elements of misfortune. He is a Spanish noble and a Christian knight, whose vocation is to rescue his country from the infidel—she is of worse than infidel blood, of unknown parentage, and obnoxious to the fanatical spirit of the time, embodied in Prior Isidor, the uncle of Silva, and Fedalma's enemy, a prelate of the forbidding type of Ximenes and Torquemada, an ascetic and a persecutor. It is not his bigotry, however, that is a mainspring of the drama. Captive

in the fortress with his band, all taken in a recent fray beyond the Moorish frontier, is Zarca, a Zincalo (or Gypsy) chief, a fanatic, not for his religion, but for his race. He is (though neither of them yet know it) the father of Fedalma ; he is also a powerful auxiliary of the Moorish King, and has planned his own escape and that of his companions from the castle. It is his remorseless zeal for his cause that separates the lovers and wrecks their felicity :—

"Our dear young love—its breath was happiness !
 But it had grown upon a larger life
 Which tore its roots asunder."

So says Fedalma at the end of the drama, and this is the key-note of the poem. The great forces of the world, in their upheaving, toss like weeds the hopes and joys of mortals. It was the ruthlessness of destiny, the insignificance of man compared with the mighty influences at work around him, which so impressed the Greeks, and which form the chief motive of their most terrible tragedies. What they called "fate" and "the gods," we, without thereby going much deeper into the matter, call "social forces" and "the laws of the universe ;" call them what we will, they are inexorable, moulding us, impelling us, and often crushing us. But whereas the Greeks scarcely recognised in individual man the power to lend to the shaping of his destiny any force of his own, regarding him as clay

in the hands of those terrible potters, the modern writer, with different ideas of the relations of man to the unseen powers, brings conscience as an arbiter on the scene. The great forces at work only create the problem which it is for the individual to solve by what inner light he may possess—and he is thus brought from the low level of a passive victim of fate to the exalted height of a legislator on his own destiny, an associate of the immortal powers that rule this and other worlds. Such is the height to which Fedalma rises. The only obstacle to the happiness she expected with Don Silva is her own sense of right. She is one of those tender women whose tenderness is founded on strength, not weakness, whose love is strong because their nature is strong. The finest character George Eliot has

ever drawn, Dinah in 'Adam Bede,' was such a woman; but Dinah was left happy, while Fedalma's fate knows no relenting, and in obeying the deeper laws of her nature she sacrifices all which is the common happiness of woman. In this respect the drama differs, not only from the Greek tragedies but from those of Shakespeare. His Juliet is the victim of the strife of the rival houses, his Desdemona of Iago's villany, his Lady Macbeth of her own ambition and her choice of the wrong; but Fedalma by choosing the right, which she might have rejected, creates the circumstances which form the tragedy. It is remarkable, too, that the influences which most commonly lead to such a choice had no share here, for, though living in an age and country where religious fanaticism held full sway, she was of no religion except the religion of the conscience. The Zincalo creed is

represented in the poem to be absolutely limited to what man finds of beat in his own heart, without looking elsewhere for counsel, or reward, or punishment; and George Eliot implies in Fedalma that the heroism due to patriotic fervour or religious exaltation, is attainable by the simple inherent force of a noble heart.

Going forth with her nurse from the seclusion in which she lives, Fedalma finds some jugglers and musicians in the square below the castle, and obeying the instinct of her southern blood, glides into the circle and dances to the music. The verses which describe the grace of her movements and their effect on the spectators are singularly vivid and picturesque. Across the skirts of the crowd pass in chains the Gypsy prisoners, returning from labour at a moment when Fedalma's dance is suddenly arrested by another incident:—

"Lo! with sound
Stupendous throbbing, solemn as a voice
Sent by the invisible choir of all the dead,
Tolls the great passing bell that calls to prayer
For souls departed: at the mighty beat
It seems the light sinks awe-struck—'tis the note
Of the sun's burial; speech and action pause;
Religious silence and the holy sign
Of everlasting memories (the sign
Of death that turned to more diffusive life)
Pass o'er the Praça."

At this moment her eyes meet those of the Gypsy chief,

"That seem to her the sadness of the world
Rebuking her, the great bell's hidden thought
Now first unveiled—the sorrows unredeemed
Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering.
Why does he look at her? why she at him?
As if the meeting light between their eyes
Made permanent union? His deep-knit brow,
Inflated nostril, scornful lip compressed,
Seem a dark hieroglyph of coming fate
Written before her."

That evening Don Silva insists on the necessity of frustrating the Prior's designs of persecution by an immediate marriage. Fedalma consents, and is adorning herself with

the jewels he has given her, when Zarca enters by the window. In a few words he proves to her that he is her father. Henceforth his part in the drama is that of the inexor-

able fate : he is a man not inaccessible to, but yet absolutely uninfluenced by, sympathy with weaknesses or pity for suffering, whether his own or another's, when a great cause is in question ; and the cause he has at heart is the gathering together of his despised and scattered

tribe under his rule, and their settlement in African territory, where they may become the centre round which all the wandering Zincali tribes may collect and become a nation. His heroic aspect is thus described :—

"As painters see the many in the one.
We have a Gypsy in Bedmar whose frame
Nature compacted with such fine selection,
'Twould yield a dozen types ; all Spanish knights,
From him who slew Rolando at the pass
Up to the mighty Cid ; all deities,
Thronging Olympus in fine attitudes ;
Or all hell's heroes whom the poet saw
Tremble like lions, writhe like demigods."

His moral qualifications for rule and conquest correspond. He is of firmness as immovable as his purpose is lofty, and he does not for a moment hesitate to demand from his daughter the sacrifice of all her present hopes of happiness. She is to aid his great designs for the tribe, and to inherit them as his successor in the sovereignty ; and he demands now that she shall not only guide him and his companions (who have found means to free themselves from their fetters) forth from the Castle by its secret passages, but

that she shall accompany their flight. She tells him of the great destiny that awaits her, and that it will enable her at once to set the Gypsies free and send them forth with honour ; but he treats the idea of such an alliance with scorn, and denounces her as false to her Zincala blood. The conflict is long between her strongly-rooted love for Don Silva and the new ideas of duty thus presented to her ; but her father in the end prevails, and she flies with him and his companions, leaving for the Duke these lines—

"Silva, sole love—he came—my father came.
I am the daughter of the Gypsy chief
Who means to be the Saviour of our tribe.
He calls on me to live for his great end.
To live ? nay, die for it. Fedalma dies
In leaving Silva : all that lives henceforth
Is the Zincala."

Thus Fedalma, obeying her deeper nature, chooses harsh duty rather than love unapproved by conscience—the Duchess, the bride of the morrow, becomes the wandering Gypsy. It is now Don Silva's turn to abide the proof. He finds her fled ; and must choose between following her and keeping his post in Bedmar. The Spanish noble fails where the Zincala girl has conquered : he deserts his trust and follows her.

Fedalma is in the Gypsy camp in Moorish territory. Her father appears before her fully armed, and tells her he is about to lead an enterprise, in concert with the Moors, which will earn the gratitude of the Moslem King, and entitle him to claim the fulfilment of the promise that he and his tribe shall be sent with rich spoil, honourably earned, to plant themselves in the land which the Infidel monarch is to bestow on them. As he leaves her,

Silva, who has made his way hither in disguise, approaches. For a moment she yields to her delight at seeing her lover; but recollecting the hard conditions of her fate, she reminds him of the chasm that lies between them. Then her father reappears, and for answer to Don Silva's pleading and the rich offers with which he had hoped to bribe the Zincalo to compliance, commands Fedalma to choose between them. Firmly though despairingly she bids her lover farewell; but he vows never to leave her. Zarca offers him safe escort to his own frontier; but the faith of the Christian knight follows the lost honour of the Spanish noble, and, rather than face the thought of losing her, he elects to become a Zincalo.

Meanwhile the preliminaries of Zarca's enterprise have made progress, and he goes to conduct it, leaving Silva, bound by an oath of fidelity, in the camp. The next scene shows us what this enterprise was, for it discovers Zarca master of Bedmar, amid the corpses of its Spanish defenders, the friends of the unfortunate Silva. The Gypsy band, five hundred strong, leagued with a Moorish force, and aided by partisans within the walls, have penetrated into the fortress by a secret path and overcome all resistance. Zarca, assembling the populace in the *Plaza*, where a gibbet and a stake are prepared, announces that he is about to execute justice on the persecutor and inquisitor,

Prior Isidor; but that, more merciful than the prelate, he awards him the speedy death of the gibbet before giving his body to the flames. It is at this moment that Silva, who has been summoned from the camp, and who is driven to frenzy at the capture of his fortress, and the destruction of his friends, appears on the scene. Isidor, on his way to the gallows, denounces him as a traitor and deserter; but he makes nevertheless a frantic appeal to Zarca for the Prior's life. It is sternly disregarded: the crowd flock round the gallows, the form of Isidor in the last struggle appears in the air, and Don Silva, in uncontrollable fury, casts himself on the unguarded Gypsy chief and stabs him. He falls, crying for his daughter, and spends his last breath, after ordering that Silva shall be dismissed unharmed, in bequeathing to her the sovereignty of the tribe and the conduct of the great cause to which he had devoted her.

The last scene is on the Spanish coast, whither the Gypsies have borne the body of their leader for embarkation. Fedalma, standing above the quay, and meditating on her own apparent want of power to bind the Gypsies to her, sees, apart from the crowd on the strand, "a tall and grey-clad pilgrim," recognises Silva, and moves to meet him. In that last interview he tells her that he goes to Rome to obtain the right again to use his sword in the service of Spain.

"He did not say 'Farewell.'"

But neither knew that he was silent. She,
For one long moment, moved not. They knew nought
Save that they parted; for their mutual gaze
As with their soul's full speech forbade their hands
To seek each other—those oft-clasping hands
Which had a memory of their own, and went
Widowed of one dear touch for evermore."

He saw from the shore the coffin boat, and watched Fedalma follow—
of the Gypsy chief carried to the

"It was night
Before the ships weighed anchor and gave sail:

Fresh Night emergent in her clearness, lit
 By the large crescent moon, with Hesperus,
 And those great stars that lead the eager host.
 Fedalma stood and watched the little bark
 Lying jet-black upon moon-whitened waves.
 Silva was standing too. He too divined
 A steadfast form that held him with its thought,
 And eyes that sought him vanishing: he saw
 The waters widen slowly, till at last
 Straining he gazed and knew not if he gazed
 On aught but blackness overhung by stars."

This story is simple and easily traced, and no secondary plot is interwoven with it. But it is as grand and massive as it is simple, and amply supports the skilfully-woven work, the incidents, characters, and scenery which lend it ornament. All the minor personages, and there are many, are sharply chiselled and full of life; the landscapes are magnificent; the wise reflections and apt illustrations incessant, lavishly enriching every page. The tone of thought is, we think, throughout, of our own time, and not of that of the Moors in Spain;

the philosophy is that of an age of introversion, of liberalism, of free speculation, rather than of intense but narrow passions. Don Silva is centuries in advance of his time; the men about him could never have understood him, nor could he have ruled them; he is a modern philosophic gentleman, of warm impulses, but weak convictions, fretted to nothing by perpetual doubts and hearing of the other side of the question. The astrologer, laying his horoscope before him, says:—

"You are so mixed, my lord, that each to-day
 May seem a maniac to its morrow."

The intellectual Spanish cavalier of the time of Ferdinand was subtle indeed, but his subtlety lay on the side, not of philosophy, but of policy and worldly wisdom—he was a mixture of astuteness and superstition, boldness and craft, cruelty and polish. European diplomacy or Indian cunning found it difficult to impose on him, yet he would easily believe that St James, on a white horse, had led the troops in a recent battle. He could accommodate his honour to any subterfuge to deceive an enemy, or meet him in open fight with indomitable valour. He could preserve a lofty courtesy while directing the torture of a Jew or the pillage of a town. And we may be sure that if philosophic doubts ever occurred to him, he committed them to the holy keeping of the Church, and never let them embarrass his career. The

astrologer just mentioned explains away his own science, referring it to reason and natural laws. But Faraday was not possible in the fifteenth century. This we do not state as objecting to it: had the author narrowed herself to what we can know of an age so long past, her airy thoughts would have been "cabined, cribbed, confined," and much of her characteristic quality would of necessity have been lost; as it is, the sweep of her horizon is immensely widened by surveying the long ago from the stand-point of to-day. What is perhaps a more real objection is, that her common people talk too well: as Sheridan could not help making all his characters witty, so she cannot help making hers wise: the host, the troubadour, the very juggler, are brilliant. There is even a monkey of the name of Anibal, belonging to the juggler, who

is a most finished character, and is distinguished by a consistency of bearing and a discretion which seem to indicate that his race, if placed truly, would appear as the connecting link between civilised man and the negro. He is, as it were, the essence of a whole wilderness of

monkeys. Originally endowed with all the inventive genius of his tribe, he has learned to suppress its ebullitions, lest they should increase the number of his compulsory performances; like many a veteran actor he has grown—

“Grave and disgusted with all merriment,”

Until years, in bringing the philosophic mind, have made him—

“A serious ape whom none take seriously,
Obliged in this fool's world to earn his nuts
By hard buffoonery.”

The gloomy sage, thus compelled to exercise his calling of comedian, is alluded to as—

“Mournful professor of high drollery,”

and must have infused extraordinary humour into that part of his public performances which consisted

in imitating the actions of his master the juggler,—

“Dancing, and throwing nought and catching it,
With mimicry as merry as the tasks
Of penance-working shades in Tartarus.”

Poor Annibal! would we had known him, and might have had the privilege of alleviating his lot with finer fruit and fewer public exhibitions! But no doubt the melancholy comedian was known and esteemed throughout the country of Cervantes, the wonder of its youth, and, like Mrs Jarley, the delight of its nobility and gentry.

It is on surveying this remarkable work as a whole that we become most fully impressed with the power of the mind which has conceived and executed it. What most remains with the reader is, as it should be, the great central conception, illuminated and enriched by

the picturesque variety and abundance of scenery, character, and reflection. But the reader, like the visitor to some great cathedral, must, if he would rightly understand the artist's work, and carry away with him a true impression of its multitudinous significance, pause not only to admire the frequent vistas, the changing combinations of pillar and arch and roof, but to study the minuter work of the unwearied and unwearying thought, which gives to the whole the aspect of splendour and prodigality. Thus, the Duke's trumpeter, never mentioned but once, is then carved with this incisive touch:—

“You hear the trumpet? There's old Ramon's blast;
No bray but his can shake the air so well.
He takes his trumpeting as solemnly
As angel charged to wake the dead; thinks war
Was made for trumpeters, and their great art
Made solely for themselves who understand it.”

Silva has—

“A true hidalgo's smile
That gives much favour but beseeches none.”

The troubadour, no ascetic, thus to be pleasing to the God of a sarcastically puts a "problem theology" as to what may be supposed Spanish inquisitor :—

"Whether he likes
A well-burnt Jew or well-fed bishop best."

Of a shifty syllogism the host says—

"Thy speech is like an hour-glass; turn it down
The other way, 'twill stand as well."

The troubadour, describing his feeling for Fedalma, says—

"Don Silva's love expects reward,
Kneels with a heaven to come; but the poor poet
Worships without reward, nor hopes to find
A heaven save in his worship. He adores
The sweetest woman for her sweetness' sake,
Joys in the love that was not born for him,
Because 'tis lovingness, as beggars joy,
Warming their naked limbs on wayside walls,
To hear a tale of princes and their glory.
There's a poor poet (poor, I mean, in coin)
Worships Fedalma with so true a love
That if her silken robe were changed for rags,
And she were driven out to stony wilds
Barefoot, a scornéd wanderer, he would kiss
Her ragged garment's edge, and only ask
For leave to be her slave. Digest that, friend,
Or let it lie upon thee as a weight
To check light thinking of Fedalma."

Blasco the goldsmith thus represents the popular Spanish view of Hebrews :—

"The Jews, now (sirs, if any Christian here
Had Jews for ancestors, I blame him not;
We cannot all be Goths of Aragon)—
Jews are not fit for heaven, but on earth
They are most useful. 'Tis the same with mules,
Horses, or oxen, or with any pig
Except Saint Anthony's."

And goes on to say that God

"Sent the Gypsies wandering
In punishment because they sheltered not
Our Lady and Saint Joseph (and no doubt
Stole the small ass they fled with into Egypt).

Zarca, stript of his ornaments, repressed his wrath.

"His eyes, his mouth, his nostril, all inspired
With scorn that mastered utterance of scorn,
With power to check all rage until it turned
To ordered force, unleashed on chosen prey."

The goldsmith, naturally a believer in the splendours of royalty, tells us that—

"A man's a man ;
But when you see a king, you see the work
Of many thousand men."

Evening on the Spanish landscape is thus summed up :—

"All beauteous existence rests, yet wakes,
Lies still, yet conscious, with clear open eyes
And gentle breath and mild suffused joy.
'Tis day, but day that falls like melody
Repeated on a string with graver tones—
Tones such as linger in a long farewell."

We have already remarked how *dalma's* dance on the *Plaça*. It
beautiful is the description of *Fed* thus concludes :—

"Swifter now she moves,
Filling the measure with a double beat
And widening circle ; now she seems to glow
With more declared presence, glorified.
Circling, she lightly bends and lifts on high
The multitudinous-sounding tambourine,
And makes it ring and boom, then lifts it higher
Stretching her left arm beauteous ; now the crowd
Exultant shouts, forgetting poverty
In the rich moment of possessing her."

Of the crisis of her fate *Fedalma* says :—

"On the close-thronged spaces of the earth
A battle rages : Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows."

And when left alone with the tribe after *Zarca's* death—

"I am but as the funeral urn that bears
The ashes of a leader."

Silva thus speaks of the sacrifice he made for her :—

"I loved
And loving dared—not Death the warrior,
But Infamy, that binds and strips and holds
The brand and lash."

And the *Zincalo* chief takes these views of life appropriate to his lofty
character :—

"'Tis a vile life that like a garden pool
Lies stagnant in the round of personal loves ;
That has no ear save for the tickling lute
Set to small measures—deaf to all the beats
Of that large music rolling o'er the world :
A miserable, petty, low-roofed life,
That knows the mighty orbits of the skies
Through nought save light or dark in its own cabin."

And again—

“The worst of miseries
Is when a nature framed for noblest things
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
Gasping from out the shallows.”

In no part of this remarkable work is greater originality shown than in the songs which are frequently interspersed, one of which we have quoted. They are singularly graceful and musical, and we

will give two more specimens, in one of which a familiar idea is invested with peculiar beauty—an excellent quality in a song—while the other is graver and grander.

“Warm whispering through the slender olive trees
Came to me a gentle sound,
Whispering of a secret found
In the clear sunshine 'mid the golden sheaves :
Said it was sleeping for me in the morn,
Called it gladness, called it joy,
Drew me on—“Come hither, boy”—
To where the blue wings rested on the corn.
I thought the gentle sound had whispered true—
Thought the little heaven mine,
Leaned to clutch the thing divine,
And saw the blue wings melt within the blue.”

“Day is dying! Float, O song,
Down the westward river,
Requiem chanting to the Day—
Day, the mighty Giver.

“Pierced by shafts of Time he bleeds,
Melted rubies sending
Through the river and the sky,
Earth and heaven blending ;

“All the long-drawn earthy banks
Up to cloud-land lifting :
Slow between them drifts the swan,
'Twixt two heavens drifting.

“Wings half open, like a flower
Inly deeper flushing,
Neck and breast as virgin's pure—
Virgin proudly blushing.

“Day is dying! Float, O swan,
Down the ruby river ;
Follow, song, in requiem
To the mighty Giver.”

With this extract we will close our notice of a work which gives, in so notable a degree, poetical expression to deep thought. Probably few who read the specimens we have given will fail to share our

conviction that the author who holds so lofty a place among novelists, must also infallibly, and immediately, take high rank among Poets.

INDEX TO VOL. CIII.

- Abbot's Ann, the National School at, 614.
- Abyssinian difficulty, sketch of the circumstances which led to it, 354 *et seq.*—tactics of the Opposition regarding, 371.
- ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION, LETTERS FROM A STAFF-OFFICER WITH THE, Letter I., 342—II., 357—III., 728—IV., 738.
- Abyssinian expedition, O'Dowd on the, 186 *et seq.*—details of the force composing it, 742.
- Abyssinian troops, appearance and character of the, 733.
- Actors, disappearance of great, from the stage, 469.
- Aden, sketches at, 357.
- Admiralty, the, their regulations with regard to naval chaplains, 225.
- AFGHAUN FORT, THE NIGHT WANDERER OF AN, 91.
- Aislabie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, implicated in the South Sea scheme, 430.
- Alabama claims, position of Lord Stanley and of Lord Russell regarding the, 489.
- AMERICA AND ENGLAND, THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN, 111.
- America, the Irish in, 226.
- AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, THE, AND THE IMPEACHMENT OF THE PRESIDENT, 707.
- Aneiteum, the Presbyterian mission in, 37, 38.
- Anne, state and dangers of England under, 415.
- Annesley Bay, aspect of, during the Abyssinian expedition, 360.
- Argyle, the Duke of, his motion on the Rate-paying clause, 491.
- Armour-plated vessels, O'Dowd on, 466.
- ARMY AND NAVY, THE CHURCH IN THE, 251.
- Ashangee, Lake, arrival of the Abyssinian expedition at, &c., 745.
- Auckland, New Zealand, missionary establishment at, 40.
- Austria, Church arrangements regarding the army in, 273—the proposed separation of Hungary from, 751.
- Ava, the preparation of, in the South Sea Islands, 30 *et seq.*
- AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE, 440.
- Azuba Gallas, the, a Mohammedan tribe in Abyssinia, 746.
- Bacchus, Horace's Ode in honour of, 583.
- Baden, priestly influence in, and its effects, 294.
- Balmoral, its original state, 245—the new castle, 246.
- Banks Islands, mission in, 39.
- Barwell, Mr, supports Warren Hastings in India, 160, 161.
- Battersby, Dr, his decision as to position of military chaplains, 252.
- BATTLE FOR PLACE, THE, 488.
- BELGRADE, WHAT I DID AT, 71.
- Bentley's interpolations of Horace, on, 396.
- Beust, Baron, his voyage of discovery, 751.
- Biography, peculiar characteristics of, 511.
- Blair, the Queen at, 244.
- Robbery Pack, the (O'Dowd), 620.
- Boissy, the Count de, O'Dowd on, 180.
- Bon Gualtier Ballads, the, 443.
- Bothwell, the publication of, 447.
- Bright, Mr, his proposed remedy for Irish grievances, 456.

- BROWNLOWS—Part XIII, 42—conclusion, 125.
- Bruce, Mr, on national education in England, 121.
- Bunbury, the Haberdashers' School at, 614.
- Burke, E., his opinion of Sir P. Francis, 150.
- Burke, influence of Francis with, as regards the prosecution of Warren Hastings, 162.
- Burrows, Captain, on the national character of the English universities, 326.
- Byron, Lord, his efforts on behalf of Edmund Kean, 474.
- Cairns, Lord, his answers to the Duke of Argyll's attack on the Premier, 493 *et seq.*
- Cameron, Captain, the Abyssinian consul, 355.
- Canada, prosperity of Irish in, 228.
- CAROLINE, QUEEN OF GEORGE II.—a historical sketch, 195.
- Chaplain-General of the Forces, the, 258.
- Charlemagne, relations of, with the Papacy, 304.
- CHARLES KEAN AND THE MODERN STAGE, 469—decline of the stage, *ib. et seq.*—his parentage, &c., 473—first appearance on the stage, 476—his reception in London and the country, *ib.*, 477—his marriage, 478, 480—visit to the United States, and reception there, 478—death of his father 479—his fame established in London, 480—again in the United States, 481—as lessee, &c., of the Princess's Theatre, *ib.*—his Shakespearean reproductions, 482—speech on his retiring from the management, 483—visits to Australia, &c., and reception there, 485—his death, *ib.*—character as an actor, &c., 486.
- Chesterfield, Lord, sketch of his career and character, 511—effects of his position on him, 512—birth and early life, 513—first appearance in Parliament, 514—attains the earldom, 515—embassy to Holland, 517—his marriage, *ib.*—his extraordinary affection for his son, 518 *et seq. passim*—his political career, 519—his government in Ireland, 520—his letters to his son, 527 *et seq.*—his death, 533.
- Chloe, Horace's ode to, 592.
- Christmas-day in a man-of-war, 351.
- CHURCH, THE STATE IN ITS RELATION WITH, MR GLADSTONE ON, 626.
- CHURCH IN THE ARMY AND NAVY, THE, 251.
- Class interests and duties, Felix Holt on, 4 *et seq.*
- Classical education, the various objectors to, 607.
- Clavering, General, his connection with Sir Philip Francis in India, 160, 161 *et seq.*
- Clergy, general character of the, during last century, 256.
- Cocoa-nut palm, cultivation of, in the South Sea Islands, 33.
- Cole, Mr, his Life, &c., of Charles Kean, 476.
- Combe, George, on education in America, 112.
- Compton, Sir Spencer, 202.
- Coral-reefs of the Pacific, the, 34.
- Cotton, culture of, in Samoa, 34.
- COUNTRY GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS, 601.
- Covent Garden Theatre, Mr Macready's management of, 482.
- Craggs, Secretary, and the South Sea scheme, 425—his death, 430.
- Craig, Mr, the ecclesiastical case of, 251.
- Criticism, modern, characteristics of, 68.
- Cromwell, first establishment of standing armies in England by, 253.
- Crown, the, early connection of the English universities with, 329.
- CYNICISM, MODERN, 62.
- Danes, the, use of horse-flesh by, 547.
- Deadlock at Rome, the, 188.
- Deak, the Hungarian Liberal, O'Dowd on, 181.
- Deities and worthies of Rome, Horace's ode in celebration of the, 594.
- Dellius, L., Horace's ode to, 581.
- Derby, Lord, his retirement from the Ministry, 488.
- Dillenburg's edition of Horace, 396.
- Disraeli, Mr, his accession to the Premiership, 488—Lord Russell's attack on his Edinburgh speech, 490.
- Doering's edition of Horace, 396.
- Dog, the native, of Abyssinia, 738.
- Döllinger, Dr, on the English universities, 326.
- Drama, universal complaint of its decline, 469—causes of this, 472.
- DREAMS IN THE INVALIDES, 756.
- Ecclesiastical law, early denunciations of horse-flesh by, and their origin, 547 *et seq.*
- EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA, THE, 111.
- Edward I. and III., the universities under, 332.
- ELIOT, GEORGE, THE SPANISH GYPSY by, reviewed, 760.
- Elizabethan era of the stage, the, 470.
- Elliot, Sir Gilbert, on Sir P. Francis, 150.
- England, state of, under Queen Anne, 415.

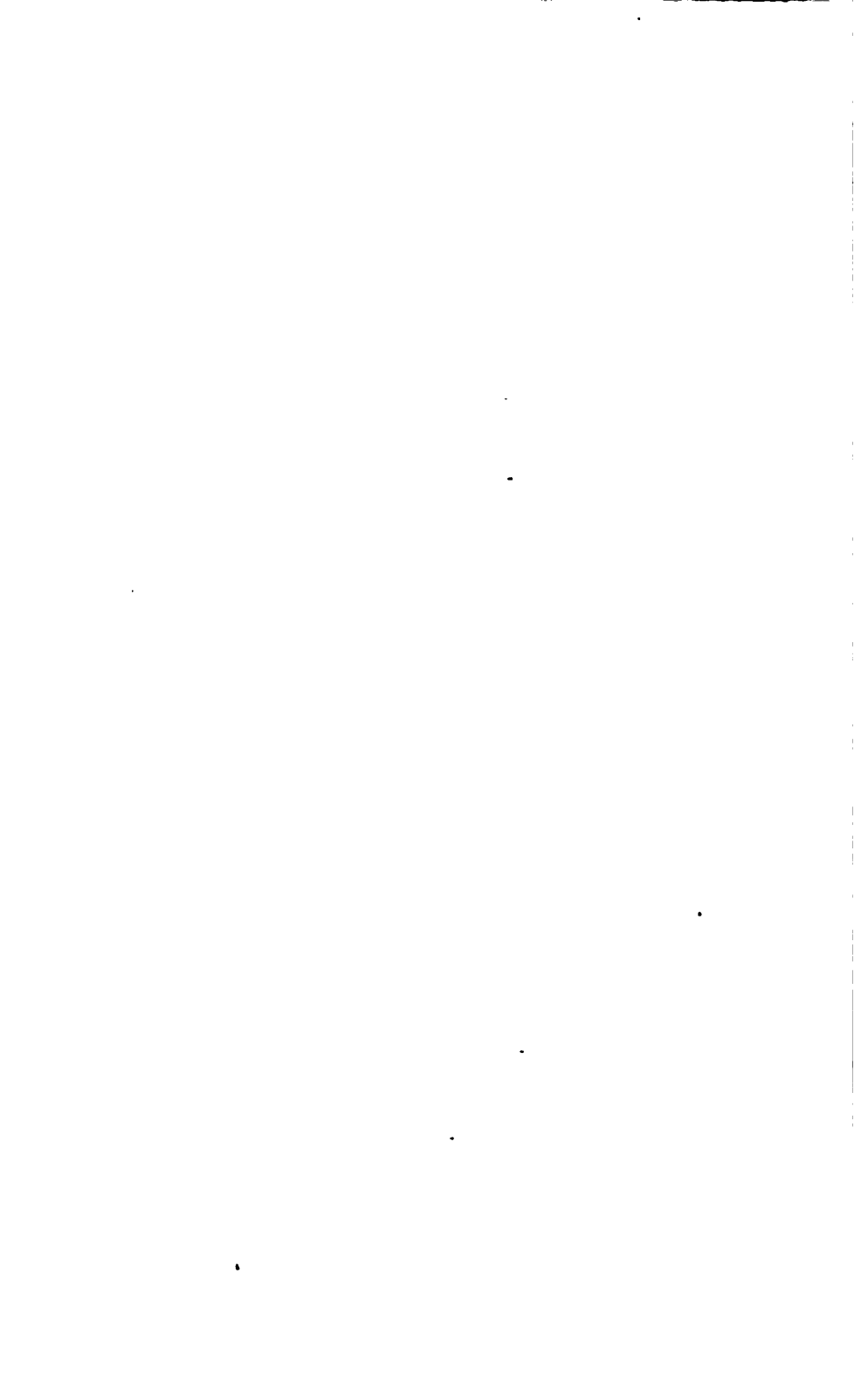
- ENGLAND AND AMERICA, THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE IN, 111.
- ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES, THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE, 327.
- Erromango, difficulties of missionaries at, 38.
- Excise Bill of Sir R. Walpole, the agitation, &c., caused by it, 207.
- FENIAN ALARM, A, 308.
- FENIANISM, AND THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD, 222.
- Fenianism, O'Dowd on, 183.
- Fenianism in America, Mr Maguire on, 232.
- Firmilian, the publication of, 446.
- Fortune, Horace's ode to, 587.
- France, hatred to her among the South Sea Islands from her conduct in Tahiti, 28.
- France, present position of, with regard to Italy, 190.
- France, ecclesiastical arrangements regarding the army in, 273.
- France, present position of, toward the Papacy, 289.
- France, past and present position of the Church in, 291, 292.
- Franchise, the new, Felix Holt on, 2.
- FRANCIS, SIR PHILIP, MEMOIRS OF, 150.
- Francis, Dr, father of Sir Philip, 155.
- Fraser, the Rev. J., on the school system of the United States, 113.
- Fraudulent Insurers, the (O'Dowd), 622.
- French Revolution, the, its effects on the power of the Papacy, 298.
- Freysteed, Scandinavian legend of, 549.
- Fuscus, Horace's ode to, 599.
- Future fame, Horace's ode on his, 585.
- Gamble, Rev. J., first Chaplain-general of the Forces, 258.
- Game, abundance and variety of, in Abyssinia, 736.
- George I., the Court of, 200.
- George I., effects of his accession in England, 419.
- GEORGE II., HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF—No. I., The Queen, 195.
- GEORGE II., HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF—No. II., The Minister, 412.
- GEORGE II., HISTORICAL SKETCHES, &c.—No. III., The Man of the World, 511.
- George II., his court as Prince of Wales, 200.
- George III., the attacks of Wilkes and of Junius on, 158.
- Georges, the first, characteristics of, 195.
- German and English universities, Dr Döllinger on, 326.
- Germany, O'Dowd on social life in, 191.
- "Getting behind the pump," on, 466.
- GLADSTONE, MR., AND THE STATE IN ITS RELATION WITH THE CHURCH, 626.
- GLADSTONE, MR., A MISTAKE OF, 648.
- Gladstone, Mr, probable tactics of, on the Irish question, 374.
- Gladstone, Mr, his declaration against the Irish Church, 501.
- Gobazeh, an Abyssinian prince, 738, 739, 743.
- GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT, Part I., 651.
- GRAMMAR-SCHOOLS, COUNTRY, 601.
- Grand, Mrs, afterwards the wife of Talleyrand, 163 nota.
- Grand cotillon, on our partners in the, 461.
- Gregory II., maintenance of image-worship by, 301.
- Grosphus, Horace's ode to, 596.
- Guerazzi, O'Dowd on, 181.
- H., Dreams in the Invalides by, 756.
- Hako the Good, legend regarding, 550.
- Hastings, Warren, the contest between him and Sir Philip Francis, 161 *et seq.*—his impeachment and trial, 163.
- Henry II., the great English universities under, 328.
- Henry VII., commencement of the Royal Navy under, 253.
- Hervey, Lord, his Memoirs of the Court of George II., 198 *et seq.*
- Hervey, Lord, character of Chesterfield by, 515.
- Hildebrand, establishment of the power of the Papacy by, 298, 304.
- Holland, Lord, Sir P. Francis on, 154.
- HOLT, FELIX, ADDRESS TO WORKING MEN by, 1.
- Hook, Theodore, anecdote of, 185.
- HORACE: THE CAUSES OF HIS POPULARITY, 383—the genial character of his philosophy, 384—peculiarities of his odes, 387—his terseness and picturesqueness, 388—their frequent dramatic character, *ib.*—his style, 390—his choice of epithets, 392—his faults, 395.
- HORACE, THE ODES OF, introductory remarks, 573—ode to Mæcenas, 574—to Thaliarchus, 578—Invitation to Tyndaris, 580—to L. Dellius, 581—in honour of Bacchus, 583—on his future fame, 585—to Fortune, 587—on Virgil's voyage to Athens, 589—the prophecy of Nereus, 591—to Chloë, 592—to Leuconoe, 593—in celebration of the deities and worthies of Rome, 594—to Pompeius Grosphus, 596—to Aristius Fuscus, 599.
- Horse, religious importance attached to the, by the Scandinavian nation, 547 *et seq.*
- HORSE-FLESH, 547.

- Horses, the native breeds of, in Abyssinia, 736, 738.
- Hungary, the proposed severance of, from Austria, 751.
- Iconoclast controversy, the, 301.
- "Idée Napoléonienne," an, 748.
- Ignorance, Felix Holt on the dangers of, 8.
- Image-worship, effect of the controversy regarding, on the Papal Church, 301.
- India, Sir Philip Francis in, 160 *et seq.*
- Invitation to Tyndaris, the, from Horace, 580.
- IRELAND, THE NEW NOSTRUM FOR, a song, 487.
- Ireland, effects of Fenianism upon, 222 — what are its evils, 223 *et seq.*
- Ireland, present position, character, and influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood in, 293 *et seq.*
- Ireland, probable tactics of the Opposition regarding, 373.
- Ireland, quack remedies for, 455.
- Ireland, Chesterfield's administration of, 520.
- IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD, THE, 222.
- Irish in America, Mr Maguire's account of the, 226.
- Irish Church, O'Dowd on the, 459.
- Irish Church, Mr Gladstone's declaration against the, 501.
- Irish Church question, the, 375.
- Irishman, only an, by O'Dowd, 182.
- Ironclads, O'Dowd on, 466.
- Italy, the present position of, with regard to Rome, 189 *et seq.*
- Italy, ecclesiastical arrangements regarding the army in, 273.
- JOHNSTON, PRESIDENT, THE IMPROACHMENT OF, 707.
- Junius, Sir P. Francis's supposed connection with, 150, 152, 153, 157 *et seq.*
- Kassa, prince of Tigreh, his visit to Sir Robert Napier, and intercourse between them, 731.
- Kean, Charles—*see* Charles Kean.
- Kean, Edmund, his first appearance in London and subsequent career, 473 *et seq.*—his appearance with his son at Glasgow, 477—his last appearance and death, 479.
- Koomailoo Pass, the, in Abyssinia, 729.
- Krähwinkel, 191.
- Land, desire for the possession of, in Ireland, 224.
- Land transport department, the, in the Abyssinian expedition, 350.
- Lasta, the prince of, in Abyssinia, 735.
- LATEST LAWGIVER, THE, 675.
- Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, remarks on the, 449.
- Leuconoe, Horace's ode to, 593.
- Limerick, the Dean of, his speeches, &c., on Irish grievances, 235 *et seq.*
- LINDA TRESSSEL, Part IV., 12—Part V., 166—Part VI., 275—Part VII., 398.
- Lombards, the, their struggle with the Pope and the Franks, 302 *et seq.*
- London Missionary Society, the, its missions in Samoa, 35.
- Louis XIV., effects on France of his revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 291.
- Loyola, confirmation of the power of the Papacy by, 298.
- Maclean, Mr, his edition of Horace, 396.
- Macready, Mr, his retirement from the stage, 481—his management of Covent Garden, 482.
- Mæcenæ, Horace's ode to, 574.
- Maguire, Mr, his account of the Irish in America, 226.
- Maguire, Mr, his motion on the state of Ireland, 495 *et seq.*
- Malayan races of Polynesia, the, 26.
- Malua, the mission training institution at, 36.
- Mann, Horace, account of the school system of America by, 112.
- Manning, Dr, as Romanist primate of England, 295.
- MARTIN, THEODORE, HIS MEMOIR OF W. E. AYTOUN reviewed, 440.
- Matilda, the Duchess, and the Papacy, 304.
- Mayo, Lord, his speech on the state of Ireland, 497 *et seq.*
- Mazabee Sikhs, the, their origin, 363.
- Melanesian mission, the, 37, 39 *et seq.*
- MEMOIRS OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, 150.
- Merivale, Mr, the Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis, edited by, 150.
- Merry Wives of Windsor, the, its production by Charles Kean, 482.
- Military chaplains, history of the successive changes regarding them, 255 *et seq.*—their character during last century, 256.
- Mill, Mr, his proposals regarding Ireland, 380.
- Mill, Mr Stuart, his proposed remedy for Irish grievances, 456.
- Mills *versus* Craig, the ecclesiastical case of, 252.
- Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, comparison of, with Horace's Odes, 391.
- Missions, how carried on in the Polynesian Islands, 35.
- MODERN CYNICISM, 62.
- Monaghan, the Irish settlement of, in America, 227.
- Monson, Colonel, his connection with Sir Philip Francis in India, 160, 161 *et seq.*

- Mules, the native, of Abyssinia, 736.
- Napier, Sir R., the Abyssinian expedition under, 349—the interviews between him and Prince Kassa, 732.
- Napoleon I., restoration of the French Church by, 291.
- Napoleon III., his secret views regarding Rome, 188—his present position with regard to Italy, 190.
- Napoleon III., his difficulties with regard to the Papal question, 290 *et seq.*—O'Dowd on his present position and possible intentions, 748.
- NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE OLD ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES, THE, 326.
- Naval chaplains, their first appointment, and history of the changes with regard to them, 254 *et seq.*
- New Brunswick, Irish settlers in, 228.
- New College, Oxford, foundation of, 332.
- New Hebrides, comparative failure of the Presbyterian missions in, 37.
- NEW NOSTRUM FOR IRELAND, THE, a song, 487.
- New opening for younger sons, a, 464.
- New Zealanders, their resemblance to the Samoans, 30.
- NIGHT-WANDERER OF AN AFGHAN FORT, THE, 91.
- Nisbet, Rev. H., missionary in Samoa, 36.
- Norfolk Island, proposed transference of mission establishment to, 40.
- Nova Scotia, prosperity of Irish emigrants in, 227.
- Novels, modern, characteristics of, 68.
- O'Connell and the fishwoman, anecdote of, 182.
- O'Dowd, CORNELIUS: Some Things not generally known, 180—Only an Irishman, 182—Taking it out in Money, 185—The Deadlock at Rome, 188—Krähwinkel, 191—Quack Remedies for Ireland, 455—On our Partners in the Grand Cotillon, 461—A New Opening for Younger Sons, 464—On "getting behind the pump," 466—The Bobbery Pack, 620—The Fraudulent Insurers, 622—An "Idée Napoléonienne," 748—Baron Beust's Voyage of Discovery, 751—"Six Pounds a week," 753.
- Only an Irishman, 182.
- OPPOSITION TACTICS, 367.
- Orelli's edition of Horace, on, 396.
- Orleans, the Bishop of, O'Dowd on, 181.
- Our Partners in the Grand Cotillon, on, 461.
- Oxford, antiquity of, as a great educational centre, 327—sketch of its history, 328 *et seq.*
- PAPACY, THE, ITS TEMPORAL POWER, 289.
- Papacy, its struggles toward supremacy and temporal power, 298 *et seq.*
- Papal encyclicals, the last pretensions of the Pope as put forth in it, 291.
- Parke's compilations for the Life of Sir Philip Francis, 150.
- Patteson, Bishop, missionary labours of, 39.
- Pepin, alliance of, with the Pope, 303.
- PLACE, THE BATTLE FOR, 488.
- POLYNESIA, SKETCHES IN, 26—the Samoa Islands, 27—missions, 35 *et seq.*
- Pope, the, his rejection of the advances of the Unionist party in England, 295.
- Presbyterian chaplains, first appointment, &c., of, in the army, 267 *et seq.*
- Presbyterian missions, failure of the, in the New Hebrides, 37.
- Price, Stephen, introduction of Charles Kean to the stage by, 475, 477.
- Prince Edward Island, account of Irish settlement in, 227.
- Princess's Theatre, the, under the management of Charles Kean, 481.
- Prophecy of Nereus, the, from Horace, 591.
- Quack remedies for Ireland, O'Dowd on, 455.
- QUEEN OF THE HIGHLANDS, THE, 242.
- QUEEN'S BOOK, THE, review of, 242.
- Raratonga, native missionaries from, 35.
- Rassam, Mr., his seizure by King Theodore, 356.
- Rate-paying clause, the Duke of Argyll's motion on it, 491.
- Rebellion of 1715, the, 420.
- Reform Bill, threats of the Opposition regarding, 371.
- Reformation, the, zeal for education accompanying it, 601.
- Rochevoucauld's Maxims as an example of modern cynicism, 64.
- Roman Catholic chaplains in the army, first appointment of, 267 *et seq.*
- Roman Church, South Sea missions of, and its intolerance there, 41.
- Roman Church, horse-flesh early forbidden by it, 547 *et seq.*
- Rome, the deadlock at, 188.
- Rosenhagen, Philip, a military chaplain of last century, 257.
- Royal Navy, commencement of it in England, 253—first appointment of chaplains in it, and subsequent changes with regard to them, 254 *et seq.*
- Royal Navy, present tone of officers, &c., in, 358 *et seq.*
- RUSKIN'S TIME AND TIDE BY WEARE AND TYNE, review of, 676.
- Russell, Earl, his resolutions on education, 119.

- Russell, Earl, his letter on the state of Ireland, 378.
- Russell, Earl, position taken up regarding the Alabama claims, 489—his attack on Disraeli with reference to the Edinburgh speech, 490.
- Sagas, legends from the, regarding the horse, 548 *et seq.*
- Sailors and soldiers, contrast between, 360.
- Samoa Islands, sketches in the, 27 *et seq.*
- Santa Cruz Islands, missions in, 39.
- Scandinavian nations, religious importance attached by the, to the horse, 547 *et seq.*
- SCHOOLS INQUIRY COMMISSION, review of the, 601.
- Schulemberg, Mademoiselle, marriage of Lord Chesterfield to, 517.
- Scotch Grammar-Schools, the School Commissioners on, 618.
- Scott, Sir W., parallel between, and Shakespeare, 471.
- Scottish Christmas, the, by Professor Aytoun, 449.
- Selwyn, Bishop, organisation of the Melanesian mission by, 39.
- Senafteh, the Abyssinian expedition at, 730.
- Shakespeare, the drama and stage under, 470—parallel between him and Sir W. Scott, 471—scarcity of great actors for his plays, 472.
- Shohos, the, in Abyssinia, 363—their costume, habits, intercourse with them, &c., 739.
- SKETCHES IN POLYNESIA, 26.
- Soldiers and sailors, contrast between, 360.
- Solomon Islands, missions in the, 39.
- Some Things not generally known, by O'Dowd, 180.
- Songs, modern popular, 67.
- South Sea scheme, the, its effect in England and on the Ministry, 424 *et seq.*—bursting of the bubble, 427—Walpole's scheme for arresting its effects, 428 *et seq.*—the disclosures before the committee of investigation, 429.
- SPANISH GYPSY, THE, reviewed, 760.
- Stair, Lord, his mission to Queen Caroline on the Excise Bill, 207.
- Standing armies, their first establishment in England, 253.
- Stanhope, intrigue of, against Townshend and Walpole, 420 *et seq.*—during the South Sea bubble, 426—his death, 430.
- Stanhope, Philip, son of Lord Chesterfield, 518 *et seq. passim.*
- Stanley, Lord, his speech on the United States question, 489.
- STATE IN ITS RELATIONS WITH THE CHURCH, MR GLADSTONE ON, 626.
- Steele, Sir R., on the state of the stage in his day, 470.
- Suffolk, Lady, the mistress of George II., 200, 201.
- Suffolk, Lady (mistress of George II.), devotion of Chesterfield to, 514.
- Sunderland, Lord, implicated in the South Sea scheme, 430—his death, *ib.*
- Supreme Council of India, its constitution, powers, &c., and conduct of Sir Philip Francis as a member of it, 161 *et seq.*
- Switzerland, influence of the Roman Catholic element in, 294.
- Tablet, the, on the Irish Church question, 379.
- Tacazeh river, the valley of the, in Abyssinia, 741.
- Tahiti, the French proceedings in, and their effect, 28.
- Taking it out in Money, by O'Dowd, 185.
- Talleyrand, marriage of, to Mrs Grand, 163 note.
- Tanna, difficulties of missionaries at, 38.
- Taymouth, the Queen's first and last visits to, 243.
- TEMPORAL POWER OF THE PAPACY, THE, 289.
- Thaliarchus, Horace's ode to, 578.
- Theodore, the expedition against, 349—sketch of the circumstances which led to it, 354 *et seq.*—sketches of him, 743.
- Things not generally known, 180.
- Trades-unions, Felix Holt on, 4.
- Trea, Miss Ellen, marriage of Charles Kean to, 478, 480.
- Turner, Rev. Dr, missionary in Samoa, 36.
- United States, education in the, 111.
- United States, Irish settlers in the, 230.
- United States, the Roman Catholic and Irish element in, 294.
- United States, reception of Charles Kean in, 479, 481.
- UNIVERSITIES, THE OLD ENGLISH, THEIR NATIONAL CHARACTER, 326.
- University of Paris, the, 328.
- UNLUCKY TIM GRIFFIN, HIS LOVE AND HIS LUCK, Part I., 557—conclusion, 692.
- Vanland, Scandinavian legend of, 552.
- Vaté or Sandwich Land, mission in, 38.
- Virgil's voyage to Athens, Horace's ode on, 589.
- Voltaire on Rochefoucauld's Maxims, 64.
- Wadela, arrival of the Abyssinian expedition at, 738—sketches in it, 739 *et seq.*
- Wallis Island, Romish mission and intolerance in, 41.

- Walmoden, Madame, mistress of George II., 210.
- WALPOLE, SIR R., SKETCH OF HIS CAREER, 412—his personal character, *ib.*—his character as Minister, 413—parentage and early life, 413, 414—marriage, 414—entrance into Parliament, 415—his debut there, 416—first in office, 417—his political creed, *ib.*—circumstances under which he was continued in office under George II., 201 *et seq.*—his system of government, 418—in the Tower, *ib.*—return to office on George II.'s accession, 420—again in opposition, 422—his conduct there, 423—returns to office, 424—the South Sea scheme, 424 *et seq.*—his opposition to it, 425—yet speculates in it, 426—becomes Minister, 428—complete establishment of his power, 431—his intercourse with the Queen, 432—his fall, 433 *et seq.*—his death, 438.
- Walpole, Horace, his affection for his father, 412.
- War, changes in the system of, 466.
- Wesleyan missions in the South Seas, the, 37.
- Western Highlands, the Queen in the, 245.
- WHAT I DID AT BELGRADE, 71.
- Whigs, the, their present position and views, 368.
- Whitebread, Mr, introduction of Kean to the London stage by, 473, 474.
- Wilkes, his attacks on George III., 158.
- Windsor Castle, the Christmas theatricals at, under Charles Kean, 481.
- Wodjerat, the province of, in Abyssinia, 744.
- Wollo-Gallas, the, an Abyssinian tribe, 746.
- Wolsey, the universities under, 337.
- Women, position of, in Abyssinia, 729, 739.
- WORKING MEN, ADDRESS TO, BY FELIX HOLT, 1.
- Yarmouth, the Countess of, mistress of George II., 210.
- Yasoo, an Abyssinian chief, 744.
- Yonge, Mr, his edition of Horace, 397.
- York, the Duke of, changes introduced by him as regards military chaplains, 258.
- Younger sons, a new opening for, 464.
- Zoulla, aspect of, during the Abyssinian expedition, 361.



BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

HANDY BOOK OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN: Being Plain

Practical Directions for the Preparation, Culture, and Arrangement of Plants in Flower-Gardens all the Year Round; Embracing all classes of Gardens from the largest to the smallest. With Engraved Plates illustrative of the various systems of Grooming to Beds and Borders. By DAVID THOMSON, Gardener to LADY MARY C. NISSET, HADDON, Archerfield, and Winton Gardens, Author of a 'Practical Treatise on the Culture of the Pine-Apple.' Price 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN. By Charles M'Intosh. In

2 large vols. royal 8vo, embellished with 1353 Engravings. Price £4. 7s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF THE FARM. Detailing the Labours of the

Farmer, Farm-Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Cattle-man, Flock-ster, and Dairymaid, and forming a safe Monitor for Students in Practical Agriculture. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. royal 8vo, £3, handsomely bound in cloth, with upwards of 600 Illustrations.

PHYSIOLOGY AT THE FARM, in aid of Rearing and Feeding

the Live Stock. By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D. F.R.S.E., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh; formerly Lecturer on Materia Medica and Diseases, and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of the 'Book of the Farm,' &c. &c. 1 vol. post 8vo, with Engravings, price 19s.

THE FORESTER: A Practical Treatise on the Planting,

Rearing, and Management of Forest Trees. By JAMES BROWN, Wood-Master to the Earl of Seafield. Price 31s. 6d.

THE HANDY HORSE-BOOK; or, Practical Instructions in

Riding, Driving, and the General Care and Management of Horses. By a CAVALRY OFFICER. A New Edition, with Six Engravings, &c. 6d.

GEOLOGY FOR GENERAL READERS. A Series of Popular

Sketches in Geology and Palaeontology. By DAVID PAGE, LL.D. F.R.S.E. 1848. Second Edition, containing several New Chapters. Price 6s.

SEA-SIDE STUDIES AT ILFRACOMBE, TENBY, THE SCILL

ISLES, AND JERSEY. By GEORGE HENRY LEWIS. Second Edition. One vol. 8vo, with Illustrations, and a Glossary of Technical Terms, 6s. 6d.

HANDY BOOK OF METEOROLOGY. By Alexander Buchan,

Secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. A New and Enlarged Edition.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE

GRAPE VINE. By WILLIAM THOMSON, Gardener to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, K.G., &c., Dalkeith Park. Fourth Edition. Price 3s.

THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS & LOCHS

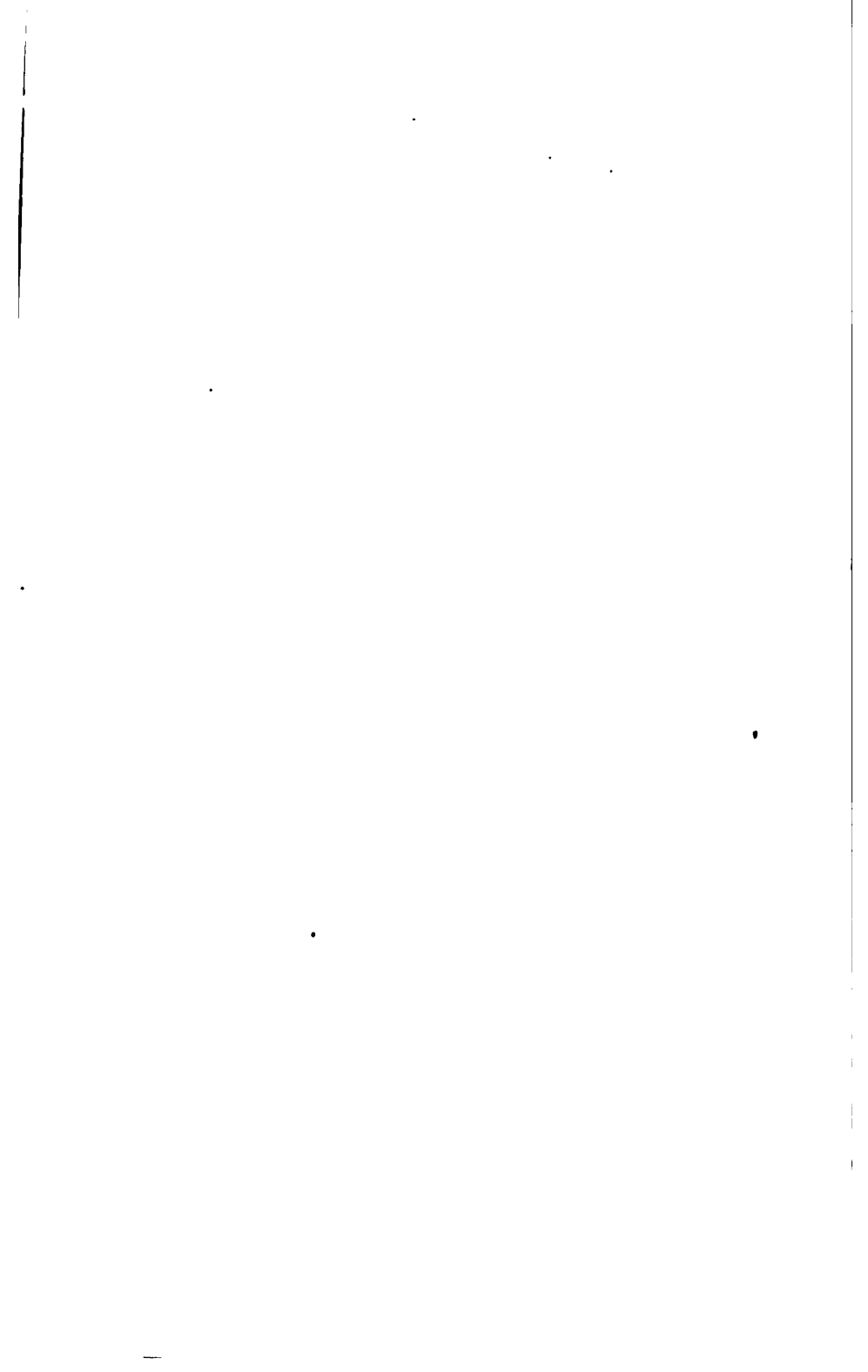
OF SCOTLAND. By THOMAS TOD STODDART. Second Edition, price 2s. 6d.

In the Press.

THE BOOK OF THE LANDED ESTATE. Containing Direc-

tions for the Management and Development of the Resources of Landed Property, detailing the Duties of the Landlord, Factor, Tenant, and Labourer, &c. By HENRY E. BROWN, Factor and Estate Agent, Wassa, Yorkshire.







This book 3 2044 036 901 734
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

~~MAR 21 1944~~

~~DUE JAN 15 44~~

FOR USE IN
BUILDING



